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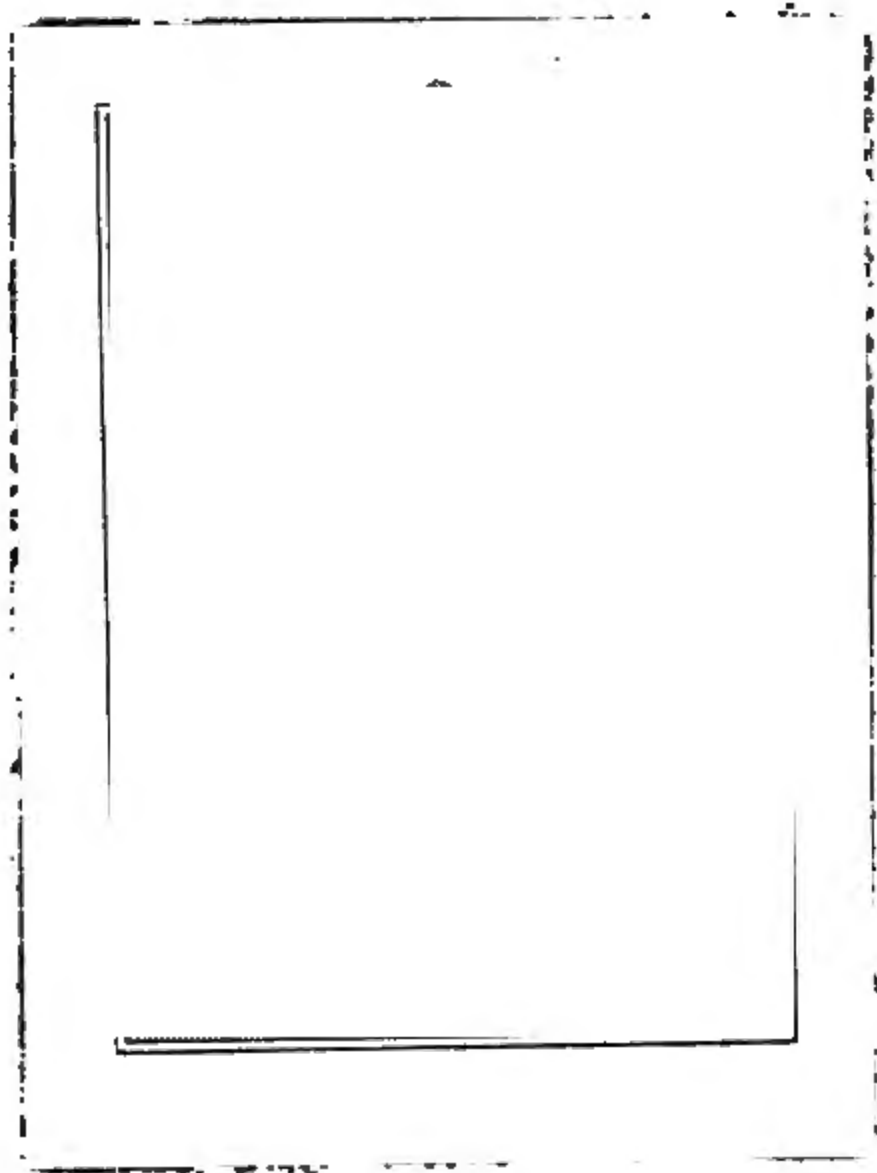
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THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOLUME XXXV

MARCH, 1912—AUGUST, 1912

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
FOURTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET

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A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

It was about three or four years ago, we think, that we indulged in certain very pleasant air castles about the kind of a magazine that we should like to edit. In the first place this magazine was not to be any affair of one hundred and twelve, or one hundred and twenty, or one hundred and sixty pages, such as justifies rejection of manuscripts for reasons of lack of space. As to size it was to be absolutely elastic, and we were to be able to satisfy everybody. Every book published, provided it was clean and represented serious endeavour, was to be wittily and adequately discussed, in a spirit of conservatism tempered with kindness. For the conventional rejection slips so distasteful to the literary free lance there would be no use, for there were not to be any rejections. A smiling cashier was to spend every day industriously making out and forwarding cheques of a substantial size. All manuscripts submitted were to be not only superlatively good, but, what is more to the point, available. The special articles were all to be masterpieces of anecdote and description. We should print not many Essays, possibly one or two in each number, like those of Elia, or the Roundabout Papers of Mr. Thackeray. Above all the fiction should be decidedly worth while. If we were to open the bulky envelope sent us by Miss Jones of North Tonawanda, New York, out would pop a humorous story quite as good as, say, the late Mr. Porter's "The Halberdier of the Rheinschloss." The contribution from Miss Lee of Amelia Court House, Virginia,—her first story,

by the way; Miss Lee numbers but eighteen summers—would be found as delightfully enigmatic and whimsical as Mr. Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger." Turning to the manuscript of Mr. Robinson, of Omaha, Nebraska, we should be forced to recognise at once in "The Shadow on the Hill" a tale to the full as grim and fear inspiring as Mr. W. W. Jacobs's "The Monkey's Paw"; while in those twenty-four beautifully typed pages received from Mr. Thompson of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania (Mr. Thompson, like Miss Lee, is an absolute novice, and in view of his scant twenty years, and an experience limited to clerking in the hardware house of Jenkins and Lufberry, his intimate knowledge of the court life of the Hapsburgs is exceedingly difficult to understand) we should discover just the same kind of splendid, spirited romance that Mr. Tarkington gave us in *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Imagine that nothing that had been written in the last twenty-two or three years had been printed and that we were able to offer for our March issue the following table of contents:

The Prisoner of Zenda.	A Novel.	Part VII.
		Anthony Hope
The Shamrock and the Palm.	Short Story.	
		O. Henry
The Ballad of Reading Gaol.	Poem.	C. 3. 3.
Trilby.	A Novel. (Illustrated by the Author.)	
		George du Maurier
The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky	(illustrated).	Chapter VIII.
		James Lane Allen
The Speckled Band.	Being Another Adventure of Sherlock Holmes.	
		A. Conan Doyle
The Drums of the Fore and Aft.	Short Story.	
		Rudyard Kipling

Mr. Dooley on Rudyard Kipling. P. F. Dunne
The Land of the Dollar. Impressions of
America. Chapters XIV, XV.

G. W. Stevens
American Types. A Series of Drawings.

Charles Dana Gibson
The Bar Sinister. Short Story.

Richard Harding Davis
Invictio. A Poem. W. E. Henley

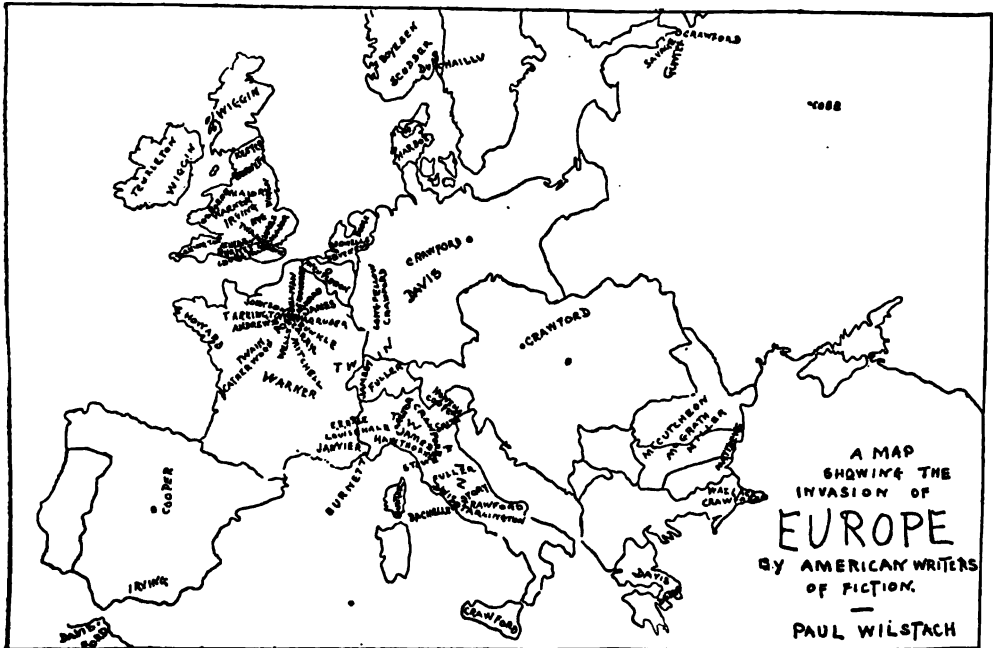
Reviews of the Six Hundred Really Important
Books of the Month.

And of course there would be in addition to these special features the regular departments, Chronicle and Comment, or "Comical and Chronic" as it has flip-pantly been termed by a certain person utterly lacking in reverence, Mr. Colby's "The Casual Reader," Mr. Hamilton's dramatic article, Dr. Cooper's "Somebody's Something and Some Recent Novels," the BOOKMAN'S Table and the Book Mart with its six best selling books at the end.

Now this is an exceedingly pleasant castle in Spain, and the reader can revise it to suit himself, making up his own Table of Contents from his favourite writers of verse, fiction, essays, and special articles. With all the vast wealth of good things that have been published to draw from we could go on indefinitely, making up every month a magazine, the like of which has never been seen and will never be seen. Sometime we may take up the matter seriously to the extent of offering a prize for what we consider the best and most varied Table of Contents that could be gathered together within the limits of a magazine issue of, say, one hundred and twenty pages of text. The contest, we believe, would have a genuine educational value. Meanwhile, we shall turn from the somewhat fanciful idea to the grim reality, and take this occasion to assure those who favour us with contributions, that we appreciate sincerely the very general courtesy and consideration and understanding of the majority of men and women who are writing and submitting manuscripts to-day. They may not be Kiplings, or Du Mauriers, or Chestertons, but they seem to have learned the absurdity of the old cant about "favoured contributors" and being "kept out for reasons of jealousy."

To these we wish to express our thanks and to say how keenly we regret the conventional notice of rejection, and the practical impossibility of writing a personal, explanatory letter with every contribution that is sent back.

Exceptions there are, of course. The exceedingly sensitive gentleman who was the first editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* wrote pathetically of "Thorns on the Cushion." But there is probably not a magazine office in America to-day that cannot more than match his experiences with the indignant little lady of the Theatre Royal of Dublin. How many of those little misunderstandings and complications there are to recall! For example, there was that talented little woman writer who hinted archly that she had a most wonderful and welcome contribution for our columns. When the mystery finally arrived it proved to be a glowing panegyric of her own work, written by herself, and which, she felt, we would be so glad to feature conspicuously. We recall only parts of this screed, but we remember that it ended with a note of adulation to the one who "has written the most superb and singularly perfect short stories of our time and generation." And then the messages of sorrowful reproach that followed when the naïve little masterpiece did not appear! To this day we fear that a certain lady still nurses a sense of wrong at our hands, and casts darkling glances at the cover of this magazine. Then there are the ladies who have the "most interesting material about So and So," which we find to be expressions of outrageous flattery of their friends. They, of course, are doubly injured. Not only has what they have written been set aside, but they have made definite promise to the object of the eulogy that all those pleasant words should be printed Editorially. But the ladies are not alone. Far from it. There is the legal gentleman of an Arizona town who wishes us to find out for him how much of an estate was left by Tom Penman, in the interest of whose creditors he is acting; the writer who has had a misunderstanding with another magazine over a short story and who expects us to take up the

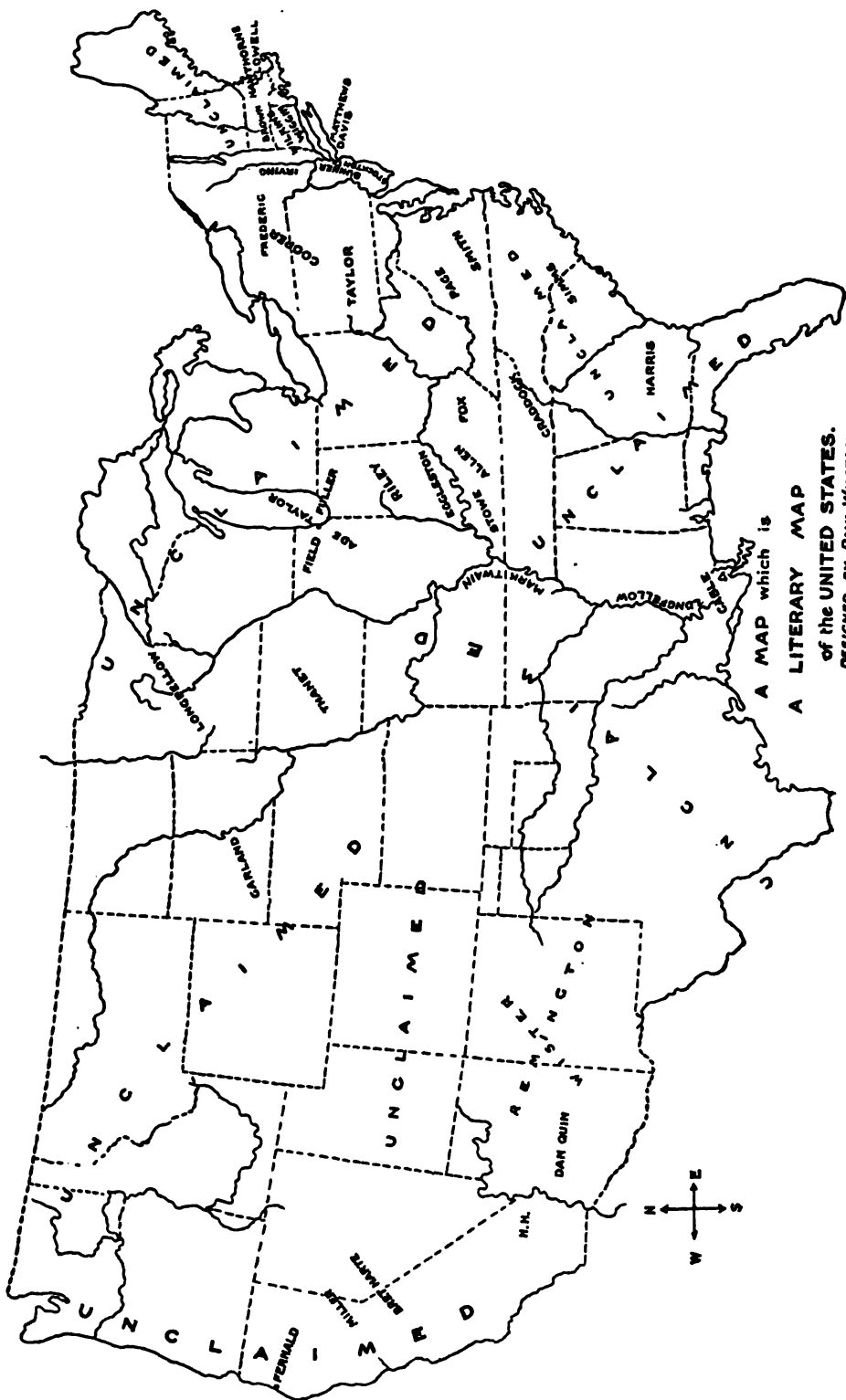


cudgels in his behalf and proceed to belabour soundly the object of his indignation; the gentleman who casually drops into the office and modestly asks us to prepare for him a list of the home addresses of some forty American authors whom he has in mind. When we point out to this latter how he may obtain the information for himself he is highly indignant. He is quite too busy. He cannot spare the time. Above all there is the irascible gentleman, who, through some misguided or mischievous firm of lawyers, threatens legal proceedings because a writer in our pages has alluded to the fact that the American Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia, July 4, 1776, or that Rapp commanded the Hessians at the battle of Trenton, which historical episodes he considers copyrighted by him on account of the publication of a book in 1881.

While we are going to wait till some future occasion to offer that prize for the best and most varied magazine Table of Contents culled from the material that has been printed in the past twenty-five years, there is another competition which we

shall open at once, the details of which we shall explain in the April number. Our readers will recall that from time to time, we have printed literary maps of various parts of the world, showing, for example, how far Anglo-Saxon writers have gone in making use of Africa as a background for fiction. Now it is quite obvious that no map, designed by one person, will be absolutely complete, and after the publication of one of these maps we have always received a number of letters pointing out such shortcomings as that from the Nubian Desert is missing the name of such a writer, or that in drawing Arizona the artist has overlooked the excellent stories of Mrs. So and So. Now we want the lists to be as complete as possible, and the only way to achieve this is to have the active collaboration of a great many of our readers. To this end we intend to offer a prize for the most complete addition to the lists as they now stand. One way in which this competition differs from most competitions is that the award cannot be criticised as an expression of individual opinion, or the opinion of a small number of persons. Of course writers of obvious trash cannot be considered as literary claimants, but with this understood, the

Literary Maps

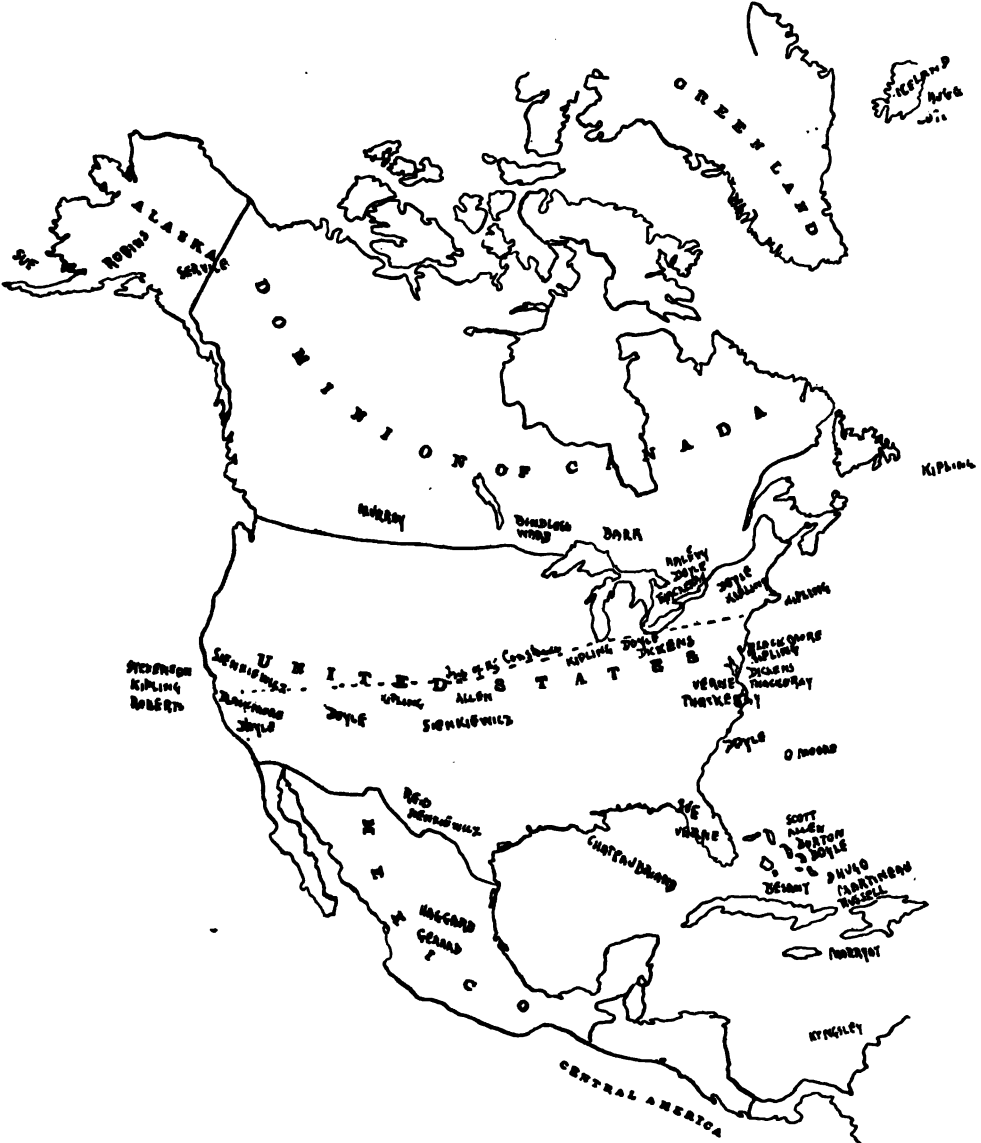


winner will be the person whose lists contains the greatest number of names.

A great many persons, we believe, know that the large metropolitan daily newspapers recruit their staffs every year by taking those whom they consider the most promising, from a journalistic point of view, of the graduates from our various universities and colleges. Of these a num-

A Magazine Experiment

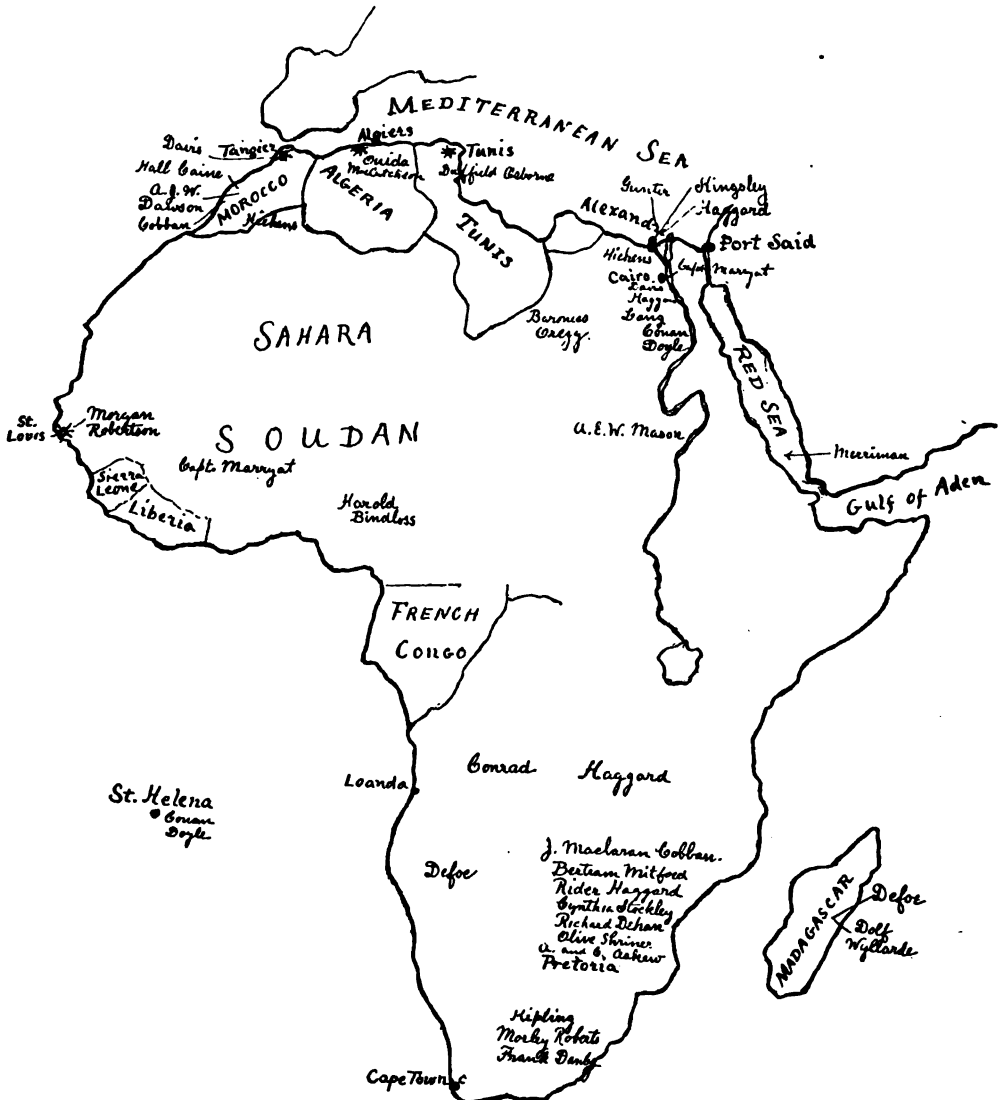
ber eventually find their way into magazine work. Mr. Lincoln Steffens has had an idea that this was all wrong; believing that the magazines should go directly to the colleges, and he recently subjected his idea to an interesting experiment. First he found his man, a Harvard graduate who had gone through in three years and was devoting his fourth year to a post graduate course. Then he outlined his plan to Mr. Ridgway of *Everybody's Magazine*. The latter was sceptical.



A MAP SHOWING THE INVASION OF NORTH AMERICA BY FOREIGN AUTHORS

have not put it over. Besides being other things you are a journalist, and as a journalist you know that it is your place to put it over." "Could you do it in my place?" was the question. "I'll try," said Mr. Steffens. So the two sat down at a table while Mr. Steffens tried to put in words the message that should be convincing. But as the message never appeared the inference is that the wording did not prove quite satisfactory to Mr. Steffens's host.

It was either Mr. Jefferson Peters or Mr. Andy Tucker, the heroes of the late O. Henry's *The Gentle Grafters*, who undertook to prove that no matter how much he had been venerated by civilisation the modern agriculturist was fundamentally a farmer, and susceptible to the wiles that have been practised successfully on farmers since the world began. On one occasion Mr. Peters and Mr. Tucker started out



A MAP SHOWING THE LITERARY INVASION OF AFRICA BY ANGLO-SAXON AUTHORS

in pursuit of a modern agriculturist of Indiana, whose office was like that of a Wall Street broker's, and whose astuteness and knowledge of the world seemed to render him immune to all methods of graft. Their most intricate schemes met only with his amused derision, and it was not until Messrs. Peters and Tucker reverted to first principles, and brought out the old, time-worn shell game that their victim's eyes began to glisten and they were on their way to substantial and nefarious profit. A book was recently called to our attention in which there is a farmer who is evidently a modern agriculturalist of the most approved type. It is *Showers of Blessing*, by Anson D. Eby, and was printed in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. This modern agriculturalist and his wife, who had been "contending with the soil and weeds and vegetation," meet on the porch of their home and the following conversation takes place:

"What have you been following that you appear so taxed with heat?" the wife began.

"I have been viewing the estates to ascertain the promise of the crops," returned the husband. "The maize is flourishing and the fields are beautiful with the rows of green by which they are adorned. And now that the cultivator is at work, it makes one surmise that with a moderate season our fertile acres will prosper bountifully. The condition of the soil is fine and the boys are performing graceful work. Blessed days are these, and the spears of all that is green rise up to be caressed by the mildness of the sun."

"You approached from the pasture tract," she observed. "You must have taken a wide survey through this fond rain of warmth, that you appear from this opposite direction."

"True," he followed, "it was a goodly stroll in this unusual early sultriness. Really, the sun comes down in a fusillade of heat. But the fields of corn inspected, I proceeded to the timber, where the genial umbrage gave me comfort. From hence I did invade the meadow, meandering with the brook. The pasture has been benefited by the showers, and now this sunshine deepens the verdure of the grazing ground."

The conversation continued longer, and relished mainly on the interests pertaining to the farm.

The unquestioning faith of certain American periodicals in current British literary and journalistic values was illustrated by the recent comments on the late Henry Labouchere, the famous editor of *Truth*.

"Labby," as he was affectionately called, was undoubtedly a man of influence and charm in certain portions of the British Isles, but at this distance he does not emerge very far above the horizon. A New York newspaper which is rather noted for its colonial attitude toward British writers applied to him on the day after his demise the following adjectives: "Fearless," "audacious," "brilliant," "resolute," "genial," "generous," "versatile," "keen," "witty," "inspiring," "polished," "charming," "persuasive," "accomplished," and it insisted that all these qualities and others as ingratiating were to be found in the pages he contributed to *Truth*. As a matter of fact none of these qualities was vigorous enough to carry across the Atlantic Ocean. For a great many years Mr. Labouchere has been dangled before our eyes as a charming, brilliant, witty, cynical writer, an *enfant terrible*, a fearless radical, a man of infinite jest, and what not. For a great many years some of us have consulted the pages of *Truth* at intervals almost feverishly in the hope of catching him in the act. It was all in vain. He lacked any sort of general or permanent interest. His was an entirely transitory and local talent. His wit, like that which goes into a London topical song, is not and never was suited to the American consumer. Perhaps by some strange tribal standard there may have been pages in *Truth* which could be called "brilliant" and "witty," but no American would ever have found it out for himself. *Truth* has always seemed one of the most trivial and certainly the most reconditely insular of those elaborate British weekly publications.

There is little interest here in Labouchere as a "brilliant" writer, still less as a startling radical, for as time has gone on his radicalism has been overtaken by a great body of his fellow-countrymen,

THE LATE HENRY LABOUCHERE

and beside that of Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, seems very tame indeed. He is recalled chiefly as the subject of a great many anecdotes which bear witness to an odd, perverse, whimsical and amusing personality. He was a riddle to the solemn type of Englishman and a menace to the starched dignity of his own class.

"Father," asked a child, when Labouchere was running for Parliament, "did God make Labby?"

"Yes, my dear."

"What for?"

The stories about Labouchere bear a family likeness to the Whistler anecdotes. They turn usually on some unexpected bit of calm effrontery. Once, when a young attaché in the Foreign Office, he was ordered to start for Constantinople at once, but several days afterward was seen by the Under-Secretary sauntering along Piccadilly. A letter, whose indignant contents he sur-

mised, came to him from the Foreign Office; whereupon he placed it in his pocket unopened and betook himself to Baden-Baden. There, after losing all his money at roulette, he opened the letter at last, and finding the expected scolding, remarked to a friend:

"There, you see the advantage of carrying this letter with me unopened. I can now without any departure from the truth acknowledge its receipt in Baden-Baden, and begin my letter thus: 'My Lord— Your letter of the 20th ult. has followed me here.'"

He was born in 1831 and educated at Eton and Cambridge. He left college without a degree, following a pretty circus girl across the Atlantic and turning up in Mexico, whence after watching with interest a passing revolution, he journeyed to Minnesota. He there fell in with a band of Indians and spent some months with them. At the age of twenty-three he became attaché to the British Legation at Washington and later served in Germany, Sweden, Russia and Turkey. He left the diplomatic service in 1864 and in the following year was elected, though an extreme radical, for the royal borough of Windsor, but was unseated on petition. He stood for Middlesex two years later with the same results, and it was not till 1880 that he succeeded in entering Parliament. He was in Paris during the Commune as correspondent for the *Daily News* and wrote his graphic *Letters of a Besieged Resident*. In 1877 he established *Truth*, which was successful from the first. Its merciless exposure of frauds and pursuit of every sort of swindler involved it in numerous libel suits, but Labouchere could boast until later years that he never lost a case. He had taken the precautions, however, to require his assistant's name to appear on the paper as that of the editor, remarking that if trouble arose it would be some one else that would have to go to prison.

Like the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, for whose fair fame men would have fought generations after her death, Emma, Lady Hamilton, has had her staunch champions and her violent detractors in posterity. To the former

class belongs Mrs. Julia Frankau, who as Frank Danby has written a number of exceedingly vivid, though usually unpleasant, novels. Now, in her *The Story of Emma, Lady Hamilton*, a book which we understand is to be sold in this country at a net price of one hundred and seventy-five dollars, she has given us a sumptuous portrait of that woman who exercised so strong an influence over the career of Lord Nelson. To Mrs. Frankau the whole story of Emma is the story of a woman's generosity and sweet yieldingness and of man's ignoble selfishness. Her first protector, Mr. Charles Greville, Mrs. Frankau considers to have been a hidebound Philistine prig. He tried to teach her to write and speak English correctly. The girl gave her very soul in utter devotion.

But study with Mr. Greville she could not, because the true love he had excited in her, the first and only love of poor Emma's misspent life, hungered for a larger expression of it than he was capable of giving. She was forever wooing him, wistfully or gaily, as his somewhat perverse humour suggested. She obeyed his slightest wishes, strove to reach to his demands on her understanding, mistook his coldness for dignity, his lack of passion for an aristocratic self-restraint, his vanity for noble pride, his narrow jealousy for a fine exclusiveness. She lavished on this gentleman, who used both her and her mother as servants to his appetites, a generous wealth of childish adoration and womanly warmth; she would fawn on him for the favour of a caress, her liveliness leapt to his approval, her gaiety attuned itself to his mood; she would dance for him, sing for him, dress for him, live for him. And all of this because she was instinctively a *lover*, the true feminine of the word, humble and generous, uncalculating in her gifts, grateful for the smallest favours, and sedulous in deserving them. . . .

Finally the rough stone began to take on polish, and Mr. Greville had reason to congratulate himself upon the transformation that his pupil was so diligently achieving. Of course there were outbursts of petulance on Emma's part, but she would repent quickly, and plead or coax for pardon. Charles Greville par-

EMMA. SKETCHES MADE IN 1791

done with difficulty. His dignity demanded that there should be no occasion for it. Finally he wished her to be painted, and they sought out Mr. Romney. The sittings led to outbreaks of apparently unjustified jealousy on Greville's part. It was the beginning of the end. He had an uncle, Sir William Hamilton, a man of about sixty, from whom he had expectations. He introduced Sir William to Emma, and as soon as he saw that his uncle had taken a fancy to her he fostered his folly in order to make money out of it. Despite all her entreaties, Emma was sold to Sir William Hamilton and induced to go to Naples. Greville assured her that he would follow her. Instead he left her to her fate, and would not answer any of her letters. Again and again she appealed to him; one word of affection from her Greville would keep her faithful and true, but she had no word.

This is the Emma that you see through Mrs. Frankau's eyes. It is a very different woman whom another novelist of our generation has depicted. Conan Doyle

in *Rodney Stone* shows her coarse, fulsome, and intriguing. When Rodney Stone and his father go to pay their respects to Lord Nelson they find Lady Hamilton present and are bewildered and repelled by the nauseous flattery she showers on the hero and the eagerness with which he swallows it. Finally a footman enters abruptly with a large blue envelope.

"By Heaven, it is my orders!" cried Nelson, snatching it up and fumbling with it in his awkward, one-handed attempt to break the seals. Lady Hamilton ran to his assistance, but no sooner had she glanced at the paper inclosed than she burst into a shrill scream, and throwing up her hands and her eyes, she sank backward in a swoon. I could not but observe, however, that her fall was very carefully executed, and that she was fortunate enough, in spite of her insensibility, to arrange her drapery and attitude into a graceful and classical design. But he, the honest seaman, so incapable of deceit or affectation that he could not suspect it in others, ran madly to the bell, shouting for the maid, the doctor, and the smelling salts, with incoherent words of grief and such passionate terms of emotion that my father thought

THE EARLY HOME OF EMMA

it more discreet to twitch me by the sleeve as a signal that we should steal out of the room. There we left him, then, in the dim-lit London drawing-room, beside himself with pity for this shallow and most artificial woman, while without, at the edge of the Piccadilly curb, there stood the high dark berlin which was ready to start him upon that long journey, which was to end in his chase of the French fleet over seven thousand miles of ocean, his meeting with it, his victory, which confined Napoleon's ambition forever to the land, and his death, coming, his victory, which confined Napoleon's ambicrowning moment of his life.

While Julia Frankau has been seeing her historical study through the press, Frank Danby has not been idle. A new novel is even now ready for publication in spite of the fact that only a year or two ago Mrs. Frankau dolefully declared that an ungrateful public had read the last fiction she should ever write. It is not necessary to doubt the sincerity of the utterance; Frank Danby is a novelist in spite of herself, and it was impossible to believe that sooner or later she would not break her vow of silence. The new book bears a formidable title, *Joseph in*

Jeopardy, and enough has been disclosed of its character to suggest that Mrs. Frankau has returned to the kind of subject that elicited her earlier efforts. Joseph, it is understood, is a young man of humble birth, but eminently successful and of a subtle attraction for the sex, married to a woman whose exterior effectually conceals the depths of her fine character. Mrs. Potiphar is a beautiful, a charming, an altogether sympathetic widow of the bluest blood, attracted by the suburban Joseph in a reaction from the degenerate scions of her own class. There is a situation, not absolutely original, but full of the stuff of real drama. It is to be hoped that, as the title indicates, the drama is centred in the man. In spite of her complete success with one or two feminine characters—the heroine of *Pigs in Clover* and the delectable Sally Snape of *The Heart of a Child* are not to be forgotten—Frank Danby has shown her greatest insight in depicting men. In her first book, *Dr. Phillips*, it is the doctor himself who sticks in the memory. In *Pigs in Clover* it is those two wonderfully contrasted brothers, Carl and Louis Althaus, who

CHRISTIAN BRINTON AND OWEN JOHNSON AT THE LATTER'S HOME IN STOCKBRIDGE

give the book its remarkable power. *Baccarat* and *The Sphinx's Lawyer*, whatever one may think of their merits as novels, are curiously accurate studies in the morbid psychology of the male animal of the human species. Frank Danby is unique among woman novelists in having justified for once the masculine *nom de guerre* that so many of her craft have assumed.

There are certain reasons why the accompanying illustration has a particular interest. On the same day, a certain Wednesday in mid January, both Mr. Brinton and Mr. Johnson men in it attracted conspicuous attention. On that day in New York City there was opened the Walter Greaves Exhibition, for which Mr. Christian Brinton practically stood sponsor. It was not an ordinary Exhibition, for it stirred up a vast amount of newspaper controversy. Mr. Joseph Pennell seemed to regard it as an attack on the memory of his old friend Whistler. Mr. James Huneker said that "the sympathetic and succinct catalogue of Chris-

tian Brinton was the only whiff of real art in the whole affair." The evening of the day that saw the opening of the Walter Greaves Exhibition marked the first presentation of Mr. Owen Johnson's adaptation of Maurice Donnay's *The Return From Jerusalem*. Almost unanimously the critics have spoken of this work as an unusual one, since it showed a real and successful attempt to translate a foreign play into distinguished English.

Mr. Gelett Burgess, poet-essayist-architect-humourist-iconoclast-novelist-engineer - story writer -
The Nonsense Machine illustrator - satirist - painter - juvenile writer-designer - playwright,
 acknowledges as his favourite recreation (in *Who's Who*) the making of paper houses. Additions to his little village of "Gingerbread Junction," however, have not been made of late, his present amusement being found in perfecting his new "Nonsense Machine." The accompanying illustration shows Mr. Burgess with his first model, which is described as a "reciprocal-compound

GELETT BURGESS AND THE NONSENSE MACHINE

engine for the elimination of thought in all forms." It is claimed to be the first case of "nonsense in three dimensions" ever known, and a sure cure for neurasthenia. As such, indeed, it was recently tested in a hospital, and the patient, a victim of nervous break-down, is said by the louse physician to have been cured mainly by watching the complicated processes of the invention, thereby being prevented from thinking himself.

Gelett Burgess, however, unsatisfied with this success, has just finished a No. 2 Machine "heavier than air" and "built like a watch," much smaller and capable of more diverse movements. It is actuated by a small dynamo and is said to be much more efficient in relieving mental strain. "After I had seen a boy of fourteen in San Jose, who had built a complete working automobile," says Mr. Burgess, "I gave up trying to complete along utilitarian lines—"along utilitarian lines" is Mr. Burgess's, not the BOOKMAN'S expression—with the rising generation, and devoted myself to the lost art of playing." He is not always alone, however, in his games, for Mr. Will Irwin, his whilom collaborator, was a co-director with Mr. Burgess of the "San

Francisco and Arcady Railroad," with its three toy locomotives and four hundred and eighty inches of track, the preferred stock of which was, a few years ago, bought by many well-known writers who also had refused to "grow up."

Mrs. Katharine D. Osbourne has little that is new to tell us in her book on *Robert Louis Stevenson in California*. For the most part, she contents herself with paraphrasing those records of Stevenson's life at Monterey, in San Francisco, and at the deserted mining camp of Silverado, with which the reading public is already well acquainted. Her book is without arrangement and without coherence; it dallies lightly with a period of Stevenson's development which would offer serious material for a student of his psychologic growth; and it carries many pretty pictures, most of which are glimpses of the scenery of California. Mrs. Osbourne does tell us that Stevenson had twice been seriously in love, and had been rejected by the two ladies to whose hands he had successively aspired, before he met his wife. This rumour, which is

Mrs. Strong

LIVING ORIGINATING

R. L. Stevenson Mrs. Stevenson
THE STEVENSON HOUSEHOLD

R. L. Stevenson's mother

confirmed by the gossip of certain solid citizens of Edinburgh who remember Louis in his early twenties, has not before been formally printed; and it helps us to understand the overwhelming seriousness with which Stevenson embarked upon the great adventure that culminated in his marriage, to know that he had served a hard apprenticeship in loving, and was no longer following a boyish dream.

It is thus that Mrs. Osbourne tells the story of Stevenson's settling at No. 608 Bush Street, San Francisco, in December, 1879. [This house, by the way, was torn down long before the great fire.]

What interested Stevenson more than all else was that the house faced south, and that there were balconies to the windows, running the width of the front, on all three floors. Air and sunshine, the two great *desiderata* for his health's sake, were to be found here. His ring brought to the door the landlady herself, Mrs. Mary Carson.

If Stevenson eyed her with questioning glances, no less suspiciously did she eye this new applicant for a room. She had just gone through an unhappy experience with two London Germans, who had departed leaving several months' room rent unpaid; and she saw at once that Stevenson was also a foreigner. His manner and voice proclaimed it. More than that, to use her own words, "He was such a strange-looking, shabby shack of a fellow. Not that there was anything repellent in his looks, only his appearance was not what his acquaintance bore. For when I came to know him, I just loved him like my own child."

His garb was in itself a disguise, as his clothing generally was. . . . In Monterey he was one chilly morning in need of little heavier clothing than he had on. A coat was deemed too much; a jersey would have answered the purpose. Lacking it, he pulled an extra undershirt on over the outside. Mrs. Carson describes his dress the day he came to her house seeking lodgings thus: "He wore a little brown rough ulster buttoned up tight under his chin, and Scotch brogues, the walking kind, laced up high, and his pants stuck in the tops, and a dicer hat."

Mrs. Osbourne also gives an interesting glimpse of Stevenson in conversation,

in the following account of his second call on Mrs. Virgil Williams:

He had a peculiarly beautiful voice, with a rich, round, but not provincial, Scotch accent. While he conversed with Mrs. Williams, he paced up and down the floor in his usual fashion, with rapid and graceful motion, or hung on the mantelpiece. It was not strange that the conversation turned on the subject of the relations of America and Great Britain.

Stevenson regretted that England had lost the colonies. He pictured the States under British rule, with America the seat of government of the whole empire. He dwelt upon the benefits that would have accrued to the whole English-speaking race from such a union, and to all mankind, with Great Britain and America ruling the world for peace and right business. In a flight of fancy, and with all the richness of language that was his, he pictured the actual transporting of the royal family and all the paraphernalia of government across the Atlantic, the pageantry of the ships and the gorgeous landing, and the setting up of the throne at Washington.

While Stevenson was talking, Mr. Williams came in. He looked doubtfully from Mrs. Williams to the stranger; for, as he told his wife afterward, he thought a tramp had got in and she could not get him out again. But it was only for a moment, and soon the two men were talking with all the interest and pleasure of those who feel much in common, and from that day began a friendship that never ended until the death of Virgil Williams.

Albert Bigelow Paine, whose time during the past six years has been chiefly

employed in the preparation of his biography of Mark Twain, expects to complete his long task

by the first of May. In the progress of his work, Mr. Paine has made two journeys to Europe to visit the various scenes of Mark Twain's residence and travel, as well as numerous trips in America, including one down the Mississippi River and to the Pacific coast. "I cannot write with any certainty about a place I have not seen," he says, "my imagination is perfectly willing to furnish something, but I have learned to view its efforts in matters of architecture and scenery with doubt." Before Mark Twain died he

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE ON THE VERANDA AT "MARKLAND"

presented Mr. Paine with a piece of land in Redding on which to build a study; also, with a billiard table, saying: "When I want exercise I'll walk down and play billiards with you. When you want exercise you can walk up and play billiards with me." The study, which Mr. Paine named "Markland," was not quite completed when Mr. Clemens died. It stands on a hillside, overlooking a foreground of cedars, a hazy valley and distant blue hills. After Mark Twain's death a fire-proof vault was added to hold the great mass of materials which passed into his biographer's hands. "Markland" is an inspiring place and seems as remote as if it were in the Adirondacks. Mr. Paine works there summer and winter. Everything about it—pictures, books, bric-à-brac, the billiard table—speaks of Mark Twain. It is properly named "Markland."

"Once," writes Claudius Clear in a recent issue of the *British Weekly*, "I found L. F. Austin writing in a club, as was his wont. He held out to me, with an expression of scorn, a book by the author of *Mr. Barnes of New York*. He was engaged in holding up the book to derision. I said to him, 'The author is a better man than you think.' He would not believe it, but I said, 'Wait and hear me,' and told him this true story. A fussy individual meeting Gunter, complained that he wrote so fast. 'Why do you not give time for your genius to settle and brood and shape?' 'And how long,' said Gunter, looking at him sternly, 'will the public continue to buy my muck?'"

Claudius Clear is of the opinion that even the highest genius is hardly capable of turning out more than about a dozen works representative of his powers, even though the secondary work may have elements of strength and beauty. The very finest work of Dickens, he thinks, was done when he finished *David Copperfield*, but we could ill spare the novels of the later period. When Sir Walter Scott wrote *Woodstock* he had said farewell to his great creative time. But how much there is to linger over in the work that followed. Thackeray was more completely written out when he died than any of our great novelists. There are

VINGIE E. ROE, THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAID OF THE WHISPERING HILLS"

Miss Roe was born and brought up in Kansas. Later she lived in Oklahoma and Oregon. "The Maid of the Whispering Hills" is her first novel, and was accepted by the first publisher to whom it was submitted.

W. J. LOCKE. FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT

beauties in the very last unfinished work, but who can say much for *Louell the Widower*? There is weariness in every line of it.

The *Memoirs of Madame Judith*, the famous comedienne, edited by the critic Paul Gsell, have recently been published in Paris, and are exceedingly rich in literary anecdote. Like Rachel Félix, of whom we were writing a few months ago, Madame Judith's life enabled her to rub elbows with all that was best and wittiest of the literary and artistic France of her time. She knew Napoleon the Third,

Hugo, Dumas, Alfred de Musset, Gautier, the Duc de Morny, the original of the sinister Duc de Morny of Daudet's *The Nabob*, the Empress Eugenie, George Sand, Gambetta, Guizot, and Victorien Sardou.

She first saw Louis Napoleon—later Napoleon III—in London, at the house of the well-known Socialist leader, Louis Blanc. The future Emperor, then professedly a republican, was trying to win the Socialist over to his side, but Blanc would have none of him, since he believed that the Prince was no true republican.

"Would you support me," asked Louis Napoleon, "if I made you Minister of Public Works in a couple of years?"

"What? When you are emperor?" sneered the staunch republican. They parted without coming to any understanding.

It was not long before she knew Alexander Dumas the elder intimately. All Paris did. He was so jovial, so democratic, that in five minutes he called everybody "thou," just as if they were the oldest of friends.

One day he came to see Mme. Judith and asked her to sup with him, Victor Hugo, and others.

"Victor Hugo was more interesting that night than ordinarily," comments the actress. "As a rule I found him as tiresome as his drama, *Les Burgraves*—which is saying a good deal."

That night, however, Victor Hugo was in an unusually good mood. Instead of a poet, he said, he should have been a painter, or, better still, an engraver.

"I see nature in black and white, I should have been a second Rembrandt." Also, he said that he liked Louis Napoleon—by this time Prince-President—and that the presence of a Bonaparte at the head of the Government of France was a good thing. After more eulogy he casually let drop the fact that the Prince-President had been round to see him and had asked his advice. Thereupon Dumas nudged Mme. Judith. "That's why Hugo is a Bonapartist," he whispered. "The Prince is a flatterer. But just wait till he stops flattering our friend and we'll see whether he remains his partisan." They discussed the verse of Alfred de Musset. "Immense talents," said Hugo, "but he's too proud. Why, he actually boasts everywhere that he's as good a poet as I am!"

After dinner there was more talk of poetry. Hugo told the company that at times it was difficult for him to talk in prose, so naturally did verses come to him. Where he liked best to compose verses, he said, was on top of an omnibus! There he used to become suddenly inspired and burst into loud improvisation, no matter who might be beside him. That very morning he had improvised two lines while seated on an omnibus. But, when he alighted, and tried to repeat them, the second line lacked several syllables. He was puzzled. When he thought up the verses they had been per-

fect. Suddenly he realised what the trouble was. Just as he had started to improvise the second line the conductor had come along, crying, "Your fare, Monsieur!" Unconsciously he had incorporated those four syllables into the line—and they had rounded it out quite satisfactorily.

A certain New York newspaper, whose proprietor is a Jew, published not long since a quotation from
M. Rolland M. Rolland's *Jean-*
on the Jew *Christophe in Paris* to
 the effect that the Jews

are the intellectual carriers of Europe. To find an item of that sort run in with the news of the day under a striking headline, though the book from which it was quoted had been out for some months, seemed rather odd. It illustrates the eagerness with which in certain Jewish quarters a chance word of praise from Gentile sources is received. It is not unlike the avidity of the Yankee, who has been called the Jew of Christendom, for the occasional word of patronage that appears in the interview with some visiting literary celebrity or in the momentous pages of a British weekly. What M. Rolland has to say about the Jews, however, is well worth quoting on its own account. He devotes to that subject some of the liveliest pages in his spirited and highly entertaining analysis of Parisian society. We select at random the following:

The Jews are almost the only people in France to whom a free man can talk of new and vital things. The rest are stuck fast among dead things. . . . It is all very well for us to criticise and make fun of the Jews and speak ill of them. We can't do without them. . . . You might go on living, perhaps. But what good would that be to you if your life and your work remained unknown, as they probably would without the Jews? Would the members of your own religion come to your assistance? The Catholic Church lets the best of its members perish without raising a hand to help them. . . . If a man of independent spirit, be he never so great and Christian at heart, is not a Christian as a matter of obedience, it is nothing to the Catholics

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

By J. Kerr Lawson, in the "English Review"

that in him is incarnate all that is most pure and most truly divine in their faith. . . . The Jews in Europe of to-day are the most active and living agents of good and evil. They carry hither and thither the pollen of thought.

In Alphonse Daudet's famous *Tartarin sur les Alpes* there is introduced a certain Gonzague, who is so great a liar that he has been nicknamed "The Impostor" even by the volatile Tarasconnese. In time he takes leave of Tarascon, and the intrepid Tartarin stumbles upon him as a guide in the service of a touring company at a time when the Lion of Tarascon is about

to attempt the ascent of the Jungfrau. The Lion is in a sad state of funk when Gonzague reassures him. "In the first place," says the latter, "Switzerland! There is no Switzerland! All is a vast Kursaal managed by the Company." "And," queries Tartarin, "if a man should fall into a crevasse—?" "He would fall on snow," Gonzague reassures him. "And an employé of the Company would pick him up, and ask 'Has Monsieur any baggage?'" All of which comes to mind as we read the following from a recent issue of the *London Academy*:

There certainly are times when German enterprise leaves us panting far behind in the race, and an instance is reported in this week's

MAURICE HEWLETT

By J. Kerr Lawson, in the "English Review"

papers. A certain German company which caters for tourists advertised the familiar trips to the North, with midnight suns, icebergs, seals, and samovars, and all the rest of it included; and the steamer was due to call on the coast of Lapland, according to programme, to afford the intrepid travellers an opportunity of visiting a real Lapp village. One P.M. arrive off coast; 1.30 P.M., lunch in saloon (band plays); 2.30 P.M., Real Lapp Village, as it were, and chats with the Lapps. Unfortunately, it appears, there aren't any Lapp villages on the coast; with a reprehensible disregard of the wishes of visitors the Lapps dwell inland and are only to be interviewed and snapshotted at the expense of a day or two's laborious journeying. Did this embarrass the enterprising company? Not at all! What

is easier than to construct a Lapland village? A cosy little hamlet was built on the shore, and in order that it should not be a hamlet without the Prince, as it were, a few unemployed Italian gondoliers were dressed in furs and fish-scales, or whatever the Lapp of the tourist's imagination was supposed to wear, and sent off carriage-paid—this side up, fragile, with care—to the Arctic Circle with a warning (we hope) not to be too free with their own language when the tourist-vessel was sighted in the offing. And the visitors returned to the ship delighted, having seen a Real Lapp Village; the company smiled with a sense of duty well done; and the Italian gondoliers sent money home to their mothers. But is not the whole story worthy of the best methods of the Yankee?

It would almost seem as though the rivalry supposed to exist between the native Irishman and the Englishman had been carried into the field of letters. Two of the earliest of Macmillan's spring books are of verse, one by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, of London, and the other by James Stephens, of Dublin. In the matter of priority of publication Mr. Gibson leads, for *Daily Bread* appeared late in January, *The Hill of Vision*, Mr. Stephens's contribution, following early in February. Both poets are new to this country, though Mr. Stephens's *Insurrections* was published in England a year or so ago, receiving much favourable comment here. It is said that his new book is characterised by real Irish wit and by somewhat caustic comment on the existing order of things. The little volume, which is only of one hundred and thirty pages, concludes with a sort of author's apology.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

The poem is sung,
The picture quite
Finished and hung
In the candid light;
But poet and painter must go away
Ere they hear what the critical people say.

Age after age,
Without a break,
A prophet shall rage
By a lonely lake:
And know not ere he has gone away
Who is to listen to what he'll say.

But the poet shall hear,
The painter see
The praises dear
Of their mystery:
And poet and painter and prophet find
The glory they thought they had left behind.

There is an ear
To hear the song,
An eye to peer
At the picture long:
A brain to gather the tale and bless
The prophet who spoke to the wilderness.

Daily Bread is not in the least the kind of a book its title might at first imply.

It is not composed of religious thoughts for everyday reading, but is rather a collection of dramatic poems dealing with the life of poor, hard-working people—fishermen, miners and stokers as well as the unemployed. The significance of the title is drawn from the fact that all of the little plays—for the poems are written in play form—relate to that which is a vital part of the existence of these people, as near to them as is the bread they eat. Mr. Gibson is looked upon in England as a new poet to be reckoned with, and it is quite broadly hinted by his publishers that *Daily Bread* is but the forerunner of more important books.

Very little information has actually been collected on the subject of the naming of books, although Titles from writers have, in inter-Shakespeare views, frequently had much to say as to their choice. Consequently the four hundred examples in the little volume *Book Titles from Shakespeare* compiled by Mr. Volney Streamer are not only an interesting contribution to Shakespeariana but shed considerable light on the practice of using ready-made titles in preference to the pure product of the author's imagination. The remark is often made that Shakespeare was ignored by his contemporaries, but the historic fact is that during his lifetime, John Marston, George Chapman, and Ben Jonson produced a play entitled *Eastward Hoe!* which may be described as a burlesque on the character of Ophelia. The first recorded use of an exact Shakespearian title dates from 1776, when Isaac Jackman named one of his farces *All the World's a Stage*. For more than a century after that the value of the Bard as a title-mine continued practically to be unrecognised, as the so far discovered examples are very few, although they include such contributions to permanent literature as Leigh Hunt's *Table Talk*, Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales*, and Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* But within the past thirty years the rich veins of poetic fancy have been extensively worked by authors, and there is now none of the plays that has not yielded at least one title. In some cases the pre-

cise text is not employed, but the derivation is unmistakable. William Dean Howells has been the most assiduous explorer, for no less than seventeen of his titles—more than three times as many as those of any other writer—are from Shakespeare. Dorothea Gerard is next on the list with five, while Eva Wilder Brodhead and Edgar Fawcett have each taken four. One-fifth of the book-names—eighty-one, to be exact—have been dug from *Hamlet*, while *As You Like It* has proven the next most profitable vein, having yielded thirty. *Julius Cæsar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, and *Twelfth Night* stand together in third place with nineteen; *Macbeth* follows with eighteen. *Venus and Adonis* has contributed only one title, and this was discovered by *Mary Cecil Hay*. Many titles have been used over and over again. Thus, the four recorded book-names from *Troilus and Cressida* are all the same quotation, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"—some taking one portion and some another of the sentence.

A correspondent of the London *Sphere* sends the following contrast between Mr. George Bernard Shaw's sympathy with a dog and a pig. The latter animal, it will be remembered, is the hero of *John Bull's Other Island*:

In "*John Bull's Other Island*" Mr. Bernard Shaw in "*The Care*"

KEEGAN (*grimly*): There is danger, destruction, torment! What more do we want to make us merry? Go on, Barney; the last drops of joy are not squeezed from the story yet. Tell us 'gain how our brother was torn asunder.

DORAN (*puzzled*): Whose bruddher?

KEEGAN: Mine.

NORA: He means the pig, Mr. Doran. You know his way.

I have more than once run over a dog and driven away as if nothing had happened. . . .

I can recall at least thirteen cases in which cars in which I was seated have gone over dogs. . . .

Mr. Shaw reports that in ten cases he "left the slain on the field and fled."

It is not at all likely that any two persons with opinions upon matters of art will agree upon the ten finest paintings in the world. When Thackeray was in this country in 1852 he made a list of those that he thought best, and this list is worthy of consideration not only because Thackeray wrote *Vanity Fair* and *Esmond*, but because if he was a poor artist himself, he had made a very profound study of art. It was his first visit to America, and in Philadelphia he was a frequent visitor to the house of an American friend. The only daughter of the household was a pretty girl of twenty devoted to art. One evening when Thackeray was dining with the family, she asked him to give her a list of the ten best pictures of the world. The novelist confined himself to those paintings which he had seen.

The Last Judgment. Angelo.
The Adoration of the Shepherds. Correggio.
The Last Supper. Da Vinci.
The Immaculate Conception. Murillo.
The Transfiguration. Raphael.
The Sistine Madonna. Raphael.
The Lesson in Anatomy. Rembrandt.
The Descent from the Cross. Rubens.
The Assumption of the Virgin. Titian.
The Surrender of Breda. Velasquez.

In Frederick W. Hackwood's *Good Cheer: The Romance of Food and Feasting*, published by the Sturgis and Walton

The First Sirloin Company, there is an account of the origin of the sirloin. Charles II is said to have returned from Eping Forest literally as hungry as a hunter to that hospitable mansion Friday Hall, Chingford. His delight at beholding on the table a huge loin of beef, steaming hot, was such that he exclaimed, "A noble joint! by St. George it should have a title!" And drawing his sword, he raised it above the gallant joint, crying with mock dignity, "Loin, we dub thee knight—henceforward be Sir Loin."

Dryden, Mr. Hackwood tells us, honestly liked the flitch of bacon better than more delicate fare; as he said, he had

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LOUISA M. ALCOTT

"a very vulgar stomach." When Charles Lamb and his sister gave their little parties in the Temple, they generally provided beef and porter, to which every guest, in the same spirit of unaffected simplicity, helped himself according to his fancy. Yet Lamb was an epicure in his eating as he was in his reading, and he considered cookery as one of the fine arts. Pope's physical weakness forced him to be extremely careful. "Two bites and a sup" more than that his stint would cause him great suffering. Yet he was fond of highly seasoned dishes, and liked his friends to send him deli-

cacies. A dish of lampreys, though it invariably cost him dear, was one from which he was unable to abstain. Dean Swift suffered from chronic indigestion, and in consequence his simple repast was usually mutton pie and a half a pint of wine. Byron had fits of intemperance, generally followed by a strict regimen of rice, vinegar and water. He had a dread of growing fat and always preferred simple food. When he went to Greece he lived chiefly on toast, cheese, vegetables, olives and light wine. Shelley was careless about his meals. His wife often sent food to his study, which

he usually forgot to eat, and coming out of the room would, in his abstraction, ask: "Mary, have I dined?"

At last there is to be a stage version of *Little Women*, that story which since its publication in 1868 "Little Women" has appealed to so many on the Stage generations of readers.

The dramatisation has been made by Miss Jessie Bonstelle (Mrs. Alexander Stuart), who for eight years has been working to obtain the necessary permission. The copyrights were in the possession of Miss Alcott's two nephews, the famous twins, "Daisy" and "Demi" (John and Demijohn), sons of Miss Alcott's last surviving sister, Mrs. Anna B. Pratt, to whom one of the editions, published by Little, Brown and Company, in 1889, was dedicated in these words: "The Sole Surviving Sister of Louisa M. Alcott, and Her Never Failing Help, Comforter and Friend from Birth to Death." In Boston the two Pratt boys when growing up were pointed out as the famous twins, just as Vivian Burnett was pointed out as Little Lord Fauntleroy. There has been a certain New England prejudice against making a play of the story, although Miss Alcott herself was fond of the theatre and actually wrote herself a short comedy which was produced at the Boston Theatre.

The original publishers of *Little Women* were Roberts Brothers of Boston. In September, 1867, they issued *Hospital Sketches*, an account of Miss Alcott's experiences during the war, which had appeared serially in the *Commonwealth*. The following year, in response to their request for a girl's book, Miss Alcott wrote *Little Women*, which was originally called "The Pathetic Family." Of the two hundred thousand dollars earned by Miss Alcott in literary work the greater part represented the profits from the "Little Women Series," which consisted of eight volumes—*Little Women*, *An Old Fashioned Girl*, *Little Men*, *Eight Cousins*, *Rose in Bloom*, *Under the Lilacs*, *Jack and Jill* and *Jo's Boys*. Miss Alcott did not hesitate to say that parts of *Little Women* were

taken from life. This is her own statement:

Little Women—The early plays and experiences; Beth's death; Jo's literary and Amy's artistic experiences; Meg's happy home; John Brooke and his death; Demi's character. Mr. March did not go to the war, but Jo did. Mrs. March is all true, only not half good enough. Laurie is not an American boy, though every lad I ever knew claims the character. He was a Polish boy Ladislas Wisniewski met abroad in 1865. Mr. Lawrence is my godfather.

Widely at variance are the comments on the production in London of Zangwill's new play *The War God*. By some of the critics it is hailed as an achievement; by others its dramatic merits are doubted, but by all it is declared to be original. With Count Tolstoy and Bismarck as the principal characters this claim could hardly be denied. Of course Zangwill has not been guilty of calling his people openly by these names, but any one with half an eye can see that in the Chancellor of Gothia, who personifies War, and in Frithiof, who stands for Peace, Bismarck and Tolstoy are meant. The whole question of war is one on which Mr. Zangwill feels very strongly, being one of its bitterest foes. On several occasions he has maintained that he would like to go down in history as an advocate of peace. In a recent interview he was reported as having said:

Certain nations were of much finer quality before they became aggressive. Italy, for instance, gained its soul when it won its independence and realised Italian unity. What is it doing with its dearly bought freedom? It has embarked on a commonplace career of imperialism and its 'scutcheon is stained with the horrible atrocities at Tripoli.

The War God is not alone a protest against the actual taking up of arms, however, but is also a plea for less aggressiveness in twentieth century life. In one instance Frithiof says, "The God of War is now a man of business—with vested interests," which sentiment strikes the keynote of the play.

DEATHLESS

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

O Love, if our life here be only this—
A casual record on Time's mystic scroll,
A memorandum that the years can roll
In the absorbing night of some abyss,
And utterly extinguish; if our bliss
Is thus to perish; heart and brain and soul
To be removed beyond our poor control—
Need we forget one single hour to kiss?

Nay, we must love until the stars are tossed
Into the darkness of oblivion;
Until in wasted ashes burns the sun,
And the mad moon hang like a disc of frost;
Then on Life's loom, where every thread is spun,
Our golden pattern never shall be lost.

THE FUNCTION OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

re asked to name
: thing that the
in America stood
: need of at the
moment, I
say dramatic
n. In order to
er of any art, it is
necessary to coördinate to a common
end the complimentary activities of the
productive spirit and the critical spirit.
The theatre in America is at present
fairly healthy on the productive side.
We have at least one native dramatist
whose work is worthy of serious consid-
eration; we have several native play-
wrights of real promise; we have many
able actors; we have three or four great
stage-directors; and we have one or two
managers who import the best plays of
other nations, and make it possible for us
to see them on our stage and to com-
pare them with our own. But our dra-
matic movement is deficient on the criti-
cal side. We have at present no dra-

matic critic of the first rank,—none who
may be classed, for instance, with Mr.
A. B. Walkley of the *London Times*;
and we have only three or four writers
who seem to be making any earnest ef-
fort to achieve the purpose of dramatic
criticism. It is not that our newspapers
and our magazines devote too little atten-
tion to the theatre; they devote, indeed,
too much; but this attention is not criti-
cal in spirit. Nearly every newspaper
in the country gives up many columns
every week to comment, of some sort,
upon the theatre; and many of our maga-
zines conduct departments that are de-
voted to the stage. But the more we read
the newspapers and the magazines, the
more we shall perceive that the great
majority of our professional commenta-
tors on the theatre are not, in the true
sense, critics, and do not even aim to be.
In fact, the one feature of their writing
that strikes us most emphatically is the
absence of any endeavour or desire to
fulfil the function of dramatic criticism.

Concerning the function of criticism in general, there can be, I think, no question. It was stated once for all by Matthew Arnold, in one of those luminous phrases which, as soon as they are formulated, seem to have been graven forever upon granite. He defined criticism as "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world, and thus to establish a current of fresh and true ideas." From this we may derive the definition of dramatic criticism as "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the theatre of the world." The critic incurs a double duty,—first, to learn, and secondly, to teach:—to study in general the theatre of the world, and in particular the theatre of his own place and time, in an unflinching endeavour to discover what is best in the current drama; and then to teach the public what is best by making clear the reasons why. His ultimate responsibility is not to the creator but to the public. It is not his duty to teach Sir Arthur Pinero how to write plays (supposing that were possible!): it is his duty to teach the public how Sir Arthur Pinero *has* written them. But to do this, he must first have learned, and learned from the creative masters of the art.

The first mark of the true critic is, therefore, the eagerness to learn. Criticism requires, as a firm foundation, both a broad and general culture and a deep particular equipment for the work in hand. The critic must be cognisant of life; for the drama is a visioning of life, and how can he judge the counterfeit presentment unless he knows the zest and tang of the original? He must be familiar with the aims and methods of the other arts; for how else can he judge that complex product, a modern acted play, where all the arts do seem to set their seal? He must have studied thoroughly the drama of other times and lands; for by what standard, otherwise, can he appraise the merit of the drama now at hand? And all these studies should have furnished him material from which to derive inductively the principles to guide him in his judgment. These principles (which are empirical always,

and never *a priori*) he should build into a body of belief; and this philosophy of the dramatic art he should expound, whenever necessary, to the public, and should illustrate, whenever possible, in each particular review.

So much for the necessity of culture. Let us turn now to that other necessity of a particular equipment for the work in hand. The art of the drama is a living thing, and like all living things is growing. As a consequence, the philosophy of the drama, in any period of criticism, can be regarded only as pragmatic. A principle will serve only so long as it will serve. A new invention (like electric-lighting, for example) may quickly revolutionise the making of plays and require a consonant revolution in the principles of judging them. The very next play to be produced may demand of the critic that he shall broaden, or materially alter, his body of belief: for—let us insist again—the purpose of criticism is never to announce dogmatically how plays shall be made (for that would be absurd), but always to explain how they *have* been made, and to elucidate the reasons why. The critic, therefore, can never rest upon his oars; he can never be certain that what he knows already has equipped him fully to appreciate the next important dramatist who may appear. Therefore, he should keep his mind forever fresh and open, to receive and to evaluate each new impression, with all its possibilities of principle. The dramatic critic must be a tireless theatre-goer. To be a theatre-goer is not considered, by most people, difficult; but to maintain a tireless and searching mind amid a making of many plays to which there seems to be no end requires a moral power which ranks only a little on the hither side of the heroic.

And there are other moral qualities without which a writer cannot serviceably fulfil the function of dramatic criticism, however broad his culture, however thorough his equipment. The first of these is sympathy; and this quality is rare. The critic must exercise an eager catholicity of taste. He must appreciate not only what he likes but also what he does not like, provided that there be any adequate reason why other people like it.

In his tireless and impersonal searching for the best, he must equably evaluate whatever is good of its kind in any type of play. He should judge a given work in accordance with the endeavour of the author. He must find out what sort of effect the author intended to produce and then determine to what extent he has succeeded in producing that effect. Ibsen intended a certain effect in *Hedda Gabler*; and if that were a new play, it would not be at all fair for the critic to pre-judge it adversely because that effect is totally different from the effect, for example, that Shakespeare intended in *As You Like It*. Though a man may write of Shakespeare with the eloquence of angels, he is still an inefficient critic unless he can both learn and teach the merits of Ibsen, who has made some stir in the theatre of the world with work of an entirely different order. The critic should have no prejudices. Although he may have suffered through ten successive bad plays by a certain author, he must always be ready to recognise the merit of that author's eleventh play if it surprisingly surpasses its predecessors. Authors sometimes grow up. *Bought and Paid For* is written by the author of *An International Marriage* [we beg his pardon for recalling it]; and *Kismet* is the work of the same playwright who perpetrated *The Cottage in the Air*. The sympathetic critic should never give up hope: even Mr. Israel Zangwill may ultimately write a good play, if he lives to the allotted age of man.

Since the endeavour of real criticism is to learn and propagate the best, it is evident that its function is not destructive but constructive; and this is another reason why the critic must be richly endowed with sympathy. There seems to be a prevalent impression that the business of the critic is mainly to make adverse remarks concerning plays that happen to be bad; and this impression—utterly fallacious as it is—is emphatically detrimental to the cause of criticism. It is not the proper function of dramatic criticism to waste good thought upon the subject of bad plays. Most bad plays would die a natural death if they were merely let alone; and the critic should ignore them. His duty is to discover

what is good, to explain why it is good, and to do all in his power to make the good prevail. This is more than enough to keep him busy; and to ask him to explain why a bad play is bad is to impose a superfluous task upon his patience. From the point of view of the ideal of criticism, it is surely a mistake for our newspapers to devote an almost equal amount of space to the review of every new play, irrespective of the nature of its aim or the quality of its execution. When a bad play is produced, it would be better to review it in some such terms as these:—"Last evening a play called *Crime*, by John Smith, was produced at Brown's Theatre, with Mary Jones in the leading rôle. The audience seemed to like it (or seemed not to). There is nothing in it that requires critical consideration." Sometimes, of course, when a bad play has succeeded and is being patronised by the public in preference to several better plays, it may become the duty of the critic to prove that it is bad, in order, by this negative procedure, to help the better to prevail. When great numbers of innocent theatre-goers seem to think that *Everywoman*, for example, is a work of literature, it becomes necessary for the critic to protest; but even this duty is of minor importance compared with some constructive task of criticism,—the task, for instance, of explaining clearly to the public in what ways *The Thunderbolt* is a masterpiece of craftsmanship. Our magazine writers are granted this great advantage over our newspaper writers,—that they are permitted to ignore unworthy work; but they seem to be expected to devote more space to the consideration of plays that have succeeded than to plays that have failed. This latter editorial requirement leads them often into error. Any question of financial success or failure is impertinent to criticism. Criticism seeks the best; and for the critic it is more important to write at length about a good play that has failed in a night than about a poorer play that has crowded the theatre for an entire season.

But an even more important moral quality that is required of the critic is the delicate faculty of disinterestedness. He should always tell the truth as he

sees it, for the sole and self-sufficient reason that that is how he sees the truth, and should remain impervious to any ulterior consideration. But it is very difficult to be disinterested. Some years ago, when Mr. Belasco was fighting against the organised power of the so-called "theatre trust," our reviewers seemed to find it difficult not to help him in that worthy cause by praising all of his productions, irrespective of whether they happened to be good or bad. Our newspapers seem to have a habit of judging certain plays according to what is called their "news value," instead of according to their quality as works of art. *The Garden of Allah*, for example, which is so bad a play that it should be dismissed by the critic in a single summary paragraph explaining the essence of its ineffectiveness, has been talked about for column after column,—because the scenery is expensive, or the theatre used to be the New Theatre, or the camels are real camels, or the Arabs are imported from the desert, or Mr. Waller's salary is high, or any other of a multitude of reasons beyond the ken of criticism. Meanwhile, Mr. Charles Kenyon's profoundly sincere and moving play entitled *Kindling* is allowed to linger along with very little notice, because it is not supposed to have any "news value."

The disinterested critic will not be influenced by that fetish of editors and publishers whose name is "what the public wants." If the public invariably and infallibly wanted the best that is known and thought, there would be no work for criticism to accomplish. If the public wants *The Never Homes* and does not want *The Thunderbolt*, that is the very reason why the critic should ignore the noisy "show" and write a dozen articles to explain the merits of Sir Arthur's artistry. And, in the pursuance of his labour to help the best art to prevail, the critic should never for a moment consider whether or not the public is likely to enjoy the things he has to say. He should never write for popularity; he should always be inconsiderate of himself; and this is, perhaps, the finest flower of disinterestedness.

The final mark of the true critic is the

eagerness to teach. "Every great poet is a teacher," said Wordsworth, "I wish to be considered as a teacher or as nothing." Concerning this conception of the poet's function there may be some question; but I do not think that any one can doubt that every great critic is a teacher. What other word than this so aptly fits a writer whose endeavour is to "propagate the best that is known and thought"? It is the critic's privilege to teach the public what he himself has learned from his tireless study of the works of the creators. The theatre-going public is not tireless; it lacks, because it is a crowd, both culture and equipment; it is deficient in appreciation, in poise, in sanity, in judgment. It needs the service of the critic to estimate for it the value of its own experience. And the dramatist also needs the service of the critic to elucidate his message and explain his merits to a public that otherwise might miss the aim of his endeavour. The critic acts as a mediator between the artist and the multitude, explaining the one to the many, gathering the many to a fresh and true appreciation of the one.

This point,—that the critic must be considered as a teacher or as nothing,—seems to me to be, in any high view of the question, unassailable; and yet this is precisely the point that is missed in all but a very little of that vast volume of writing concerning the contemporary theatre which pours from the presses of our American newspapers and magazines. Most of our dramatic columns and departments seem to be edited with the idea that the function of the critic is not to teach, but to entertain, not to think, but merely (heaven knows why!) to be facetious. The critic of painting is not expected to be funny about Velasquez, but the critic of the drama seems to be expected to be funny about Ibsen. Of course there are times when the most effective way to teach a certain truth is by laughing very hard: consider, as an illustration, Mr. Chesterton's bracing habit of leading us to laugh our way into the very presence of his God. But there are also times for giving over laughter, and removing our hats decorously,—in the presence, say, of M. Maeterlinck.

The persevering triviality of the treatment of the drama in our press seems to be due to the fact that the majority of our American publishers have misconceived the sort of interest that our public has begun, latterly, to take in the dramatic art. Our drama is no longer a thing to joke about. Serious works by serious-minded playwrights are being set forth, with adequate acting and exemplary stage-direction, by serious-minded managers; and these works are being patronised by serious-minded people. The mere fact that thousands and thousands of people all over the country paid their money for several successive years to see *The Witching Hour* proves that our public is not only willing but eager to take an intelligent interest in our best dramatic art. These people—and their name is legion—must be willing also to listen to serious dramatic criticism. Our publishers, for the most part, are a tremulous lot. They are beset forever with the fear—to use their own phrase—of “talking over people’s heads.” They do not dare to teach, for fear that nobody will listen. But the heads of those who read about the theatre in our various publications loom far higher than these publishers imagine; and the danger of talking over them is not nearly so considerable as that other danger—never thought about, apparently—of talking under them. The general reader—that genial gentleman who pays our printer’s bills—does not read about the theatre unless he is interested in the theatre; and an interest in the theatre is in itself an indication of intelligence. Any person who cares at all about an art must be capable of caring earnestly about it; any intelligent person must be willing to think seriously concerning a subject that he cares about. Why, then, should we treat our theatre-going public as if it were incapable of thought, and eager only to look at pictures of pretty women and read facetious trivialities?

Our theatre-going public has given ample evidence of its willingness to be taught. What else than this is indicated, for example, by the growth of the Drama League of America, in less than two years, to a membership of twenty-five thousand in over thirty different states?

By the mere fact of joining the League these people have practically said,—“We wish to learn the best that is known and thought in the theatre of to-day. We want to patronise the best plays. Tell us which are the best plays, and tell us why.” If we had a single great dramatic critic, like Francisque Sarcey for example, the answer to these people would be easy. The League could answer, “Read his writings; read everything that he writes.” But instead of this condition, we observe a multitude of people asking eagerly to be taught, and finding nobody to teach them. And this is the condition that the great majority of our editors confront with an apparently unalterable conviction that the theatre-going public does not want to be taught but wishes merely to be entertained.

But not only is dramatic criticism wanted by the theatre-going public; it is also wanted—it is indeed desperately needed—by our best creative artists in the drama. The dramatist who has written a good play does not need to be told why it is good; but he *does* need that the public shall be told why it is good, by some one whose judgment the public has learned to respect. We are at present passing through a period of overproduction in our theatre; and amid the multitudinous bewilderment of presentations, the average theatre-goer is left at a loss to know which plays to patronise. Hence the intervention of the critic is absolutely necessary, in order that the best plays may be assisted to prevail. Not until the function of dramatic criticism assumes among us the dignity and the authority which it exercises now in Paris shall we be at all certain that the best plays will prevail and the poorest plays go under. And how, unless we can be fairly certain that the best plays will prevail, shall our promising dramatists be encouraged to stride forward boldly in their art,—to conquer new provinces of truth in the expectation of a new appreciation?

For, as Arnold said, it is one of the functions of criticism to prepare the way for new creative effort by establishing a current of fresh and true ideas. The drama, in particular, is an art that derives its inspiration from the attitude of

the general and public mind. You cannot give a drama of ideas to an audience devoid of them; but to an audience that has been taught to think, you can give a drama that makes it think profoundly. The critic, by teaching the public to appreciate what is best in the plays it has already seen, may prepare it to appre-

ciate what is best in the plays that our advancing dramatists will set before it ten and twenty years from now. Thus criticism not only follows but precedes creation. The critic is not only an expositor of the best that has been done; he is also a herald and annunciator of the best that is to be.

GOING TO THE OPERA IN PUERTO RICO

BY FREDERIC DEAN



HE was immaculately clean and he whistled enchantingly. The white trousers through which his black shins protruded, though patched and darned until the original design was entirely obliterated, were as white as the cemented pavement of the Plaza at his feet. The youngster—possibly fourteen—was sitting on one of the marble benches at the upper end of the playground, where, screened from the morning sun by the overhanging Pavona trees, he was scanning the announcement of the coming opera season at the Teatro Municipal and lovingly vocalising each favourite as he came to it. Excerpts from *Favorita* and *Faust*; *Giaconda* and *Bohème*; the Prologue from *Pagliacci*, “Celeste Aida,” the Sextette from *Lucia*, “Spirito Gentil” and scraps from *Madama Butterfly* punctuated his perusal of the bill, which told him that the “compañia de Italiana” was returning from Venezuela for a second capture of the Island’s dollars. True Islander that he was, this child in his clean tatters knew his scores as well as many a paid critic on an influential northern daily, and was scheming as he read and whistled how he could make his pennies carry him through the entire season and enable him to lean over the Paraiso rail at least two nights a week and rehear some of his favourites of the musical menu offered.

The Teatro Municipal is a huge rectangular structure built for hot weather and facing the Plaza Colon. Old Andres Crosus will tell you all about the building of the “big barn” in his father’s time, way back in 1790, and of the wonderful opera nights in his own youth, when the box-holders and their ladies crowded the newly gilded La Mallorquina and enjoyed their cakes and wine after *Trovatore* and *The Barber of Seville*. Like all Puerto Rican houses the Teatro is built for strength and protection, and to its thick walls is due, in large measure, the delightful temperature that at all times pervades it. The foyer, running round three sides of the building, is fully twenty feet wide and is cooled by the breezes from the bay that sweep in through high windows screened with latticed doors—there is no glass in the building—that open to the floor. Still other doors permit one to step into the boxes direct from the foyer—lattices through which generations of caballeros have flirted with the gentle señoritas within. The orchestra seats but three hundred and forty, and the surrounding boxes number but twenty, while the second tier of boxes—fully as fashionable—claims but one more, making but forty-one in all, and the third floor, called the “Paraiso,” has but six rows of seats, every one of which is cool and comfortable, however, the builder of the house evidently believing in the maxim that onlookers and listeners must not be stinted as to room.

TEATRO MUNICIPAL
GRAN COMPAÑIA
DE OPERA ITALIANA
EMPRESA PUERTO RICO

Segunda y última temporada de San Juan, P. R.

MAESTRO CONCERTADOR Y DIRECTOR DE ORQUESTA
 CAV: GINO PUCCETTI

MARTES 6 DE DICIEMBRE DE 1910
 A las ocho y media de la noche

PRIMERA FUNCION
 EXTRAORDINARIA
TOSCA
 Gran Efecto Orquestral,
 Con la hábil combinación de las
CAMPANAS TUBULARES
 Ideadas por Puccini

Al Público y a la Prensa de San Juan:
 Los Artistas y la Empresa, en su RETIRADA Y ÚLTIMA VISTA A LA
 CIUDAD Y SUPIERTE CIUDAD DE SAN JUAN, saludan cordialmente al
 bondadoso público y a la Prensa que han galantemente acogido nuestro
 labor artístico.

Puede a nuestra presencia, observar realizar la última temporada con los
 mejores roles del repertorio, entre ellos algunos que son verdaderamente
 maravillosos en la partitura y el tipo humano. A que se apresuren, una sola
 vez, donde siempre vive librete el grandioso artefacto.

TOSCA

La bellísima y grandiosa del celebrado MAESTRO PUCCINI, se le oye cantar
 para el público, al fin labor artístico de los artistas, que le
 han servido ayer, se verá realizado nuestro más trascendente deseo.

LOS ARTISTAS.—LA EMPRESA

PROGRAMA
 La célebre ópera en 3 actos del Maes-
 tro Puccini.

TOSCA

REPARTO

FLORA (TOSCA) SR. DE RIVERA
 CATERINA SR. DE BERNARDO
 MARCELLO SR. RANFETTI
 SCARFIO SR. TOSINI
 EL ALFONSO SR. BORGONI
 ANTONIO SR. DOMENICHETTI
 MARINO SR. FUSCO
 CARCELERO SR. FARNO
 SOLDADOR ETC. TONO GENERAL

NOTAS IMPORTANTES

Quedan prohibidos los entornos de favor.
 A los Sres. abonados se les reservarán sus localidades has-
 ta las 2 de la tarde del día de la función.
 Las localidades de oficio, son personas e intrusismo.

Precios

Palcos	\$ 12.00
Grillos 3er Piso	5.00
Lunetas	2.50
Entrada general	1.00
Balcones con entrada	1.25
PARAIDO	0.50

PRECIOS DE ABONO

Palcos sin entradas	\$ 100.00
Lunetas con entradas	22.00
Balcones "	12.00

PROXIMAMENTE
 LUCIA, por el tenor Sr. De Bernardo,
 Y MANNON.

PRESENTING "LA TOSCA"

Even the chairs in the boxes are cane-seated and enticingly wide and are placed far apart—a box with room for ten holding but six chairs. The only uncomfortable-looking places in the entire auditorium are the six proscenium loges that are perched over the stage, three on a side. Fortunately these are seldom for sale, but are kept for the dignitaries.

Signor Marin, the Puerto Rican impresario who was bringing this particular company from South America, and who, for the last quarter century has been bringing company after company from all parts of the world to this particular market, has all of the characteristics that go to make for success in his peculiarly hazardous calling. Half Italian and half Spanish, he was born with a superb audacity and an inordinate love of all that was sumptuous, glittering—radiantly magnificent. As a youth he proved himself to be a prodigy of amiability and cleverness, and he has risen to his present eminence by his unflagging energy and daring industry—qualities rarely found in the Latin. Far too clever to busy himself with the details of rehearsals and the every-day squabbles among the members of his little coterie of mimes, he has plenty of time to see that his subscription list is in advance of last year's and that the repertory chosen will suit the varied tastes of all that can afford to pay the prices asked. Swarthy of face and short of stature, he is, nevertheless, a presence, as he stands at the entrance gate, fan in hand, and salutes the prominent patrons by name, not forgetting to compliment every lady that sweeps up the broad staircase to her place.

The season is formally opened with Puccini's *Tosca*. The performance does not commence until twenty minutes to ten, but it is worth the wait to have the opportunity of studying the house. The head usher, a curly-headed gentleman in white, never allows his cigarette to go out and waves you to your seat with the air of a prime minister without removing his cigarette from between his lips—answering your questions, meanwhile, with kindly courtesy. The scene is a brilliant one. Diamonds blaze in the boxes and the hundreds of pretty scarfs

From a photograph by A. Moscioni
THE TEATRO MUNICIPAL AND PLAZA COLON AT SAN JUAN

From a photograph by Waidrop Photographic Company
GENERAL VIEW OF SAN JUAN, SHOWING THE TEATRO MUNICIPAL

Beneficio de Regina Alvarez. TEATRO "LA PERLA"

Empresa "Puerto Rico"

Gran Compañía de Opera Italiana.

Ultima Función

Maestro Director y Concertador

GINO PUCETTI

DESPEDIDA DE LA COMPAÑIA.

GRAN ACONTECIMIENTO ARTISTICO

Para el Domingo 27 de Noviembre de 1910.

Beneficio de la Primera Mezzo Soprano

Srta. Regina Alvarez.

Bajo los auspicios del distinguido

CLUB DE SEÑORAS,

del Centro Español y de la Colonia Asturiana

Y DEL PÚBLICO EN GENERAL

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Don José González.
Don José López.
Don José Miguel Morales.
Don Carlos Morán.
Don Lucas Valdivia.
Don Pedro José Rosaly.
Don Antonio Galán.
Don Miguel Muriel.
Don Guillermo Corral.
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Don José Costa.
Don Ángel Barrios.
Don Jorge Serrallés.
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Don Salvador Mandri.

La Gran OPERA FAVORITA en la que se distinguen la Contralto Sta. REGINA ALVAREZ.
El Tenor Sr. Paganelli y el Barítono Sr. Baretin.

PROGRAMA

Por Segunda y Última vez...La celebrada Opera
en 4 actos, del Maestro DONIZZETTI.....

FAVORITA

REPARTO

Alfonso XI, Rey de Castilla..... Sr. Baretin.
Leonora de Guzmán..... Srta. Regina Alvarez.
Fernando..... Sr. Paganelli.
Baltasar, Superior del Convento..... Sr. Rosaly.
Don Gaspar, oficial del Rey..... Sr. Domenichetti.
Isabel, confidente de Leonora..... Sr. B. B.
Damas de honor, Pajes, Guardias, Cortesanos, Frailes y Soldados.
CORO GENERAL.

Quedan prohibidas las entradas de favor.

No se suspende función por lluvia.

Habrá Trolley después de la función para el público de la Marina.

Precios: Los de costumbre.

Lp. "La Detenida" Mayor según a Concerto Ponce. P. R.

PRESENTING "FAVORITA"

of varied hues—every lady present wears or carries one—make a mass of ever-changing tints extending from orchestra to Paraiso, giving to the entire auditorium an added brilliance and resembling for all the world terraced tiers of tropical flowers swaying in the breeze. Very few of the men are in black, preferring for the most part their far more comfortable linens—linens of white, of buff, and brown, and even of twilled blues and soft greys. Here and there an officer of army or navy makes a pretty showing of epaulettes and gold lace, and the women shine in gorgeous raiment. Filmy laces from the looms of Valencia and creations from Paris and Barcelona caress the shoulders of the Island beauties; and always and everywhere is the inevitable fan. No woman in the world can fan so gracefully as the Spanish señorita. No women in the world have such adorable hands and wrists—and, possibly, no woman in the world knows so well that she has them. The Puerto Rican gentleman is not only well-to-do but rich, and his wife and daughters buy their jewels with consummate taste; and, compared with presentations of opera elsewhere the world over, be it at the Metropolitan in New York, the London Covent Garden, or the Paris Opéra, there is in this display at the Teatro Municipal at San Juan—save that it is on a very much smaller scale—quite as much beauty, quite as much dress and display of jewels, quite as much aristocracy, charm of manner, and good breeding. That exquisitely gowned lady who is holding court in the centre box of the second tier is Señora de Georgetti, wife of the owner of the Plazuela sugar plantation. Tall, slender, with the skin of the clearest olive, masses of luxuriant hair as fine as spun gold and as black as a raven's wing, and with eyes as deep and as purple as a mountain pool, la Señora is as charming and accomplished as she is beautiful. On both sides of her are the boxes of rival society leaders, and scattered throughout the house are prominent members of the "Club de Damas," an association of great social prominence. Vivacious señoritas, descendants from old Castilian families, are present by the score, modishly

gowned and richly jewelled. Among the Americans on the Island Governor Colton and his sister, Miss Margery, "the first lady of the land," are often seen at the opera; members of the Country Club and residents of Santurce, one of San Juan's most picturesque suburbs, motor in for an act or more, and the good people from Cataño and Bayamon sail across the bay to hear their favourites.

Not only the paying public but the paid orchestra is worth studying. The con-

Señor Profesor Rafael Marguez, has left his retirement in San Sebastian Street to add his artistic mite to the company of earnest workers within the musicians' rail; the harpist is known both at the Palace and the Casa Blanca, and, among the strings, are Islanders of artistic prominence.

A loud bell clangs behind the scenes and is answered by a still more strident one in the lobby. Men throw away their cigars and hurry to their seats. The buzz of voices is hushed; the lights are low-

From a photograph by Waldrop Photographic Company

THE PALACE. THE AMERICAN GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE AT SAN JUAN

cert-meister is a slip of a Florentine scarcely twenty-two, but he loves his art, and this particular score makes his eyes gleam and his fiddle sing. His left-hand neighbour is a mulatto girl, brought by the company from Caracas. She, too, plays extremely well, but she is perfectly oblivious of the fact that her dress is a brilliant red and that it shines out from among the black coats like a vivid geranium. The entire orchestra numbers but thirty-four and is recruited from many sources. Some of the best wood-winds are from Señor Miranda's regimental band that plays every Thursday in the Plaza Principal. The celebrated flutist,

erred, Signor Nino Puccetti steps into the conductor's chair and the opening chords, so full of the solemn, forbidding, gruesome story, are heard, and the curtain is raised. One misses at first the immensity of the stage of the Metropolitan in New York and the army of supernumeraries that the manager of the Paris Opera manages to scatter about in such realistic confusion, but these are but momentary fancies. You are caught up and swirled into the very core of the story before you are aware of any shortcomings of stage furnishings. The conductor is young, energetic and competent. Signora de Nevers, the Floria Tosca, is

a thorough Latin, with an exuberant and inordinate personality, who forgets everything but the stress of the moment and has an unpleasant way of sending chills down your back with the slightest movement or the smallest word. Cavaradossi, young de Bernato, has a voice that is rich and full and that reminds you of Caruso at its best. The first few bars of his opening recitative arrest your attention at once, and, with the entrance of Floria and the scene with her lover, you begin to realise that not all opera centres in the better known musical meccas after all. There is a reality about this performance that has been strangely lacking in the work as you have been accustomed to hear it. That woman that just left the stage is no opera singer of the present day singing for so many thousand dollars per night, but a real flesh and blood performer of the time of Scarpia the Great, singing for his pleasure and for his purse, in the summer of 1800, and madly in love with her favourite of the moment, one Cavaradossi, a painter. You forget that the prima donna's gowns are not patterned after sketches made by her artist-husband; you forget that the tenor is not the highest-priced product of his kind; forget that you are down in the tropics, sitting in white linens and listening to the same music you had heard in New York and Paris and Vienna. The intensity of the dramatic action on the stage, the occasional straining of voice to almost snapping point, kindle a like fire among the players of fiddles and horns and drums, and the music comes to you hot and blistered with passion. You agonise with Cavaradossi in the torture chamber, rejoice with Tosca as she hisses broken sentences of scorn into the ears of Scarpia dying at her feet—you even join in the tumult that compels the tenor to repeat his final aria seven times.

They enjoy their opera in San Juan, but they need their long entr'actes of over a half-hour each to cool their brains and ease the strain a bit. At the first drop of the curtain every man rushes from the house into the cool Plaza, where he smokes and strolls and strolls and smokes. The younger and less wealthy ones indulge in the guava paste and soft

drinks offered at the kiosks at the corners of the Plaza; others patronise the Café Cavadonga, just across the way, where is dispensed every kind of liquor known from a Scotch high ball to dainty cordials served with cool sparkling mineral waters, and where, to those properly introduced, the genial deaf and dumb host, Señor Cavadonga, in *propia persona* may serve his rare old Spanish wines from queer-shaped flagons, covered with dusty cobwebs.

Again the clanging bells and again the resumption of the operatic story in the darkened auditorium, and so, on and on, until long after one in the morning, when the listeners emerge into the inevitable opera crush with tooting autos and jabbering attendants. The Islanders are not late birds as a rule, but one can always find a chosen few sipping their nightcaps at Filippi's or Cavadonga's, or playing a game of billiards at the delightful French Club overlooking the Plaza Principal. The public service, too, is most convenient. There are late trams to carry the stragglers out to Rio Pedres; a launch waits to ferry the last load across the bay to Cataño and Bayamon, and those living on shipboard can always find a nest of little boats at the quay of la Marina, whose willing owners are waiting to paddle out to the black hulls anchored in the bay.

This supplementary opera season lasted four weeks. *Lucia* and *Rigoletto*; *Aida* and *Manon Lescaut*; *Cavalleria* and *Pagliacci*; *Ernani*, *The Masked Ball*; *Otello*, *Giaconda*, *Fedora*, *Mefistofele* and some half dozen others were sung and sung to most appreciative and—though generous—discriminating auditors. For a certain Sunday evening—Sunday is always a gala occasion—*The Masked Ball* was announced, and the usual brilliant Sunday audience had gathered to hear it. In the afternoon, one of the prima donnas was taken violently ill. Too late to make an announcement, another opera—already rehearsed—was put on in the place of the one announced, and the late comers were greeted with the strains of the substituted overture as they entered the doors. "Ah, *Ernani*," they smilingly exclaimed to their neighbours, and softly humming

the familiar music, they passed down to their places, seemingly taking it as a personal compliment that their individual tastes had been considered and gratified.

In the company were a half-dozen excellent prima donnas. Vaccari, a soprano of the di Murska order, sang Gilda's aria in the second act of *Rigoletto* with an exhibition of pyrotechnics that brought her audience to its feet, and for the moment the clamour from the stalls put to rout all attempted orchestral divertissements. Regina Alvarez,

American Bonci," a really delightful lyrist, whose *Spirito gentil* was whistled on the street for weeks after his departure for other scenes of triumph, and Filippo d'Octavo, who wore beautiful costumes and wonderful silver armour, but roared through *Ernani* and *Giaconda* like an untamed bull. Signor di Barretin, the baritone upon whose shoulders fell the rôles of Scarpia, Tonio, Amanasro and the like, though not so fine an artist as his fellow-worker de Bernardo, was by no means mediocre,

LA PERLE. THE OPERA HOUSE AT PONCE

called "the Carmen of young Spain," was starred in *Aïda*, though she sang the rôle of Amneris, and dominated any work in which she was cast. Her voice is superb, and her hands, her head, her entire torso are equally expressive and beautiful. Signora Massa, a young Roman matron of regal bearing, was most attractive in *Fedora*, and Gina de Martin, the pretty little wife of the director,—French to her finger tips,—made a charming Manon in Massenet's opera and a most seductive Maddalena in *Rigoletto*. And, as for the men, de Bernardo's honours were competed for by Paganelli, the "South

and his friend de Belletti, who hails from Verdi's birthplace, Roncone, and is a pupil of Mascagni, was more than acceptable as Ashton in *Lucia*, The High Priest in *Aïda*, and Mefistofele in Boito's narrative opera.

These names sound strange and possibly second class to those who know only the stars of the first magnitude, but, nevertheless, the members of this valiant little company possess in large degree the vigorous simplicity of life that belongs to great creative and executive art, and, at their high stress of emotion, in the culmination of their borrowed pas-

sions, they appeal to and affect their hearers with tremendous force and directness. Their work is saturated with their own personality. They are very eager, very vivid, very tense. Their empire is over the imagination and the passions; they are endowed with a technical skill of high quality; they give of themselves with prodigal profusion, and they are paid for their gifts with an in-

temperance of admiration such as is unknown in the colder audiences of the north—audiences of much boasted culture and contemplation, rigorously and sedately self-contained, audiences that possibly have never seen and heard and felt and become intoxicated with the joys and the sorrows of the real Aïdas and Santuzzas and Neddas that are found at the opera in Puerto Rico.

From a photograph by Waldrop Photographic Company
THE FERRYBOAT "VALDES," THAT CARRIES THE OPERA PATRONS TO SAN JUAN FROM CATANO,
ACROSS THE BAY

MR. PIPP : TOURIST

BY LOUIS BAURY

IF the place to study Art be in life, then, surely, the place to study life is in Art. Life as it happens from day to day is a helter-skelter, topsyturvy affair of random occurrence and quite lacking in any sort of coördination. Not until Art has rearranged and lent to the scattered fragments the mystic magic of her touch can they assume their proper proportions and relation. Art, with discriminate fastidiousness, selecting where she lists and rejecting what she will, takes the body of life and gives back to it its soul. The man in the street lives; the artist, from the tower of his own point of view, explains. And for the most part the man in the street must rest content with the explanation thus vouchsafed.

Particularly does this apply to that as-

pect of life which we somewhat indefinitely style "society." Even when he would and could, the man in the street has no opportunity to form first-hand impressions of the portion of mankind which that classification embraces. For, although the bars have been spasmodically lowered since Mr. Ward MacAllister rather arbitrarily limited its extent to four hundred persons, the average man has to this day been kept scrupulously without. Society must continue, to a certain extent, at least, exclusive if it would remain "society."

One of the reasons why Charles Dana Gibson looms so conspicuously among the legion of artists who, both in word and in line, would serve here as the public's interpreter, is that he belongs to that small company who know whereof they treat. From youth he has moved in society, while all its pleasures and flurries

and woes have been exhibiting themselves for his benefit. Just at present Mr. Gibson is in a position where his ideas and his work alike take on a peculiar significance. After a brief foray into the field of oil painting, he has returned again to the medium wherein he first achieved fame. Having lately con-

cerned himself almost exclusively with illustration—a form of work, from its nature, necessarily far less personal than cartooning—he has left us still more or less in doubt as to what the future holds in store. So far we know merely that he has come back with a new and markedly different type of girl and a general

Portrait by Peter A. Juley, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

style which on the whole appears freer, easier, and a trifle surer than formerly.

It is inconceivable that a man of such facile creative ability as Mr. Gibson should for long confine himself to a form so limited in scope as illustration. In fact, already he is beginning to bow to the inevitable and furnish us with more of his lively, pleasing cartoons; yet, delightful as these undeniably are, the most striking thing about them has been the fact that they represent the work of a new Gibson—a maturer one, to be sure; yet, none the less, a new one. For that very reason at this time, when he stands upon the threshold of a new era in his development, it becomes doubly interest-

looking back on her recently the man who fashioned her said: "I see now that she has many faults: She is too cold, a shade too feelingless, perhaps, but—she was the best I could do at the time." In view of the enormous vogue she enjoyed, this seems almost too modest and would perhaps be resented by hundreds of young women who took pains to pattern after her in her day; still there are fashions in women as in everything else and—but it is ungallant to discuss a lady behind her back. With Mr. Pipp, however, no such fault can be found. That nomadic little soul possessed infinite feeling and bore testimony to the fact by running an infinite gamut of facial expression.

The birth of Mr. Pipp—though it is said without the slightest intentional affront to that gentleman—was somewhat in the nature of an accident. A short time before the outbreak of the Spanish War Mr. Gibson found himself in Munich, with a commission to supply for *Life* a series of weekly cartoons, and no very definite notion as to what shape the latter would take. While he was in this quandry there applied to him an elderly German model. He was the sort of man to whom illustrators give occasional employment when there is need for an "old man type," but who is, for the most part, not in extensive demand. Gibson, however, sensed immediately the values latent in that seamed, pliable face with the story of the passing of so many seasons writ in its sagging lines. He revolved the vision of it in his mind, sifted its possibilities, until gradually its most salient features took definite form as Mr. Pipp. Gibson sent for the man, studied his face anew, Americanised him, and then and there set to work on the first drawing of the series that was destined to be *The Education of Mr. Pipp*.

"After that," said the artist in telling of it. "I had a definite and easily recognised type with which I was familiar, and the rest was easy. All that remained was to put him through the most likely adventures and show him as an American of his sort would appear in the various situations." And although this is precisely what Mr. Gibson did, no one observing the sudden, vivid emotions of

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"MR. PIPP.—A LUDICROUSNESS TINGED WITH A VAGUE, ELUSIVE PATHOS, WHICH SERVED ONLY TO MAKE THOSE WHO LAUGHED MOST HEARTILY LOVE HIM THE BETTER"

ing to glance back over the work of the old Gibson. That work represented the triumphant outpourings of exuberant youth—just as did Kipling's work in *Soldiers Three* and *Plain Tales*—and at the same time a youth which, happily, never lapsed into callowness. It endeared itself to us on that account. Sufficient time, too, has now elapsed to permit of our reviewing quite dispassionately the drawings of that period—the drawings which reached their most intense expression in the "Gibson girl" and in *The Education of Mr. Pipp*.

Of the "Gibson girl" enough has been said already. Perhaps too much. In

Mr. Pipp and the philosophic resignation which so speedily follows can fail to perceive the influences of the Teutonic stock from which he sprang.

When we first meet Pipp we find him under pressure. His family confronts him in the Pipp parlour. It is not a sitting-room, nor a drawing-room, nor even a living-room, that apartment; it is an out and out parlour. The few odd chairs of modern design which have been insinuated into it cannot disguise that fact. The horse-hair sofa of the pre-Reconstruction period, the festive Swiss land-

poise. But the secret lies revealed in Mrs. Pipp. Where could her arms have gained that muscular solidity but at the wash-tub? Where her hands that gnarled strenuousness if not in the farmhouse kitchen? And her tanned, firmly lined skin—what other than country winds and suns could have given to it that leathery texture? Mrs. Pipp's plumpness, too, is not the embonpoint which sometimes falls in middle age upon the carefully nurtured and unwisely fed. It is the kind of fatness bred of long scorn for those mysterious devices with

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"WHEN WE FIRST MEET PIPP WE FIND HIM UNDER HEAVY PRESSURE. HIS FAMILY CONFRONTS HIM IN THE PIPP PARLOUR"

scape, the quaint pictures of departed Pipp in heroic postures, the mantel ornament of wax flowers with its domed glass protector of the style now given over exclusively to shrouding stock tickers—all these stamp the room irrevocably as a parlour. They are undoubtedly heirlooms brought from the country. For there is no mistaking that originally the Pipp emanated from bucolic soil. That the migration occurred some time ago is attested by the Misses Pipp—two carefully groomed young women in the early twenties, well-bred and well-ordered. Nothing save the refining influences of the metropolis could have supplied their aloofness and calm

which we are informed on good authority the "frail sex" seek to enhance their youth and charm. It must have been the privations of the country also that have lent to Mrs. Pipp's face its austere and uncompromising severity. She has known hardship, and upon her it has left its imprint.

Now, however, the time has come when she should reap her just reward. Of course, she no longer has physical labours to perform, but she deserves more than mere idleness. She has merited some pleasure and diversion. Does not Mr. Pipp think so himself—after all the toil she has gone through for his sake? And what of their daughters? They

have now become young women; they are at a marrying age. Does not the position which Pipp has gained entitle them to some advantages?

It is under these questions that, in our first glimpse of him, we see Mr. Pipp fidgeting. Doubtfully he enquires just what is desired, and unflinchingly Mrs. Pipp responds: "We must make a place for ourselves in society; and we must begin right now with a trip abroad." A worried, frightened expression distends Mr. Pipp's countenance. He is tired after his years of work, and it seems a tremendous effort. Gently, coaxingly, then the two Misses Pipp begin to urge him. He needs relaxation himself; he has tired himself out piling up so many millions for them—he should enjoy the benefits of some of them himself. And the Pipp Iron Works, if they're what's worrying him—he ought to know that with Mr. Willing in charge they'll be perfectly safe—and *they* aren't little girls any longer, he must remember—and it would make them so, so happy to go—just for a few weeks even. The dark-haired Miss Pipp is a most persuasive, seductive young person, and the fair one *so* affectionate; and Pipp in his tender old heart loves them both very much. Perhaps, he thinks, it is high time he took a rest after all. And besides, there is Mrs. Pipp sitting with lips unyieldingly compressed as she remarks: "I think I've earned it: That's all I have to say." Stock markets and iron plants Pipp may sway with a breath, but before Mrs. Pipp ever has he quailed. There is really no way out. His half-hearted resistance falters and—he agrees.

The trip over, when the time came, was misery for him. Mrs. Pipp—cast-iron woman!—bore it unruffledly, as might have been expected, while the girls were naturally too utterly overjoyed at the prospect before them to be dismayed at anything; but the rapid breakfasts and luncheons for which the American business man is so derided had accomplished their fell work upon Pipp, and all the way he inwardly bemoaned the lack of some means of return. Not until London was reached did he really recover from his misgivings. Once there, however, he caught the spirit of the ex-

pedition and threw himself with zest into the business at hand.

Theatres, dinners, dances, museums, churches, "historic nooks"—he fairly revelled in all the madresses dearest to the heart of the virginal tourist, topping them off with a conventional call at the United States Ambassador's. Mrs. Pipp, as became her nature, performed all the rites of the sightseer as a solemn and awful duty, yet looked kindly upon the delight of her daughters and carefully refrained from doing aught to dampen their ardour, although such precaution was entirely superfluous, for nothing in the world could have dampened it. And Pipp—why, Pipp simply became the "life of the party." He had no idea—bless his unsuspecting soul!—that the reason the young Englishmen so flocked around him and vied with one another to show him attentions was—none other than the presence of the alluring Misses Pipp. To tell the truth, he didn't greatly care what the reason was. For the first time in he couldn't remember how long he found himself having a royal good time, and that was sufficient for him.

He differed from the average tired American business man of his age and wealth chiefly in that, now his holiday time had come, he was still capable of enjoying it. His wide, thin-lipped mouth, though its corners did droop a bit wearily, could still spring into a grin as delighted as a schoolboy's at the donation of a lollipop. The anxious, somewhat furtive lines which the stress of trade had ploughed on his forehead would not banish, but the shrewd, alert little eyes could twinkle and scintillate with a keenness of fun which many a younger man might have envied. And if his abrupt mutton chops and the tiers of furrows grid-ironing his cheeks and his far too ample nose and the hair that bushed out over his ears and collar and the little wisp of it on top standing bolt upright as if in very astonishment at the sights it beheld and waving like some triumphant pennant—if all these things did make him seem a trifle ludicrous, it was ludicrousness tinged with a vague, elusive pathos, which served to make those who laughed most heartily but love

him the more. And what difference did it make to Pipp, anyway? Not a particle! He had begun to enjoy himself and, having begun, he purposed with native prodigality to—as he would have phrased it—"go the whole blamed hog!"

When his daughters proposed a move to Paris, therefore, he hailed the idea with glee, and somehow—perhaps he was becoming more accustomed to sea travel—the passage across the Channel seemed less arduous. It was only to have been expected, though, that the Opera and the Louvre and such stereotyped di-

came so ardent that the girls simply could not find the heart to tell her how ridiculous she appeared in her incongruity, while Pipp, even had he possessed the temerity, couldn't have been induced to say a word. This incredible transition on his wife's part made him feel as one emancipated.

Ever since the Channel had been crossed he had been fairly bursting with impatience to test those rose-tinted enjoyments, centering chiefly about the cafés, for which Paris is so justly renowned. With Mrs. Pipp, as if by special

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"THERE CAME AN EVENING—THERE WAS A SMALL PARTY OF FOUR, MOST COZY AND SELECT—THERE CAME AN EVENING WHEN VALOUR PROVED THE BETTER OF DISCRETION"

versions should bore him, and he did demur when Mrs. Pipp and the girls dragged him, willy-nilly, to the modiste's. But what could he do? Mrs. Pipp, despite all, was his master yet; and he had to admit that the girls did appear glorious when the new finery was completed and donned. Most miraculous of all, however, was the effect upon Mrs. Pipp. Her tiny husband, gazing up at her, could scarce believe his eyes. Under the practiced blandishments of Parisian modistes she had become almost giddy. She began to evince as absorbing an interest in the trimming of hats and the colours of gowns and the meshes of veils as if no other matters had concerned her from youth. Her satisfaction in herself be-

arrangement of some benign Providence, prostrating herself before the nimble goddess, Fashion, his chance arrived. Out he slipped to mingle with the merry-makers of the boulevards, where jewelled lights gleam and flit like monstrous fireflies, and there is music seductive as a woman's eye, and mad, glad dancing, all touched into exquisite, swirling ecstasy by angular smiles from the piquant lips of ladies whose race invented smiles. Pipp liked it immensely. He took pains to tell everyone that, though he was a patriotic denizen of the United States and subscribed liberally to Fourth of July Celebration Funds, there were ways—some ways, you understand, in which Paris absolutely could not be surpassed.

For a time Mr. Pipp was as discreet and clandestine about it all as the most seasoned old rounder, but there came an evening—there was a small party of four, most cozy and select—there came an evening when valour proved the better of discretion. More bottles were opened than Pipp realised and, in the exuberance of the moment, he really lost track of the hour. It was fatal carelessness, for Mrs. Pipp and the girls returned to the hotel long before him. Grimly his spouse sat up to await him—the girls kimonoed and very worried in the background—and when finally he put in an appearance—well, if the truth must be told, Pipp's explanations *were* lacking somewhat as to coherency, so possibly her wrath was more or less justified.

But in the morning, although Mr. Pipp's head was painfully assertive, the doctors who were summoned could tell at a glance that nothing serious was wrong, and so, if the true facts were known, it is more than likely that Mrs. Pipp herself would be found to have been behind that trip to the Alps which was so peremptorily prescribed. In fact, she had said in so many words to the girls the night before, after they had conducted Mr. Pipp to bed, that she "guessed their father had had about enough of *Par-ree*." And what would further heighten the impression was the amazing promptitude with which she produced a courier for the expedition—"such a pleasant gentleman; a reduced nobleman who never did anything of the sort before—really it's a great concession on his part to come at all."

Pipp cared not for the individual thus thrust upon them. There was something in his Svengali-like eyes that he did not trust, and his oily manner appeared rather more in character with one of those mysterious people who dub themselves "unexcelled tonsorial artists" than with a reduced nobleman. But, then, Pipp's experience with reduced noblemen had not been extensive and, considering all things, he was not clamorous for an argument with Mrs. Pipp at that precise time. As a matter of fact, they had not been long under way before he was offering up blessings that they had taken the man along, for there was a grieved,

shocked reproach in Mrs. Pipp's attitude toward him now. Her accusing silence, her disapproving looks, whenever they were together, made him ceaselessly aware of the enormity of his misdeeds, so that really it became a distinct relief to have their titled courier relieve his embarrassment by usurping so much of his lady's time—even though he were too flattering and unctious in the way he went about it.

That trip to the Alps had far-reaching results. Frowned upon by all the party, Pipp browsed much by himself, while Mrs. Pipp, enchanted by the attentions of their distinguished guide, permitted him his own way without a murmur—which certainly she would never have done under any other conditions. And that was how it happened that one day Pipp was mooning forlornly along in advance of the others when a quick turn in the mountain pass brought him, quite by chance, face to face with a person toward whom his heart warmed at the first bashful glance. She had the clearest, merriest blue eyes he remembered to have beheld since crossing the Atlantic, and he liked, also, the two little laughter dimples at either corner of her mouth. Not a wrinkle marred her full, fresh cheeks, he noted; her plumpness was not at all of the sort which burdened Mrs. Pipp; and, looking at her, he found it difficult to believe that she had reached middle life—and yet he knew that she must have because, from the resemblance, there could be no doubt that that tall, lithe young man behind her was her son.

Now, this amiable woman upon whom Mr. Pipp had come so suddenly was none other than Viola, Lady Fitzmaurice, of Carony Castle, Herts, although obviously he could not have known that at the time. On the other hand, however, Pipp had been for some time now on foreign soil, and the story of the Pipp Iron Works and the Pipp millions had not failed to keep pace with him and his was not an easy figure to mistake, so that, although he knew her not, it seems highly probable that Lady Fitzmaurice did, in that brief instant, recognise *him*. In truth she must have; else how could one of her position and caution—even though Pipp

did bear such a remarkable likeness to her late husband—how could she have made bold to proclaim the fact and make it the excuse for taking a snap-shot of him then and there—and why, furthermore, should she have been so extremely affable to Mrs. Pipp—Mrs. Pipp of all people in the world!—and the Misses Pipp, and even the courier when they all came up? Why should she? Undoubtedly her ladyship must have known. She must have planned the whole thing long before. Perhaps even her suggestion that the Pipp party accompany her son and self on to Rome had been pre-conceived.

transatlantic impressions as to an Englishman's lack of humour—had absolutely no faults in the eyes of the two Misses Pipp—or, that is, if the fair one did find him at times uninteresting, at least there was no denying that the dark one must have seen in him naught but the crystallisation of perfection, for she took to blushing whenever his name was mentioned; and all the while Lady Fitzmaurice was taking most painstaking care of little Pipp's comfort and making his happiness in every way complete. While the others chatted and wandered here and there, he and she would sit in sheltered byways while she listened to

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"PIPP, BRISTLING ALL OVER HIS SMALL FRAME WITH FURY, CHARGED AT THE FELLOW AND PUM-MELLED HIM UNTIL HE LAY, SPRAWLING AND WHINING, ON THE FLOOR. IT DIDN'T RECOVER THE JEWELS, BUT IT RELIEVED PIPP'S FEELINGS IMMEASURABLY—ON MANY SCORES"

If so, though, none of the Pipp's had the faintest intimation of it, and, indeed, they would not have declined if they had, for Lady Fitzmaurice's joviality, well modulated though it was, proved quite infectious. A most charming time they made of it in Rome, too. They went to all the places to which tourists do go when in Rome; and never was party more congenial. Mrs. Pipp and the courier were still devoted to each other; Lady Fitzmaurice's son—the slender-moustached young man whose rather innocuous good looks were of the type which serve to accentuate the prevalent

his stories, his joys and woes. She seemed to agree with him on every imaginable topic, and particularly with regard to the courier. Her ladyship had the peerage of every kingdom at her fingers' ends, and she was positive that no such title as that to which the courier laid claim so much as existed. And those two men whom he had introduced to Mr. Pipp as a prince and a duke—why, it was preposterous! She strongly advised getting rid of the man at once.

Pipp broached the subject to his wife, but immediately her features took on their menacing expression and her con-

vereciation turned upon Paris in unmistakable terms. So Pipp hardly cared to press the matter. Not a week later, however—it was late at night while they were packing, preparatory to moving on—Mrs. Pipp rushed to him in negligé and consternation. The jewels—her own—the girls'—all the jewels—were gone! A search was set on foot. At that late date it was impossible to prove anything definitely, but all indications of guilt pointed straight at the courier. The terrified, cringing protestations of the man were enough to convict him of themselves. Pipp, bristling all over his small frame with fury, charged at the fellow and pummelled him until he lay, sprawling and whining, on the floor. It didn't recover the jewels, but it relieved Pipp's feelings immeasurably—on many scores.

Mrs. Pipp was compelled to admit the justice of the proceeding, but thereafter she was not the same. It seemed to have broken her spirit. She was not accustomed to being in the wrong. Somehow the sight of her husband in the ascendant over her humiliated the good soul. Even Monte Carlo failed to cheer her. Pipp, determined now to let nothing interfere with his good time, unconcernedly sallied out and broke the bank amid the admiring and envious acclaim of thousands. Yet even this change of fortune failed to restore Mrs. Pipp to her wonted spirits. It was while she was in this woebegone frame of mind that she ran across Mrs. Firkin—dear, garrulous, sympathetic Mrs. Firkin; wife of Firkin, the Congressman. They fell into each other's arms and wept, after the manner of ladies of their age under such circumstances. It developed that the Firkins were sailing back to the States that week. Talk turned upon home and matters pertaining thereto. Mrs. Pipp wept fresh floods. Europe was a bad, deceitful place. She had had enough of it. Could she but sleep in her own bed once again it would make a new woman of her. She didn't want to spoil anybody else's pleasure, but the flat truth was she was homesick. The others didn't necessarily have to accompany her, but couldn't she please go back with the Firkins?

Pipp rose supremely to the occasion these sentimentalityies offered. He

achieved positive subtlety. He behaved as if he were actually bestowing the greatest of favours upon Mrs. Pipp in granting her request. To have heard him talk—sly little chap!—one would have thought he was making a downright sacrifice, and to this day Mrs. Pipp has no conception of the frolicsome glee rampant in his heart as he saw her off. Undoubtedly foreign travel was beginning to give Pipp a long-needed polish.

With Mrs. Pipp out of the way, it didn't require a great deal of coaxing on the part of the girls to induce their father to fly back to Paris. Meanwhile, Mrs. Pipp's place in the party had been filled by John Willing, manager of the Pipp Iron Works, whom, in his anxiety about the business, Pipp had summoned to him. And now, of course, he was asked to accompany them; and, equally of course, he accepted, for, despite his responsible position, Willing was still under thirty, and when one is—well, it has been mentioned that the Misses Pipp were most irresistible young creatures, and if Willing did shamefully neglect the dark one for her fairer sister it was a partiality quite subconscious on his part, and as for the dark one—what cared she? Did she not have for consolation a mysterious daily letter bearing a crest? She did! Quite in confidence—although for some reason she had made no mention of the fact—she had been receiving one of those same letters without the omission of a single day ever since they had quit the Fitzmaurices at Rome.

In Paris without his wife to chide, Pipp had as gay a time as ever he pleased. And what a dance the girls led him! With his Monte Carlo winnings they persuaded him to replace their lost gems—taking excellent care that they were by no means worsted in the substitution—they took him to the Carnival, and whirled him dauntlessly through a bewildering round of jollity. But even a tourist's endurance has its bounds—yes, even Pipp's had. The brunette daughter, too, had long been voicing insinuating eulogies on the beauty of spring in England. At last she prevailed and, toward the close of April, thither they all journeyed again. Pipp wrote Lady Fitzmaurice of their coming

—for, of course, that hospitable lady had not lost track of them—and at the Court of St. James, whither his Ambassador had had Pipp bidden, a glad reunion occurred. As sympathetically interested as ever was Lady Fitzmaurice as she listened to all that had befallen since their parting, and when Pipp confided to her that taking a rest was tending to become a somewhat fatiguing operation she would hear of nothing but that they should come to Carony Castle for a good long visit—a month at least—and, surely,

afternoon, novels which demanded not too much of the mind—these were the things which made up those delicious, limpid days. And in the evenings there would be cards, or perhaps the young people would gather about the piano, while in an adjoining room, where the music filtered in to them through the drowsy blossoms of potted plants, Lady Fitzmaurice and Pipp engaged in a quiet game of chess or cribbage. Ever and again, too, they went out for an evening. On one of these occasions—a dance as it

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"THE YOUNG PEOPLE WOULD GATHER ABOUT THE PIANO, WHILE IN AN ADJOINING ROOM, WHERE THE MUSIC FILTERED IN TO THEM THROUGH THE DROWSY BLOSSOMS OF POTTED PLANTS, LADY FITZMAURICE AND PIPP ENGAGED IN A QUIET GAME OF CHESS OR CRIBBAGE"

they must bring that nice Mr. Willing with them.

Under the influence of that English springtime, whose miracle has lured fair, rare symphonies from poets' lutes Pipp became again rejuvenated. The atmosphere at Carony Castle was delightfully, languidly soothing. There was something ineffably comforting, after such a long succession of hotels, in the distinctly personal, yet unostentatious, fashion in which one's every desire was anticipated. Things couldn't have been more perfect. Golf, croquet, long, lazy walks and drives, tea in the

chanced—asked to meet a "distinguished foreigner," they were confronted with—of all people in the world—that execrable courier whom Pipp had left writhing on the hotel floor in Rome. Then was given to them the supreme satisfaction of exposing him to his host and warning all England against him; and so that old score of the jewels was pretty nearly evened.

That, however, was the only incident at all approaching the unpleasant which came to mar their visit. To be sure, at Sir Humphrey Plungington's and one or two such establishments where they

dined, Pipp was rather out of it during coffee and cigars, when the men's conversation was of nothing save the now rapidly approaching Derby, but he always had the consolation of knowing that when they repaired to the drawing-room Lady Fitzmaurice would take him under her wing again and cheer him up. In fact from morning till night, her ladyship never ceased ministering to him. She was a charming hostess and a most devoted mother, was Lady Fitzmaurice. Her son, too, had a much easier time than he had had at Rome, for, with Mr. John Willing absorbing every available instant of the fair Miss Pipp's time, it

enthusiasm he paid scant attention to his daughters and their escorts, but, as the party wended its way homeward that night, very tired and a little breathless, they vowed that never had they had such a delightful time. There are many possibilities in the sport of kings—and the jockeys and horses have not preempted them all, either.

Time was growing short now, however. Pipp had been gone some time from his business. He felt that he should get back to the Iron Works, if only to walk through them, and—although it astounded him to realise it—he positively began to find himself long-

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"AT SIR HUMPHREY PLUNGINOTON'S AND ONE OR TWO SUCH ESTABLISHMENTS WHERE THEY DINED, PIPP WAS RATHER OUT OF IT DURING COFFEE AND CIGARS, WHEN THE MEN'S CONVERSATION WAS OF NOTHING SAVE THE APPROACHING DERBY"

made it far less noticeable for him to confide the many things which he wished to the dark Miss Pipp—things which, apparently, had to be recounted in the strictest confidence.

When Derby Day came they all attended in a body, travelling to Epsom Downs in the Fitzmaurice drag, with its highly laquered lozenge gleaming proudly from the panel in the sunlight. Pipp essayed a few modest wagers and, some of his choices finishing "in the money," waxed wildly excited and, standing on one foot, flung his hat in air and hurled with the boldest of them. In his

ing for a sight of Mrs. Pipp again. It's extraordinary what travel and separation will do for a man. But Lady Fitzmaurice, learning from his daughters that Pipp's birthday was hardly a fortnight off, wouldn't hear of his going until that occasion had been fittingly observed—and when Lady Fitzmaurice was set upon an entertainment it was a mere waste of rhetoric to argue the point with her.

It was a dance that she finally decided to give in his honour. A gorgeous dance it was, too. Every peer for twenty miles round was in attendance, while a host of

bewitching creatures dropped all engagements and came down right in the midst of the London season on purpose to pay homage to Pipp. And Pipp—why, Pipp danced with every one of them and wielded fans and bandied compliments and flew about fetching ices as spry as a boy at play, while in the joy of it all his grizzled old face beamed until it seemed as if twenty years must have slipped away beneath that twinkling mask of laughter, instead of another come to keep the old ones company. Finally, to the tune of a rollicking Highland fling with scores of congratulatory hands clapping on either side, hand-in-hand he and Lady Fitzmaurice, down the centre of the floor, danced the evening to a triumphant close.

But Mr. Pipp was not the only one to make the most of the opportunities of that occasion. Next morning, while yet he was tingling with sprightly recollections, came to him Mr. John Willing and Lady Fitzmaurice's son. The fair Miss Pipp was with the former, while blushing on the arm of the latter clung her dark sister. And they asked of Mr. Pipp then the greatest sacrifice of his life. It came as a thunder-clap upon him. Pipp, guileless, effervescent, unsuspecting little Pipp, had seen nothing. The very suddenness of it, too, made it harder—and still in a sense easier to bear. To have both his girls—his little bits of girls, as he thought of them—taken from him at once was more than he had ever anticipated. But how could Pipp, unselfish, gentle-hearted little Pipp, let his desires interfere with the happiness of his children? In all his life he had never refused them anything, and so—though he does it with a tear glistening in each eye—he leads them to the altar, one on either arm, and seeks what consolation he can find in the thought that the double wedding has been, as Mrs. Pipp—who, of course, has to come over for the ceremony—points out, “without a doubt one of the most brilliant affairs of the season.”

After this we get but one more glimpse of Pipp. It is a couple of years later, and we are pleased to see that his inimitable grin has returned. On one knee he holds the Honourable Viola Fitzmaurice,

while on the other is propped Master Hiram Pipp Willing, already living up to his name by having his one visible wisp of hair rocketing gladly heavenward. Before them Lady Fitzmaurice dangles a delectable jumping-jack; beyond the debris of strewn tin soldiers, wadded elephants, toy trains, building blocks, and other infant paraphernalia the two young fathers look proudly; Mrs. Pipp beams with placid benignity from the side; and in the background his two daughters, a trifle more settled in their motherhood, cast sweet, caressing looks at the little ones over grandfather's shoulder. And in the midst of this family group, resolutely smiling, we leave Mr. Pipp. As his creator says, although his education is still incomplete he has learned that he has not lived in vain.

It is not a very deep story nor far-reaching, yet it is one which refuses to be forgotten. In narrating it Mr. Gibson has crowded his canvas with living, breathing mortals who walk across it straight from life, and promptly return whence they came. Not only with regard to the principals does this hold true, but with a host of minor characters who flit in and out across Pipp's path. The group about Sir Humphrey Plungington's table—the patient, trusting, old lady at Monte Carlo with her mascot, a little carved dog, poised in a “begging” posture—the waiter watching Pipp prepare for the Carnival, a man who never was and never will be anything but a Parisian waiter—the street group of which Pipp enquires his way when lost—the beguiling young women who lured Pipp on that memorable night of escape in Paris—all these are vibrant with life, indelibly allied with their various spheres. And by no means the least attractive part of the series is found in the asides which Mr. Gibson makes from the wings, as it were, while his characters are enacting their little drama on the stage. Some of the best sketches in the book are included in these marginal reflections.

From the whole thing it would be far too easy to surprise a definite thesis—a well-defined message. That office may be performed for almost any writer or

artist whose work seems to warrant the effort involved; but in Mr. Gibson's case it would scarcely be fair. He has never intentionally preached, never sought to probe deeply beneath the surface or in any way do other than give a light running comment on the life he chose to depict. Yet there is too much substance to his work, too unerring a point of view, too evident a sincerity, to have it remain wholly superficial. Certain ideas will obtrude and insist upon reiterating themselves until they cannot be altogether ignored.

sometimes clever, usually pushing, always self-centred, sophisticated, bored aggregation, frantically in quest of surcease from ennui, tremendously respectful—not necessarily of money, but always of financial power, and having for its only really serious business the suitable marrying off of young people. Such, at least, was the society which the Gibson of old showed to Mr. Pipp and, in most of his other cartoons, to the world. Whether he will from now on probe further beneath the surface or whether he will take an altogether dif-

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"AND IN THE MIDST OF THIS FAMILY GROUP, RESOLUTELY SMILING, WE LEAVE MR. PIPP"

Obviously the most striking, as it is the most amusing, fact about American society is the number of people trying to get into it; and this is a theme upon which Mr. Gibson is never tired of sounding the variations. At the very outset of Mr. Pipp's wanderings he finds expression for it when he lets it inferentially serve as the original impetus for the trip abroad. And one who has looked at all the Gibson cartoons and studied enquiringly those pertaining to Mr. Pipp cannot but feel that that little man's education really consisted of discovering, after he had duly weighed all things, that society is a rather flippant,

ferent angle it is idle to speculate. That it is indeed a different Gibson who confronts us to-day, however, is illustrated by a recent remark of his in regard to Pipp.

"If I were doing Mr. Pipp now," said he, "I think I should be inclined to treat him rather differently. We have travelled far, here in America, during the last fifteen years. There are still, it seems to me, many Pippes among us, but they are hardly as representative or as numerous as they used to be. Attitudes have changed. I think that now, instead of making the man always the under dog, the dupe of the woman—I think

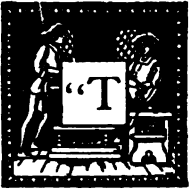
there's a possibility that I might occasionally reverse the order."

It may be that this new Gibson is destined to give us something very much better than ever issued from the pen of the old, difficult as the feat now appears. But, however that may be, it will tax even his graceful pen to evolve any other character who will so completely win our hearts. Pipp is an essential, indispen-

sable part of American history. Beyond question, as he stands and considering for what he stands, he is largely idealised. Also it must be admitted that, as Mr. Gibson has set him down, he possesses his faults. But what of that? They are distinctly minor faults, and in the last analysis they serve only to make Mr. Pipp all the more human—all the more lovable for having them.

THE SEA-FARMER

BY JACK LONDON



HOT wull be the Doctor's launch," said Captain MacElrath.

The pilot grunted, while the skipper swept on with his glass from the launch to the strip of beach and to Kingston beyond, and then slowly across the entrance to Howth Head on the northern side.

"The tide's right, and we'll have you docked in two hours," the pilot vouchsafed, with an effort at cheeriness. "Ring's End Basin is it?"

This time the skipper grunted.

"A dirty Dublin day."

Again the skipper grunted. He was weary with the night of wind on the Irish Channel behind him, the unbroken hours of which he had spent on the bridge. And he was weary with all the voyage behind him—two years and four months between home port and home port, eight hundred and fifty days by his log.

"Proper wunter weather," he answered, after a silence. "The town is undistinct. Ut wull be rainun' guid an' hearty for the day."

Captain MacElrath was a small man, just comfortably able to peep over the canvas dodger of the bridge. The pilot and third officer loomed above him, as did the man at the wheel, a bulky German, deserter from a warship, whom he had signed on in Rangoon. But his lack of inches made Captain MacElrath a no-

less able man. At least so the Company reckoned, and so would he have reckoned could he have had access to the carefully and minutely compiled record of him filed away in the office archives. But the Company had never given him a hint of its faith in him. It was not the way of the Company, for the Company went on the principle of never allowing an employee to think himself indispensable or even exceedingly useful; wherefore, while quick to censure, it never praised. What was Captain MacElrath anyway, save a skipper, one skipper of the eighty-odd skippers that commanded the Company's eighty-odd freighters on all the highways and byways of the sea?

Beneath them, on the main deck, two Chinese stokers were carrying breakfast for'ard across the rusty iron-plates that told their own grim story of weight and wash of sea. A sailor was taking down the life-line that stretched from the fore-castle, past the hatches and cargo-winches, to the bridge-deck ladder.

"A rough voyage," suggested the pilot.

"Ay, she was fair smokin' ot times, but not thot I minded thot so much uz the lossin' of time. I hate like onythun' tull loss time."

So saying, Captain MacElrath turned and glanced aft, aloft and alow, and the pilot, following his gaze, saw the mute but convincing explanation of that loss of time. The smokestack, buff-coloured underneath, was white with salt, while

the whistle-pipe glittered crystalline in the random sunlight that broke for the instant through a cloud-rift. The port lifeboat was missing, its iron davits, twisted and wrenched, testifying to the mightiness of the blow that had been struck the old *Trypsic*. The starboard davits were also empty. The shattered wreck of the lifeboat they had held lay on the fiddley beside the smashed engine-room-skylight which was covered by a tarpaulin. Below, to starboard, on the bridge-deck, the pilot saw the crushed mess-room door, roughly bulkheaded against the pounding seas. Abreast of it, on the smokestack guys, and being taken down by the bosun and a sailor, hung the huge square of rope-netting which had failed to break those seas of their force.

"Twice afore I mentioned thot door tull the owners," said Captain MacElrath. "But they said ut would do. There was bug seas thot time. They was uncreditable bug. And thot bug-gest one dud the damage. Ut fair carried away the door an' laid ut flat on the mess-table an' smashed out the chief's room. He was a but sore about ut."

"It must 'a' been a big un," the pilot remarked sympathetically.

"Ay, ut was thot. Thungs was lively for a but. Ut finished the mate. He was on the brudge wuth me, an' I told hum tull take a look tull the wedges o' number one hatch. She was takin' watter freely an' I was no sure o' number one. I didna like the look o' ut, an' I was fuggerin' maybe tull heave to tull the marn, when she took ut over abaft the brudge. My word, she was a bug one. We got a but of ut ourselves on the brudge. I dudna miss the mate ot the first, what o' routun' out Chips an' bulk-headun' thot door an' stretchun' the tarpaulin over the skylight. Then he was nowhere to be found. The mon ot the wheel said as he seen hum goin' down the lodder just afore she hut us. We looked for'ard, we looked tull hus room, we looked tull the engine-room, an' we looked along aft on the lower deck, and there he was, on both sides the cover to the steam-pipe runnun' tull the after-vunches."

The pilot eiaculated an oath of amazement and horror.

"Ay," the skipper went on wearily. "an' on both sides the steam-pipe uz well. I tell ye he was in two pieces, splut clean uz a herrin'. The sea must a-caught hum on the upper brudge-deck, carried hum clean across the fiddley, an' banged hum head-on tull the pipe-cover. It sheered through hum like so much butter, down atween the eyes, an' along the middle of hum, so thot one leg an' arm was fast tull the one piece of hum, an' one leg an' arm fast tull the other piece of hum. I tull ye ut was fair gnewsome. We putt hum together an' rolled hum in canvas uz we pulled hum out."

The pilot swore again.

"Oh, ut wasna onythun' tull greet about," Captain MacElrath assured him. "'Twas a guid ruddance. He was no a sailor, thot mate-fellow. He was only fut for a pug-sty, an' a dom puir apology for thot same."

It is said that there are three kinds of Irish—Catholic, Protestant, and North-of-Ireland, and that the North-of-Ireland Irishman is a transplanted Scotchman. Captain MacElrath was a North-of-Ireland man, and, talking for much of the world like a Scotchman, nothing aroused his ire quicker than being mistaken for a Scotchman. Irish he stoutly was, and Irish he stoutly abided, though it was with a faint lip-lift of scorn that he mentioned mere South-of-Ireland men, or even Orange-men. Himself he was Presbyterian, while in his own community five men were all that ever mustered at a meeting in the Orange Men's Hall. His community was the Island McGill, where seven thousand of his kind lived in such amity and sobriety that in the whole island there was but one policeman and never a public house at all.

Captain MacElrath did not like the sea, and had never liked it. He wrung his livelihood from it, and that was all the sea was, the place where he worked, as the mill, the shop, and the counting-house were the places where other men worked. Romance never sang to him her siren song, and Adventure had never shouted in his sluggish blood. He

lacked imagination. The wonders of the deep were without significance to him. Tornadoes, hurricanes, waterspouts, and tidal waves were so many obstacles to the way of a ship on the sea and of a master on the bridge—they were that to him, and nothing more. He had seen, and yet not seen, the many marvels and wonders of far lands. Under his eyelids burned the brazen glories of the tropic seas, or ached the bitter gales of the North Atlantic or far South Pacific; but his memory of them was of mess-room doors stove in, of decks awash and hatches threatened, of undue coal-consumption, of long passages, and of fresh paint-work spoiled by unexpected squalls of rain.

"I know my buzz'ness," was the way he often put it, and beyond his business was all that he did not know, all that he had seen with the mortal eyes of him and yet that he never dreamed existed. That he knew his business his owners were convinced, or at forty he would not have held command of the *Tryapsic*, three thousand tons net register, with a cargo capacity of nine thousand tons and valued at fifty thousand pounds.

He had taken up seafaring through no love of it, but because it had been his destiny, because he had been the second son of his father instead of the first. Island McGill was only so large, and the land could support but a certain definite proportion of those that dwelt upon it. The balance, and a large balance it was, was driven to the sea to seek its bread. It had been so for generations. The eldest sons took the farms from their fathers; to the other sons remained the sea and its salt-ploughing. So it was that Donald MacElrath, farmer's son and farm-boy himself, had shifted from the soil he loved to the sea he hated and which it was his destiny to farm. And farmed it he had, for twenty years, shrewd, cool-headed, sober, industrious, and thrifty, rising from ship's boy and fore-castle hand to mate and master of sailing-ships and thence into steam, second officer, first, and master, from small command to larger, and at last to the bridge of the old *Tryapsic*—old, to be sure, but worth her fifty thousand pounds and still able to bear up in all seas and

weather her nine thousand tons of freight.

From the bridge of the *Tryapsic*, the high place he had gained in the competition of men, he stared at Dublin Harbour opening out, at the town obscured by the dark sky of the dreary, wind-driven day, and at the tangled tracery of spars and rigging of the harbour shipping. Back from twice around the world he was, and from interminable junketings up and down on far stretches, home-coming to the wife he had not seen in eight and twenty months and to the child he had never seen and that was already walking and talking. He saw the watch below of stokers and trimmers bobbing out of the fore-castle doors like rabbits from a warren and making their way aft over the rusty deck to the mustering of the port doctor. They were Chinese, with expressionless, Sphinx-like faces, and they walked in peculiar shambling fashion, dragging their feet as if the clumsy brogans were too heavy for their lean shanks.

He saw them and he did not see them, as he passed his hand beneath his visored cap and scratched reflectively his mop of sandy hair. For the scene before him was but the background in his brain for the vision of peace that was his—a vision that was his often during long nights on the bridge when the old *Tryapsic* wallowed on the vexed ocean floor, her decks awash, her rigging thrumming in the gale-gusts or snow-squalls or driving tropic rain. And the vision he saw was of farm and farm-house and straw-thatched outbuildings, of children playing in the sun and the good wife at the door, of lowing kine, and clucking fowls, and the stamp of horses in the stable, of his father's farm next to him, with beyond the woodless, rolling land and the hedged fields, neat and orderly, extending to the crest of the smooth, soft hills. It was his vision and his dream, his Romance and Adventure, the goal of all his effort, the high reward for the salt-ploughing and the long, long furrows he ran up and down the whole world around in his farming of the sea.

In simple taste and homely inclination this much-travelled man was more simple and homely than the veriest yokel.

Seventy-one years his father was, and had never slept a night out of his own bed in his own house on Island McGill. That was the life ideal, so Captain MacElrath considered, and he was prone to marvel that any man, not under compulsion, should leave a farm to go to sea. To this much-travelled man the whole world was as familiar as the village to the cobbler sitting in his shop. To Captain MacElrath the world was a village. In his mind's eye he saw its streets a thousand leagues long, ay, and longer; turnings that doubled earth's stormiest headlands or were the way to quiet inland ponds; cross-roads, taken one way, that led to flower-lands and summer seas, and that led the other way to bitter, ceaseless gales and the perilous bergs of the great west wind drift. And the cities, bright with lights, were as shops on these long streets—shops where business was transacted, where bunkers were replenished, cargoes taken or shifted, and orders received from the owners in London town to go elsewhere and beyond, ever along the long sea-lanes, seeking new cargoes here, carrying new cargoes there, running freights wherever shillings and pence beckoned and underwriters did not forbid. But it was all a weariness to contemplate, and, save that he wrung from it his bread, it was without profit under the sun.

The last good-bye to the wife had been at Cardiff, twenty-eight months before, when he sailed for Valparaiso with coals—nine thousand tons and down to his marks. From Valparaiso he had gone to Australia, light, a matter of six thousand miles on end with a stormy passage and running short of bunker coal. Coals again to Oregon, seven thousand miles, and nigh as many more with general cargo for Japan and China. Thence to Java, loading sugar for Marseilles, and back along the Mediterranean to the Black Sea, and on to Baltimore, down to her marks with chrome ore, buffeted by hurricanes, short again of bunker coal and calling at Bermuda to replenish. Then a time charter, Norfolk, Virginia, loading mysterious contraband coal and sailing for South Africa under orders of the mysterious German supercargo put on board by the charterers. On to Mada-

gascar, steaming four knots by the supercargo's orders, and the suspicion forming that the Russian fleet might want the coal. Confusion and delays, long waits at sea, international complications, the whole world excited over the old *Tryapsic* and her cargo of contraband, and then on to Japan and the naval port of Sassebo. Back to Australia, another time charter and general merchandise picked up at Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, and carried on to Mauritius, Lorenzo Margus, Durban, Algoa Bay, and Capetown. To Ceylon for orders, and from Ceylon to Rangoon to load rice for Rio Janeiro. Thence to Buenos Ayres and loading maize for the United Kingdom or the Continent, stopping at St. Vincent to receive orders to proceed to Dublin. Two years and four months, eight hundred and fifty days by the log, steaming up and down the thousand-league-long sea-lanes and back again to Dublin-town. And he was well weary.

A little tug had laid hold of the *Tryapsic*; and with clang and clatter and shouted command, with engines half-ahead, slow-speed, or half-astern, the battered old sea-tramp was nudged and nosed and shouldered through the dock-gates into Ring's End Basin. Lines were flung ashore, fore and aft, and a 'midship spring got out. Already a small group of the happy shore-staying folk had clustered on the dock.

"Ring off," Captain MacElrath commanded in his slow thick voice; and the third officer worked the lever of the engine-room telegraph.

"Gangway out!" called the second officer; and, when this was accomplished, "That will do."

It was the last task of all, gangway out. "That will do," was the dismissal. The voyage was ended, and the crew shambled eagerly forward across the rusty decks to where their sea-bags were packed and ready for the shore. The taste of the land was strong in the men's mouths, and strong it was in the skipper's mouth as he muttered a gruff good day to the departing pilot, and himself went down to his cabin. Up the gangway were trooping the customs officers, the surveyor, the agent's clerk, and the

stededores. Quick work disposed of these and cleared his cabin, the agent waiting to take him to the office.

"Dud ye send word tull the wife?" had been his greeting to the clerk.

"Yes, a telegram, as soon as you were reported."

"She'll likely be comin' down on the marnin' train," the skipper had soliloquised, and gone inside to change his clothes and wash.

He took a last glance about the room and at two photographs on the wall, one of the wife, the other of an infant—the child he had never seen. He stepped out into the cabin, with its panelled walls of cedar and maple and with its long table that seated ten, and at which he had eaten by himself through all the weary time. No laughter and clatter and wordy argument of the mess-room had been his. He had eaten silently, almost morosely, his silence emulated by the noiseless Asiatic who had served him. It came to him suddenly, the overwhelming realisation of the loneliness of those two years and more. All his vexations and anxieties had been his own. He had shared them with no one. His two young officers were too young and flighty, the mate too stupid. There was no consulting with them. One tenant had shared the cabin with him, that tenant his responsibility. They had dined and supped together, walked the bridge together, and together they had bedded.

"Och!" he muttered to that grim companion, "I'm quit of you, an' wull quit . . . for a wee."

Ashore, he passed the last of the seamen with their bags, and, at the agent's, with the usual delays, put through his ship business. When asked out by them to drink he took milk and soda.

"I am no a teetotaler," he explained; "but for the life o' me I canna bide beer or whuskey."

In the early afternoon, when he finished paying off his crew, he hurried to the private office, where he had been told his wife was waiting.

His eyes were for her first, though the temptation was great to have more than a hurried glimpse of the child in the chair beside her. He held her off from

him after the long embrace, and looked into her face long and steadily, drinking in every feature of it and wondering that he could mark no changes of time. A warm man, his wife thought him, though had the opinion of his officers been asked it would have been: a harsh man and a bitter one.

"Wull, Annie, how is ut wi' ye?" he queried, and drew her to him again.

And again he held her away from him, this wife of ten years and of whom he knew so little. She was almost a stranger—more a stranger than his Chinese steward, and certainly far more a stranger than his own officers, whom he had seen every day, day and day, for eight hundred and fifty days. Married ten years, and in that time he had been with her nine weeks—scarcely a honeymoon. Each time home had been a getting acquainted over with her. It was the fate of the men who went out to the salt-ploughing. Little they knew of their wives and less of their children. There was his chief engineer—old, near-sighted MacPherson—who told the story of returning home to be locked out of his house by his four-year kiddie that never had laid eyes on him before.

"An' thus 'ull be the loddie," the skipper said, reaching out a hesitant hand to the child's cheek.

But the boy drew away from him, sheltering against the mother's side.

"Och!" she cried, "and he doesna know his own father."

"Nor I hum. Heaven knows I could no a-picked hum out of a crowd, though he'll be havin' your nose I'm thunkun'."

"An' your own eyes, Donald. Look ut them. He's your own father, laddie. Kiss hum like the little mon ye are."

But the child drew closer to her, his expression of fear and distrust growing stronger, and when the father attempted to take him in his arms he threatened to cry.

The skipper straightened up, and to conceal the pang at his heart, he drew out his watch and looked at it.

"Ut's time to go, Annie," he said. "Thot train 'ull be startun'."

He was silent on the train at first, divided between watching the wife with the child going to sleep in her arms and

looking out of the window at the tilled fields and green unforested hills, vague and indistinct in the driving drizzle that had set in. They had the compartment to themselves. When the boy slept she laid him out on the seat and wrapped him warmly. And when the health of relatives and friends had been inquired after, and the gossip of Island McGill narrated, along with the weather and the price of land and crops, there was little left to talk about save themselves, and Captain MacElrath took up the tale brought home for the good wife from all his world's-end wandering. But it was not a tale of marvels he told, nor of beautiful flower-lands nor mysterious Eastern cities.

"What-like is Java?" she asked once.

"Full o' fever. Half the crew down wuth ut an' luttel work. Ut was quinine an' quinine the whole blessed time. Each marnun' 'twas quinine an' gin for all hands on an empty stomach. An' they who was no sick made ut out to be hovun' ut bad uz the rest."

Another time she asked about Newcastle.

"Coals an' coal-dust—that's all. No a nice sutty. I lost two Chinks there, stokers the both of them. An' the owners paid a fine tull the government of a hunderd pounds each for them. 'We regret tull note,' they wrut me—I got the letter tull Oregon—we regret tull note the loss o' two Chinese members o' yer crew ot Newcastle, an' we recommend greater carefulness un the future.' Greater carefulness! And I could no a-been more careful. The Chinks hod forty-five pounds each comun' tull them in wages, an' I was no a-thunkun' they 'ud run.

"But thot's their way—we regret tull note,' 'we beg tull advise,' 'we recommend,' 'we canna onderstand,'—an' the like o' thot. Domned cargo tank! An' they would thunk I could drive her like a *Lucania*, an' wi'out burnun' coals. There was thot propeller. I was after them a guid while for ut. The old one was iron, thuck on the edges, an' we couldna make our speed. An' the new one was bronze—nine hunderd pounds ut cost, an' them wantun' their returns out o' ut, an' me wuth a bod passage an' loss-

in' time every day. 'We regret tull note your long passage from Voloparaiso tull Sydney wuth an average daily run o' only one hunderd an' sixty-seven. We hod expected better results wuth the new propeller. You should a-made an average daily run o' two hunderd an' sixteen.'

"An' me on a wunter passage, blowun' a luv'in' gale half the time, wuth hurricane force in atweenwhiles, an' hove to sux days, wuth engines stopped an' bunker coal runnun' short, an' me wuth a mate thot stupid he could no pass a shup's light ot night wi'out callun' me tull the brudge. I wrut an' told 'em so. An' then: 'Our nautical adviser suggests you kept too far south,' an' 'We are lookun' for better results from thot propeller.' Nautical adviser!—shore pilot! Ut was the regular latitude for a wunter passage from Voloparaiso tull Sydney.

"An' when I come un tull Auckland, short o' coal, after lettun' her druft sux days wuth the fires ot tull save the coal, an' wuth only twenty tons in my bunkers, I was thunkun' o' the lossin' o' time an' the expense, an' tull save the owners I took her un an' out wi'out pilotage. Pilotage was no compulsory. An' un Yokohama, who should I meet but Captun Robinson o' the *Dyapsic*. We got a talkun' about ports an' places down Australia-way, an' first thing he says: 'Speakun' o' Auckland—of course, Captun, you was never un Auckland?' 'Yus,' I says, 'I was un there very recent.' 'Oh, ho,' he says, very angry-like, 'so you was the smart-Aleck thot fetcht me thot letter from the owners: "We note item of fufteen pounds for pilotage ot Auckland. A shup o' ours was un tull Auckland recently an' uncurr'd no such charge. We beg tull advise you thot we conseeder thus pilotage an onnecessary expense which should no be uncurr'd un the future."'

"But dud they say a word tull me for the fufteen pounds I saved tull them? No a word. They send a letter tull Captun Robinson for no savun' them the fufteen pounds, an' tull me: 'We note item of two guineas doctor's fee at Auckland for crew. Please explain thus onusual expunditure.' Ut was two o' the Chinks. I was thunkun' they hod beri-beri, an'

thot was the why o' sendun' for the doctor. I buried the two of them ot sea not a week after. But ut was: 'Please explain thus onusual expunditure,' an' tull Captun Robinson, 'We beg tull advise thot we conseeder thus pilotage an onusual expense.'

"Dudna I cable them from Newcastle, tellun' them the old tank was thot foul she needed drydock? Seven months out o' drydock, an' the West Coast the quick-est place for foulun' un the world. But freights was up, an' they hod a charter o' coals for Portland. The *Arrata*, one o' the Woor Line, left port the same day uz us, bound for Portland, an' the old *Tryapsic* makun' sux knots, seven ot the best. An' ut was ot Comox, takun' un bunker coal, I got the letter from the owners. The boss humself hod signed ut, an' ot the bottom he wrut un hus own hond: 'The *Arrata* beat you by four an' a half days. Am dusappointed.' Dusappointed! When I hod cabled them from Newcastle! When she drydocked at Portland, there was whuskers on her a foot long, barnacles the size o' me fust, oysters like young sauce-plates. Ut took them two days afterward tull clean the dock o' shells an' muck.

"An' there was the motter o' them fire-bars ot Newcastle. The firm ashore made them heavier than the engineer's specifications, an' then forgot tull charge for the dufference. Ot the last moment, wuth me ashore gettun' me clearance, they come wuth the bill: 'Tull error on fire-bars, sux pounds.' They'd been tull the ship an' MacPherson hod O. K.'d ut. I said ut was strange an' would no pay. 'Then you are doot-un' the chief engineer,' says they. 'I'm no dootun',' says I, 'but I canna see my way tull sign. Come wuth me tull the shup. The launch wull cost ye naught an' ut 'ull brung ye back. An' we wull see what MacPherson says.'

"But they would no come. Ot Portland I got the bill un a letter. I took no notice. Ot Hongkong I got a letter from the owners. The bill hod been sent tull them. I wrut them from Java explain-un'. At Marseilles the owners wrut me: 'Tull extra work un engine-room, sux pounds. The engineer has O.K.'d ut, an' you have no O.K.'d ut. Are you dootun'

the engineer's honesty?' I wrut an' told them I was no dootun' his honesty; thot the bill was for extra weight o' fire-bars; an' thot ut was O.K. Dud they pay ut? They no dud. They must unvestigate. An' some clerk un the office took sick, an' the bill was lost. An' there was more letters. I got letters from the owners an' the firm—'Tull error on fire-bars, sux pounds'—ot Baltimore, ot Delagoa Bay, ot Moji, ot Rangoon, ot Rio, an' ot Montevuddio. Ut uz no settled yut. I tell ye, Annie, the owners are hard tull please."

He communed with himself for a moment, and then muttered indignantly: "Tull error on fire-bars, sux pounds."

"Hov ye heard of Jamie?" his wife asked in the pause.

Captain MacElrath shook his head.

"He was washed off the poop wuth three seamen."

"Whereabouts?"

"Off the Horn. 'Twas on the *Thornsby*."

"They would be runnun', homeward bound?"

"Ay," she nodded. "We only got the word three days gone. His wife is greetin' like tull die."

"A good lod, Jamie," he commented, "but a stiff one ot carryun' on. I mind me when we was mates together un the *Abion*. An' so Jamie's gone."

Again a pause fell, to be broken by the wife.

"An' ye will no a-heard o' the *Bankshire*? MacDougall lost her in Magellan Straits. 'Twas only yesterday ut was in the paper."

"A cruel place, them Magellan Straits," he said. "Dudna thot domned mate-fellow nigh putt me ashore twice on the one passage through? He was a eediot, a lunatuc. I wouldna have hum on the brudge a munut. Comun' tull Narrow Reach, thuck weather, wuth snow-squalls, me un the chart-room, dudna I guv hum the changed course? 'South-East-by-East,' I told hum. 'South-East-by-East, sir,' says he. Fufteen munuts after, I comes on tull the brudge. 'Funny,' says thot mate-fellow, 'I'm no rememberun' ony islands un the mouth o' Narrow Reach.' I took one look ot the islands an' yells, 'Putt your wheel

hard-a-starboard,' tull the mon ot the wheel. An' ye should a-seen the old *Tryapsic* turnun' the sharpest circle she ever turned. I waited for the snow tull clear, an' there was Narrow Reach, nice uz ye please, tull the east'ard, an' the islands un the mouth o' False Bay tull the south'ard. 'What course was ye steerun'?' I says tull the mon ot the wheel. 'South-by-East, sir,' says he. I looked tull the mate-fellow. What could I say? I was thot wroth I could a-kult hum. Four points dufference. Five munuts more an' the old *Tryapsic* would a-been funushed.

"An' was ut no the same when we cleared the Straits tull the east'ard? Four hours would a-seen us guid an' clear. I was forty hours then on the brudge. I guv the mate his course, an' the bearun' o' the Askthar Light astern. 'Don't let her bear more tull the north'ard than West-by-North,' I said tull hum, 'an' ye will be all right.' An' I went below an' turned un. But I couldna sleep for worryun'. After forty hours on the brudge, what was four hours more? I thought. An' for them four hours wull ye be lettun' the mate loss her on ye? 'No,' I says to myself. An' wuth thot I got up, hod a wash an' a cup o' coffee, an' went tull the brudge. I took one look ot the bearun' o' Askthar Light. 'Twas Nor'west-by-West, an' the old *Tryapsic* down on the shoals. He was an eediot, thot mate-fellow. Ye could look overside an' see the duscolouration of the watter. 'Twas a close call for the old *Tryapsic* I'm tellun' ye. Twice un thirty hours he'd a-hod her ashore uf ut hod no been for me."

Captain MacElrath fell to gazing at the sleeping child with mild wonder in his small blue eyes, and his wife sought to divert him from his woes.

"Ye remember Jummy MacCaul?" she asked. "Ye went tull school wuth hus two boys. Old Jummy MacCaul thot hoz the farm beyond Doctor Haythorne's place."

"O, ay, an' what o' hum? Uz he dead?"

"No, but he was after askun' your father, when ye sailed last time for Voloparaiso, uf ye'd been there afore. An' when your father says no, then Jummy

says, 'An' how wull he be knowun' tull find hus way?' An' with thot your father says: 'Verry sumple ut uz, Jummy. Supposun' you was goin' tull the mainland tull a mon who luvud un Belfast. Belfast uz a bug sutty, Jummy, an' how would ye be findun' your way?' 'By way o' me tongue,' says Jummy; 'I'd be askun' the folk I met.' 'I told ye ut was sumple,' says your father. 'Ut's the very same way my Donald finds the road tull Voloparaiso. He asks every shup he meets upon the sea tull ot last he meets wuth a shup thot's been tull Voloparaiso, an' the captun o' thot shup tells hum the way.' An' Jummy scratches hus head an' says he understands an' thot ut's a very sumple motter after all."

The skipper chuckled at the joke, and his tired blue eyes were merry for the moment.

"He was a thun chap, thot mate-fellow, uz thun uz you an' me putt together," he remarked after a time, a slight twinkle in his eye of appreciation of the bull. But the twinkle quickly disappeared and the blue eyes took on a bleak and wintry look. "What dud he do ot Voloparaiso but land sux hunderd fathom o' chain cable an' take never a receipt from the lighter-mon. I was gettun' my clearance ot the time. When we got tull sea, I found he hod no receipt for the cable."

"'An' ye no took a receipt for ut?' says I.

"'No,' says he. 'Wasna ut goin' direct tull the agents?'

"How long ha' ye been goin' tull sea,' says I, 'not tull be knowin' the mate's duty uz tull deluver no cargo without receipt for same? An' on the West Coast ot thot. What's tull stop the lighter-mon from stealun' a few lengths o' ut?'

"An' ut come out uz I said. Sux hunderd fathom went over the side, but four hunderd an' ninety-five was all the agents received. The lighter-mon swore ut was all he received from the mate—four hunderd an' ninety-five fathom. I got a letter from the owners ot Portland. They no blamed the mate for ut, but me, an' me ashore ot the time on shup's buzz'ness. I could no be the two places ot the one time. An' the letters from the

owners an' the agents uz stull comun' tull me.

"Thot mate-fellow was no a proper sailor, an' no a mon tull work for owners. Dudna he want tull break me wuth the Board o' Trade for bein' below my marks? He said as much tull the bosun. An' he told me tull my face homeward bound thot I'd been half an inch under my marks. 'Twas at Portland, loadun' cargo un fresh watter an' goin' tull Comox tull load bunker coal un salt watter. I tell ye, Annie, ut takes close fuggerin' an' I *was* half an inch under the load-line when the bunker coal was un. But I'm no tellun' any other body but you. An' thot mate-fellow untendun' tull report me tull the Board o' Trade, only for thot he saw fut tull be sliced un two pieces on the steam-pipe cover.

"He was a fool. After loadun' ot Portland I hod tull take on suxty tons o' coal tull last me tull Comox. The charges for lighterun' was heavy, an' no room ot the coal-dock. A French bark was lyun' alongside the dock an' I spoke tull the captun, askun' hum what he would charge, when work for the day was done, tull haul clear for a couple o' hours an' let me un. 'Twenty dollars,' said he. Ut was savun' money on lighters tull the owners, an' I gave ut tull hum. An thot night, after dark, I hauled un an' took on the coal. Then I started tull go out un the stream an' drop anchor—under me own steam, of course.

"We hod tull go out stern-first, an' somethun' went wrong wuth the reversun' gear. Old MacPherson said he could work ut by hond, but very slow ot thot. An' I said all right. We started. The pilot was on board. The tide was ebbun' stuffy, an' right abreast an' a but below was a shup lyun' wuth a lighter on each side. I saw the shup's ridun' lights, but never a light on the lighters. Ut was close quarters to shuft a bug vessel onder steam, wuth MacPherson workun' the reversun' gear by hond. We hod to come close down upon the shup afore I could go ahead an' clear o' the shups on the dock-ends. An' we struck the lighter stern-on, just uz I rung tull MacPherson half ahead.

"'What was thot?' says the pilot, when we struck the lighter.

"'I dunna know,' says I, 'an' I'm wonderun'."

"The pilot was no keen, ye see, tull hus job. I went on tull a guid place an' dropped anchor, an' ut would all a-been well but for thot domned eediot mate.

"'We smashed thot lighter,' says he, comun' up the lodder tull the brudge—an' the pilot stondun' there wuth his ears cocked tull hear.

"'What lighter?' says I.

"'Thot lighter alongside the shup,' says the mate.

"'I dudna see no lighter,' says I, and wuth thot I steps on hus fut guid an' hard.

"After the pilot was gone, I says tull the mate: 'Uf you dunna know onythun', old mon, for heaven's sake keep your mouth shut.'

"'But ye dud smash thot lighter, dudn't ye?' says he.

"'Uf we dud,' says I, 'ut's no your buzz'ness tull be tellun' the pilot—though mind ye, I'm no admuttun' there was ony lighter.'

"An' next marnun', just uz I'm after dressun', the stewart says, 'A mon tull see ye, sir.' 'Fetch hum un,' says I. An' un he come. 'Sut down,' says I. An' he sot down.

"He was the owner of the lighter, an' when he hod told hus story, I says, 'I dudna see ony lighter.'

"'What, mon?' says he. 'No see a two-hunderd-ton lighter, bug uz a house, alonside thot shup?'

"'I was goin' by the shup's lights,' says I, 'an' I dudna touch the shup, thot I know.'

"'But ye dud touch the lighter,' says he. 'Ye smashed her. There's a thousand dollars domage done, an' I'll see ye pay for ut.'

"'Look here, Muster,' says I; 'when I'm shuftun' a shup ot night I follow the law, an' the law dustunctly says I must regulate me actions by the lights o' the shuppun'. Your lighter never hod no ridun' light, nor dud I look for any lighter wuthout lights tull show ut.'

"'The mate says——' he beguns.

"'Domn the mate,' says I. 'Dud your lighter hov a ridun' light?'

"'No, ut dud not,' says he, 'but ut was a clear night wuth the moon a-showun'.'

"'Ye seem tull know your buzz'ness,' says I. 'But let me tell ye thot I know my buzz'ness uz well, an' thot I'm no a-lookun' for lighters wuthout lights. Uf ye thunk ye hov a case, go ahead. The steward will show ye out. Guid day.'

"An' thot was the end o' ut. But ut wull show ye what a poor fellow thot mate was. I call ut a blessun' for all masters thot he was sliced un two on thot steam-pipe cover. He hod a pull un the office an' thot was the why he was kept on."

"The Wekley farm wull soon be for sale, so the agents be tellun' me," his wife remarked, slyly watching what effect her announcement would have upon him.

His eyes flashed eagerly on the instant, and he straightened up as might a man about to engage in some agreeable task. It was the farm of his vision, adjoining his father's, and her own people farmed not a mile away.

"We wull be buyun' ut," he said, "though we wull be no tellun' a soul of ut ontull ut's bought an' the money paid down. I'm savun' consuderable these days, though pickun's uz no what they used to be, an' we hov a tidy nest-egg laid by. I wull see the father an' hov the money ready tull hus hond, so uf I'm ot sea he can buy whenever the land offers."

He rubbed the frosted moisture from the inside of the window and peered out at the pouring rain, through which he could discern nothing.

"When I was a young mon I used tull be afeard thot the owners would guv me the sack. Stull afeard I am of the sack. But once thot farm is mine I wull no be afeard ony longer. Ut's a pair

job thus sea-farmun'. Me a-managun' un all seas an' weather an' perils o' the deep a shup worth fufty thousand pounds, wuth cargoes ot times worth fufty thousand more—a hunderd thousand pounds, half a million dollars uz the Yankees say, an' me wuth all the responsibility gettun' a screw o' twenty pounds a month. What mon ashore, managin' a buzz'ness worth a hunderd thousand pounds wull be gettun' uz small a screw uz twenty pounds? An' wuth such masters uz a captun serves—the owners, the underwriters, an' the Board o' Trade, all pullun' an' wantun' dufferent thungs—the owners wantun' quick passages and down the rusk, the underwriters wantun' safe passages an' down the delay, an' the Board o' Trade wantun' cautious passages an' caution always meanun' delay. Three dufferent masters, an' all three able and wullun' to break ye uf ye don't serve all their dufferent wushes."

He felt the train slackening speed, and peered again through the misty window. He stood up, buttoned his overcoat, turned up the collar, and awkwardly gathered the child, still asleep, in his arms.

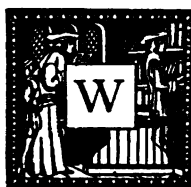
"I wull see the father," he said, "an' hov the money ready tull his hond so uf I'm ot sea when the land offers he wull no muss the chance tull buy. An' then the owners can guv me the sack uz soon uz they like. Ut wull be all right un, an' I wull be wuth you, Annie, an' the sea can go tull hell."

Happiness was in both their faces at the prospect, and for a moment both saw the same vision of peace. Annie leaned toward him, and as the train stopped they kissed each other across the sleeping child.

REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH STORY TELLERS

I—JOSEPH CONRAD

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



WITH the possible exception of Mr. Henry James, there is no living writer of fiction in English whom it behooves the critic to approach with more modesty and self-mistrust than Joseph Conrad. There is no other writer of similar magnitude whose treatment in the past has been so inadequate, so prejudiced, so blindly narrow and one-sided. From the time when one of his earliest book notices bore the caption, "A Puzzle for Reviewers," his detractors have never become tired of insisting that he does not know how to write English and does not know how to construct a story; and his admirers have expended their energies in explaining and apologising for him—whereas, as a matter of fact, he needs neither apology nor explanation, but merely a far heartier recognition than he has yet received. The attitude of criticism toward him has not seriously troubled Mr. Conrad. As he himself writes, in *A Personal Record*—a unique human document, which is just appearing, and from which it will be profitable to draw freely in this article—"fifteen years of unbroken silence before praise or blame testify sufficiently to my respect for criticism, that fine flower of personal expression in the garden of letters." But, though the author himself can afford to be tolerant of miscomprehension and undervaluation, the serious student of modern tendencies in fiction cannot afford to overlook the fact that Conrad is one of the very few who have added something absolutely new to the art and the technique of his vocation.

I. HIS METHODS

It is worth while before passing on to examine more specifically the qualities of Conrad's fiction, to take up for a moment

a couple of special articles of comparatively recent date, that of Mr. John A. Macy in the *Atlantic Monthly* and of John Galsworthy in the *Contemporary Review*. These articles are singled out from a number of others because, while fairly representative in tone, they were put forth with the semblance of special authority and finality. Mr. Macy, while questioning the greatness of modern writers in general, somewhat dubiously suggests Mr. Conrad as the one possible claimant. He extols Mr. Conrad's lofty ideals, and then, on the ground that a writer of such lofty standards must be judged with exceptional rigidity, proceeds to devote a large part of his article to picking flaws in the construction of his author's several stories, as measured by the pocket rule of cut-and-dried technique. The sum and substance of what he has to say is to blame Conrad for not having done as other and lesser writers were contented to do before him—instead of seeking to discover how and why he has succeeded in being splendidly and triumphantly himself.

Mr. Galsworthy's article deserves a brief word for quite a different reason. Here we have a cordial appreciation by a fellow-craftsman who already occupies as dignified a position in his own generation as Mr. Conrad does in his. That Mr. Galsworthy's lack of critical balance is equal to his possession of creative power becomes apparent long before we reach the following paragraph, so extravagant that it largely discounts its own value:

The writing of these (Conrad's) ten books is probably the only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any extent. Other writers will better classify and mould; this writer, by the native wealth of his imagery, by a more daring and subtler use of words, brings something new to the fount of English letters.

The technical side of Joseph Conrad's work does not especially interest Mr. Galsworthy. He is mainly concerned with the attempt to sum up the essential spirit of Conrad in some epigrammatic, easily portable form, in finding some catchphrase that sounds like an explanation, and which really is as futile as an attempt to reduce a myriad-sided solid to a plane surface. The Universe, in the words of Mr. Galsworthy, "is always saying: The little part called man is always smaller than the whole!"—the writer who recognises the truth of this possesses, according to him, the cosmic spirit. Mr. Conrad's claim to recognition rests upon the fact that he is unique among novelists in possessing this spirit:

In the novels of Balzac and Charles Dickens there is the feeling of environment, of the growth of men from men. In the novels of Turgenev the characters are bathed in light; nature in her many moods is all around, but man is first. In the novels of Joseph Conrad nature is first, man is second.

Now, if this were literally true, if Mr. Conrad really believed that a rainbow or a water-spout were of more importance to mankind than man himself: then, instead of proving his claim to greatness by pointing out this fact, Mr. Galsworthy would simply have knocked the idol from his pedestal and proved him to be stuffed with straw. It is all very well to have enough of the cosmic spirit to recognise that in the ultimate scheme of things the part is always smaller than the whole, and that, as a rudimentary principle of physics, a mountain contains more molecules than a man. But Mr. Conrad is not writing for an audience of mountains, but for his fellow-men—and no really good work can be done by any living creature, man, beast or bird, whose chief concern is not with his own species. A member of a beehive would make a pretty poor bee if he were not convinced of the supreme importance of bees.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Conrad's books leave no such impression on the mind of the average reader as they seem to have left upon Mr. Galsworthy. It is almost incredible that any one could read them without feeling, above all else, their vital and tremendous human interest. It

is perfectly true that he deals by preference with titanic forces: the unbridled rage of the ocean, the invincible sweep of a wind-driven storm, the unmeasured and impenetrable depths of a tropic forest. But everywhere and always his unit of measurement is man; man measuring his puny strength against the universe, and foredoomed to defeat; yet in his defeat remaining always the focal point of interest.

In order to understand how Mr. Conrad has formed his style and built up his literary creed, it is necessary to keep in mind just a few biographical details. Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski—to give him his full original name—was born in the Ukraine in about the year 1857. He comes of an old and illustrious family, distinguished for many services in peace and in war. His father was a poet and critic, and a translator of many English books. When he was still a little lad, he shared the exile of his father and mother, following upon the political disturbances of the early sixties—and it was a result of this exile that his mother lost her life, through the callous refusal of the Russian authorities to allow her time to recover from a dangerous illness. The last thing on earth that his family dreamed of for Conrad was a sea career, and his choice, when announced, aroused much astonishment and some characteristically mild opposition. He has recorded the happenings of a certain day spent with his tutor in the Alps, as being one of the great turning points in his life. "He had long been trying to crush my will," he relates in substance, "and I felt that before we reached the summit of that pass he would succeed." But this was not to be; a chance meeting with others on the way and a sudden turn which the careless talk assumed, touched a certain chord in Conrad; and when they reached the summit, the tutor said to him kindly, "Go your way, I am beaten; you have too much of Don Quixote in you for me to help you." For twenty years, Conrad sailed the waters of the globe, working his way upward in the English merchant-marine service, through all the grades, until he won his Master's certificate and took chief command. There is every reason to believe

that he was as painstaking and admirable a seaman in those days as he now is an author. But he was unique among seamen for his love of reading—for his choice of books and his understanding grasp of them. No one can study Conrad profitably without keeping these all-important formative years in mind; years spent in the unconscious amassing of infinite and priceless material, in the slow absorption of strange and alien personages, exotic and picturesque cities and harbours, fierce and undisciplined regions on the edge of the world; all the stage-settings and raw materials for human drama in the bulk. And all the while that he was unconsciously assimilating his material, Conrad was, with equal unconsciousness, learning how best to use it, by his tireless and voracious reading,—reading of books which some inborn instinct led him to choose with wonderful wisdom. The French writers were his favourites, and he learned his respect of the *mot juste* from Flaubert, and something of construction from Maupassant. In English, his tastes were similarly healthy. Dickens naturally appealed to him in a mild degree, for he shares with Dickens the love of drawing straight from life odd, grotesque, oftentimes misshapen oddities of humanity, and slightly caricatures them in doing so. But Trollope is an author whose name crops up more frequently in Conrad's autobiographical pages,—and another whose influence is even more potent is Henry James,—Henry James, who, with all his mannerisms, has done more, than any other living master of fiction, to teach those who read him understandingly, the sheer craft of story writing.

These facts: twenty years face to face with hardship and heroism; twenty years of leisure and isolation in which to grow up slowly to a knowledge of precisely how he could make the best use of his material; twenty years to drill himself in a language to which he was a total stranger up to his twentieth year, are a sufficient answer to those critics who were at one time too ready to dismiss Conrad's work lightly, as that of a man who had not learned his craft. The simple truth is that he had learned it with a thoroughness such as is hard to dupli-

cate; that he knows his own reason for every episode, every paragraph, every separate word; that if he makes a mistake, if there are better ways for doing any one particular thing, his fault is at least committed with his eyes open, and in an honest belief that, for him at least, it is the one and only way.

Accordingly, it is well to take up the two reproaches most frequently made against him, and to consider to what extent they are justified. As a matter of fact, it would be easy to take up a hundred apparent faults instead of two, because there is hardly any known rule of technique that Mr. Conrad does not deliberately break when he chooses,—for of what good are rules based on the practice of the older writers save to be broken by the new writer who happens to be big and strong enough to justify his iconoclasm? But the two reproaches in question are: first, that he follows no logical development of a story, but goes zigzagging back and forth, from east to west, from past to future, apparently quite without purpose or orientation. And, secondly, that he has no sense of proportion, that some parts of his stories are inordinately long, and others absurdly short; that he will squander a full length plot on a short story, and amplify a mere episode into four hundred pages. Both these charges are true,—a fact that does not matter in itself, but does vitally matter if he fails to prove that for his specific purpose his way is the one and only way to get the best result.

Did you ever watch a common garden spider preparing to spin its web? From some apparently irrelevant point on a leaf or branch, it suddenly drops a number of inches to some other equally irrelevant point; then it proceeds at a tangent to a new point of departure, hesitates, retraces its steps, picks up some lost thread, crosses and recrosses its path, pausing to tie a knot here and there,—and all of a sudden this apparently aimless zigzagging takes on a definite design, of perfect and marvelous symmetry. Now, it may be cheerfully granted that this would not be the approved method of knitting stockings or weaving calico; there are some purposes, and worthy ones, where the conventional, straight-ahead method is

praiseworthy. But there are certain types of genius that must work according to their inborn nature: and it happens that Mr. Conrad shares with the spider the genius of the zigzag method, and by the help of it spins fabrics quite as marvellous and inimitable. He cannot help himself; his mind works in that way. When, in *Almayer's Folly*, he tells us the story of the degeneration of a white man exiled in the heart of the Malay Peninsula, and of his crushing disappointment at the marriage of his half-caste daughter with a native, it is characteristic of him that the story should open when the end is already in sight, and that a majority of the chapters should be concerned with filling in the missing links; still more characteristic that a subsequent volume, *The Outcast of the Island*, announced as a sequel, should go back to the earlier days of Almayer's prosperity and his daughter's infancy. A still more convincing proof that this is the way in which Mr. Conrad sees a story is that he adopts the same identical method for telling his own biography. *A Personal Record* is an exceptionally frank and self-revealing document covering Mr. Conrad's entire life, from his earliest recollections down to the present day; but the first of its eight chapters opens during the winter in the early nineties, when he was icebound in the river harbour of Rouen, when he was engaged in writing the tenth chapter of *Almayer's Folly*,—and no two chapters and scarcely two pages are consecutive in point of time. And the reason for this is so palpable that even a dunce could hardly miss it. The greatest adventure that Mr. Conrad's soul ever underwent was his first experiment in fiction: and accordingly his biography is built up with the deliberate intent of making the genesis of *Almayer's Folly*, from its inception to its final publication, the one triumphant *leitmotiv* of his whole life history.

In precisely the same way we may explain the indirect and zigzag progress of his other writings. Your cut-and-dried critic, who insists on measuring a mountain with a footrule and quarrels with it for daring to be out of line, insists also on labelling a certain character *hero* and another *heroine*. And, naturally, when

this critic notes that his so-called hero drops out of sight for a considerable number of chapters, and, it may be, the heroine vanishes altogether in mid-channel, he feels himself aggrieved and says that the author does not know how to construct. The truth about Mr. Conrad is simply this: he is more likely than not to take some force of nature as his protagonist; in *Typhoon*, the leading part is taken, not by Captain MacWhirr, nor his under-officer, nor by any one of the two hundred coolies between decks, but by the typhoon itself. And, similarly, in *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, the leading part is not taken by any one of the officers or crew,—not even by the Nigger of the title,—indeed, like *Vanity Fair*, it might be called *A Novel Without a Hero*, and with only one heroine, the treacherous, implacable sea.

And, secondly, as regards the question of sheer material length in story writing. It is a deep-rooted fallacy that there are some themes suitable for a full length novel and others fit only for a short story. As a matter of fact, such a distinction is disastrously misleading. There are some minds who see in a battlefield a long volume epic, a *Peace and War*, a *Débâcle*; there are others who, like Browning, see only an "Incident of the French Camp," material at most for a dozen lines of verse. The difference does not lie in the theme, but in the temperament of the individual, the fashion in which he looks upon life in general and upon some specific story in particular. In the whole range of contemporary fiction it would be difficult to find this truth better exemplified than it is in the work of Conrad. In all of his writings he has set his own pace, fallen into his own particular stride, so to speak, ignoring all precedents regarding a conventional proportion between subject and space, crumpling up a world-wide theme into the narrow limits of a few pages, and stretching out some transitory incident into the bulk of a portly volume,—and yet the very last objection which a critic, who has learned to read understandingly and recognises genius in unfamiliar garb, would dream of making, is that certain of his stories are too short and certain others too long. Take, for

instance, his *Nigger of the Narcissus*—one of the many English stories whose titles have suffered an unfortunate sea-change during their passage into an American edition. Let any other writer submit the synopsis of the plot to his publisher, and if that publisher knows his business, he will tell the author frankly that there is barely enough plot in it for a Sunday special, to say nothing of a book. Yet Mr. Conrad wove out of it a magic volume, full of the life and breadth and infinite variety of the sea ; and, in the

centre of the picture, the inert figure of a sickly, malingering negro stands out as clear-cut as an ebony idol against a background of ivory, mysterious, foreboding, the embodiment of fate. Or again, take *The Heart of Darkness*, one of the shortest stories Mr. Conrad has written, and at the same time containing one of the biggest, most suggestive of his themes. It is nothing less than a presentment of the clashing of two continents, a symbolic picture of the inborn antagonism of two races, the white and the black. It pic-

From a drawing by Will Rothenstein

JOSEPH CONRAD

tures the subtle disintegration of a white man's moral stamina and the stress of the darkness, the isolation, the immensity of the African jungle, the loss of dignity and courage and self-respect through daily contact with the native man and the native woman. The whole thing is a matter of a few score pages, and yet, such is its strength coupled with a certain indescribable trick of verbal foreshortening, that it gives the impression of measureless time and distance. We feel that we have spent years in his company, roaming through the murky atmosphere of physical and moral darkness—and still beyond stretch unexplored vistas, measureless, forbidding, unspeakable.

It must be conceded that Mr. Conrad's style, unique and finished as it is, does not make easy reading. It resembles nothing so much as the depth, the mystery, the riotous luxuriance of those tropical forests wherein so many of his earlier stories were laid. There are whole pages and chapters where you are forced to move forward gropingly, with the caution of a pioneer, peering ahead at the vague forms of thought that you see suggested; and then, suddenly, there comes an open spot, illuminated with the sunshine of perfectly clear mental pictures, crowding tumultuously upon you; a flash and flare of rainbow colouring seems to streak the page with scarlet and purple and gold. That, in brief, is an epitome of Conrad's art; to keep you at one time groping in the dark, shrinking from unguessed horrors, dimly seen through the fog and mist; and the next moment to blind you with the unexpected flood of mental light. And back of his method lies a vein of unguessed richness, an inexhaustible mine of untold stories. He gives you the impression that, instead of pouring out all that he knows of strange lands and alien races, he is holding himself severely in check,—sketching in here and there one face and form out of the hundreds that elbow themselves forward in his memory; condensing these sketches down to the fewest possible, strong, impressionistic strokes, so as to leave space on his crowded canvas for other importunate memories constantly clamouring for recognition. Other writers before Conrad have possessed the art of paint-

ing crowds, jostling throngs in the street, armies of men on the march and in the heat of action; but they have produced their effects by a flood of detail poured out upon the page with the reckless lavishness of one who paints with a palette knife. Conrad's distinction lies in the power of suggestion, the ability to make you feel that, however much he shows you of life, there is vastly more that he leaves untold.

To produce these effects, it is not enough merely to will to do so. It is necessary above all to be a consummate master of words, and at the same time to have a profound reverence for them. It is not too much to say that Mr. Conrad is in this respect the peer of Rudyard Kipling,—with this difference: that being an alien by birth, he does, in a deliberate and highly sophisticated way, what the author of *Kim* does by instinct. In this connection, it is profitable to take two extracts from Conrad's own avowal, the first dating back to the beginning of his career as an artist, in about 1897; the second representing his latest utterance. The first appeared in a most interesting personal foot-note in the *New Review*:

It is only through complete, unswerving devotion to the perfect blending of form and substance; it is only through an unremitting, never discouraged care for the shape and ring of sentences that an approach can be made to plasticity, to colour; and the light of magic suggestiveness may be brought to play for an evanescent instant over the commonplace surface of words; of the old, old words, worn thin, defaced by ages of careless usage. The sincere endeavour to accomplish that creative task, to go as far on that road as his strength will carry him, to go undeterred by faltering, weariness or reproach, is the only valid justification for the worker in prose. And if his conscience is clear, his answer to those who, in the fullness of a wisdom which looks for immediate profit, demands specifically to be edified, consoled, amused; who demand to be promptly improved, or encouraged, or frightened, or shocked, or charmed, must run thus: My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you *see*. That—and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there, according to your deserts, encouragement, consolation,

fear, charm—all you demand; and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask.

The second will be found in "A Familiar Preface," which forms the introduction to *A Personal Record*:

He who wants to persuade should put his trust, not in the right argument, but in the right word. The power of sound has always been greater than the power of sense. I don't say this by way of disparagement. It is better for mankind to be impressionable than reflective. Nothing humanely great—great, I mean, as affecting a whole mass of lives—has come from reflection. On the other hand, you cannot fail to see the power of mere words; such words as Glory, for instance, or Pity. I won't mention any more. They are not far to seek. Shouted with perseverance, with ardour, with conviction, these two by their sound alone have set whole nations in motion and upheaved the dry, hard ground on which rests our whole social fabric. There's "virtue" for you if you like! . . .

II. HIS WORKS

Mr. Conrad is not one of the authors whom it is profitable to study book by book. In spite of a few dissenting opinions, he has not greatly grown in the course of years. He is one of those rare Minervas of literature who issued in the first instance of full stature. *Almayer's Folly*, his first volume, the product of five years of intermittent and laborious, although loving work, has remained, there is reason to suspect, the favourite child of his brain. The theme already mentioned,—that of the disintegration of the European amid the debasing surroundings of Eastern barbarism, is one to which he reverts again and again, in his later works. But coming first, it had, not only the glamour of a maiden effort, but, what was infinitely more important to the author, the nostalgia of vanished days, the fascination of *une chose vécue*. *The Nigger of the Narcissus* is almost equally a personal document. It represents a composite picture of the types of officers and seamen grown familiar through a score of years. It is impossible to appreciate even remotely the personal element of this book without having read a volume which followed it a

decade later, *The Mirror of the Sea*. In reading that storehouse of personal reminiscences, one guesses between the lines how much heart-ache, how much lost friendships, what a host of vanished memories went into the making of that wonderful verbal mosaic which American readers know under the name of *Children of the Sea*.

Close upon its heels followed a volume of short stories,—really short stories, in the accepted sense,—entitled *Tales of Unrest*. This is worth an additional emphasis, because it called forth the first big public recognition that Conrad received. Together with Hewlett's *Forest Lovers* and Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare*, it completed the trio of volumes which at that time the London Academy was in the habit of "crowning" each year and rewarding with a prize of fifty guineas. Most of the stories in this volume are wrought from his familiar material of Malays, half-castes, and degenerate Europeans; but there is just one story, "The Return," which is worth signalling, because it is his first, last, and only attempt to do the familiar French analytical story of married incompatibility. It is memorable because it comes so exasperatingly near being a tremendously big story,—and instead, speaking frankly, it is a failure. The scene is London, the chief actors are an average business man and his still more average wife. He thinks he understands her. As a matter of fact, they have through five years been imperceptibly drifting apart. One day he comes home as usual, to find awaiting him a letter from her telling him that she has eloped with another man. His surprise, his conventional dismay, his whole cut-and-dried attitude of mind are interpreted with a skill that baffles praise. But, because she is the hopelessly average woman, she lacks the courage of her revolt; she comes back. And here comes the part that spoils the story. Throughout a dialogue that drifts on endlessly, the woman remains a living, throbbing bundle of nerves, and the man becomes a stilted, unreal mouthpiece of Mr. Conrad's vain imaginings. Mr. Galsworthy was absolutely right when he said that the hero of this story was one of the few instances in which Conrad had

drawn a character that was hopelessly wooden.

As already suggested, there is no purpose in analysing one by one all of Conrad's stories. Because of his peculiar trick of foreshortening, many of his longest books may be summed up in a dozen words. *Lord Jim*, which many competent judges regard as his masterpiece, is simply the epic of a man's rehabilitation after being proved a coward. *Typhoon* is an allegory, half epic, half satiric, of the impotence of physical life before the blind, unchained forces of nature,—a fable told with all the forceful brevity of *Le Chêne et le Roseau* of La Fontaine. *Nostromo* belongs to a different category. From whatever side you view it, it is too big, too complex, too full of dim, unfathomed places, to be easily or briefly epitomised. More than one critic has openly avowed his preference for this book, and the present writer owns his personal predilection for it. It has, probably, more actual story to it, of a dramatic sort, more of the greed and sordidness and knavery of human nature, than any of his previous books. Primarily, it is the story of a silver mine and a buried treasure, in a little South American republic, where the people, like the republic itself, are volcanic. It is a kaleidoscopic picture of a grasping, rapacious conflict between a government, on the one hand, ever tottering on the brink of revolution; and the private owners of the mine, on the other, for such mutual concessions and privileges as would convert that mine from the white elephant it has always been into a profitable investment. More specifically, it is the story of the life of an exceptional man. Nostromo, as he is called by his English employers, the officials of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company,—who coin the name out of the Italian words which they misunderstand and mispronounce,—is a Genoese sailor, who decides to remain at Sulaco, in the capacity of *Capataz de Cargadores*, captain of the company's lightermen and caretaker of the jetty. Now, the keynote of Nostromo's character is a curious sort of pride, a love of self-importance. By day and by night, sleepless, vigilant, alert, he is ever at the service of the entire population, native and foreign. Of

infinite resource and magnetic temperament, he has worked his way into the confidence and esteem of Spanish officials, English agents, and the scum and rabble of the foreign quarters; and none in Sulaco is too low or too high to touch hat to him and exchange cordial words of greeting. Perhaps the nearest approach to a brief analysis of the complex web of this book is to say that it tells how this Nostromo, whose pride and joy, whose whole stock-in-trade in life is his integrity, his unblemished reputation, becomes a thief,—it is a study of the curse which may come from the secret knowledge of a buried treasure.

Next in importance to the two novels, *Nostromo* and *Lord Jim*, come a number of mid-length stories, including *Heart of Darkness*, already alluded to; and *Typhoon*, that unequalled picture of the titanic warfare between sea and sky, in which a vessel laden with human freight is made the colossal joke of the elements, and we are shown the inimitable sight of two hundred Chinese coolies, together with their sundered chests, hurtling back and forth between decks, clawing and snarling like so many cats, in their vain pursuit of an infinite number of fugitive silver dollars.

Two or three more of these middle-distance stories deserve mention. *Tomorrow* pictures a father who has disinherited his son, driven him from home, and later repented of the act. Through long, lonely years he has comforted himself with the belief that the son will some day return, perhaps to-morrow—and he has brooded upon this hope until it has become a fixed idea, an obsession, that the son will come to-morrow. At last the son does come, but since things in this material, work-a-day world necessarily happen in the present, and not in the future, the father's clouded brain refuses to recognise him, because he has come to-day, when he should have come to-morrow,—the morrow which must always remain in the future. Equally simple is the structure of *Amy Foster*, the story of a mute, inglorious tragedy. It pictures the fate of a young, slavonic emigrant, driven, together with hordes of his kind, on board an ocean liner, tossed for days in a watery prison, and

then cast by night upon the English coast, the sole survivor of a whole ship's company. Ignorant of his whereabouts, speaking an outlandish tongue, hounded, penniless and hungry, from door to door, a terror to women and children, who think him a madman, he dies at last in destitution, like a homeless dog, having awakened a passing compassion in just one heart, the Amy Foster of the title. In reducing these crowded, concentrated stories of Conrad's to a mere skeleton, it is so easy to over-reach one's self. It is only fair to say, by way of postscript, that there is a second interest in this story. Amy Foster, caught, like many another woman before her, by sheer novelty, marries the refugee, and then, strangely enough, and yet as the doctor says, not without parallel, after her child is born, she conceives growing dislike for him. There is, perhaps, in all of Mr. Conrad's writings, no single scene more poignant than that in which the dying Slav, delirious from fever, forgets his few words of English, and, in his frantic supplications for water, which might have saved his life, frightens out of the house the woman who has vowed to love, honour and obey, and who leaves him to die in agony.

But one of the finest and most characteristic stories that Mr. Conrad ever wrote is *Falk*. Curiously enough, it is drawn in a measure, from a memory of his childhood. There was a family legend of a great-uncle who served under Napoleon, and who, during the retreat from Moscow, owed his life to the capture and utilisation, for culinary purposes, of a very old, very mangy, Lithuanian dog. In his childhood, Mr. Conrad underwent innumerable pleasurable shudders over the story of the cooking and consumption of that dog. He confesses that, in sober middle-age, he still can shudder over the memory of that story. He does not admit any connection between this incident and *Falk*. Nevertheless, it takes no special discernment to realise that without that childhood thrill, something would have been missing from the tale. On the surface, *Falk* gives promise of pure comedy,—a trick not without precedent in Mr. Conrad's method of work. It opens with a gro-

tesque wooing of a Dutch girl, phlegmatic, florid, and opulent of physique, by a thin, taciturn Scandinavian pilot, on board her uncle's vessel in the harbour of a Chinese river port. But Falk is a man haunted by the memory of a revolting deed; he shows it in his face, sombre, taciturn, sinister, and in his manner, his trick of periodically covering his features with both hands, and then drawing them downwards with a slow, shuddering movement, as though to wipe away the vision of a waking nightmare. The truth is that, once under the dire stress of shipwreck and starvation it had become evident that human flesh alone stood between a whole ship's crew and death. In the face of this horror, they had not drawn lots, but had fallen upon one another like wild beasts, and Falk, in whom the lust for life had been strongest, was the sole survivor. For six years this memory has haunted him; and now his suffering is doubled, because he has at last found a woman "generous of form, Olympian and simple, indeed the siren to fascinate the dark navigator," and he is confronted with the question whether any woman could knowingly wed a man who has been guilty of cannibalism.

Of Mr. Conrad's more recent books it is not necessary to speak at this time and in this place. Whatever he does, whether alone or in collaboration, whether in the form of fiction or personal reminiscence, is all essentially imbued with the same spirit, and stamped with the same careful and deliberate workmanship, the same daring originality of style. But the true, the unadulterated soul of Conrad is in the books of his middle period, in the shorter stories, such as *Typhoon* and *Heart of Darkness*, in novels like *Nostromo* and *Lord Jim*. To spend time analysing his tales of anarchists, whether in London, as in *The Secret Agent*, or in Russia, as in *Under Western Eyes*, would be for the present purpose an anticlimax. It is true that Mr. Conrad is a sort of literary amphibian; he is almost as much at home when writing of the land as of the sea. None the less, the latter is his true abode, and his best pages are those that deal with ships and harbours, docks and quays, sluggish tropical rivers, swarming water fronts, and

all the motley crowds, the flaring colours, the babel of speech, the unnumbered and indistinguishable mixture of racial types and nationalities, to be found nowhere on earth save where land and sea touch shoulders. Yet, if one were making a prediction, it would be safest to say that Mr. Conrad will live longest in his pages of the life on ships in mid-ocean. In certain unforgettable pages in *The Mirror of the Sea*, he tells us of a first mate under whom he once sailed, and who, during the long weeks spent in an Australian port, habitually returned from shore intoxicated, in the mid watches of the night. And one night, when more unsteady than usual, the mate lingered on deck a moment, swaying heavily and sup-

porting himself on his companion's arm, and voiced his wish that he were out at sea: "Ports are no good; ships rot, men go to the devil!" And that one sentence sums up the difference between Conrad's stories of the sea and of the harbour. They are equally good, equally poignant with truth; but on the one hand, they breathe freely of ozone and clean salt spray, and simple faith and bravery; and on the other, they are redolent of physical and moral decay: "Ships rot, men go to the devil." Throughout Conrad's stories, he shows us man fighting a losing fight; but at sea it is a physical fight, and on land it is a moral one. In either case, his workmanship remains, as it always has been, very nearly flawless.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF YOUNGER REPUTATIONS

IV—JOSEPH CONRAD (KORZENIOWSKI)

BY VINCENT SANGER

Our general title calls for amendment in favour of Mr. Conrad. His reputation is of long standing in this country as well as in England. It was made upon the appearance of his first book. On the other hand, he was comparatively unknown until the publication of "Heart of Darkness" and remains to this day conspicuous for a long series of succès d'estime, uninterrupted by what might be termed a popular success. England has recognised this fact by recently including Mr. Conrad among her literary pensioners.

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THE MANIA FOR HYPERBOLISM

BY MAX NORDAU

requires no ex-

It is clear.

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al expressions

age affords, or

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vented because the existing vocabulary is despised as too poor—every impression, every feeling, every opinion of importance, especially the latter.

There are two kinds of men who have a natural propensity for exaggerated language: madmen and charlatans. The insane, who suffer from systematic delirium and maniacal excitement, receive very few impressions, but they are very strong. Their consciousness is filled with a very small number of ideas, often by a single one around which all their thoughts revolve in an impetuous whirl, as the waters of a rushing torrent boil around a rock that rises in the midst of their course. These sufferers have no connection with reality, and no comprehension of it. The violence of their subjective feelings renders them insensible to outside impressions. Their obsessions drive from their minds every other thought, and cover with their shadow the entire image of the world. They have lost the sense of proportions, and the faculty of comparing objective phenomena among them and with their reflection in their minds. The contents of their consciousness, feelings, or images, have for them the importance of the absolute, and when by language they express their impulses and their inward visions, no word, no expression seems strong enough to do justice to the peerless importance of their mental pictures. The writings of Nietzsche, especially those of the last period, the fourth and last portion of *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, the *Antichrist*, and so forth, are good examples of these overstrained modes of speech, always rising to the most extreme tonality of madmen attacked by acute or chronic mania. Among charlatans, the

case is incomparably more simple. Extreme exaggeration is not with them an internal necessity, but a very external one, not an organic impulse, but a deliberate intention with an object in view. They raise the voice powerfully to dominate the noise of the fairs, to attract attention imperiously to themselves, to disturb, to deafen, to hypnotise the hearers and, by paralysing their faculty of judgment, subject them to their suggestion.

The natural superlativists, madmen and charlatans, serve as models for many imitators, who employ their grotesque and piercing shouts not by instinctive impulse, but in a coldly methodical fashion, because the method seems to them impressive, fine, efficacious, and above all, the very latest modern fad. Let us not consider here commercial advertising. It is the most developed form of charlatanism and, by its essence, too reasonably practical to be able to seek many useful inspirations among lunatics. It forces the note and makes too much noise, for it must seize and hold the senses by assault, but it wisely takes care not to defy good taste or offend against the judgment. Advertising has been perfected to the degree of becoming a science and an art. It is a branch of applied psychology. Its most skilful specialists make only a very restricted use of superlatives. That appears to them the childhood of their art, which they left behind long ago. They know that the unusual impression rouses the attention as certainly as the brutal one, and they strive to be original and novel rather than monstrous. The domain where the imitation of superlativism in its two natural forms, that of madmen and that of charlatans, really dominates in an almost limitless fashion, is contemporary German criticism. I say expressly German, for the methodical employment of superlativism is a specific phenomenon of modern German intellectual life, and outside of the limits of the German language it is only sporadically encountered,

as the affectation of literary poseurs who wish to make themselves interesting by aping an exotic fashion.

The new generation which, within fifteen years, has entered the ranks of literary men, has evidently not learned to place itself calmly before a fact, look at it coolly, examine it by weighing and measuring, compare it by considering it with others, placing it in a collection, and there assigning it to its proper place. This new generation is apparently always heated to the boiling point. It is never seen except smoking and bubbling. It always assumes the attitude of being in raptures. It always acts as if it were frantic. Read the criticisms, studies, essays treating of the persons or things of the present day, especially æsthetic subjects, the fine arts, music, the theatre, literature. Without exception, they are perfect models of superlativism. The cry of ejaculation, hyperbolism, are the only modes of rhetoric. The language reels along, in a precipitate, irregular rhythm, which is benevolently termed dionysiac because it actually does recall in some way the rolling of drunkards who, by entangling their legs, describe rapid zigzags. These criticisms endeavour to produce the effect of having been written in an attack of acute fever, with eyes rolled up and pulses beating like drums giving the signal for dismissal. They are intended to give the idea that their authors resemble the ancient Pythia, who, possessed by the god, crouched on her brazen tripod, enveloped by the sacred mists that rise from the depths of Hades, writhing in spasms, while foaming lips pour forth incoherent words heavy with superhuman secrets. The sentences are abrupt and fragmentary. They stammer and stutter. They lack an essential part of speech, subject or attribute. The order of terms is turned upside down; that which, according to the laws of logic, should be found at the end, is placed at the beginning, and inversely. The text is peppered with exclamation points. In addition swarm dashes and lines of dots. It is the punctuation used by excessive excitement. At the first glance the reader must be warned: here the author's breath failed, there the word utterly vanished, crushed

by the redundancy of images he could not master, so that he could place only dots, which, heavy with the deepest meaning, should at least suggest the inexpressible.

I will give but a few examples. In the review of one of the novels issued by the dozen which scarcely ten readers will open, it is said: "This book looks at us with the eyes of eternity. . . . The deepest things—are what it undertakes to impart. . . . And the most subtle. . . ." Concerning a caricature: "It is torn from the rock—it is formed by divine creative hands!—" "It is irrigated by all the torrents of thought of this age . . . and the feelings . . . thrills. . . ." On a little volume of so-called verse, whose meaningless balderdash is most frequently insipid, sometimes unconsciously deliciously comical: "This narrow volume is a new voice . . ." (By the way: the book is no narrower than any other; it is precisely the same width as every volume of the usual octavo form, but the employment of familiar terms in an entirely wrong sense is also one of the characteristics of this fashionable style: narrow is used here for thin.) "This narrow volume is a new voice . . . a cosmic voice. An absolute. . . . Here words find the infinite. Its mysteries are revealed by these poems. Or they veil them . . . allow them to be glimpsed. . . ." One might be tempted to believe that these quotations, sufficiently similar to be confounded with one another, are borrowed from the same author. This is not the case. They are taken from the articles of different writers. Their resemblance is a family trait. This is the language commonly used in the critical essays of the present day. I do not mention names, for I have no wish to enter upon a controversy or to distribute bad marks, but merely to note a phenomenon of the epoch which, in Germany, has not yet found a Rostand with his scene at the Guinea Hen's. The writers who use the fashionable jargon seek to excel one another in wild exaggeration. The work, the author, the artistic event of which they write possess no importance for them. They are hardly an occasion, most frequently a pretext. The superla-

tives are their own object. It is vaticination for vaticination. The point in question is to find something unheard of. Each has the ambition to use orphic words, whether the subject is the performance of a singer at a café-concert or the new shape of a woman's hat. This method of writing goes back to a single common source: to Nietzsche. As in the preceding generation every would-be poet imitated Heine, so to-day, every seller of lines poses as a little Nietzsche. To be recognised by the literary cafés and be considered a person of importance, he must play the lunatic. His articles must give the impression of having been written between two residences in the section of maniacs.

We have seen previously why the language of superlativism—whether produced by organic inward causes, or due to practical external motives—is the natural mode of expression of madmen and charlatans. I now wish to try to search to the roots of this mania for exaggeration in those who belong neither to the first nor to the second of these categories, yet affect to imitate the manner of both.

The immoderate character of the opinions of importance, the hyperbolism of affirmations, the unduly vivid colouring of impressions, correspond in the literary expression of ideas and sentiments to the method—in the verbal explanation of states of mind—of speaking in a voice too loud and shrill, the excessive gesticulation, with the frantic fidgeting and a grimacing mimicry of a lunatic. All these features are, in the first place, the certain proof of a bad education. They permit us to recognise at the first glance a lack of familiarity with good society, the habit of associating with the lowest classes and, in spite of all this assumed arrogance, a pitiable opinion of one's self and one's own value, in short, the most plebeian vulgarity. In families where, for several generations, courtesy and good-breeding are cultivated and who thus can offer their descendants what may be termed a *nursery*, the first thing the children are taught by example, by domestic custom, and explicit instruction is continual self-control in all the circumstances of life. They are trained always to keep watch over themselves,

never to lose self-command, to stop reactions of a reflex kind to external impressions and instinctive impulses. To employ the phraseology of scientific psychology, the object of education is to develop and strengthen the apparatus for psychical inhibition. It is by the inhibition that we estimate the intensity of the education. In all civilised society, the *gentleman* is recognised by carefully avoiding everything that renders him conspicuous, by speaking in a moderate tone, using few gestures, showing little play of feature, and maintaining his composure, even when he might have reason for being excited. In his famous ballad, *Clara Vere de Vere*, Alfred Tennyson speaks expressly of

. . . that repose

Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

that is, of the most ancient Anglo-Norman nobility. Even among savage tribes, at least in the chiefs, we notice the germs of these qualities, a reserve full of dignity, which elevates them above the common herd, who grow excited and fly into a rage in an instant.

Superlativism, then, is the opposite of a noble attitude. It presupposes in him who habitually uses it a lack or a weakness of inhibition, and an ill-bred mania for being in the right, which seeks by the brutal methods of shouts, amazement, and intimidation to thrust itself forward. Moreover, it implies a profound contempt for the audience to which it addresses itself. In good society the custom prevails of keeping silence when another speaks and listening to him courteously. There is no need of maltreating the nerves of the company by shouting and gesticulating, and it would not suffer itself to be thus annoyed by a boor. The plebeian has no such scruples. He never stops chattering so, when one speaks, to compel him to listen, one must seize and shake him figuratively or literally, and such treatment, far from irritating or scandalising him, appears equally natural to the speaker and listeners. Superlativism therefore tacitly assumes that it has before it a dull crowd, too obtuse to feel the half-tones, shades, or subtleties of any kind, that must be grasped and roughly shaken to

secure attention, and is not capable of feeling that it is being treated like a rabble when shouted at in this way.

Lastly superlativism is the unconscious confession that we know ourselves to be incompetent and lightly esteemed. One who is conscious of his ability and his influence has no need of raising his voice. He is sure that each word of his will receive the attention which is its due, and that what he says will be believed without the necessity of repeating it, shouting it, emphasising it, and presenting it in letters large enough for a placard. The man who associates with persons of a high or supreme rank knows that they never raise their voices and never use strong expressions. I was present one evening with a German general who was passing through Paris, at the performance at the Vaudeville Theatre, of a German military play, which was very popular at that time. The actor, who represented a general, had made himself up with a red face, swollen veins on his forehead, a fierce expression, and always spoke in the angry tone, the high, violent voice of a non-commissioned officer roaring in the barrack yard at terrified recruits. My neighbour listened silently, smiling, and in the intermission said to me:

"How strange it is that this artist represents a German general as a man who is continually straining his throat! Why should he shout? When he speaks, the others respectfully keep silence and listen, without his being obliged to be vulgarly noisy."

Paul Lindau, in the *Memories of My Life*, relates that when, at the performance of his *Countess Leah* in Berlin, the old Emperor William, who had been

present at the play, sent for him to congratulate him upon his fine work and the favour it had won:

"Only," he added, as if casually, and without the least emphasis, "it is a pity that the titled officers do not play a very brilliant part in it."

When the Emperor had dismissed Lindau, with a gracious nod, the manager, de Hulsen, came to the author, and said:

"I am sorry that I can no longer produce your piece. It promised to have a long run."

"But why?" asked the astounded author; "the Emperor paid me very flattering compliments and appeared to be much pleased with the piece."

"Ah! but, my dear Doctor," replied the courtier, "His Majesty never expresses his censure more strongly."

The man whose words are deeds learns to choose them with care and moderation. He, on the contrary, who cherishes no delusion concerning the fact that nobody pays any attention to them and that they vanish in the air, leaving no trace, does not deny himself the pleasure of chattering heedlessly. In the suggestive tale of the three wishes, the poor people would not ask for a sausage and cry with irritated impatience: "May it cling to your nose!" if they had already frequently had the experience that every wish uttered was instantly fulfilled. The reign of low vulgarity, the avowal of incompetency and total lack of authority, the most contemptuous estimate of the reader's education and culture, such is the meaning of the superlativism which is the general tone of the modern German essayist literature.

THE DEEPER NOTE

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers."

—*Herrick.*

To sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and trees,
And all the rare things of the summer-tide,
When joy's awing upon the playful breeze,
And all the prospect's smiling as a bride—
Aye, that were sweet! All worthy themes for song.
Each speaks the bounty of a lavish earth—
The blessings rare that rightly do belong
To them that seek the treasures of mirth.

Yet would I pause the while, and seek a theme
In ways less smiling than the country-side.
In far off scenes of stress I sometimes seem
To find a voice that may not be denied—
A voice that mid the arid scenes of woe
Still lifts itself on high in notes of cheer
Hath for my soul a richer, deeper glow
Than happy bird-notes in the morning clear.

Who sings amid the joyous fields of peace
Where all is fresh, and sweet, and lushly green,
But gives an inward happiness release,
And adds new glory to a gloried scene;
But he whose song springs forth from care and strife,
Like an oasis in some desert plain,
His is the song that gives the hopeless life,
And thrills with living joy the heart of pain!

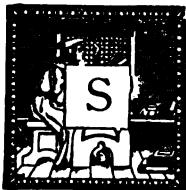
THE POET

BY WILBERFORCE JENKINS

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, and of trees.
I sing of summer girls down by the seas.
I sing of Kings, and Queens, and maltese cats,
Of harem skirts, of beets, and derby hats.
I sing of poets, plumbers, tailors, cooks,
I sing of cheques, and notes, and pocket-books.
I sing of lobsters, halibut, and cod,
Of shad, and tad-poles, fishes strange and odd.
I sing of joy and grief, of pain and woe,
I sing of rain, and hail, and sleety snow.
I sing of beavers toiling at the dam,
I sing of whales, and chowder made of clam.
I sing the joys of science and of art,
And all the keen emotions of the heart.
I sing the newsboy on the blazing street,
I sing the chauffeur on the motor fleet.
I sing the swells who're mentioned in *Who's Who*,
I sing the swinging monkey at the Zoo.
I sing the sailor, smiling at the gale,
I sing the malefactor in the jail.
Of girls I sing—the tall, the short, the lean;
The fat, and others coming in between—
Blue-eyed, or black, or brown, or any hue,
Red-haired and plain, the false ones and the true.
The fluffy maid as well as those with brains;
The ones that flirt along the summer lanes.
As well as those who don't—I sing 'em all,
Brunette, or blonde, in fytte and madrigal.
I sing the rich, the poor; the small, the great,
From humble Janitor to men of State;
All men I sing, whate'er the sort or kind,
Above, beneath, up in the van, behind;
No matter what his age or place in life,
The man of peace, the man of endless strife.
The weakest of the weak, the wondrous strong—
All, all are grist for this my Mill of Song.
The stars I sing—the twinkling milky-way;
The sun, the moon, the planets bright and gay.
All that's in earth, upon the land or sea—
You'll find me singing of them constantly.
No thing's too big or little to be caught
Within the verses by this Singer wrought;
In short I sing this Universe divine
In glowing verse—at fifty cents a line!

THE CENTRAL IDEA AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



SOME months ago a reader of *THE BOOK-MAN* wrote a letter, taxing the author of these articles with inconsistency, in having said on one occasion that every novel should have behind it some definite idea; and on another, that "it would be salutary, if every writer of fiction could realise that his personal opinions about life in general are of no importance to the vast majority of his readers." On the surface, these two statements certainly do appear to be in a measure antagonistic, if not actually contradictory. What, one may ask, is the use of having a central idea, if none of your readers cares a picayune whether you have ideas or not? But the contradiction is merely on the surface, merely a question of insufficient definitions and a consequent misunderstanding of terms. Let us state the whole proposition once again, with somewhat more simplicity and exactitude—it is eminently worth while, because we have here, I am thoroughly convinced, one of the foundation stones on which depends the endurance of those novels which deserve to live, as contrasted with the hordes that quite properly perish—a novel is, or should be, in one respect similar to a debate; it should be founded upon some clearly stated proposition, some definite thesis. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, for instance, rests on the assumption. Slavery is Wrong; *Robert Elsmere* challenges attention with the assumption, Freedom of Belief is an inalienable Right. Now it does not make the slightest difference whether the authors of these novels held the positive or negative side of the argument; the only real concern of the general public is with the result of the debate. Do the accumulated episodes of Mrs. Stowe's novel throw their weight of evidence for or against slavery? Do the incidents narrated in Mrs. Humphry Ward's volume tend to

lead us toward orthodoxy or agnosticism? It is quite conceivable that a novelist might write a purpose novel, and unintentionally present so strong an argument against his own convictions as to send his readers in droves over to the enemy. And such a book might happen to be a very big book indeed, far-reaching in its effects—although the probabilities would be heavily against it. Because usually the force of a book bears a pretty close relation to an author's sincerity and the strength of his convictions. And while it remains true that the public cares little whether a certain novelist believes in Mohammedanism, or Single Tax, or the Darwinian Theory, yet it does care very keenly about any big question of religion or politics or science, when translated ably and vigorously into terms of fiction.

An objection very often raised to this doctrine of the central idea runs somewhat as follows: In romantic fiction, it is argued, in stories representing life as one would like it to be, rather than life as it is, a central idea, a thesis, a symbol is fitting and proper. In the fairy tale, the fable, the parable, the lesson artfully tucked away in the concluding sentence is usually the whole excuse for the story's existence. But in the case of the modern novel, which for the past half century has steadily progressed in the direction of actuality, symbolism and anything approaching it is, so the argument runs, a contradiction in terms. Life, we are told, is not a series of carefully arranged episodes, one and all calculated to back up a certain argument, a code of ethics or morality. It is too complex, too varied, too infinite in its myriads of interwoven relationships; and the most we may hope to do is to show certain small groups of human beings, a few separate social units, living through a brief series of individual joys and sorrows.

Like many another plausible theory, this sounds well on the surface. Of

course, the whole and absolute truth about any one person or group of persons can never be told in a novel, no matter to what volume we swell the number of its pages. But, for that matter, there is no one in real life, about whom we know the whole truth. A wealthy merchant may be a patron saint in the eyes of some poor woman whom he has befriended; and at the same time, in the estimate of some business rival whom he has worsted, he may be the greatest knave unchanged. And each impression is true, so far as it goes. And that is all that any novelist can be required to give us: the truth, so far as it goes. When a lawyer makes up a case on appeal, he is not required to reprint all the thousands of pages of stenographers' notes that constitute the testimony in a protracted trial, but only such part of it as is essential to the point at issue. And what is good enough in a legal record, ought to be good enough for fiction. Accordingly, a novelist is quite within his rights, if he selects only such episodes, from among the infinite happenings of daily actuality, as tend to strengthen and elucidate his central idea—and remains silent about the thousand and one other episodes that would add nothing but confusion.

Quite recently, however, there seems to be a growing tendency to revert to the looser construction of the earlier novelists, the amplitude of character and incident that are characteristic of Fielding and Smollett, of Dickens and Thackeray. The stricter discipline of the French school, which within the last score of years has produced a new and finer technique in many of the British and American novels, is suffering a reaction in favour of a more rambling style of narrative, something more akin to the apparent haphazard of life itself. Month by month, the new novels which for a brief time enjoy popular favour have lately steadily been showing more and more of this laxity of structure, and less and less evidence of having been built remorselessly around a central purpose. It is a lamentable tendency, because, so long as an artist, no matter what his branch of art may be, lacks some clear and simple objective point, he cannot do his best work. You may or may not like a church with a

steeple so well as one with a dome; but at all events, the artist whose conception of a church is a symbol of piety, tirelessly pointing one tapering finger heavenward, stands a better chance of building worthily than one whose chief concern consists in somehow getting an auditorium and a Sunday school, a ladies' parlour and a consistory room, all under the same roof. And similarly, although a novelist need not necessarily point skyward, it behooves him to point somewhere. Let there at least be a modest signboard, with an index-finger and a comforting statement of "so many miles" to some definite point. The goal may not be an important one, but at least it is better than to leave the reader standing helplessly at the crossroads.

It happens that we have, this month, several volumes by certain younger British novelists, who are almost unknown in America, and whose work, while unmistakably vigorous and individual, falls short of the higher excellence in its lack of precisely what is the subject of this paper—a clear and unmistakable intent, an index-finger pointing down some definite highway. Take, for example, *Christopher*, by Richard Pryce. The advance notices of this volume bracket Mr. Pryce's name with those of Bennett, Galsworthy, Snaith and Miss Sinclair, and elude a definite analysis of the plot, defining it merely as a "powerful picture of English life," the detailed retelling of

which would "spoil the reader's pleasure." It is a popular fallacy that advance knowledge of the plot of certain books spoils the pleasure of the majority of its readers. Here and there we find an individual who will admit that his pleasure in any and every novel is lessened by such advance knowledge—just as, on the other hand, certain readers have the reprehensible habit of always reading the last chapter first. But if a novel is really worth while, if it has any of the qualities that stand for endurance, a fair and honest summary of its substance ought to invite attention rather than repel it. The real trouble with *Christopher* is that, in a measure, it baffles analysis. There is no one point at which you may take hold of it and

say, with some degree of confidence. Here, in a single sentence, is the sum and substance of what the author was trying to say. The difficulty does not lie with the temperaments and dispositions of the several principal actors in the story; nor does it lie with the specific events which make up their separate and interwoven lives. All this is given us with commendable directness, and with that touch of indulgent intimacy that makes them one and all essentially human and lovably faulty—people whose failings you condone and whose successes you acclaim, because of a spirit of loyal friendship that the author has succeeded in arousing in you. Christopher Herrick, in the first half of the story, is just as sharply individualised in his early boyhood as, in the second half, he is, on the threshold of manhood. In these earlier chapters, we see life obscurely, through a small boy's eyes; we learn, through his whole-hearted devotion, to understand, as we perhaps never could have understood through any more direct method, just how much his widowed mother's devotion meant to him, or that of Trimmer, his nurse, or of Granny Oxeter, as contrasted with the unspoken antagonism that he always felt in the presence of Grandmother Herrick. Christopher was too young to realise just why his father's family felt that he had not married quite so well as he should have done, nor why his father's death had left his mother in such straitened circumstances that England was too expensive, and they must needs settle down through some years of his young life in a Belgian town, to economise. And presently a still more puzzling thing occurred: In his daily walks with Trimmer, he frequently met and worshipped from a distance a beautiful woman and a tall soldierly man; and with one of those unreasoning enthusiasms of childhood, longed with his whole young heart to make their acquaintance. The reader hears little more about this attractive couple than reaches Christopher's ears: he hears, for instance, that the man's name is John Henning, and the woman is a certain Mrs. St. Jamison; that there was a time, before his mother's marriage, when she and John Henning were very good friends indeed; and, most

puzzling of all, that Mrs. St. Jamison was a woman whom it would not do to know. This he could not understand, and no one would give satisfactory answers to his questions. Then came a day when Christopher met with a serious accident and Henning and the woman whom it would not do to know, between them, saved his life. And after that, John Henning began to come to see Christopher's mother, and Mrs. St. Jamison, whose nature lacked the quality of constancy, drifted away to some other part of the continent in the company of another man—thus simplifying the situation and enabling Christopher's mother to give him a stepfather. One must not make unreasonable demands of any novelist; it is already a considerable achievement to have introduced us to half a dozen characters for whose acquaintance we feel grateful, and Mr. Pryce has done something more than this—he has raised, without trying to answer, several questions regarding the social conventions anent ladies whom it "does not do to know." But, frankly, the second half of the book seems to lack the quality of carrying conviction. There are many young women in England with whom Christopher, upon reaching maturity, might have fallen in love. Yet out of their whole number, it is his luck to choose the only one whom his family will never consent to receive: Cora Jamison, the daughter of the woman whom it would not do to know. Cora Jamison is a well-drawn character—Mr. Pryce is to be congratulated upon his portraiture of women; she is quite the vain, over-wise, selfish daughter that we may expect from mothers such as Mrs. Jamison; and Christopher's disillusion is foredoomed to be as complete as it is cruel. But, when all is said and done, what has Mr. Pryce tried to tell us? What single thing of serious import has he succeeded in saying? Is it that the sins of the mothers shall be visited upon the daughters? Hardly, because there is nothing to imply that Cora Jamison is the one who suffers. Is it, that unequal standards for men and for women lead to injustice? Not at all, because the author obviously takes it for granted that the existing conventions are quite as they should be. Is it——? But we

might go on supposing various hidden meanings indefinitely, and get no result: and for the very good reason that the outcome of the plot depends upon a coincidence—namely, that the stepson chances to love the daughter of the woman once beloved by the stepfather. And no useful lesson can be based upon a mere coincidence.

The Joyous Wayfarer, by Humfrey Jordan, is somewhat less baffling as regards the author's intent, although that intent is neither especially novel nor sufficiently clear-cut.

The formula upon which the plot is built is of venerable antiquity. It served Ouida faithfully in her time; it has been no less useful to Mr. W. J. Locke in his. A young man of wealth and position is unjustly blamed by the world at large, either for a slight indiscretion that he committed or for a sin which he did not commit; the young woman whom he loves refuses to believe his version of the story, and he consequently turns his back upon England, and throws in his lot with bohemians and wanderers. This formula, in its many variations, is equally the ground plan of *Under Two Flags*, *The Beloved Vagabond*, and *The Joyous Wayfarer*. In the last named novel, Kenneth Massingdale's father has set his heart upon his son's choosing the law as his career. Kenneth's remarkable talent for painting he regards with scorn; indeed, he tells the young man plainly that defiance of his wishes means disinheritance. Kenneth wavers; then, happening to meet Jean Cunningham, the daughter of old Massingdale's life-long friend, he promptly falls in love with her and decides that the life of a barrister, with a pretty wife and a cozy fireside, has its compensations. But Kenneth, during his youthful years, both in London and in Paris, has committed some indiscretions, and formed some unconventional friendships, among others, that of Mlle. Yvonne Carrel, an actress of some talent and even more notoriety. Mlle. Carrel unluckily drifts to London; she is temporarily in hard luck, she knows that she has lost Kenneth permanently; and between her various worries, she indiscreetly tries to drown her sorrows, and the result is

that Kenneth discovers her one evening helplessly intoxicated, plays the part of Good Samaritan, and helps her home. The story, with embellishments, is reported to Jean Cunningham, who believes the worst and breaks her engagement. This act of hers decides Kenneth to cut loose from all home ties, go to Paris and give himself up to art, even if he starves in the attempt. The story which follows is undeniably pleasant reading; it takes us into the modern *vie de Bohème*, described with the touch of personal knowledge and without exaggeration; it introduces us to a host of lovable, erratic, unconventional personages, whose acquaintance is in itself a joy; and it preaches the wise doctrine that true happiness lies in following the vocation that lies nearest to our hearts, however toilsome the road to success and however modest the rewards. But the book is not really an important one, because there have been scores of books equally well written which have already said much the same thing. The author has not had any new twist to give to the old theme—and, worst of all, we know from wearisome past experience, just how the plot will work out, just how inevitable it is that Kenneth will achieve fame, and his father will be reconciled, and Jean, convinced of her injustice, will tearfully plead for forgiveness. The one touch which made *The Beloved Vagabond* a book of some importance is the new twist that prevented the hero from finally going back to the lady *aux petits pieds si adorés*.

Love Like the Sea, by J. E. Patterson, is, in sheer craftsmanship, a better book than either of the foregoing volumes. It is an intimate picture, drawn with deep understanding and sympathetic tolerance of the life, not of sailors, but of sailors' sweethearts and wives—the lonely, fear-haunted lives of the women who remain behind, when the men they love sail out upon the sea. More specifically, it tells the story of one little family circle: a weak, vain and foolish young wife, who finds relief from sickness, anxiety and pain in too great a fondness for the bottle; a husband, whose devotion and loyalty do not waver, although his love inevitably grows cold;

and a loyal young girl, who gives herself up gladly and ungrudgingly to save her friend from the growing vice; and, although she realises that she has lost her heart to the other woman's husband, and that he in turn has come to care for her, they fight a loyal and successful fight to the last against temptation. And when the poor, weak wife meets a tragic death, they are free to look into each other's eyes and accept their belated happiness, without the shadow of remorse or shame. This hasty outline, however, merely skims the surface of a book of splendid vitality and far-sighted sympathy. It is essentially a clean, wholesome, inspiring book, full of the tonic redolence of salt breezes, the sense of free, strong, courageous lives, of simple loyalty, and patient endurance. Mr. Patterson is neither a Joseph Conrad nor an Eden Phillpotts, yet his work shows a certain kinship to each of them.

Mr. Wycherly's Wards, by L. Allen Harker, is one of those books of which it is unfair to demand "Mr. Wycherly's too much. Like the same *Wards*" author's earlier success,

Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly, to which this new volume forms in a measure a sequel, it has no higher ambition than to be an unpretending narration of the simple doings of a few quaint, likeable and diverting personages. After the death of Miss Esperance, his former Scotch home becomes unbearable to Mr. Wycherly, who takes his two young wards, Edmund and Montague, and transfers himself and them to the scholarly precincts of Oxford. The helplessness of the poor man, when confronted with the practical difficulties of housekeeping, his gentle courtesy to incompetent servants and impertinent neighbours, his kindly tolerance of his young wards' escapades, all make pleasant and diverting narrative, so long as one does not take it too seriously. The interest of the book, however, centers in a new character, a warm-hearted and somewhat pathetic young girl, niece of Mr. Wycherly's housekeeper, whose sister married a modern Greek. The child born of this racial intermixture is a strange, weird, yet distinctly lovable little thing; and Mr. Wycherly's act in

adopting her into the family circle as an unofficial third ward, is the starting point of such slight plot as the book can boast. There are tears and laughter in the volume, neither very profound, and yet, so far as they go, quite genuine.

The Shape of the World, by Evelyn St. Leger, is a book that holds the attention,

even though it does not "The Shape of the World" really arrive at any definite goal. The Javelins

are a family in which the male line, through ten generations, has succeeded in making the women who married them supremely wretched. They bear the reputation of having been failures, and of having led godless lives. The book opens with the death of Christopher Javelin, the tenth of the name. And the first deed which young Chris, his son and heir, does as head of the family, is to order the unbarring and opening of the long closed dining-room, which for a dozen years has not been entered. Indeed, it has become a sort of legend that behind the doors of the sealed room there lurks some sort of a grim mystery, a ghastly horror, sufficient to account for the deceased master's refusal to have it opened, and for the strange gloom that settled upon him, ending in a total eclipse of his sanity. But when the room is opened, nothing extraordinary is found, save the debris of a midnight supper, and the thick dust that through the intervening years has accumulated upon it. The plain truth is that during the absence of Christopher Javelin's wife, he and a few of his neighbours indulged in an all-night orgy, creating no small scandal in the neighbourhood; that when his wife returned, he fully expected that she would make a serious matter of his escapade—and when she failed to do so, he felt that her leniency was a lack of interest in him, and forthwith he began to sulk himself to death. All this forms merely a prelude to the main story, which concerns Christopher, Junior, his marriage, and the circumstances which led him to follow in the steps of his father and, so we infer, of the whole line of dead and gone Javelins. Christopher, Junior, is as fortunate as his father in winning a woman of the patient Griselda type; and patience seems to be the one thing which the Jave

lins could not forgive on the part of their womankind. Chris begins, not many years after marriage, to show great interest in a young woman, not his wife, who writes poetry and pretends to understand Christopher as his own family cannot understand him. Christopher's pet theory is that the shape of the world is not round, but flat; he is writing a book to prove this theory, and the young woman gives him all her spare time, acting as his private secretary and typist. Had Christopher's wife shown open jealousy, his vanity would have been satisfied, and the young woman's influence would have been short-lived. But, unhappily for herself, this is precisely what she is unable to do. So, like his father before him, Christopher slowly but surely sulks himself into a state bordering on insanity. And then, one day, in a fit of rage, he has a serious fall; a dangerous operation to the brain becomes at once imperative and when he recovers, some clot pressing on the brain has been removed, and the shape of the world is in his eyes no longer flat, but round, as it ought to be. The story moves swiftly, and holds the interest. Yet we are left with a sense of illogic. Either the Javelins are victims of a sort of inherited mania from generation to generation; or, by some coincidence, difficult to credit, they have all been victims of injuries to the brain; or else they have simply sulked themselves to death—in which case no surgical aid could have reached the seat of trouble. It is quite likely that some abscess on the brain might produce all the symptoms narrated in this volume; but one doubts seriously whether the progress of such an abscess could have been stayed by any conceivable conduct on the part of the sick man's wife.

The Mystery of No. 47, by J. Storer Clouston, does not pretend to be anything more than a diverting extravaganza, the thesis of which, so far as it "The Mystery has any, is simply the utter unreliability of circumstantial evidence. A quiet, and eminently respectable young couple are thrown into a state of mild consternation when the husband's uncle, an eminent bishop, happens to invite himself to dinner on the very night

when the cook has chosen to take sudden leave. There seems to be only one thing to do: the bishop must be told that the wife has gone away for a day or two, to visit a sick relative—while, as a matter of fact, she simply retires to the kitchen, to provide for his entertainment. Now the bishop happens to be a suspicious and evil-minded man, who quickly discovers that his nephew has been lying to him, and is incapable of imagining any innocent motive for the lies. He leaps to the conclusion that the nephew is carrying on a clandestine affair with the pretty housemaid, and that, finding his wife a stumbling block, he has made way with her and probably buried the body in the back garden. Accordingly he forthwith notifies Scotland Yard. Now the nephew is a novelist, and at his wife's suggestion, instead of telling the truth and clearing up the mystery, he helps his wife to go into hiding, while he himself assumes a disguise, and, posing as a detective or reporter, returns to his home, intending to pile up evidence against himself and utilise it for a forthcoming novel. The cross-purposes and mystifications that follow, and the extent to which he over-reaches himself, until he almost finds himself in a hangman's noose, all make excellent nonsense, so long as one is not too exacting. Of its kind, the book is a clever and amiable piece of pleasantry.

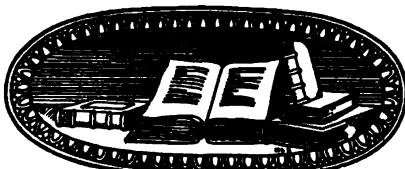
The chief fault with *Lonesome Land*, by B. M. Bower, is not so much the ab-

sence of a sufficient central idea, as the possession of an idea that has already been worked al-

most to death. Owen Wister's *Virginian* was probably not the first story telling how a New England conscience capitulated to the rough methods of frontier life, under the tutelage of love; but it was responsible for a host of imitations, *Lonesome Land* being one of the latest. It does not follow that Mr. Bower's story is lacking in interest. On the contrary, it offers such a pleasant evening's entertainment that one is left, after closing the back cover, in a mood to say many pleasant and indulgent things. So many cowboy stories are perfunctory in plot and wooden in characterisation, that

when we run across a volume in which the people are really alive and conduct themselves with human sanity, even in the face of big situations, it is quite natural for us to feel grateful. The opening situation offers a certain amount of novelty, and although it embodies a tragedy, is pictured with a commendable sense of humour, which relieves the strain. Valeria Peyson, a dainty, carefully nurtured girl from New England, arrives in the rough conglomeration of saloons and dance halls that is dignified by the name of Hope, Montana—arrives for the purpose of marrying Manley Fleetwood, whom she has not seen for three years. Manley does not meet the train, for the sufficient but unmentionable reason that he is very drunk. Accordingly, his friend, Kent Burnett, rough of exterior, but pure gold within, meets her as proxy, and, making such excuses for Manley as he can devise offhand, leaves her at the one decent hotel the town can boast, while he goes off to use heroic measures to bring the prospective bridegroom into a state of sobriety sufficient to carry him through the appointed ceremony. Manley's slow emergence from oblivion, his despair when he realises that his wife-to-be has come and must not know of his condition, Valeria's innocent faith in him and utter failure to appreciate Kent's well-intentioned advice and aid, are all narrated with a spirited irony that is quite diverting, until suddenly the same thought flashes over the reader that dawns upon Kent, who, having successfully covered up Manley's weakness from the girl, realises that he has "played a low-down trick on the poor girl," and wishes that he had "put her next, and given her a chance to draw outa the game if she wanted to." The girl has made a worse bargain than even Kent foresees, for her husband, though

he makes some faint-hearted attempts at reform, goes steadily down hill, and when his wife learns of his habits, as she inevitably must do before long, the last restraint is removed, and neglect and physical violence follow. It is a story that many another author has told, but it is here set down with so many little touches of actuality that the tragedy of it comes home with something of a personal and intimate appeal. Of course, the ultimate drift of the story is apparent enough, almost from the beginning; Kent, whom Val persists in misunderstanding and humiliating from their first meeting, is the man who always stands between her and disaster. His watchfulness is prompted at first by the feeling of remorse at having "stacked the deck on her" in letting her marry Manley; but very soon remorse has changed into friendship, and friendship has merged into love. It is Kent who saves Val from the prairie fire, Kent who rescues Manley from his worst debauches, Kent who finds employment for him, when the fire sweeps away all Manley's stock, his crops and his barns; and finally, when Manley repays all these kindnesses by stealing calves from Kent's own "outfit," it is still Kent who destroys evidence against him by effacing an incriminating brand from one of the calves that has escaped. But no devotion, whether prompted by friendship or by love, will save a man bent upon his own headlong course downward. And so it happens in the fulness of time that the sheriff's bullet overtakes Manley, on the threshold of escape, leaving Val free to reward Kent's devotion as it deserves. A cut-and-dried plot, as you cannot help seeing, and one that suffers considerably when told in epitome. But it contains at least a dozen flesh-and-blood people who are worth knowing.



FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

WILLIAM WINTER'S "SHAKESPEARE ON THE STAGE"*

The important service of this book is its assemblage of critical opinions on the great impersonations of some leading Shakespearian characters, together with the history of the stage treatment of each play considered, in respect to costume, business, and dominant traits. The plays reviewed are *Richard III*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Henry VIII*. The specialist will find the book most convenient; the student will find it invaluable for reference; the general reader will perhaps be more interested in Mr. Winter's comparative estimate of evidence of the achievements of actors long dead and his detailed analyses and comparisons of actors living but a short while ago with whose performances they were familiar. The interest in such analyses, of course, presupposes considerable general and detailed acquaintance with the plays. Consequently, Mr. Winter errs—it would seem—in including any survey whatever of the sources of the plays, and any critical comment upon them save that necessitated by an analysis of the actor's interpretations. Such inclusions, by the very nature of the case fragmentary, were bound to give an impression of scrappiness.

The author opens with a preface of Shavian length and discursiveness and also of Shavian interest. Books about dead actors furnished little specific information, and his long-cherished project was to furnish it about the actors who came under his personal observation. Though he is certainly specific enough, it may be doubted if there are more people who can derive an impression from a detailed description of acting than can do so from a detailed description of architecture. It is interesting to hear Mr. Winter—who certainly cannot be accused of excessive provincialism—say

**Shakespeare on the Stage*. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

that no Continental actor of Shakespeare has ever equalled the representative English and American actors, and to observe that in quantity and quality he has laid the larger emphasis of his book upon the Americans. His formidable task, he says, was to unite facts, theories, traditions, opinions, and conjectures into one sequent and interesting narrative.

He has certainly infused more interest and variety into a mass of monotonous material than would seem credible. The splendour and resources of the well-known Winter vocabulary contribute not a little to this result. For this reason, too, some of Mr. Winter's descriptions are far more successful in creating an impression than those he quotes: Take this of Edwin Booth's Shylock. "In the Trial Scene his movements were slow, precise, exact, dominant, massive, as of inexorable power; his face was rigid and pale; his eye burned darkly; there was an occasional tinge of grisly humour in his delivery; the total effect was that of the vibrant, observant poise of a deadly reptile, aware of its lethal potency and in no haste, although unalterably determined, to make use of it."

Preceding Macklin, Shylock had been presented—when presented at all—as a low comedy part; and even Macklin probably wore the customary red beard. His Jew was incarnated malice and revenge. Henderson, says George Colman, played him like a "black Lear." Kean gave him a murderous malice yet a Mosaic majesty, and was the first to wear a black wig. Charles Kean made him a quaint personage, at times noble and winning. The elder Booth made him the representative Hebrew, while his son saw him as the relentless human avenger of personal wrongs. Wallack played him as an injured, suffering man for a straight run of thirty-three nights at his theatre in 1858, the longest Shakespearian run up to that time. The most thoroughly consistent and absorbingly interesting performance, and Mr. Winter believes after weighing the testimony of all—the best ever given, was Irving's. His matured conception was "a bloody

mind monster played in such a way as to get the sympathy." (The expenditure of money on Irving's production was small—only *sixty thousand dollars!* says the author.) In discussing Sir Henry's Shylock Mr. Winter gives one of his many flashing and veracious comments. Irving was exceptional, says he, for the perfect poise and massive authority with which he took exactly the time required for an artistic effect, be it ever so long. Mansfield tried at first to infuse a strain of sensibility into the part, but though he somewhat eliminated this later, he never reached a decisive attitude about it. Mr. Winter takes to task those actors who have given many sympathetic touches to Shylock. It would be constitutionally impossible for him to own that the Shakespearean portrait cannot be presented with any consistency, so warmly human and so dignified is it at times. In the same way he gravely discusses the success of Portia's ridiculous quibble before a serious court of law, as if any such court could have admitted so puerile a plea or could have forgotten so vital a statute anyhow.

Like everybody else, Mr. Winter lets himself loose on Hamlet. He says that unlike Charles Reade—who thought a belief in Hamlet's madness was proof of insanity—he believes that the prince's mind became vitally disordered. All problems in the acting and even in the dressing of the prince hang upon the conclusion the actor reaches here. Booth was born to play Hamlet, and his only peer in expressing the man's soul was Irving. Hazlitt says it is the most difficult of all parts for the actor to impersonate; Macready says that a total failure is rare. Both of these remarks, he adds, are correct and Mr. Mantell and Mr. Sothorn illustrate both of them. Mr. Winter in his *Hamlet* essays takes off the learned sock and becomes even sprightly. Earlier in the book he consigned critics who said that Daly's Shakespearean productions were irreverent and over-elaborate to the *Anonias* Club with Rooseveltian vigour, but now he remarks that it was a bad day for Hamlet when some misguided essayists called him effeminate and the ladies heard of it. Miss Cushman played the

part once in the very costume of Edwin Booth, and Mr. Winter says it must have been a tight fit. The most pretentious female Hamlet it has been his misfortune to see was Bernhardt. The prose of the version (Heavens, would he have preferred verse!) imparted as clear a perception of Shakespeare's poetry as might be derived from listening to the whistle of the wind through a bunn-hole—and there was no more poetry in her dapper, shrewish prince than there is milk in a male tiger. This is measurable censure. Poor Sarah! Poor French version! Poor France! For while a prodigious mental illumination befell Paris at her performance, many spectators were so delighted that they left the theatre before it was over in order to read the play, and the survivors of those who remained went home to breakfast completely enthralled and practically exhausted. Thus the reader may perceive that Mr. Winter's ink has lost none of its vitality, and his pen still has its ups and downs.

Graham Berry.

II

KELLOGG DURLAND'S "ROYAL ROMANCES OF TO-DAY"*

In this engaging book, the author hopes his story will prove worth the telling to those people who think that good queens, like all good women, have no history. It would be unfortunate if any one had from the title made up his mind for spicy reading, for these romances are rather of the queens than their husbands—but the material (though as rice pudding to *Chili con Carne*) is for all that of much interest. It is the sort of material which the majority of people find most fascinating—intimate accounts of great people. But even if one has less concern than usual with such chatter, he may here encounter much that is illuminating.

Its sentimental vein is occasionally unfortunate, and sometimes the author falls into the very human habit of writing as if ordinary behaviour on the part of royalty were quite unusual graciousness.

*Royal Romances of To-day. By Kellogg Durland. New York: Duffield and Company.

or charm or sagacity; but in general he writes with fairness and apparently with much judgment of what he has personally seen or taken pains to verify. This is, he says, a record of first-hand acquaintance—as far as such a thing may be—and the most complete yet published. It treats of the lives of the Queen of Spain, the Empress of Russia, and the Queen of Italy.

Least interesting is the narrative of the first marriage, for being the happiest there is least to say. Happy families are all alike, says Tolstoy, but unhappy ones have each their particular brand of unhappiness. When Alfonso went to London to visit King Edward, the genial Uncle of Europe, and to pick out a bride if he felt so disposed, he chose "the Jubilee baby," the Princess Ena. Though political exigencies demanded an English princess, it was a real love-match. The author says of all the people he has known, Alfonso can talk most to the point; and the young man came to the point at once. As the amazing development of Spain in the last decade has been due to his dynamic energy, so before anybody knew it the only arrangement left to make for his marriage was for the lady to embrace Catholicism. The English princess came to a land which had jumped at a single bound from petroleum to electricity; and the young King was ever and always on the spot. The only thing that keeps him from making reforms two at a time is that one is all the country can conveniently handle. Both him and the Queen, the author admires immensely. Their children are by no means defective, as is often said. The eldest is a boy of three and has already something regal in his bearing (which might be expected as he grows increasingly familiar with his forty-seven titles). He usually refers to his brother as my brother the Infante, although occasionally he lapses into English and calls him Jimmy. The family life of Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugenie is most charming.

When the Princess Alix of Hesse became Empress of all the Russias, she was called the most beautiful queen on any throne. The young Nicholas turned a deaf ear to the emperors and queens

who tried to discourage the match, and after years of diplomatic intrigue and even personal restraint raised the German princess from genuine obscurity and genuine poverty to the opportunity at least of becoming the most powerful woman in Europe—an opportunity which she has never embraced. In youth she was shy and reserved and her poverty had taught her to develop resources within herself. Indeed, her reserve was called hauteur and priggishness by her aunt, the Empress Frederick. But, quiet as she was by nature and her marriage a love-match, her husband seemed to absorb entirely her every activity once she had decided to become a Greek Catholic. This step she debated a long time, to the despair of the priest sent to instruct her. By persistent and organised advertisement (even to the scattering of thousands of lithographs of her throughout the country) Nicholas prepared the people to accept her as his consort. Yet on first inspection the bride failed to please the court; and in a few days the open rupture between the new Tsar and some of his deputies was blamed upon her. Whatever influence she has exerted has always been toward reaction, it is true, but there is no reason to believe that she has done anything more than to accept his point of view. During the first year of mourning for the old Tsar, the suspicions of the court deepened, nor did her manner please the populace. When she tried to smile upon the throngs, they said she stared in disdain. In the wedding procession held when the period of mourning was completed, she sat bewildered under all her heavy robes in a coach the harness of the very horses of which cost more than a million dollars. As for the Tsar, accustomed as he was to magnificence, he stumbled under the weight of the royal trappings and fell into a long swoon. Some say he has been swooning ever since. The next day five thousand peasants were crushed to death in their wild stampede for free food: While the Dowager endeared herself by visiting the hospitals, the Tsar attended a ball that evening and took the Tsaritsa with him; and her chance to gain the affection of the people was gone forever. It is not that they dislike

her—merely that she is never in their minds. Court politics has succeeded at last in creating absolute estrangement between the two women and they rarely meet except at formal functions.

When the little German girl ceased to be Princess Alix she ceased also to be "Princess Sunshine," as all her friends had called her. She felt the cold hostility of her surroundings, and even in her children people found fault with her ungracious failure to come up to expectations. Four girls came one after the other and before a boy finally appeared the aid of soothsayers, charlatans, medicine, and religion were all invoked. Even an old priest dead seventy years, and famous among the peasantry for influencing the sex of unborn children, was canonised in the hope that thus gratified, he might work a miracle. This much annoyed the Church, since it was unlawful to canonise any one whose body had yielded to decomposition; and in other quarters the perverse mother was falling deeper and deeper into disfavour. Even her work with the Red Cross and her establishment of Labour Aid Institutions did not help her. Her poise and self-possession command admiration but do not awaken affection. Her early theological and philosophical tendencies have developed abnormally, in her abnormal environment, along spiritualistic lines. The Tsar and the Tsaritsa firmly believe that their children have seen visions and supernatural visitants. She has put herself on record as saying that the higher education of women is in part responsible for the terrible times Russia is now passing through. The little Tsarevitch is encouraged to do whatever he is inclined to do, on the theory that the instincts and impulses of an autocrat must be right. For both father and mother, who began their life so romantically, the end of the road looks ominously fearful.

The Queen of Italy was another obscure and simple princess whom a romantic love-match raised to a great position. But her father, the Prince of Montenegro, was accustomed to that. Once asked what were his country's exports, he replied: "My daughters!" The first time Victor Emmanuel met Elena

he said to King Humbert, "There is the princess I will marry." They met again at the coronation of the young Tsar and just six weeks later her father put her on board the ship which was to carry her to Italy. As with most royal brides, romantic or otherwise, her first act was to change her religion. The Greek Church objected, but Nicholas—so lately engaged in a like matter—used his influence as head of the church. The honeymoon of the young pair lasted four years and was absolutely secluded. So much so that in their happy isle of refuge the Queen herself discharged the household duties. But the thunderbolt of Humbert's assassination turned their yacht toward Italy. They are very domestic and seek to bring up their children in home surroundings; they are striving to elevate and purify the atmosphere of the court; no divorced man or woman has any standing with the Queen. The people recognise her acts of devotion, which she has not hid under a bushel; she has a world-wide reputation for heroism and daring; she has put on a nurse's apron more than once and done genuine, if theatrical, service in national disaster. Yet in spite of these romantic qualities, she is the most unpopular queen in Europe. Her court is dull and they speak of her with disrespect. Even more than the Tsaritsa she is indifferent to clothes—in fact she is a dowdy. The dreary court season brings no one to Rome, and naturally the commercial Italians resent this. Like the Dowager of Russia, the beloved and gracious Queen-Mother is always pointing the way to an unhappy contrast. Her husband has become uxorious to a degree, and Elena is apathetic to society. Furthermore, she has the reputation of being the stingiest queen in Europe, and gives less to charity. Their protracted honeymooning seems to have unfitted them for reigning. As King and Queen they shirk their chores. Every one hears, "They promised so much, and have done so little." Both of them have petered out into social parasites who, with all their domestic virtues, do nothing and the business of being king and queen bores them.

Mr. Durland's claim that his book is

authentic to the last detail makes this an important record. It is not often enough recognised that books like these are more likely to be trustworthy than more deliberate and pretentious histories.

Algernon Tassin.

III

TOM L. JOHNSON'S "MY STORY"*

Great movements in government always cluster around personalities, and those personalities to be really effective must find receptive soil in which to grow. To-day in this country, especially, we are gradually approaching new social adjustments, and there stand out certain men who are sowing what perhaps others will reap. In the great revolt against political methods and misrepresentative government which the past decade has witnessed certain of these unique individuals project who have caught the mood of unrest and revolt, and centring it in their own activities, have led the assault against "the god of the things as they are." Tom Johnson was one such, and in the absorbing story of his life which is before us some idea may be gained of what that strife was and is when Privilege usurps the rights of equal opportunity. Johnson himself, as his story shows, was a beneficiary of Privilege, which he defines "is the advantage conferred on one by law of denying the competition of others." Through it he became a monopolist, learned the game of monopoly and saw how, with connivance of the judges and legislators, a great fortune could be made. But psychologically his autobiography is of unusual interest because he did not follow the normal reactions of his type. By chance a copy of Henry George's *Social Problems* fell into his hands and it led him into a mental and actual friendship with that inspiring economist. Johnson began to think, and when he was elected to Congress, much to the astonishment of his class there, he favoured legislation opposed to its interests and supported passionately the people whom

he had been elected to represent. Slowly his civic consciousness deepened, and with it he found his philosophy of conduct. "Inequality of opportunity, with its concomitant result, involuntary poverty, was the social *wrong*. To restore equality of opportunity by securing to each worker the product of his own labour, thereby depriving a privileged few from monopolising rewards which belong to the many, was the social *remedy*." Far from keeping it a theory to loll in mentally, he fought to make his philosophy a living force, and to do it he consequently had to take the causes of that wrong into politics. Here his knowledge of the game as he had played it became of inestimable value when he sat on the other side of the table.

Somebody has remarked that life is full of trials and not enough convictions: with Johnson it was his convictions that led to his trials. Chance precipitated him into the mayoralty in Cleveland, and it was his fight there, particularly for three-cent fare, which made him a national figure. It would be impossible to catch in the brief space of this comment even the mood of that fight, for scenically it was picturesque to a degree that led to midnight raids upon car-tracks, and dramatically, it embraced practically a single-handed struggle against showers of bought injunctions that stank with corporate corruption. The details are unimportant, too, save as illustrating the collusive practices which are bred of legality and large purses or the power which can become entrenched through acquiescent indifference: but the results are interesting. Johnson got results—not all he hoped for in the tangible, perhaps, but wonderfully so in the awakened intelligence of the voters, who had themselves been most to blame. And always through the fight it was institutions and not individuals he was measuring swords with, for he saw individuals are so often honestly blinded by their environments and inheritance.

It would be a mistake, however, to give the impression that this book, edited by his secretary, Elizabeth J. Hauser, is merely a recitation of one fight or a living thesis for just taxation. Johnson was human, and it was his human feeling

*My Story. By Tom L. Johnson. Edited by Elizabeth J. Hauser. New York: B. W. Huesch. 1911.

with the problems of men and women and their needs which made him loved by the average citizen. The value of any movement, as he points out, lies essentially in its influence on the hearts and minds of those who live it. Some idea of this aim is illustrated in his chapter on "Making Men." Here he shows that poverty, for example, is the cause of crime, and that consequently individuals should not be punished too severely; the root of evil must be destroyed, and in the meantime delinquent men and women and children must be cared for by the society which had wronged them "not as objects of charity, but as fellow-beings who had been deprived of the opportunity to get on in the world." With the coöperation of Mr. Cooley farm colonies were established near Cleveland, which in time covered nearly two thousand acres, where the principles of the George Junior Republic were embraced and adapted for Municipal needs. Indiscriminate arresting was prohibited and prostitution segregated. But there was no phase in his long tenure of office which he did not touch upon—and always with an idea of civic health and equality of opportunity.

Interesting as this book is one sees further, a tenderer side of the author betrayed than of which, perhaps, he was conscious. Written while he was in his last illness, Miss Hauser tells in a supplementary chapter how he bore no bitterness to those who had fought him so violently; and that is the *vision* which one feels lay in the man, since he saw beyond the moment, as true builders do. Perhaps this very sweetness of spirit has robbed the book of some of its more potential vividness. Any autobiography is a human document, however, and this one is chiefly valuable in that it records one instance of a fight which is finding its repetition all over America to-day; for Insurgency, as Tom Johnson personified it, is a mood as well as a movement.

George Middleton.

IV

GERHARDT HAUPTMANN'S "THE FOOL IN CHRIST"*

Gerhardt Hauptmann's *The Fool in*

*The Fool in Christ. By Gerhardt Hauptmann. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Christ, translated from the German by Thomas Seltzer, is in some respects an extraordinary book that will offend not a few devout persons, but, through its evident sincerity and poetic value, will impress a multitude of others who have found pleasure in the author's previous work, notably *Die Weber* and *Hanneles Traumfahrt*. As in these works, both of which have been seen upon the stage in this country, Hauptmann tells a story in which the abject misery, ignorance, simplicity and superstition of the poverty-stricken weavers of Silesia are depicted with rare skill and the knowledge due to daily intercourse with these peasants. Religious fanaticism, blended with deep resentment against material conditions, has there resulted in the formation of sects half religious, half socialist. These people are dreamers who grope blindly for some relief from the grinding poverty to which they have been victims for generations. In the large cities the result has commonly been socialism; in the country districts all sorts of half-crazy movements, more religious than socialist, have appeared by way of protest.

Hauptmann's history of Emanuel Quint, the Fool in Christ, has been accounted his conception of what would happen to Christ Himself were He to appear to-day in Germany. He takes a young boy of a village in Silesia, apparently simple-minded, a dreamer whose life and conduct are modelled upon what the lad conceives to be the behaviour of the Christ in the same conditions. Hauptmann makes him the illegitimate son of a poor carpenter. The boy undergoes all sorts of hardships and revilings, to which he answers by silence or by quotations from a little Testament that he carries with him and quotes from at every opportunity. It is not made clear whether or not he imagines himself to be the Christ who comes for the second time. "I am the Son of Man," he exclaims when questioned. But when urged to explain he denies that he is other than a poor carpenter's son. He has a certain mesmeric power that enables him to put suffering invalids to sleep and to quiet pain. The reports of his achievements at sick beds spread, grossly exaggerated, until he is ac-

claimed as a miracle worker, and a group of men and women follow him as the disciples did the Christ. He preaches before the church doors and in other places, exhorting the world to repentance, and goes about doing what good he can, always refusing money and living upon alms.

The civil and religious authorities denounce his activities as incitations to discontent among the people, and he is violently attacked and abused. His associates are outcasts, male and female, some of whom at times turn against him. When stoned and bleeding from the attacks of the mob incited by the clergy, he blesses those who injure him. When a ruffian brutally wounds him he kisses the wretch's hand. For weeks he lives alone upon the mountains, fasting and praying. The parallel between his conduct and that of the Christ is made evident by endless detail. When at the height of his notoriety he is accused of murdering the daughter of a schoolmaster who has befriended him and is deserted by his followers. He refuses to answer when questioned by his judges. He is shown to be innocent, but is driven forth to beg his way. He knocks at door after door. When asked who is there, he answers: "I am Christ. Give me a night's lodging." But every door is

closed against him. His wanderings take him as far as Switzerland, where, near the St. Gothard's Hospice, a corpse is found one night in the snow. It is that of Quint, the carpenter's son who disappeared from Silesia. In his pocket is a slip of paper with the words: "The mystery of the Kingdom?"

There are scenes in the book as fantastically absurd as any of the most gruesome of Maeterlinck. Much is made of the horrors of physical disease and frightful misery. By contrast there are pictures of rural peace and happiness that are delightful. The home and garden of the schoolmaster with whom Quint takes refuge for some months are beautifully sketched. In his account of Quint's wanderings, and of the hardships he endures, in his rebukes to his oppressors and exhortations to his followers Hauptmann follows the New Testament in style. It would be necessary to quote at length to show how closely this model has been kept in view.

As the story of a half-demented creature's adventures the book has no little power. And as might be expected from the author of *Hanneles Traumfahrt*, a work of extraordinary pathos and poetic significance, it contains much that ranks high as imaginative literature.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

CONCERNING BOOKS IN BOOKS

BY EDNA KENTON

read of the bookish
es of people in books
o discover more than
r preferences in lit-
ure and the arts,
it of the catalogues
titles being interest-
ingly tinged with authors' predilec-
tions and prejudices. Imagine, for in-
stance, Mrs. Ward or Mrs. Deland giv-
ing to any heroine of their imaginations
the sort of library that Mr. Wells would
nonchalantly bestow upon Ann Veronica,
or Mrs. Wharton leading any hero of
hers through the literary jungle that
London's Martin Eden trod. One feels
that Wells and London are frankly bio-
graphic in the book lists that influence
their book people—for that matter one
feels the same certainty of Mrs. Ward's
and Mrs. Wharton's and Mrs. Deland's
choice of books. Here lies the real secret
of the interest that libraries in books may
hold for the browsing psychologist.

In *Stalky & Co.* for instance, it
is impossible not to believe that that
interesting library of the Head's in
which Beetle was turned loose to rum-
mage at will, was a real one. Not many
will but say that Kipling and his own
Head Master know intimately the books
in "that brown-bound, tobacco-scented
library," where in a fat arm-chair Beetle
saw new worlds open up before him,
"as he read the scores and scores of an-
cient dramatists, De Quincey, the Voy-
ages of Hakluyt, French translations of
Muscovite authors called Pushkin and
Lermontoff, little tales of a heady and be-
wondering nature interspersed with un-
usual songs—Peacock was that writer's
name; Borrow's *Lavengro*; an odd theme
purporting to be a translation of some-
thing called a *Rubāiyāt* which the Head
said was a poem not yet come to its
own." There were hundreds of volumes
of verse, Crashaw, Dryden, Alexander
Smith, L.E.L., Lydia Sigourney, Fletcher
and a purple island, Donne, Marlowe's
Faust, *Ossian*, *The Earthly Paradise*,
Atlanta in Calydon, and Rossetti, to

name only a few. And the Head, drift-
ing in, would quote a verse here, would
tell an anecdote there of the great men
whom he had known in their unknown
youth, and Beetle sat, listening, and
thrilling with his ambitions and desires
for the gift of gifts.

Books figure more in books than they
used to do—we read more these days
than half a century ago. Yet Thackeray
gives us hints of what he thinks might
be characteristic reading for his Becky,
who, with Miss Rose Crawley, during the
period of her governessship, read "many
delightful French and English works,
among which may be mentioned those of
the learned Dr. Smollett, of the ingenious
Mr. Henry Fielding, of the graceful and
fantastic M. Crébillon the younger, and
of the universal M. Voltaire." Once,
when Mr. Pitt Crawley asked what the
young people were reading, the gover-
ness replied, "Smollett," "Oh, Smollett,"
said Mr. Crawley. "His history is more
dull, but by no means so dangerous as
that of Mr. Hume. Is it history you are
reading?" "Yes," said Miss Rose, with-
out, however, adding that it was the his-
tory of Mr. Humphrey Clinker. And
old Miss Crawley read Voltaire and had
Rousseau by heart.

Julie Le Breton, in *Lady Rose's
Daughter*, is given a library charac-
teristic both of her and of Mrs. Ward. It
embraced but one hundred volumes, and
most of these were her parents' books,
but it included "either the French clas-
sics, Racine, Bossuet, Chateaubriand,
Lamartine, or George Sand, Victor
Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Mazzini, Lao-
pardi, together with the poets and nov-
elists of revolutionary Russia or Polish
nationalism or Irish rebellion—which
had been the favourite reading of both
Lady Rose and her lover." Julie's later
additions were "some recent French es-
says, a volume of memoirs, a tale of
Bourget's, and so forth. These were
flanked by Sir Henry Maine's *Popular
Government*, and a recent brilliant study
of English policy in Egypt."

Years ago *Robert Elsmere* frightened the English-speaking bourgeoisie into tremulous claspings of all its pallid creeds; it was denounced as dangerous beyond words, and conducive to luring all who read down that broad highway that leads to the conventional Tophet. Published now, it would not create a ripple save in the breasts of those who allowed Richard Meynell's modernity to excite them.

But left over from the reading of that book a quarter of a century or more ago is apt to linger a memory of the Squire's great library, made up of all the godless, liberal books then published, through which Robert Elsmere roamed at will, reading, digesting, until he too became a mild sort of heretic. And what are these books?

Rare ones are mentioned by name and edition, everything the heart of the English collector might wish for was there. "There was a room, however, which represented in its collections the Squire's own books, a sort of intellectual history, the Tracts, all the Fathers, all the Councils, and masses of Anglican theology."

"And there," said Robert, "are the results of his life as a German student."

Then Mrs. Ward catalogues: Neibuhr's history, the early editions of the *Leben Jesu*, with some corrections from Strauss's hand, and similar records from Baur, Wowald, and other members or opponents of the Tübingen school. Something of everything, says Mrs. Ward, was there—philology, theology, history, philosophy. The collection was a medley—its bond of union was simply that it represented the forces of an epoch, a history of modern-thinking Germany.

We know that Robert read—he was caught reading it—Darwin's *Origin of Species*. For the rest he read some books sent him by the Squire, "volumes picked out here and there." In a discussion on religion Robert mentioned "one or two well-known Protestant names." He admitted to the Squire that he had well-nigh ruined himself buying modern books, and the Squire looked over the purchases. "Not bad for a beginning," is the nearest the reader comes to discovering what these wonderful volumes

were that were to fill Robert's mind with light. We know that he came to believe in evolution.

But what he read we are not told.

Mrs. Ward turns this same trick with Richard Meynell's library when Barron looks over its contents curiously. He finds "paper-bound German books," a copy of Thomas à Kempis and Father Tyrrell's posthumous book, a volume of Sanday, another of Harnack.—No inquiring mind, seeking the same light that Robert or that Richard sought, is going to find it easily by any definite sign posts set up along their roads.

But there is one humorous collection of books listed soberly—the books of the dying gambler, and unfaithful husband, Bateson, with whom Meynell watched and prayed. The rector saw various sporting equipment lying about. "But the bedroom contained other testimonies to the habits of the ruined man." And then his books are named: "Mill, Huxley, a reprint of Tom Paine, various books by Blatchford, sixpenny editions of Literature and Dogma, and Renan's *Life of Jesus*, some popular science, volumes of Browning and Ruskin. Mrs. Ward may not have intended it so, but one feels irresistibly that this is to be accounted a damning library.

James Lane Allen had a hero in *The Reign of Law* whose mental awakening came through books, and one seems to remember that his illuminating library is boldly set forth. But no! Only *The Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man* are mentioned by name. The rest of David's then modern collection of doubt-instilling volumes is a blind alley. A minister preached against these books. "He called them by their titles. He warned his people against them. The lad was at once filled with a desire to read those books—the early works of the great Darwin, together with some of the related group of scientific investigators and thinkers."

As David progressed in doubt, "Sometimes he would deliver to the clerk the title of a book written on a slip of paper, an unheard-of book. Not all of these were scientific works. Some were works that followed in the wake of the new science." And later, after his excom-

munication, he used to sit in his room and gaze at his books, "the great, grave books which had been the making of him or the undoing of him."

It is banal to point out that an intelligent reader of Robert Elsmere's and of David's mental evolutions would follow with a far greater interest a development indicated by specific rather than general terms. The reason for not giving out the really vital contents of these wonder-working libraries is not clear unless we must admit the probability that both Mrs. Ward and Mr. Allen are the victims of an ancestral fear against passing on to youth the sources of truth.

For an antidote to these examples of reticence and timidity, London's *Martin Eden* is not a bad offering. Martin had read a grammar, a dictionary, Longfellow, and Shakespeare—these on board a sailing vessel—before he approached Swinburne, which he pronounced Swineburne, and for which he was most snobbishly corrected by Ruth. Therefore he found Swinburne and later Browning heavy pabulum. But he liked a few verses that painted in words the sea that he knew, and he went to the Oakland Free Library for more books, beginning his adventures in the Philosophy alcove. He looked over a work or two on trigonometry, and found it an alien tongue. But at the end of his first week of browsing he had skimmed Marx, Ricardo, Adam Smith, and Mill, and the conflict between the antiquated and ultra-modern philosophies bewildered him, as well they might. At the end of this week he listened to a workman's discussion on a street corner and heard new words, socialism, anarchism and single tax, theosophy and fatalism. That night he took with him from the library Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, *Progress and Poverty*, *The Quintessence of Socialism*, and *Welfare of Religion and Science*. The impressionistic London does not trouble even to tag these volumes with their authors' names.

Through the same knot of wordy philosophers in City Hall Park, Martin discovered Herbert Spencer. He had tried the *Principles of Psychology* and had failed on it. Now he took up *First Principles* and read all night. He went

straight into evolution and Darwin, also into Spencer's *Sociology*, Weismann, and the Spencer Autobiography, plus Saleeby's *Essay on Spencer*; also Nietzsche, Kant, and Haeckel. This, for an inquiring mind, is a stimulating list of volumes.

London also gives Wolf Larsen in *The Sea Wolf* an interesting library, and one probably as autobiographic as Martin's own. When Humphrey Van Weyden went into Larsen's cabin he found there Shakespeare, Tennyson, Poe, and De Quincey. Scientific works included Tyndall, Proctor, and Darwin. Bulfinch's *Age of Fable*, Shaw's *History of English and American Literature*, Johnson's *Natural History*, and a group of grammars were there. There was also a Cambridge edition of Browning, open at *In a Balcony*. Later Van Weyden introduced Larsen to Caliban. Of Spencer Larsen had read the *Data of Ethics*, and *First Principles*; the *Biology* also, with less enjoyment, but "*The Psychology* left me butting around in the doldrums for many a day." He read the Bible frequently, particularly Ecclesiastes, and hearing Van Weyden repeat the Rubáiyát, went sheer drunk over Omar.

So much for Jack London, Martin Eden, Larsen, their common libraries and modernity. It will be noted that Spencer's *Psychology* had the same effect on Larsen that it had on Eden, a dolorous one.

Gertrude Atherton's characters read good books. Hamilton, in *The Conqueror*, when he was fourteen, read Pope, Plutarch, Shakespeare, Milton, Plato and other poets and historians. During his brief college life he read through this list—let any modern college youth match it in substance if he can: Cudworth's *Intellectual System*, Hobbes's *Dialogues*, Bacon's *Essays*, Plutarch's *Morals*, Cicero's *De Officiis*, Montaigne's *Essays*, Rousseau's *Emile*, Demosthenes's *Orationes*, Aristotle's *Politics*, Ralt's *Dictionary of Trade* and the *Lex Mercatoria*. Later follows a list of reading, taken from his own notebook, mostly history, travel, and philosophy.

In *Tower of Ivory*, Margarethe's library was interestingly intellectual. Here

is its contents as Ordham scanned it curiously one day: Bastien, David Strauss, Johannes Muller, Virchow, Descartes, Goethe, Baer, Lamarck, Paul Holbach, Du Bois-Raymond, Harvey, Heinrich, Hertz, Bacon, Aristotle, Darwin, Spencer, Humboldt, the Vogts, Lavoisier, Spinoza, and Cuvier were only "a few of the names in this Catholic assemblage." The only books of fiction were the novels of Balzac, Gautier, Flaubert, and *On the Heights*. After Ordham began to call regularly, her house became littered with reviews, the works of the various masters that he, in his diplomatic work, had to study, and of the novelists and poets of the day, Meredith, Turgenev, Rossetti, Swinburne, Browning. "They wrangled across the dissecting table of Maupassant, and picked the jewelled bones of Flaubert." Months later Ordham surveyed Mabel Cutting's library, after their pseudo-literary talk, and was amazed to find that it held only Macaulay's Essays, the novels of Scott and Dickens, and a selected volume of Shakespeare's plays. That this was her idea of erudition shocked him greatly, as indeed it might.

Edwin Clayhanger's first book, found in the printing shop, was Casanova's *Architectural Views of European Capitals*. The Clayhanger home library held Charlotte M. Yonge, the Schonberg-Cotta Family and various Sunday pamphlets, and Edwin had not been greatly moved by this selection. But the *Architectural Views* fired him. He also got possession of Colenso's *Pentateuch* because a customer had ordered a second part of it, and he had stolen it for over night. He read *Notre Dame* in the same way, and had a fortnight of it, as it would not be called for by the customer until then. Edwin's first purchase of books were from a second-hand shop, and included Byron's *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*, bound in full calf, Voltaire's prose tales in four volumes, in French, an enchanting Didot edition "with ink as black as Hades and paper as white as snow." Then, in eight similar volumes, Voltaire's *Dictionnaire Philosophique*. He did not want it, but it matched the *Tales* and was impressive to the eye. He did not care for Don,

but he liked Harold, and he was entranced with the volumes.

H. G. Wells does not hesitate to give the names of the books that influence his people. Even *Mr. Polly* holds moments of high discovery. Through one of the three P's—Parsons it was—Mr. Polly was led to read an Italian writer whose name he rendered as "Bocashieu," and while he sold hosiery he thought of "perennial picnics under dark olive trees in the everlasting sunshine of Italy."

"And then came the glorious revelation of that great Frenchman whom Mr. Polly called Rabooloose. The three P's thought the birth feast of Gargantua the most glorious piece of writing in the world, and I am not certain they were wrong, and on wet Sunday evenings, when there was danger of hymn singing, they would get Parsons to read it aloud." Mr. Polly read Carlyle aloud, drunk with the joy of him and his words.

This was during Mr. Polly's bachelorhood. After he married he read for fifteen years, everything but theology. "He acquired hundreds of books at last, old, dusty books, books with torn covers and broken covers, fat books whose backs were naked string and glue, an inimical litter to Mariam." He had the voyages of La Perouse, with its explicit woodcuts and unreserved revelations of the ways of the eighteenth century sailorman. He loved his second volume of the *Travels of the Abbes Huc and Gabet*, "and it was a thirst in him that was never quenched to find the other volume and whence they came and who in fact they were." He read Fenimore Cooper and Conrad: "Conrad's prose had a pleasure for him that he was never able to define, a peculiar, deep-coloured effect." He found, too, one day among a pile of soiled sixpenny books, Bart Kennedy's *A Sailor Tramp* all written in livid jerks, and had forever a kindlier and more understanding eye for every burly rough who slouched through Fishbourne High Street." Sterne he read with a wavering appreciation, but except for the *Pickwick Papers* he did not care for Dickens. But he liked Lever and some of Thackeray and all of Dumas "until he got to the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*," He loved books of travel—Mr. Polly had al-

ways the wanderlust in his veins—and he really was fond of the plays of William Shakespeare.

In George Meek, Wells carries his hero through a world of books, from the family library, consisting of the Bible, Hume's *History of England*, Sturm's *Reflections*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Swiss Family*

Robinson, through all the moderns among sociologists and economists. The *New York World*, the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, and *Peck's Bad Boy* are some of the unexpected bits of Meek's reading that strike the reader. It is not fair to quote Meek's book list without his comments, which are modest but decisive and in many instances iconoclastic.

THE SHORT STORY AND THE READER

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THROUGH the pages of the *BOOKMAN*, the layman from time to time has been afforded a peep into the mechanics of the magazine editorial room. The purpose of this paper is to amplify that peep into a somewhat broader look and thereby to render visible one of the most important elements in the more or less complex scheme of what is still known in certain distant quarters as the sanctum. The important element to which reference has been made is the "reader" or, in other words, the individual who passes upon the manuscripts before the latter reach another and higher reading eye—if, forsooth, they ever do reach another reading eye. It is because of the fact that most, if not all, of the contributions sent from unknown or comparatively unknown sources to the larger metropolitan periodicals go directly into the "reader's" hands; because it is upon the "reader's" opinion of the manuscripts that the editorial fate of the latter rests to no small degree; because the opinions of the said "reader" in numerous instances are found to be quick, brief, incisive, and, above all, constructive, that the present writer believes that this paper may possess several sub-surface elements to recommend its perusal to contributors by and large the country over.

In many cases, where the number of contributions received every day from the "volunteer army" runs up into the hundreds, the magazines so burdened employ not one "reader," but several. Even in such instances, however, there is usually one "head reader" to whom the manuscript goes for comment if it has been found worthy of such transit by the lesser reading lights. And it is this chief reader—permit the omission of further technical quotation marks—to whom allusion is made in this chronicle. Typographically speaking, the *upper* case of the short fiction story and the reader will here be sketched in the rough, mainly through anecdotes and transcripts that offer in themselves the sufficient documentary evidence. Before penetrating under the skin of the general case, however, let it be understood how the reader expresses his opinion of the manuscripts that he reads. When a manuscript is received in the editorial office, a registry slip is clipped over it. The form of this slip varies, but its intrinsic countenance and purpose remain largely the same. The specific part of the slip—it is more usually a large sheet of paper—that concerns us here is that space devoted to prospective annotations on the manuscript. Under the headings on the slip, where are listed the name of the author, his address, the title of the story, its length and the price asked for the manuscript, are three or more blank spaces

These are for the opinions, first, of the lesser readers; second, of the head reader; third, of the associate editor and, finally, if the manuscript ever succeeds in working its winding way this far up the scale, of the editor himself. As has been said, the face of the slip is different in many editorial offices, but the general character is fundamentally the same.

Comes now the direct look at the space given into the keeping of the head reader and what has been writ therein, the head reader, remember, being the gate before which all manuscripts must finally halt and back in their tracks or, having been given the propitious password, through which they may pass in to that bourne whence a cheque returns. The comments made by the readers referred to in this following chronicle are of more than passing interest in that they throw a rather definite light on the manner in which certain species of fiction plots are regarded in certain publishing quarters.

About four months ago, one of the New York magazines received a story from a source in the Middle West, the plot of the tale concerning the familiar triangle, the angles of which in this instance were a young engineer, his wife and a young novelist. This was the reader's facetious, yet not unworthy, commentary: "An astoundingly fresh theme that will be read and marvelled at in such literary centres as Piqua, Ohio, and Waco, Texas. Inasmuch as we have not more than half a dozen subscribers in these metropolises back, oh, story, back!" There was received by this same magazine not long ago, a story satirising the American business man. The reader's comment was direct: "Swift said 'Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets in the world.' In the case of this story, however, the glass of satire is smoked. The chief and only reflection it casts is upon the amateur who wrote the story." Again, commenting upon a particularly atrocious tale that came through the mails, the reader remarked: "When I encounter a story like this, one of the typical 'I love you, so it is all right' tales, I appreciate the falsity

of the old proverb that 'he who runs may read.' He who reads must run, it should be." Still further, on another occasion, this note was registered: "Another story dealing with red blood, Alaska, faithful dogs, beautiful girl, gold and the rest of the imitative refrigerator trash. Cold stuff!"

The managing editor of one of the metropolitan magazines selected for the present writer the three following readers' comments as being the best that had greeted his eyes during the last four months. The first was appended to a story narrating the separation of a man and his wife because the latter was jealous of the time the man gave to his business. It read: "This story would be enjoyed greatly by our readers in Bellevue, Matteawan and Bloomingdale; also, probably (however, not to so marked a degree), by our subscribers in East Aurora; but I doubt whether its reception in the other sections would be so cordial. The story, nevertheless, has two values. In the first place, it might have been longer and in the second place, it might have been illustrated by the author." The second bit of criticism concerned one of the frequent tales that recite the manner in which some young lawyer with "detective" qualities solves a murder mystery, clears the beautiful young girl from the shadow of suspicion that has been hovering over her and marries her. The criticism: "Such detectives should stick to the law!" The third specimen presented by the editor was in connection, he explained, with a story the plot of which concerned a haughty society girl and a poor but persistent young suitor. The former jilted the latter; the latter declared that he "would go out into the world and prove his mettle"; he did; he returned; the girl begged his forgiveness; wedding bells. The reader's comment: "True love never runs smooth—neither does this story."

At this point, the reader of this paper may raise his eyebrows and inquire into the justice of what may seem to him to be a spirit of unnecessary levity on the part of the readers who indulge themselves in comments of this general character. In answer, it may be ventured

there runs the keen vein of truth. Take the following annotation, for example, registered by a reader on the staff of a well-known woman's periodical not long ago. The story that brought forth the criticism of the reader, let it be understood, was unduly risqué and, besides, was possessed of no novelty or interest. The comment: "If I may speak in the cipher code, I should say the value of this story was n'oughty, n'oughty." Or, to quote still another example from the same source, let there by way of introduction be narrated the plot calibre of the appended manuscript. A young girl named Alice falls in love with an artist named Roderic. Her family opposes the match because they want the girl to marry a title. The girl elopes with the artist and the rest of the long story details the adventures in their married life. The comment: "Alice should have married the duke. It would have spared both of us girls—her and me—so much unnecessary trouble."

Every month brings to each magazine office at least one story whose plot concerns some sorts of farcical occurrences that transpire during the honeymoon trip of a young couple. On the critical slip attached to a tale of this species, the reader in one of the offices made these remarks: "This is the sixth story carrying this overworked plot that I have read within the last three months. It is ably written, but reveals five profound faults. These faults, that may be detected in each and every story of this 'honeymoon accidents' character are as follows: I. The lost baggage; II. The bridegroom who meets a college chum, has one, two, three, four drinks and forgets to meet his bride at six o'clock; III. The bride who cries her eyes out; IV. The finding of a letter in the bridegroom's valise that seems to indicate that he is not yet recovered from a previous love-affair; and V. Two pounds of candy plus a reconciliation kiss."

There are two other plots that are not less frequently discovered in the submitted manuscripts than the one just mentioned. The first of these is the fa-

vourite narrative dealing with the upright young American who is discharged by his wicked employer because he will not lend his services to a nefarious business scheme in which the wicked employer is interested, with the fight subsequently waged by the upright young American against the wicked employer, and with the victory that finally perches on the upright young American's shoulder. A certain reader's criticism of one of these jeremiads that came to his notice ran as follows: "My objection to this story is based on three quasi-psychological grounds. In the first place, the young hero disagreed with his employer for no other reason than to give the writer an opportunity to write this story. In the second place, the employer was made the villain only because he had a lot of money, a harsh waistcoat and a thick gold watch-chain, his motives, otherwise, so far as the story is concerned, being above reproach. And in the third place, I object to the young man's final glorification on five additional grounds that may (psychologically) militate against the poise of the young reading mind. These are: No. 1, Horatio Alger; No. 2, Oliver Optic; No. 3, Harry Castleman; No. 4, Old Sleuth; No. 5, George M. Cohan."

The second of the beloved fiction plots that makes its regular appearance in the magazine mails has to do with the "disappearing jewels." The present reader may easily guess, from long experience, the rest of these familiar word-revels. A ball or a dinner party. Suddenly, the hostess discovers that her valuable diamond is missing. General embarrassment and painful silence. Every one looks at Count François-ville, who seems a trifle paler than usual. What to do? The guests must submit to a search! Indignation. The count refuses to suffer this indignity. Aha, the count must have the jewel on his person! And, after two thousand words, it is discovered that the diamond had simply fallen into the soup. One reader's highly colloquial, but proportionately relevant, comment upon a story of this fibre must be quoted. The criticism: "You can search me!"

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

Published by Author:

- Poems by Henry Harmon Chamberlain.
Lyrics of the Air. By Marion Couthouy Smith.
Ways of Men. By Samuel Harley Lyle, Jr.

Richard G. Badger:

- Azure and Silver. By Winfield Lionel Scott.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

- The Praise of Lincoln: An Anthology. Collected and Arranged by A. Dallas Williams.

Broadway Publishing Company:

- Southern Symphonies. By Cordie Webb Ingram.
Forty-five Selections. Poems by Charles MacGuinness.

Brown Brothers:

- Discords. By Donald Evans.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company:

- America the Beautiful and Other Poems. By Katharine Lee Bates.

Dana Estes and Company:

- For Her Namesake: An Anthology of Poetical Addresses from Devout Lovers to Gentle Maidens. By Stephen Langton.

J. M. Dent and Sons, London:

- Forty-two Poems. By James Elroy Flecker.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

- Songs of the Road. By A. Conan Doyle.

Forbes and Company:

- Ben King's Southland Melodies.

The John Lane Company:

- The Ballad of the White Horse. By Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Longmans, Green and Company:

- The Casket Songs and Other Poems. By E. B. Sargent.

John W. Lovell:

- Poems of Frank Butler.

The Macmillan Company:

- Daily Bread. In Three Books. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.
The Overture and Other Poems. By Jefferson Butler Fletcher.

The McGregor Company:

- Leaves of Life. By Samuel Harley Lyle, Jr.

The Neale Publishing Company:

- The Poems of Francis Orray Ticknor. Edited and Collected by His Granddaughter, Michelle Cutliff Ticknor.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

- Helen of Troy, and Other Poems. By Sara Teasdale.

Sherman, French and Company:

- Life-Lore Poems. By Luella Knott.
In a Portuguese Garden and Other Verse. By Cara E. Whiton-Stone.
The Human Fantasy. By John Hall Wheelock.
First Love: A Lyric Sequence. By Louis Untermeyer.
The Story of America Sketched in Sonnets. By Henry Frank.
On Hurlay Hills, and Other Verse. By Elias D. Smith.
The Army of Days, and Other Verse. By Henry James MacLafferty.
The Pilgrim's Staff. By May Louise Tibbits.

The Christopher Sower Company:

- Bridle Paths. By Isaac Rusling Penny-packer.

Elliot Stock, London:

- Windflowers: A Book of Lyrics. By William Force Stead.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

- The Heart of Youth: Poems, Gay and Grave, for Young People. Edited by Jeanette L. Gilder, With an Introduction by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Yonkers Publishing Company:

- Remnant Rhymes. By Edwin Austin Oliver.

MUSIC, ART AND DRAMA

The Baker and Taylor Company:

- Corpus Christi Pageants in England. By M. Lyle Spencer, Ph.D.

Browne's Bookstore:

- On the Art of the Theatre. By Edward Gordon Craig.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

- Königskinder (Royal Children): A Guide to Engelbert Humperdinck's and Ernst Rosmer's Opera. By Lewis M. Isaacs and Kurt J. Rahlson.

Doyle and Company:

Ginevra: A Play of Mediæval Florence. By Edward Doyle.

Harper and Brothers:

Music and Morals. By Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.

Mitchell Kennerley:

The Madras House: A Comedy in Four Acts. By Granville Barker.

Three Plays by Granville Barker: The Marrying of Ann Leete; The Voysey Inheritance; Waste.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

To-Morrow: A Play in Three Acts. By Percy Mackaye.

RELIGION, SCIENCE AND POLITICS

Broadway Publishing Company:

Immortality: The Letters of Edward Dundas and John Eliot. Arranged and Edited by L. W. D.

Christ All and In All. By W. Letterman Smith.

How to Interpret Our Bible. By Rev. James Roy, M.A., LL.D.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company:

The Beauty of Self-Control. By J. R. Miller.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Living Waters or Rivers to the Ocean. By Charles Brodie Patterson.

The Sunday-Night Evangel: A Series of Sunday Evening Discourses Delivered in Independence Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Kansas City, Missouri. By the Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

Harper and Brothers:

Some Chemical Problems of To-day. By Robert Kennedy Duncan.

Spiritism and Psychology. By Theodore Flournoy. Translated, Abridged, and With an Introduction by Hereward Carrington.

Henry Holt and Company:

Heredity in Relation to Eugenics. By Charles Benedict Davenport.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Religion Worth Having. By Thomas Nixon Carver.

Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel: Sermons to Young Men. By Francis Greenwood Peabody.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Mechanical Inventions of To-Day. Interesting Descriptions of Modern Mechanical Inventions Told in Non-Technical Language. By Thomas W. Corbin.

The Macmillan Company:

Everyman's Religion. By George Hodges. The Five Great Philosophies of Life. By William DeWitt Hyde.

The Tariff of Our Times. By Ida M. Tarbell.

The Metaphysical Publishing Company:

A Manual of Mental Science. By Leander Edmund Whipple.

The Neale Publishing Company:

A Study in State Rights. By J. H. Moore. Liberalism and Wreck of Empire. By The Viscount De Fronsac.

The Pilgrim Press:

My Four Anchors: What We Know in the Realm of Religion. By Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.

The Victorious Surrender. By Henry Turner Bailey.

An Anonymous Confession. By W. Ellsworth Lawson.

James Pott and Company:

Eight Centuries of Portuguese Monarchy: A Political Study. By V. de Bragança Cunha.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Human Efficiency: A Psychological Study of Modern Problems. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph.D.

Sherman, French and Company:

The Master of Evolution. By George H. McNash.

The Great Problem. By Ivan Howland Benedict, M.A.

Rules for Right Living and Right Conduct: From the Teachings of Jesus the Christ.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Syrian Shepherd's Psalm. With Illustrations in Colour and an Introduction by Jules Guérin.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

The Century Company:

Martin Luther: The Man and His Work. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert.

The Women of the Cæsars. By Guglielmo Ferrero.

George H. Doran Company:

My Vagabondage: Being the Intimate Autobiography of a Nature's Nomad. By J. E. Patterson.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

Tolstoy. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Bernard Miall.

Harper and Brothers:

Serving the Republic: Memoirs of the Civil and Military Life of Nelson A. Miles, Lieutenant-General, U. S. Army.

Henry Holt and Company:

Mastersingers. By Filson Young.
More Mastersingers. By Filson Young.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Diary of Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy Under Lincoln and Johnson. With an Introduction by John T. Morse, Jr. 3 Volumes.
The Life of George Cabot Lodge. By Henry Adams.
The Life and Works of Winslow Homer. By William Howe Downs.
Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar: A Memoir. By Moorfield Storey and Edward W. Emerson.
An American Railroad Builder: John Murray Forbes. By Henry Greenleaf Pearson.

Little, Brown and Company:

Goethe and His Woman Friends. By Mary Caroline Crawford.
The Eleventh Hour in the Life of Julia Ward Howe. By Maude Howe.

The Macmillan Company:

The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England. By Sir Henry Craik, K.C.B., LL.D. 2 Volumes.
Autobiographic Memoirs. By Frederick Harrison, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. 2 Volumes.
The Record of an Adventurous Life. By Henry Mayers Hyndman.
Forty Years of Friendship. As Recorded in the Correspondence of John Duke, Lord Coleridge and Ellis Yarnall, During the Years 1856 to 1895. Edited by Charlton Yarnall.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Fifty Years of Public Service: Personal Recollections of Shelby M. Cullom, Senior United States Senator from Illinois.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Father Lacombe: The Black Robe Voyager. By Katharine Hughes.
Memoirs of Theodore Thomas. By Rose Fay Thomas.

The Neale Publishing Company:

General Officers of the Confederate Army. Officers of the Executive Departments of the Confederate States, Members of the Confederate Congress by States. Compiled and Prepared by General Marcus J. Wright.
With Fire and Sword. By Major S. H. M. Byers.
Southern Presbyterian Leaders. By Henry Alexander White, A.M., Ph.D.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Life of Dr. D. K. Pearsons: Friend of the Small College and of Missions. By Edward P. Williams.

"Blue-Sky": The Life of Harriet Caswell-Broad. By Joseph Bourne Clark, D.D.
A Country Parish: Ancient Parsons and Modern Incidents. By Frank Samuel Child.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Recollections of a Parisian (Doctor Poumiès De La Siboutie) Under Six Sovereigns, Two Revolutions, and a Republic. (1789-1863.) Edited by His Daughters, A. Branche and L. Dagoury. Translated from the French by Lady Theodora Davidson.
My Own Story. By Princess Louisa of Tuscany, Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Some Pages of My Life. By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter.
The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning: Four Lectures. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, L.H.D., LL.D.
Franz Liszt. By James Huneker.
Recollections Grave and Gay. By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

Stewart and Kidd Company:

George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. A Critical Biography (Authorized). By Archibald Henderson, M.A., Ph.D.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan. By Carl Hovey.
Their Majesties As I Knew Them. Personal Reminiscences of the Kings and Queens of Europe. By Xavier Paoli.

HISTORY, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Broadway Publishing Company:

Indian Topics or Experiences in Indian Missions. With Selections from Various Sources. By Rev. D. A. Sanford.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Where Half the World is Waking Up: The Old and the New in Japan, China, the Philippines, and India, Reported with Especial Reference to American Conditions. By Clarence Poe.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Vagabond Journeys. The Human Comedy at Home and Abroad. By Percival Pollard.
The Siege of Charleston, and the Operations on the South Atlantic Coast in the War Among the States. By Samuel Jones.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Pilgrims of Iowa. By Truman O. Douglas.

Sherman, French and Company:

Tour Two and What Came of It. By Georgina Pflaum.

FICTION

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

He Comes Up Smiling. By Charles Sherman.

Pollyooly: A Romance of Long Felt Wants and the Red Haired Girl Who Filled Them. By Edgar Jepson.

Sally Salt. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

Five Thousand an Hour. How Johnny Gamble Won the Heiress. By George Randolph Chester.

A Man and His Money. By Frederic S. Isham.

Fran. By John Breckenridge Ellis.

John Rawn: Prominent Citizen. By Emerson Hough.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Rose of Auzenburg. By M. F. Latham-Horton.

Stonefield Silhouettes: Stripes from a Quainter Day. By Cornelia Minor Arnold.

Sequoyah: A Romance Under Western Skies. By Louise Haynes Moorer.

The Answering Message and Other Naval Stories. By Rush M. Hoag.

In Days of Old, When Knights Were Bold. By Mabel Cronise Jones.

The Diary of a Book-Agent. By Elizabeth Lindley.

The Wynastons. By Mrs. Hebron Baker.

The Charlton Company:

Moving the Mountain. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Secret Service. Being the Happenings of a Night in Richmond in the Spring of 1865 Done into Book Form from the Play by William Gillette. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

George H. Doran Company:

Love Like the Sea. By J. E. Patterson.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Recording Angel. By Corra Harris.

Danny's Own Story. By Don Marquis.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Christopher. By Richard Pryce.

The Wrong Woman. By Charles D. Stewart.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Brentons. By Anna Chapin Ray.

Young Beck: A Chip of the Old Block. By McDonnell Bodkin.

Lonesome Land. By B. M. Bower.

The Saintsbury Affair. By Roman Doubleday.

Peter Ruff and the Double Four. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Mystery of No. 47. By J. Storer Clouston.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Way of an Eagle. By E. M. Dell.

The Joyous Wayfarer. By Humfrey Jordan.

The Shape of the World. By Evelyn St. Leger.

William Rickey and Company:

In the Current. By William Bullock.

Mrs. Drummond's Vocation. By Mark Ryce.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Mr. Wycherly's Wards. By L. Allen Harker.

The Seminar Publishing Company:

Donald McRea. By Hanford M. Burr, M.H.

Frederick A. Stokes and Company:

Vane of the Timberlands. By Harold Bindloss.

The Torch Press:

The Passing of the Word. By Helen Henshaw.

C. F. Williams and Son:

Martha Mynheer. By Dean Humphreys.

The Black Hand. By Dean Humphreys.

JUVENILE

The Baker and Taylor Company:

A Child's Guide to the Bible. By George Hodges.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Little Brown Sandals. By Frances Joe Coolidge.

Abroad with the Boys. By Frances Repplier Wellens.

Larger Leaves. By Louise Snow.

A Pair of Blankets: War-Time History in Letters to the Young People of the South. By William H. Stewart.

Henry Holt and Company:

Saints and Heroes. To the End of the Middle Ages. By George Hodges.

NEW EDITIONS

The Century Company:

Æsop's Fables.

The Spell of Egypt. By Robert Hichens.

George H. Doran Company:

The Truth About an Author: New Edition with Preface. By Arnold Bennett.

Harper and Brothers:

Tom Brown's School Days. By An Old Boy. (Thomas Hughes.)

Henry Holt and Company:

Dramatists of To-Day: Rostand, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Pinero, Shaw, Phillips, Maeterlinck. By Edward Everett Hale, Jr. (Sixth Edition, Revised, with Portraits.)

Chapters of Opera: Being Historical and Critical Observations Concerning the Lyric Drama in New York from Its Earliest Days Down to the Present Time. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. (Third Edition, Revised, with an Appendix Containing Tables of the Opera Seasons 1908-1911, etc.)

The Macmillan Company:

The Ingoldsby Legends, or Mirth and Marvels. Illustrated by H. G. Theake.

The Soul of the Far East. By Percival Lowell.

Two Years Before the Mast: A Personal Narrative of Life at Sea. By Richard Henry Dana, Jr. With an Introduction by Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

The Tudor Shakespeare: The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. Edited by W. A. Neilson, Ph.D., and A. H. Thorndike, Ph.D., L.H.D.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Basset: A Village Chronicle. By S. G. Tallentyre.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce:
Volume 6. The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter. Fantastic Fables.

Volume 7. The Devil's Dictionary.

Volume 8. Negligible Tales. On With the Dance. Epigrams.

Volume 9. Tangential Views.

Volume 10. The Opinionator.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Modern Fishers of Men, Among the Various Sets, Sects and Sexes of Chartville Church and Community. By George Lansing Raymond. (Third Edition.)

A. M. Robertson:

In the Footprints of the Padres. By Charles Warren Stoddard.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Works of Henrik Ibsen. Edited with an Introduction by William Archer. (Viking Edition):

Volume V. Emperor and Galilean: A World Historic Drama.

Volume VI. The League of Youth. Pillars of Society.

Volume VII. A Doll's House. Ghosts.

Volume VIII. An Enemy of the People.

The Wild Duck.

Volume IX. Rosmersholm. The Lady from the Sea.

Volume X. Hedda Gabler. The Master Builder.

Centenary Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens: Miscellaneous Papers, and Plays, and Poems. 2 Volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS

Press of American Medical Association:

Nostrums and Quackery: Articles on the Nostrum Evil and Quackery Reprinted from the Journal of The American Medical Association.

D. Appleton and Company:

The American Year Book: A Record of Events and Progress. 1911. Edited by Francis G. Wickware, B.A., B.Sc.

Heredity: In Relation to Evolution and Animal Breeding. By William E. Castle.

J. P. Bell Company:

Speeches and Orations of John Warwick Daniel. Compiled by His Son, Edward M. Daniel.

The Biddle Press:

A Window in Arcady: A Quiet Countryside Chronicle. By Charles Francis Saunders.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Checking the Waste. By Mary Huston Gregory.

Boosey and Company:

A Treatise on Speaking and Singing According to the Principles of the Old Italian School. By Luigi Parisotti.

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The End of Strife: Nature's Laws Applied to Incomes. By John W. Batdorf.

Elmira College Stories. By Sylvia Chatfield Bates.

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Doubleday, Page and Company:

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Garden and Farm Almanac for 1912. A Real Almanac and Reference Book for the Home, Farm and Garden. Edited by W. C. O'Kane, M.A.

Paul Elder and Company:

Good Things: Ethical Recipes for Feast Days, and Other Days, with Graces for All Days. By Isabel Goodhue.

Receipt for a Happy Life Written by Margaret of Navarre in the Year Fifteen Hundred, Amplified by a Compilation from the Works of Various Writers by Marie West King.

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Harper and Brothers:

The Eternal Feminine: Monologues. By May Isabel Fisk.

Where the Money Grows. By Garet Garrett.

The Cook Book of Left-Overs: A Collection of 400 Reliable Recipes for the Practical Housekeeper. By Helen Carroll Clarke and Phoebe Deyo Rulon.

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Dictionary of French and English: English and French. Compiled by John Bellows, Revised and Enlarged by His Son, William Bellows, With the Assistance of Auguste Marrot and Gustave Friteau.

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Plant Life and Evolution. By Douglas Houghton Campbell.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Essentials of Poetry: Lowell Lectures, 1911. By William Allan Neilson.

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What Tolstoy Taught. Edited by Bolton Hall.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Adventures in Life and Letters. By Michael Monahan.

Woman and Womanhood: A Search for Principles. By W. W. Saleeby, M.D.

Love's Coming-of-Age. A Series of Papers on the Relations of the Sexes. By Edward Carpenter.

Laird and Lee:

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Little, Brown and Company:

The Book of Entrées, Including Casserole and Planked Dishes. By Janet Mackenzie Hill.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard:

When Neighbors Were Neighbors. A Story of Love and Life in Olden Days. By Galusha Anderson, S.T.D., LL.D.

The Macmillan Company:

The Book of Woman's Power. With an Introduction by Ida M. Tarbell.
The Friendship of Books. Edited, with an Introduction, by Temple Scott.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Little Uplifts. By Humphrey J. Desmond.
Courage, Ambition, Resolution. By Grace Browne Strand.
Conduct, Health, Good Fortune. Compiled by Grace Browne Strand.

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Catering for Special Occasions, with Menus and Receipts. By Fanny Merritt Farmer.

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More Letters to My Son. By Winifred James.
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Power Through Perfected Ideas. By Silas S. Neff, Ph.D.

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People of the Wild. By S. St. Mars.

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My Attainment of the Pole: Being the Record of the Exposition that First Reached the Boreal Centre, 1907-1909, With a Final Summary of the Polar Controversy. By Dr. Frederick A. Cook.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Book of Decorative Furniture: Its Form, Colour and History. Volume II. By Edwin Foley.

Sherman, French and Company:

Organ and Function: A Study of Evolution. By B. D. Hahn.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Shakespeare's King Henry the Fifth. Edited for Use in Secondary Schools by Edgar Coit Morris, A.M.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Advanced Auction Bridge, With Many Illustrations of Hands from Actual Play, by the Expert of the New York Sun, Including the Official Laws of Auction Bridge as Adopted, 1910, by the Whist Club of New York, and Revised to October, 1911.

At My Window: Hours With My Pigeons. By Ruth A. Johnstone.
Animal Secrets Told: A Book of "Why." By Harry Chase Brearley.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Book of Buried Treasure: Being a True History of the Gold, Jewels, and Plate of Pirates, Galleons, etc., Which Are Sought For to this Day. By Ralph D. Paine.

Victor Publishing Company:

Smithson's Theory of Special Creation. By Noble Smithson.

The Press Publishing Company (New York World):

The World Almanac and Encyclopedia, 1912.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in the order of demand, as sold between the 1st of January and the 1st of February

NEW YORK CITY.

FICTION

1. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The House of Silence. Everett-Green. (Estes.) \$1.25.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Danny's Own Story. Marquis. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putman.) \$1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. Secretary of Frivolous Affairs. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
3. Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Revelations of My Friends. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. The Tale of Timmy Tip Toes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. Rose of Old Harpeth. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. Hilda Lessways. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.50.

6. The Man Who Understood Women. Merrick. (Kennerley.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Robert E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
3. The Leaves of the Tree. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Daniel Boone. Lindsay. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. History of England. Kipling and Fletcher. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.80.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Peter Ruff and the Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
2. The Leaves of the Tree. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Everyman's Religion. Hodges. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. From the Classic Point of View. Cox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Honey Bee. France. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
6. Peter Ruff and the Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Havoc. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. Rebellion. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
2. The Scouts of Pea Ridge. Dunne. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
3. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.20.

CINCINNATI, O.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$5.00.
2. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$2.00.
3. Increasing Human Efficiency. Scott. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
2. Wild Animals Every Child Should Know. Rogers. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Patty's Motor Car. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

CLEVELAND, O.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
3. Peter Ruff and the Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
2. Boy Scouts Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Keeping Up With Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Dawn O'Hara. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
6. Man's Birthright. Brown. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$5.00.
2. Fifteen Thousand Miles By Stage. Strahorn. (Putnam.) \$4.00.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. We and Our Children. Hutchinson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Enchanted Peacock. Brown. (Rand, McNally.) \$1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Peace of Solomon Valley. McCarter. (McClurg.) 50 cents.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. Literary Taste. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. My Lady of Doubt. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) \$1.50.
2. The Diary of Gideon Wells. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$10.00.
3. The New Garden of Canada. Talbot. (Cassell.) \$2.50.
4. A Garden of Paris. Wallace. (McClurg.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Land We Live In. Price. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Stories from Hans Andersen. (Doran.) \$5.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
2. Vane of the Timberlands. Bindloss. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Plays. Synge. (Luce.) \$1.25.
2. Modern Man's Religion. Brown. (Teachers College.) \$1.00.
3. President's Cabinet. Learned. (Yale University Press.) \$2.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. As a Man Thinks. Thomas. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
3. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. What's Wrong With the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
3. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Common Law. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.40.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Travelers Five. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
2. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
3. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
5. The Garden of Resurrection. Thurston. (Kennerley.) \$1.30.
6. A Bed of Roses. George. (Brentano.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Quakers in the American Colonies. Jones. (Macmillan.) \$3.50.
2. Shakespeare on the Stage. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) \$3.00.
3. Two Years in the Forbidden City. Princess Der Ling. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
4. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Five Senses. Keyes. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.00.
2. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.
3. The Forest Castaways. Bartlett. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Keeping Up With Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Man Who Understood Women. Merrick. (Kennerley.) \$1.20.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
3. The Man Who Likes Mexico. Gillpatrick. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. Mary Midthorne. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brioux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. The Tariff in Our Times. Tarbell. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Travelers Five. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. Grimm's Fairy Tales. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
6. Vane of the Timberlands. Bindloss. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) \$2.50.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
3. Heredity in Relation to Eugenics. Davenport. (Holt.) \$2.00.
4. Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Keeping Up With Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Elsie Books. Finley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
6. Kennedy Square. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Laughter. Bergson. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. The Arctic Prairies. Seton. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.20.
4. American Woman and Her Home. Hillis. (Revell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. Old Ryerson. Camp. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Dave Crockett, Scout. Allen. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$2.00.
2. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) \$1.50.
3. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.
4. Do They Respect Us. Graham. (Robertson.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. Patty Series. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Garden of Resurrection. Thurston. (Kennerley.) \$1.30.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. His Rise to Power. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Seattle Civic Plans Book. Bogue. (Lowman & Hanford.) \$1.00.
2. The Western Gate. Ross. (Dodd, Mead.) 75 cents.
3. Mountain Camp Fires. Meany. (Lowman & Hanford.) \$1.00.
4. The Acquisition of Oregon. Marshall. (Lowman & Hanford.) \$10.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wigginn. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

TOLEDO, O.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CAN.

FICTION

1. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) \$1.30.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Briggs.) \$1.50.
5. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Copp, Clark.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Father Lacombe. Hughes. (Briggs.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Copp, Clark.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Diary of Gideon Wells. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$10.00.
2. The American People, Vol. II. Low. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.25.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
4. The Call of the Carpenter. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
3. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

5. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cents.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
4. Boston Days. Whiting. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Tom Swift Series. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Tell It Again Stories. Dillingham and Emerson. (Ginn.) 60 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

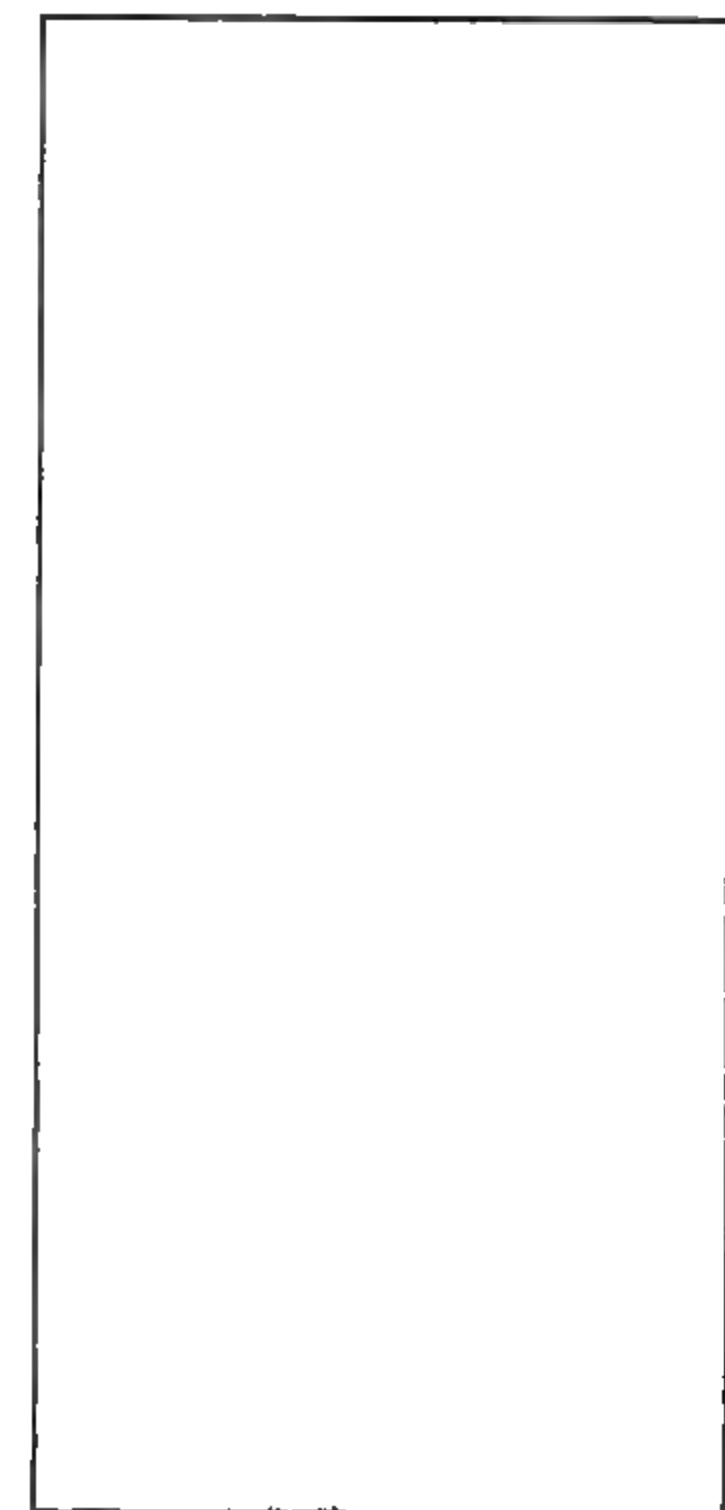
	POINTS
1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.....	229
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.....	219
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35	147
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35	103
5. Peter Ruff and the Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25....	97
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. Putnam.) \$1.35	96

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

There have been very few tributes of recent years with which we have been so cordially in sympathy as that embodied in the recent dinner to Mr. William Dean Howells on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday. Mr. Howells is not merely the Dean of American letters; by virtue of his achievement and his years of splendid service he is to-day the unquestioned leader. In other periods and in other lands there have been literary figures far more dominant. But never has command been held with more dignity, or by a more courteous, a more kindly gentleman.

The fact that Mr. J. Henry Harper's *The House of Harper, a Century of Publishing in Franklin Square* may be taken as an advertisement in some quarters is not of the slightest importance. Nor are we disposed to emphasise the fact that the work might in many ways have been much better done. What really counts is that it is one of the most entertaining books of its kind that we have read for years, a book not to be reviewed and then tossed aside, but one that demands a place on a reference shelf limited to thirty or forty very necessary volumes. A great publishing house is far more than a mere business enterprise. The House of Harper is the oldest of all our great American publishing houses. By



JAMES BARNES IN THE CHARACTER OF SILAS LAPHAM AT THE DINNER TO WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

reason of the seniority and of the great names which have been associated with its activities of five and ninety years its story is bound to be a contribution to the literary annals of our nation. We are accustomed to hear a good deal of the great English publishing houses. As a matter of fact, is there one of them which has had personal dealings with many American and English men of letters of

the first order? For that matter how many can point to a hundred years? When we recall that the Harpers were the accredited publishers of Thackeray, and Dickens, and Bulwer, and Charles Reade, Mr. Harper's line to the effect that "the best English fiction of the last half century was published in *Harper's Magazine*" is far from being an idle boast.

So rich is the mine of anecdote to be found in this book that the problem is where to begin and what to select. Much hasty abuse has lately been heaped upon the American publisher of that yesterday before the international copyright law. The recent Dickens Centenary and the Dickens Stamp have revived all the stories of his iniquity. Some figures set down by Mr. Harper have a direct bear-

ing on the matter. The idea is general that the books of well-known English writers forty years ago were appropriated by American publishers without any pecuniary compensation. As a matter of fact, leading American publishers were in the habit of paying English authors or their representatives liberally for advance sheets, although these payments protected the publishers in no way

Copyright, 1912, by Harper and Brothers.
IN NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1912

The payments to Wilkie Collins ran as high as £750 each for *The Woman in White*, *Man and Wife*, and *The Moonstone*. For Charles Reade's *A Woman Hater*, £1,000.

Between 1848 and 1860 Macaulay's *History of England* was published, and £650 was paid by Harper and Brothers for the American market, although no protection was accorded, and

VIEW OF THE UPPER TABLES

William Samuel Johnson, Mrs. Anne Fellows Johnston, Charles Johnston, Miss Kate Jones, Elizabeth Jordan, James Otis Kaler, Reginald Wright Kauffman, Arthur I. Keller, Commander J. D. Kelley, Edward W. Kemble, Charles Rann Kennedy, Basil King, Miss Grace Elisabeth King, Mrs. Mary H. Kinkaid, Adachi Kinnoaké, Samuel Ellsworth Kiser, Alden Arthur Knipe, John Larkin, John A. Larkin, Jerome B. Latour, Mrs. J. B. Latour, Edwin Lefevre, Richard Le Gallienne, Frederick T. Leigh, Mrs. Frederick T. Leigh, Dr. Claude G. Leland, Alfred Henry Lewis, Mrs. Margaret Cameron Lewis, Joseph C. Lincoln, Mrs. Martin W. Littleton, Nelson Lloyd, John Luther Long, Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, Rev. James M. Ludlow, Mark Lee Luther, Dr. Frank H. MacCarthy, Harold MacGrath, Hon. William McAdoo, W. C. McCloy, Miss Jean Newton McIlwraith, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Mrs. Katherine Mackay, Percy Mackaye, Admiral A. T. Mahan, Edwin Markham, Mrs. Atwood R. Martin, T. Comerford Martin, Thomas L. Masson, Miss Frances Aymar Matthews, W. H. Meadowcroft, Miss Mary M. Mears, W. E. Mears, George H. Mifflin, Mrs. Alice Duer Miller, Charles R. Miller, W. W. Mischler, Cleveland L. Moffett, Harrison S. Morris, Edward S. Morse, Prof. Will S. Munro, Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, F. A. Nast, Wilbur D. Nesbit, Peter Newell, Meredith Nicholson, Roy Norton, Frederic Albion Ober, Adolph S. Ochs, Rollo Ogden, Harvey J. O'Higgins, James Oppenheim, Frederic Oppet, William Dana Orcutt, Duffield Osborne, Lloyd Osbourne, F. Cunliffe Owen, Walter H. Page, Albert Bigelow Paine, Miss Anna P. Paret, W. Farquhar Payson, Edward Penfield, Thomas Sargent Perry, Mrs. Thomas Sargent Perry, Arthur B. Phelan, Miss Emily Post, Miss Mary Knight Potter, George Haven Putnam, Herbert Putnam, Prof. John D. Quackenbos, Ogden Mills Reid, Dr. Thomas L. Rhoads, Mrs. Anna Katherine Rohlf, H. E. Rood, Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, Cale Young Rice, William H. Rideing, A. Fremont Rider, Mrs. Kate Douglas Riggs, Jacob Riis, Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, Dr. Stanley Rinehart, Gen. E. H. Ripley, Morgan Robertson, Adolph Roeder, Mrs. Clara Kathleen Rogers, Henry M. Rogers, William A. Rogers, Edwin Milton Royle, Miss Charlotte L. Rudyard, Arthur Brown Ruhl, Henry B. Russell, Theodore Burt Sayre, Robert Haven Schauffler, Miss Eliza R. Scidmore, Frank H. Scott, LeRoy Scott, Charles Scribner, Wallace M. Scudder, Ellery Sedgwick, Henry Dwight Sedgwick, Don C. Seitz, Garrett P. Serviss, Robert Shackleton, Miss Adele Marie Shaw, Morgan Shepard, Miss Anna McClure Sholl, Henry Augustus Shute, John A. Sleicher, James Sloan, Jr., Prof. William M. Sloane, W. T. Smedley, F. Hopkinson Smith, Miss Gertrude Smith, Miss Nora Archibald Smith, Carl Snyder, Albert E. Sterner, Melville E. Stone, Julian Leonard Street, Arthur Stringer, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Sullivan, Van Tassel Sutphen, Mrs. Kate Dickinson Sweetser, President Taft, Miss Ida M. Tarbell, Emerson Gifford Taylor, Nelson Taylor, Augustus Thomas, Miss Edith M. Thomas, Dr. William H. Thomas, Prof. Francis Newton Thorpe, Everett Titworth Tomlinson, Lewis Frank Tooker, Ridgeley Torrence, Charles Hanson Towne, Arthur C. Train, Mrs. Arthur C. Train, Ralph Waldo Trine, Theodore N. Vail, Mrs. Theodore N. Vail, Lewis J. Vance, John C. van Dyke, Edward S. Van Zile, Father Vaughn, George S. Viereck, Oswald Garrison Villard, Leon H. Vincent, Mrs. Mary Heaton Vorse, Frank E. Wallis, Paul B. Watson, William Watson, Mrs. William Watson, Miss Jean Webster, Deshler Welch, Miss Carolyn Wells, Thomas B. Wells, Mrs. Thomas B. Wells, Mrs. Francis Willing Wharton, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Horace White, William Allen White, Miss Lillian Whiting, Marjorie Wilcox, Mrs. Louise Collier Willcox, Dr. Henry Smith Williams, Gen. James H. Wilson, Henry Wolf, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, Dr. John A. Wyeth, Miss Rose Young, Rufus Zogbaum.

several unauthorised editions were promptly put in the field, compelling the publishers of the authorised editions to sell their productions at about cost. In 1876 *Macaulay's Life and Letters* was published, and we paid £1,000 for the advance sheets.

in 1859 *Harper's Weekly* was running serially *A Good Fight*, by Charles Reade, and Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities*. Certain conditions brought from Reade the following characteristic letter:

J. HENRY HARPER

At that the troubles of English authors of half a century ago were not confined to virtuous indignation over the ethical shortcomings of American publishers. Now and then there is apparent a note of jealousy directed against fellow British authors. For example,

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD,
July 30, 1859.

DEAR SIR: I have received Messrs. Harper's reply to my letter of June 17th and 18th—their letter bears date July 15th. The terms they offer me are perhaps as much as my sheets are worth; but as a matter of business,

courtesy to a distinguished writer demands an instant reply.

Up to the present moment I have had every means to be satisfied with Messrs. Harper. But this time I don't feel quite satisfied. *A Good Fight* is a masterpiece. *A Tale of Two Cities* is not a masterpiece. Yet Messrs. Harper gave Five Thousand dollars (£1,000) for it, and to me *one-twentieth* of that sum. Now this might be just in England, but hardly just in America, where, as you know very well, I rank at least three times higher than I do in this country. There is, however, a very simple way of smoothing my feathers if you think it worth while.

Suppose I were to print the last number ahead of *Once a Week* altogether and thus enable Messrs. Harper to get a considerable start with the *Tale* in volume, and suppose Messrs. Harper were to defer settling with me till the sale of the volume had established in figures the commercial value of the work, and thus strike my percentage according to value. This proposal included of course some little expense on my part. That is my affair.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES READE.

Three English authors who were apparently content with their treatment at the hands of their American publishers were Besant, Hardy and Black. In fact they put themselves on record to this effect at the time of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's dispute with the Messrs. Harper, and Kipling retaliated with the lines

We were paid in the coin of the white man's realm,

The besant is hard, aye, and black.

The incident and the poem are well enough known, but the paragraph that led to the trouble has, we think, been forgotten by most of our readers. It appeared in the London *Athenæum* for October, 1890.

A year or so ago Mr. Rudyard Kipling, when passing through New York, called on Messrs. Harper and offered them for reprinting *Soldiers Three* and other pieces of his now famous. He was speedily shown the door, and told that a firm devoted to the publication of literature of a high class could not trouble itself about such writings as his. This autumn Messrs. Harper picked out of the magazines some six stories of Mr. Kipling, without ask-

ing his permission or giving him an opportunity of revising them, and have printed them as a volume. They have sent Mr. Kipling a letter containing a bald announcement of the fact and the sum of £10, which was promptly returned. The only side of literature that Messrs. Harper appear to understand at all is the commercial. When an author is unknown to fame, they, it would seem, content themselves with insulting him; when he is celebrated, they insult and rob him.

William Black, like a minor Balzac, lived the better part of his life in the imaginary world he had created. It was sometimes with difficulty that he came out of this fairy dreamland to deal with the realities of commonplace existence. He told Mr. Harper that once, at a dinner in London, he had just offered his arm to his hostess when a vital situation in a novel he had in hand began to work itself out, and that he could not interrupt its progress. To his partner's remarks he could make only idiotic replies, and was actually helpless for the rest of the evening. As soon as he could leave he rushed home and sat writing out the scenes he had passed through. In the same way, he said, some of his characters would often assume the constructive responsibilities of a story already carefully mapped out by him and run it to suit themselves. Usually this was better for the tale but a disappointment for him. He would plan a happy ending and find it turn out a tragedy. In his opinion books that ended sadly were more discussed and left a more lasting impression.

George Du Maurier's connection with the Harpers dated from 1888 when he began to furnish full-page comic pictures for the magazine. His first story, *Peter Ibbetson*, was not a great success either as a serial or in book form. Du Maurier wrote it first in English, then translated it into French, and then back again into English. *Peter Ibbetson* was followed in a year or two by *Trilby*, and the furor aroused by that book is history. Although the manuscript was sold and bought outright an additional royalty on the sale was given the author. Mr. Harper once expressed to Mr. Du Maurier his surprise at the facility with which a

man wrote who was not trained to writing. To which Mr. Du Maurier replied:

Not at all, my boy; I have been writing short chapters of society romances for years. Why, the letterpress which accompanies my work in *Punch* requires more study and attention than the drawings themselves, and in that way I have passed through a most laborious school of training in English diction.

In speaking of *The Martian*, Mr. Du Maurier's third and last novel, Mr. Harper seems to have made no reference to a curious and, we believe, authentic incident of literary history, the manner in which the first rough draft of the story was set in type, printed, and bound, in order that the author might begin work anew from a complete book.

The recent death of Henry Labouchère lends a particular timeliness to a story of a visit to Berlin told by the editor of London *Truth* to Mr. Harper.

He said that on the German frontier all the train passengers were turned out to have their luggage examined. He had a portmanteau which he declared contained nothing dutiable. But the pompous inspector told him to open it, which he forthwith did. Then the official proceeded to unpack it and to throw his effects about, and, on finding nothing of an incriminating character, marked it as all right. Labouchère told him that he had been so discourteous that he should expect him to repack the bag, at which the official smiled and contemptuously informed him that he was an officer in the German Government and must not be addressed in such an offensive manner. After a short interval the inspector intimated that the Berlin express would leave in a few minutes, and that if he expected to take his luggage with him he had better be sharp about it. Labouchère repeated that as he had disarranged his things and scattered them about, he must put them back. About one minute before the train left the official again warned Labouchère that he would be left if he did not hurry, and soon afterward the whistle blew and the train departed. Labouchère then asked for the telegraph office, and, being shown to it, took a blank and wrote:

"PRINCE BISMARCK, BERLIN: I am detained on the frontier by the overbearing treatment of a custom-house official and cannot dine with you to-night.
LABOUCHÈRE."

He paid the price of the message and desired it to be sent immediately. The operator read the despatch, hesitated to take the money, excused himself, and hurried over to the custom-house officer, who read the message and nervously approached Labouchère, and with the most humble apologies said that he had made a mistake, agreed to repack the portmanteau, and, with much servility, asked what else he could do to atone for his rudeness. Labouchère replied that the only atonement possible was for him to replace his effects and to provide a special train to Berlin. This was eventually arranged. We then inquired of Labouchère if he arrived in time for dinner. "I had no intention of dining with Bismarck," he observed; "in fact, I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. It was what you Americans call a 'gigantic bluff.'"

On one occasion Mr. Harper invited Mr. John Kendrick Bangs to lunch with him to meet an English friend who had just arrived in America, and afterward the party went to Ardsley to play golf. A few days later Mr. Harper received the following bill:

ARDSLEY, Nov. 12, 1897.

MR. J. HENRY HARPER

To the Bangs Entertainment Co., Dr.

.....
Oct. 9

Entertaining one Englishman eight hours @ \$10.....	\$80
Entertaining one Publisher eight hours @ \$2.....	16
Laughing at Englishman's jokes....	75
Jests supplied at luncheon.....	2.50
One brassey, broken while playing golf with Englishman.....	2
Disbursements, Link cards, Caddies, Scotchies & Soda.....	10.28

Please remit.

\$185.78

No story of a publishing house would be complete without allusions to "crank manuscripts" and attempted literary impositions. According to Mr. Harper, the most extraordinary example of the latter class that ever reached Franklin Square was a manuscript written in longhand, with numerous erasures and interlineations — all the earmarks of a genuine piece of work. The subject-matter seemed oddly reminiscent, al-

though the names and localities were strange. Another page or two settled the question; the book was nothing else than Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. Evidently the ambitious author had found an old copy of the book tucked away in a dusty corner of some neglected library, and had been impressed by the sombre power and horror of the tale. The book was an old one, and the impostor evidently concluded that it had long since been forgotten. So, with infinite labour, the whole thing had been copied in long-hand, with the substitution of American names of persons and places for the originals.

As Mr. Harper points out, the majority of manuscripts are utterly lacking in literary merit. But now and then a book appears that must be rejected, despite real power, because its subject matter lies beyond the pale of what is justifiable in literature.

The most notable specimen of this class came in several years ago from a small Massachusetts manufacturing city, a "shoe town," as the natives call it. It was a most remarkable piece of literary workmanship; there was vital power in every line. But the subject! The story purported to be a narrative of the last week in the lives of two human derelicts—an immoral woman and a "black sheep" English younger son, who had met by chance at the edge of the abyss. That man could write! He himself must have been the "black sheep" to have plumbed as he did the utmost depths of despair and degradation. The pictures of horror were too terrible for a normal mind to gaze upon; one instinctively revolted at this glimpse into an actual hell. There was but one thing to do—to skim it over rapidly, and get the dreadful thing out of the place. But it was literature, and great literature, too. It was the kind of book that the devil himself might have written, and it came in the ordinary way by express from a dull and decorous New England town.

When, in 1888, Mr. Richard Harding Davis became the managing editor of *Harper's Weekly* he was annoyed by many jokers or envious persons who sent him pseudo-manuscripts or anonymous material. He had to be constantly on his guard. One of his experiences at the time he afterward used as the basis of

a short story. The actual facts, as related by Mr. Harper, are as follows:

One day he received by mail a poem without any signature, which seemed to him rather familiar. He had the files of the *Century* carefully gone over, and, sure enough, the identical poem was found in an old number. The address on the envelope was quite peculiar, and every morning after arriving at the office Davis would first run over his mail with the hope of finding another envelope with the old chirographic address. Finally, after a patient examination of his letters for a number of days, the anxiously awaited missive lay in his hand. He immediately called up his friend Stephen Bonsal, who was then attached to the editorial staff of the *New York Herald*, and together they went over to Brooklyn to call on the would-be author. The letter took them to the goal so long sought, a handsome apartment house, and they promptly rang for admittance. The servant acknowledged that the gentleman for whom they inquired was at home, but desired them to wait in the ante-room until she could announce them. This being contrary to Davis's views, they abruptly pushed past her and entered the drawing-room unheralded, much to the surprise of the sole adult occupant, who sat reading, with his little boy playing on the floor by his side. Davis and Bonsal were curtly asked what they wanted, and in reply Davis requested that the boy should leave the room. This was thought quite unnecessary by the father, but was finally acceded to; then the indignant host insisted upon knowing the cause of their unceremonious intrusion. Davis went directly to the point of his visit by asking if the anonymous poem, which he thereupon produced, came from him. This being admitted, Davis informed the would-be plagiarist that he represented *Harper's Weekly*, that the poem had been copied from the *Century* magazine, and that the gentleman had made himself criminally liable. Just at this stage of the proceedings the heavy curtains parted, and a very attractive young woman, handsomely gowned for the street, stepped into the arena and, after looking to her husband for an introduction to the visitors and finding it not forthcoming, said that she was ready to go out. Her husband told her that she must excuse him, as he had very important business to transact with the gentlemen present, and she reluctantly retired. After she left, the literary kleptomaniac broke down, made a clean breast of it, and appealed

for mercy. He said that he was a prosperous politician and contractor, had made considerable money, and, having married a society woman, was desirous of social recognition. After much consideration, he had concluded that successful authorship was as good and as simple a means as any; so he had copied the poem from an old magazine and sent it to Harper and Brothers for publication. He went on to say that exposure would ruin not only him but his wife and child, and begged for their clemency. Davis told him that he could not give an immediate reply, but that he would think it over and telephone him. On their way back to New York Davis and Bonsal were silent, and it was not until after they had ordered their luncheon at down-town Delmonico's that Davis turned to Bonsal and said: "I can't do it." "I had a few paragraphs in mind when we started over," remarked Bonsal, "and after I saw the swell surroundings and sized up the malefactor they grew to a column, and then to a real story; but when the wife put in an appearance, then I knew the jig was up and that there would be nothing doing."

The inordinate vanity and habit of rodomontade of the African explorer Paul Du Chaillu discredited his actual achievements. His statements about the gorillas and the country of the dwarfs were at first questioned by the English scientific authorities but eventually found full acceptance. But there was one statement for which he could never win British credence. In the Harper home in New York the Harper children would frequently amuse the explorer by shuffling their feet over the carpet and lighting the gas with their fingers from the electricity thus generated. Du Chaillu went to England and explained the experiment to some English people. They flatly refused to accept the tale, and invited an ocular demonstration. In London it was, of course, impossible owing to the dampness of the climate. So it was strongly intimated to Du Chaillu that it would be better for him to confine his yarns to remote Africa, and not to try to bring any such preposterous story from New York.

There has been so much apparent misunderstanding of our attitude toward the

Dickens Stamp Fund that, before dismissing the subject for the present at least, we are going to sum up the whole matter at the risk of considerable repetition. We have received a number of letters expressing flat disapproval, a disapproval which we think due to the fact that the writers have not taken the trouble to consider our position fairly. For example, let us quote from a letter received the other day from a lady in Pittsburgh:

We all know that whatever amount he (Dickens) actually received it was by no manner of means all that he earned—and whoever he actually received the five hundred thousand from it certainly was not from Americans. The United States even to-day insists upon inflicting a serious handicap on the foreign writer—in spite of the Berne Convention. But Uncle Sam has always enjoyed the well-deserved reputation of shameless literary piracy; and no man had better reason to know it than Charles Dickens, whose name is now being lauded to the skies in every debating club from Boston to San Francisco. The late W. S. Gilbert was another victim of Yankee enterprise; and it was his custom to allude tersely to the whole race as "damn thieves." It seems to me that we are being given a chance to show Europe that we are not always what they are, alas! usually only too well justified in thinking us.

Now the whole tone of this letter seems curiously inconsistent with the "we" and "us," which obviously imply that the writer is an American. But as a matter of fact most letters of protest against our attitude have been in this vein. There is an hysterical note, an apparent over-anxiety to confess ourselves miserable offenders.

Now, to begin with, we have not the slightest intention of defending this country in the matter of the copyright law, or rather of the lack of it. That was an outrageous injustice which cannot be too strongly condemned. But before dwelling on that phase of the matter let us take up the case of Charles Dickens and the American public. Our correspondent in her letter says that "whoever" he actually received the five hundred thousand from it certainly was

not from the Americans. That statement is very far indeed from being literally true. If the lady in Pittsburgh will look into Mr. J. Henry Harper's *The House of Harper*, which is discussed at length in this department in the present issue, she will find that Dickens received from his accredited American publishers five thousand dollars for the advance proofs of *A Tale of Two Cities*. Furthermore, for everything that he wrote he was paid by these accredited American publishers as generously as was possible under the existing conditions. Yet in another way America yielded a very much larger material return. Dickens had abused the American people soundly and just a little peevishly upon his return to England after his first visit. Yet when he came to the United States again in 1868 he was greeted by a people, who, whatever their other faults may have been, certainly showed themselves magnanimously generous. For example, here are the results of the lecturing tour as they are recorded in *Forsster's Life*:

In New York, where there were five farewell nights, \$3,298 were the receipts of the last, on the 20th of April; those of the last at Boston, on the 8th, having been \$3,456. But, on earlier nights in the same cities respectively, these sums also had been reached; and indeed, making allowance for an exceptional night here and there, the receipts varied so wonderfully little, that a mention of the highest average returns from other places will give no exaggerated impression of the ordinary receipts throughout. Excluding fractions of dollars the lowest were New Bedford (\$1,640), Rochester (\$1,906), Springfield (\$1,970), and Providence (\$2,140). Albany and Worcester averaged something less than \$2,400; while Hartford, Buffalo, Baltimore, Syracuse, New Haven, and Portland rose to \$2,600. Washington's last night was \$2,610, no night there having less than \$2,500. Philadelphia exceeded Washington by \$300, and Brooklyn went ahead of Philadelphia by \$200. The amount taken at the four Brooklyn readings was \$11,128.

Dickens was justly exasperated at the absence of a copyright law between England and the United States. He was

quite as much annoyed at the English theatrical companies which seized upon his stories, mutilated them, and adapted them for stage presentation. Yet for this outrageous injustice we have not heard that any portion of the English people is wearing sackcloth and ashes and expressing abject penitence. Americans like our Pittsburgh correspondent seem to think that the absence of an international copyright law worked only in one direction. A great many thousands—a great many hundreds of thousands—of the works of J. Fenimore Cooper, of Washington Irving, of Edgar Allan Poe, of Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Nathaniel Hawthorne, of Henry W. Longfellow, and of a score of other Americans were published in England before the passage of the copyright law of 1892. Do Americans who are now so contritely deploring "American piracy" think that every single copy of these books meant a royalty paid to an American author by a British publisher? Has there been any perceptible movement on the part of the British public to raise a conscience fund for the direct lineal descendants of Washington Irving on account of the pleasure generations of English readers have derived from *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*? (The fact that Washington Irving did not have any lineal descendants has, in the words of Pooh Bah, nothing to do with the case.) If the plight of the American author of Dickens's time in the English market deserves attention, his condition at home, owing to the non-existence of a copyright law, was infinitely worse. He was asked to compete on terms of the utmost inequality with Dickens's great genius and popularity, with the result that no American writer, no matter how brilliant his talent, could hope to make a fair living with his pen. Let Americans abuse the old conditions and be heartily ashamed of them. Let them reverence the memory of Charles Dickens and his immortal creations. But let them not forget that while Dickens was making his ten thousand pounds a year, Edgar Allan Poe was experiencing hunger and want in his Fordham cottage. If there is need of truckling and reparation, let it begin at home.

Mr. H. Granville Barker, whose recently published plays are reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is a man of extraordinary energy and versatility of mind. Mr. Barker is at present only thirty-five years old; but in his various activities as actor, playwright, stage-director, and manager, he has already accomplished more for the English drama than any other one man among his contemporaries. Mr. Barker first appeared upon the stage when he was fourteen; and the earliest of his published plays, *The Marrying of Ann Leete*, was written when he was only twenty-two. For several years he was associated, as actor and stage-director, with the work of the Stage Society; and, in the course of this connection, he was particularly instrumental in setting the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw before the London public. He was the first leading actor to appear in *Candida*, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, *The Man of Destiny*, and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*; and the London vogue of the Shaw plays in the actual theatre is the result mainly of Mr. Barker's efforts. In 1904 Mr. Barker, in partnership with Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, assumed the management of the Court Theatre, in Sloane Square. This theatre is small in size and intimate in atmosphere; and during his tenancy of the theatre, Mr. Barker experimented continually with that new type of very intimate production which can be appreciated only in a little house. At the same time, Mr. Barker, in collaboration with the eminent critic Mr. William Archer, worked out in complete detail a practical plan for a national theatre. The schemes and estimates for this plan were codified as early as 1904, but were not published until 1907. At that time, the New Theatre, in New York, was in the process of development. In the spring of 1908, when the foundations for the edifice on Central Park West had already been laid, the Founders of the New Theatre invited both Mr. Barker and Mr. Archer to come to America and consult with them. Although no official statement was made to this effect, it is pretty generally known that it was the intention of the Founders

to offer the directorship to Mr. Barker. At the close of a private dinner in a certain club whose membership is made up largely of men connected with the theatre, the plans for the monumental building were spread out upon the table; and Mr. Barker, after looking at them, said at once that the house was much too large for the production of the best contemporary plays. Mainly for this reason, he indicated his own unwillingness to take an active hand in the conduct of the project; and he sailed quietly back to England in a week or two. It is interesting to remark that the New Theatre subsequently failed because of the vital defect that Mr. Barker indicated; and that Mr. Winthrop Ames, who directed the New Theatre during the two years of its existence, has now built a Little Theatre of his own, in which it is apparently his intention to proceed along the path that Mr. Barker pointed out in his experiments at the Court Theatre.

"I'd always meant to be an illustrator," writes Mr. Louis Joseph Vance in telling the story of his life in a spirit of delicious and engaging candour. "It took some years to make me understand how poor I was. Meanwhile I studied more or less faithfully, and it was at the Art Student's League of New York that I met my wife—whose art survived marriage; she is a portrait painter. We were married in 1898; in 1900 my boy, our only child, was born. It was a very important event not only in my life but in the history of American Letters. No one appreciates that as much as I do. If it hadn't been for the responsibilities (a polite way of spelling debts) of fatherhood, it might never have occurred to me that people made money by writing stories. I began to try to write a year or so later. I sold my second short story (I had no bolder ambition then) to the McClure Syndicate for twenty-five dollars. The first one I ever wrote stuck round for about three years before I disposed of it. But that twenty-five dollars sealed my fate. It was something more than I was then earning per week as an

employee of a big public-service corporation of this city. . . . Oh, well, I won't stick to earned, if you're mean enough to question it; at all events I *got* a weekly wage. . . . I worked from nine to five daily to keep on the pay-roll. My nights were consecrated to my Art. For three years I kept up a pretty steady routine of night work—writing—from eight P. M. to two A. M. in addition to keeping a strangle-hold on the daylight job. No; I didn't teach myself to write during that time; but I got the habit of work and the habit of concentration, and I wrote an awful lot of awful stuff; some of which I sold. I recall some dreadful short-stories and some juvenile stuff that somehow mysteriously found purchasers during that time. Presently I got the notion that it would be a grand young idea to write a novel. Some one told me that novels were one hundred thousand words in length, so I set myself to write one that long. I wrote quite mechanically fifteen hundred words a night. When finished the story was exactly one hundred thousand words long.

“By some accident I took it first to the Munsey Company. By some miracle they bought it for serial use in *Munsey's*. It was a dreadful story, too: I see much of the Munsey people now, and they publish practically everything I write, but we never refer to *Milady of the Mercenaries*, which was the title of the first story. I got five hundred dollars for the serial rights. It has never appeared in book form. I don't believe it ever will. Every publisher in the United States helped to convince me that the book rights weren't worth a pinch of salt. And they were, one and all, right. With what was left of the five hundred dollars after I had foolishly paid some debts, I gave up my salaried job and took to the tall timbers of Brooklyn—where rents are low. In the next half-year I earned in the sweat of my typewriter just sixty dollars. And I wrote in that time half a hundred short stories—all of them impossible. I don't know now just why they were impossible, because I sensibly destroyed them one day several years ago; but my impression is that I was suf-

fering from a slight and quite unwarrantable attack of swelled-head: any man who had a serial running in *Munsey's* ought to be able to sell anything he wrote without half-trying, perhaps expresses my state of mind. Then Street and Smith started the *Popular Magazine*. Fortunately, I had become acquainted with the editor some few months prior to the publication of the first number of that magazine. He was desperately hard up for material and could afford to pay the lowest market prices only; but I cheerfully undertook to supply him—and succeeded. I kept on at that sort of work for two or three years. Well, the *Popular* prospered, and the editor was decent enough to give me some credit. Meanwhile I was beginning for the first time to get some inkling of the principles of construction and what we call style. Also I found out that the short story wasn't my *métier*. I did better with longer stuff. . . . In the ensuing six months I planned and wrote four novels for the Munsey Magazines. The first one was published in book form under the title of *The Brass Bowl*, the second *The Black Bag*, the third *The Bronze Bell*; the fourth was a story which has not yet appeared in book form. Of course I found things easier after *The Brass Bowl* came out as a book. I didn't have to work so hard; that is to say, I thought I didn't, at first; later I've discovered that it's harder to write to satisfy myself than it is to satisfy the public—and still harder to satisfy my wife, than either. I've learned a lot about writing since *The Brass Bowl* made a hit: but the biggest thing I've learned is how much more there is to learn. And I've accumulated a notion that, while my wings have been a long time a-growing, they're now strong enough for more ambitious flights than I've heretofore dared. My second book to follow *The Bandbox* is going to be such an attempt, and I don't believe it will fall down, because it isn't designed to be a novel of the George Moore school. It'll be realism, but another sort: a new kind, or else I flatter myself horribly. I've always been especially fond of the novel of romance and adventure; and if it happens to be a good one, I'm en-

LYCKSÖKAREN

(THE FORTUNE HUNTER)

AV

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

REMYNDIGAD ÖVERSÄTTNING FRÅN ENGELSKA ORIGINALT

AV

ELLEN RYDING

STOCKHOLM

NORDISKA FÖRLAGET

TITLE PAGE OF THE SWEDISH EDITION OF MR.
VANCE'S "THE FORTUNE HUNTER"

thusiastic. Only, I've written a tremendous amount and, after all, a change of atmosphere is good for the soul.

"I work mostly at night because of the habit formed when I was otherwise employed by day. But sometimes, out of sheer perversity, I'll work by daylight, too. I use a typewriter—never a pen. My stories are usually plotted out to the last detail before they're written; but they have a habit of ignoring the first plan to such an extent that it is sometimes possible to use the same plot for two stories that don't resemble one another in the least when finished. For instance, *No Man's Land* and *Cynthia of the Minute* both grew from one root idea—and I still have the root idea unused! My wife is my constant critic—and there's no pleasing her. How she stands it, I don't know. I need a long time to get a story started: I made nearly forty drafts of the first chapters of *The Bandbox*. (No, it doesn't seem worth

it, does it? But thank you for speaking so frankly.) But once satisfied with the opening, I work pretty steadily and rapidly, usually finishing up in less than two months a story of average length—one hundred thousand words or so. I have written one section only of serious verse. It was printed in *Harper's Weekly* some years ago. I never tried it on again. I have written one short one-act melodrama. Based on a short story of mine, it took me just one night to cast it in dramatic form. It was placed immediately and played steadily on the vaudeville circuits for nearly two years—and unsteadily for some time afterward. I never felt called on to try another."

Another entertaining volume of literary reminiscences is Mr. William H. Rideing's *Many Celebrities and a Few Others, Recollections* several chapters of which we have had the pleasure of printing in the *BOOKMAN*. Mr. Rideing first knew literary New York in the seventies, that curious transitory period when the *Ledger* was a power, and Mr. Bonner would reject the story of an ambitious author because it contained a marriage between cousins. "But, Mr. Bonner, cousins marry in real life." "In real life, yes, but not in the New York *Ledger*." In that literary New York to which Mr. Rideing introduces us we see Dr. Holland, "a tall, distinguished, magisterial man of as much suavity as dignity, who took a parental interest in all the young people he met"; Richard Watson Gilder, "a young fellow, eager, slight, nervous"; Henry Mills Alden sitting in the editorial chair of *Harpers*—the grey head was not so grey then, but there must have been the same kindly courtesy that has endured through all the years; William Cullen Bryant, "diminutive, erect, keen-eyed, and buoyant, with a streaming white beard, the picture of Father Time himself";—in a word, the whole procession to be met of an afternoon on Broadway between Twenty-third Street and the City Hall. It is true that many of the celebrities of that day have been entirely forgotten. But hardly as many as Mr. Rideing thinks.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING IN THE GARDEN OF HIS ENGLISH HOME

"If I were to mention some of the celebrities," he says, "it is probable that their names will be meaningless and the reason of their distinction unperceived by readers under fifty. Who were the Cary sisters? I may be asked. Who were Richard Henry Stoddard, Arthur Quaitley, Swain Gifford, F. E. Church, Walter Shirlaw, Charles Warren Stoddard, Edgar Fawcett, Albert Falvey Webster, William Henry Bishop, and Frederick Dielman? Only a few like Stedman, Winslow Homer, Thomas Moran, and E. A. Abbey are recalled without a dip into reference books." We are inclined to believe that Mr. Rideing has underestimated the younger generation.

One of the most interesting chapters of Mr. Rideing's book is that which deals with Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Rideing first met him in Oscar's, opposite the old Academy of Design, a kind of New York "Cider Cellar" or "Back Kitchen" of thirty-five years ago. "I can see him now, sitting at the round table at Oscar's, holding a briar pipe that was oftener between his fingers than in his mouth, and swinging it in graphic curves as he talked to us. He used it like a painter's brush or pencil."

He was dressed in a quiet suit of tweeds,

the sobriety of which was relieved by a flowing crimson scarf gathered at the neck by an antique ring. He was partial to crimson in those days, and it became his complexion and the light curls apostrophised by Bayard Taylor. We parted late and in a merry mood, the young fellows among us glorying in the new friend who was so witty, so suave, and so attentive to our ambitions and aspirations. Moreover, Aldrich had just succeeded to the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and hopes arose of possible advantages lying for young authors in that direction.

"I'll have an elegy ready for him before breakfast, and try to get ahead of Edgar," said Frank Saltus, referring to Edgar Fawcett, as the lights went out in Oscar's and we dispersed; and on the following morning he came to me, dissembling an air of despondence.

"It's no use. Edgar's beaten us all. He shipped a carload to the *Atlantic* by the fast freight before daylight—as per invoice, sonnets, ten bales; triolets, ballads, and rondeaux, three bales; novels and short stories, twenty tons in fifteen crates."

Some of the contributions Aldrich accepted; but not by any means the consignment. Aldrich never hesitated in rejecting what he did not want, and he took no pains to sugar-coat the pill of rejection. When he returned anything written by Edgar Saltus the latter char-

"I thought you would like some of the touches in it."

"There are beautiful things in it."

"Then, what's the matter with it?"

"It isn't interesting."

That was all Aldrich said, and the author took it as irrevocable. Aldrich did not even say he was sorry, but perhaps it was to show his sympathy that he invited the disappointed young man to lunch with him. Luncheon did not lighten the gloom of the guest, and before they parted, Aldrich, hesitating as he approached the subject and almost stammering, said, "Is there any trouble — anything the matter — besides that story? Because if you are — hard up, you know, I — I can let you have a little money."

A "best selling" novelist of yesterday who has been comparatively forgotten is James Payn. Thirty years ago his novels made a gaudy display on every railway bookstall in England, and were familiar in all the English colonies and in America. One of them, *Lost Sir Massingbird*, had an extraordinary vogue, which put Payn on a footing not far behind that of Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon. It was originally printed serially in a weekly, and it sent the circulation of the periodical up by leaps and bounds, by thousands of copies. The missing baronet eluded the reader provokingly until the author chose to reveal him. That book established Payn as a money-maker. But in the estimation of Mr. Rideing, he was more than a knitter of plots. "He had a fluid and limpid style, akin to that of Mr. Howells, as airily natural, if less subtle, and, instead of the gravity of Wilkie Collins, who was as ponderous as a judge on the bench, he had an abounding and permeating humour which was always peeping out and slyly laughing around the corner. Perhaps he laughed in his sleeve at his own melodrama, though he resented all criticism that imputed a lack of painstaking in his work."

In contemplating the personal side of Victor Hugo we are so constantly being astonished by the manifestations of his colossal egotism that we reach the point when, for the moment, we forget entirely the really im-

WILLIAM R. CASTLE, JR., THE AUTHOR OF
"THE GREEN VASE"

One of Mr. Castle's duties as Assistant Dean of Harvard University is to travel widely over the country, making speeches at Harvard Club dinners and visiting Preparatory Schools and High Schools in various parts of the country, with a view of keeping them in touch with Harvard University. It was during these travels that "The Green Vase" was written. Mr. Castle is one of those fortunate persons who can work at any time and in any place and this, his first novel, was written on trolley cars and railroad trains. With pencil and pad he worked out the story, chapter by chapter, while travelling from his summer home at Marblehead to his summer work at Harvard Square, and while journeying back and forth among the following cities: Lawrence, Lowell, Lynn, Worcester, New Haven, Pittsfield, Springfield (Mass.), Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Phoenix, Tucson, New Orleans, Sewanee University, Newark, and many other places.

acteristically insisted on reason. He got them and flew into a temper. An inflammatory letter from him left Aldrich undisturbed. He smiled at it but never answered it.

I remember another of that coterie, a very young author indeed. He acquired daintiness and polish at the sacrifice of force and originality. He was confident of a story into which he thought he had put his best, and was bewildered when Aldrich handed it back to him.

"Isn't it well written?" he asked.

"Very well written."

**The Impossible
Hugo**

ANNE WARWICK (MRS. WILLIAM NEWLIN)

Anne Warwick's second novel, "The Unknown Woman," has just been published. Her first novel, "Compensation," appeared last year. Anne Warwick is the daughter of Bishop Earl Cranston of Washington, D. C., but spends most of her time in Paris. She makes an annual trip to this country to visit friends and relatives.

portant fact that he was, after all, a great man. Hugo acquiescing gravely in the suggestion that the city of Paris should be renamed after him; Hugo solemnly proposing that the war of 1870 be settled by a personal conflict between the King of Prussia and himself—"he is the King, but I am Victor Hugo"—in this amazing figure one loses sight of the genius which produced *Les Misérables* and *La Légende des Siècles*. In his *Life of Victor Hugo*, which has just been published in London, Mr. Davidson, whose book on the elder Dumas we discussed some time ago, tells one anecdote which we think quite new to American readers. Hugo, despite all the years he lived on British territory, the years of his exile in Jersey and Guernsey, did not speak a word of English. One day, in a railway train, he happened to find himself in the company of two English women who spoke French. In the course of talk they observed that it must be inconvenient for him not to know English when he was in England. To which the great man's reply was: "When England wants to talk to me, she

will learn my language." "From their astonishment at this answer," said Hugo in telling the story, "it was evident that *they did not know who I was.*"

When Hugo was in Brussels in 1868 he made some researches concerning the English aristocracy; hence a rumour that he was about to write a history of England. As a matter of fact he was engaged on *L'homme Qui Rit*, translated as *By Order of the King*, which appeared in 1869. Hugo wrote to his publisher objecting to the book being advertised as an "historical romance." "It is," he explains, "a true picture of England painted by means of invented characters." Among these "invented characters" in this triumph of verisimilitude may be mentioned Lord Tom Jim-Jack, Goricum, and Bazkilphedro.

Before 1860, Hugo's income, while comfortable, was not large. But the publication of *Les Misérables* in 1862 brought him large financial returns. By arrangement with his publisher La Croix,

DOROTHY CANFIELD

Dorothy Canfield, the author of "The Squirrel Cage," is in private life Mrs. John R. Fisher. Her father, the late Dr. James M. Canfield, was for many years the librarian of Columbia University—which naturally turned the daughter's taste toward books. Mrs. Fisher has had a number of contributions in the best magazines. She is at present making a tour in Italy.

the romance was to be produced in ten volumes by instalments, and was to appear simultaneously in Paris, Brussels, Leipzig, London, Milan, Madrid, Pesth, and Rotterdam. The first portion, *Fantine*, was published April 3, 1862. Success was instantaneous and far reaching. Over the camp-fires of the Union and the Confederacy soldiers were discussing Bishop Myriel and Jean Valjean, Cosette and Marius, Javert and Gavroche. In a letter written in the autumn of 1862 Hugo said, "My fortune, almost destroyed by the *Coup d'Etat*, has been somewhat repaired by *Les Miserables*." During the rest of his life the money was always rolling in; prudently invested in British, Belgium, and Dutch securities. He was at times charged with avarice, and, in explaining, characteristically misrepresented.

In a letter of 1868 (to a newspaper called *Le Phare de la Loire*) Hugo, indignant at some overstatement of his income, gives the following details: "I have (1) from shares in the Banque Nationale of Belgium, 35,000 francs; (2) from British Consols, 12,500 francs; (3) from my salary as a Member of the Institute, 1,000 francs; total, 48,500 francs. Out of this I pay by family arrangements 29,500 francs, and I give every year in charities

7,000 francs. Thus my present income is 12,000 francs." In spite of its display of frankness, this letter tells us very little. To begin with, it applies only to money already invested at the time, without taking account of what was constantly coming in and available either for use or for further investment. And then, what are "family arrangements"? Do they include all household expenses? And what are "charities"? Do they cover subscriptions for any public purpose? If so, Hugo—other expenses paid—would have £500 a year of pocket-money.

Had Mr. Kipling turned his attention to commerce instead of literature, perhaps he might now be retained by some merchant millionaire as a writer of advertisements, at a colossal salary. After the siege of Kimberley he was staying with Mr. Rhodes at a charming little fruit farm near that town. One morning it occurred to Mr. Rhodes to take a stroll round the orchards for a little while before breakfast. As Mr. Kipling did not feel like walking he stayed behind. Time went on and the idea came to the author that breakfast would be desirable. But there was no sign of his host. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rhodes, as was usual

sea coast the information that the President of the Republic has fled by mountain roads toward the sea, taking with him all the available funds in the State treasury and a comic opera singer to whom he had been paying marked attention. Secrecy is necessary, either Spanish or English would be read by the officials, so the sender of the message resorts, with perfect security, to the cogent code of slang. His telegram begins:

His Nibs skeedadled to-day per jack-rabbit route for the briny with all the coin in the kitty and the bunch of muslin he's spoony about.

Six or seven weeks ago two Americans were in a London literary club and the talk turned to codes and ciphers. One of the Americans maintained that he could translate any message into a form that would completely baffle any English-

JAMES OTIS KALER

James Otis Kaler, known to every boy as the author of "Toby Tyler," is another interesting case of a man who has come back. A few months ago he published "Old Ben," a sequel—after thirty-two years—to Toby's circus adventures, and a few weeks ago he issued from his retreat in Portland, Maine, to take his place again among his old friends at the Howells birthday dinner in New York. Mr. Kaler, as he is known in real life, is superintendent of schools in South Portland.

with him, had become so interested in the matter in hand that he had quite forgotten the passing hours, and it was nearly ten before he remembered his starving guest, and hurried homewards.

"What's this, sir?" said the manager, suddenly pausing before a tree.

Upon it was pinned a sheet of paper bearing in large black letters: "Famine!" The next tree was also decorated: "We are starving; feed us." Nearer the house they came upon a larger sheet with these words in huge type: "For the human race. Breakfast. Purifies the mind; invigorates the system. It has sustained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." Finally, upon the front door was an enormous placard: "Why die when a little breakfast prolongs life?"

In one of the O. Henry stories that were eventually incorporated into *Cabbages and Kings*, an American living in the capital of a Central American republic wishes to convey to another American at the

**The Code
of Slang**

ELEANOR ATKINSON

Eleanor Atkinson, whose book "Greyfriars Bobby" has just been published, in her private life is Mrs. Francis Blake Atkinson of Chicago, where she lives with her husband and two daughters. She was a special writer on one of the Chicago dailies before her marriage, and well known under the pen name of Nora Marks. Those who have grown to know the real little Bobby, whose biography Mrs. Atkinson has written, may be interested to learn that his collar, inscribed "from the Lord Provost," is still preserved in the caretaker's lodge at Greyfriars.

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ON HENRY IN ANOTHER ROLE. THE LATE SLONEY PATER WAS A MAN OF MANY VARIED ACTIVITIES. HE WAS IN TURN DR. CLERK, COUNTRY BANK CLERK, NEWSPAPER REPORTER, PRINTER, MINISTER, POSTMASTER, AND GENTLEMAN AT LARGE. THE ACCOMPANYING PICTURE, TAKEN IN 1880, WHEN HE WAS IN HIS EARLY TWENTIES, SHOWS HIM AS A MEMBER OF THE HULL CITY QUARTETTE, OF HULL CITY, TEXAS.

man present and yet could be correctly interpreted by the other American. The talk led to a demonstration. The first American and one of the Englishmen went into an adjoining room. The Englishman wrote down a message purporting to be from the German capital to the German Embassy in London. The American drew upon the vernacular of American baseball and football for the following:

Full buzzer system in Honus Wagner's own John Hancock calling for immediate advance of the ball over the drink by the forward pass swiped by squab from coaches quarters. Mulberry Strasse has gone to bat but has whiffed on three pitched balls. Squab is believed to be travelling through minor league territory. If she pulls off a Sam White they will be asking waivers on our scouts at the goal posts and in that dear White Way and there will be a double header scheduled. In this inning we can't count on Wops as pinch hitters.

After the message had been handed about the room to the utter bewilderment of the Englishmen it was turned over to the American, who quickly offered the following translation:

Complete set of plans bearing the Emperor's own signature calling for immediate attack on England by airships, stolen by young woman from the War Office. The German Police have tried but accomplished nothing. The young woman is thought to be crossing from Holland or Belgium. If she succeeds in reaching her destination quickly our ambassadors in London and Paris will be handed their papers, and war will be on with two countries. At the present time we can expect no help from Italy.

In the BOOKMAN for March there appeared a paragraph about the forthcoming stage version of Louisa M. Alcott's *Little Women*, in which the dramatisation was attributed to Miss Jessie Bonstelle (Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Stuart). We have received several letters calling attention to the fact that in this statement we were in error, and Mrs. Stuart herself has given these letters verbal endorsement. The dramatisation is the work of Miss

Marion De Forest of the Buffalo *Express*, to whom we extend our best wishes for the success of the play.

We hasten to disclaim any intention of taking sides in the great controversy, and print the following merely because it seems amusing. In London a few weeks ago we saw a very comely young woman walking across Trafalgar Square wearing a placard on which was printed this delicate hint:

WHY?
PAY PLATE GLASS INSURANCE
WHEN
YOU CAN ADVERTISE IN
VOTES FOR WOMEN

Last month we announced that the conditions of the Literary Map Competition would be printed in our April issue. It has been found necessary, however, to postpone this announcement until the May number.

In one of the stories of Mr. Richard Harding Davis there was introduced the character of a famous English statesman with an abnormal love of tales of mystery. His political opponents were always looking for the right kind of a thriller to thrust into his hands early in the evening of a great debate in the House, for if the story happened to be good enough the chances were that the statesman, in his enthusiasm, would entirely forget the more serious business of the night. Three or four years ago, had the other Party asked our advice and enlisted our sympathies, we should have suggested Mr. Tyler de Saix's *The Man Without a Head* or M. Gaston Leroux's *The Mystery of the Yellow Room*. Two years ago our choice would have been Mr. Cleveland Moffett's *Through the Wall*. At the present writing we should recommend with considerable assurance Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson's *The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet*.

A Correction

LADY RITCHIE AND HER GRANDCHILDREN

LADY THACKERAY RITCHIE

BY LEWIS MELVILLE

PART from all other considerations, concerning which I shall presently have something to say, Lady Ritchie has, as daughter of Thackeray, a boundless claim upon our regard, nay, upon our affection. Even when speaking of the novelist in connection with his family, it would be affectation to write Mr. Thackeray: as well talk of Mr. Henry Fielding, and say His Worship wrote a story called *Tom Jones*. Thackeray has taken his place in our hearts, not only as a writer, but as a man. We love the man, and such is his fascination that we cannot but love, even though we may never have seen them, those whom he loved. One of those "little girls" of his, to whom he was so devoted, has gone from us, and so Lady Ritchie has the double portion

of the world's regard as the sole surviving daughter of him who was so much honoured in his lifetime, and whose memory it is our privilege, as it is our pleasure and our duty, to admire and respect to-day. To those versed in his works and in the story of his life, so admirably narrated in a series of Biographical Introductions by Lady Ritchie, there is always a touch of pathos when, at the occasional dinners of the Titmarsh Club, founded in his honour, the company, members and guests alike, rise, at the bidding of the chairman of the evening, to drink in silence to "The Immortal Memory of William Makepeace Thackeray."

"My father lived in good company, so that even as children we must have seen a good many poets and remarkable people, though we were not always conscious of our privileges," Lady Ritchie

has written in one of the three volumes from which we may glean some autobiographical material.* One of her earliest memories was the second funeral of Napoleon; her vague recollection of which she recorded in her happiest vein:

I began life at four or five years old as a fervent Napoleonist. The great Emperor had not been dead a quarter of a century when I was a little child. He was certainly alive in the hearts of the French people and of the children growing up among them. Influenced by the cook, we adored his memory, and the *conciergerie* had a clock with a laurel wreath which for some reason kindled all our enthusiasm.

As a baby, holding my father's finger, I had stared at the second funeral of Napoleon sweeping up the great roadway of the Champs Elysées. The ground was white with new fallen snow, and I had never seen snow before; it seemed to me to be a part of the funeral; a mighty pall indeed, spread for the obsequies of so great a warrior. It was the snow I thought about, though I looked with awe at the black and glittering carriages which came up like ships sailing past us, noiselessly one by one. They frightened me, for I thought there was a dead emperor in each. This weird procession gave a strange importance to the memory of the great Emperor, and also to the little marble statuette of him on the nursery chimney-piece. It stood with folded arms contemplating the decadence of France, black and silent and reproachful.

Lady Ritchie remembers seeing the Iron Duke in the street, and being told a story by Lord Palmerston. At a very early age she was taken to Chopin's room and heard him play a piece he had just composed; Louis Philippe was pointed out to her at Paris; and with Leigh Hunt and Trelawny she could boast acquaintance, as well as with that inimitable Victorian buck, D'Orsay. Rogers she found one day when she went with her father to Mrs. Procter's—"he was like a Chinese mandarin with an ivory face. His expression never changed." As a child she was frequently at Dickens's house, and she has recorded a very pretty incident that occurred at

one of the parties there at which she was present:

Only this much I do remember very clearly, that we had danced and supped and danced again; and that we were all standing in a hall lighted and hung with bunches of Christmas green, and, as I have said, everything seemed altogether magnificent and important, more magnificent and important every minute, as the evening went on, and more people kept arriving. The hall was crowded and the broad staircase was lined with little boys—thousands of little boys whose heads and legs and arms were waving about together. They were making a great noise, and shouting, and the eldest son of the house seemed to be marshalling them. Presently their noise became a cheer, and then another, and we looked up and saw that our own father had come to fetch us, and that his white head was there above the others; then came a third final ringing cheer, and some one went up to him—it was Mr. Dickens himself—who laughed and said quietly: "That is for you!" and my father looked up surprised, pleased, touched, settled his spectacles and nodded gravely to the little boys.

Lady Ritchie, of course, knew all the members of her father's set, the Carlyles, Lord Houghton, the Theodore Martins, the Brookfields, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Sartoris, Landseer, Watts, Millais, Cattermole, Leslie, Ruskin, the Tennysons, the Brownings, "dear old Fitz," and how many more? She has given to the world some "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning," and in this book there is an excellent picture of Mrs. Browning:

To the writer's own particular taste there will never be any more delightful person than the simple-minded woman of the world, who has seen enough to know what its praise is all worth, who is sure enough of her position to take it for granted, who is interested in the person she is talking to, and unconscious of anything but a wish to give kindness and attention. This is the impression Mrs. Browning made on me from the first moment I ever saw her to the last. Alas! the moments were not so very many when we were together. Perhaps all the more vivid is the recollection of the peaceful home, of the fireside where the logs are burning, while the lady of that kind hearth is established in her safe corner, with

*Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning. Macmillan, 1892. Chapters from some Memoirs. Macmillan, 1894. Blackstick Papers. Smith, Elder and Company, 1908.

her little boy curled up by her side, the door opening and shutting meanwhile to the quick step of the master of the house, to the life of the world without as it came to find her in her quiet nook. The house seemed to my sister and to me warmer, more full of interest and peace in her sitting-room than elsewhere. Whether at Florence, at Rome, at Paris, or in London once more, she seemed to carry her own atmosphere always, something serious, motherly, absolutely artless, and yet impassioned, noble, and sincere. I can recall the slight figure in its thin black dress, the writing apparatus by the sofa, the tiny ink-

Road, walking toward Palace Green, carrying two blue Dutch pots, which he had just surreptitiously taken from his own study. "I am going to see if they won't stand upon Leech's dining-room chimney-piece," he told her; and somewhat to the girl's disappointment, for Thackeray was always giving away his china, a satisfactory place was found for them in Leech's house. Most amusing of all Lady Ritchie's recollections is that concerned with the great occasion when Charlotte Brontë went to dine at Young Street. It was an interesting gathering—Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Crowe, the Carlyles, Mrs. Elliott and Miss Perry, Mrs. Procter and her daughter. The dinner was very dull, the guests rarely spoke, the host became more and more depressed, until, when the ladies had gone to the drawing-room, Thackeray slipped away to the club, leaving the party to disperse when and how it would.

At least as interesting as anything Lady Ritchie has given us, are her recollections of her father. Her introductions to the Centenary Biographical edition of Thackeray's Works are very valuable, and contain many of his hitherto unpublished letters and drawings, and no student of Thackeray can complete his education without these twenty-six volumes. But even more intimate are the few references to Thackeray in the "Chapters from Some Memoirs." Shall we ever have the complete memoirs? we feel impelled to ask, hoping that the question may some day not far off be answered in the affirmative. We like to read of the travels of Thackeray with his daughter; of their stay at Berne in the summer of 1853, when walking with them in some woods he strayed from them, and, returning, told them how the story of *The Newcomes* had been revealed to him; of the visit in their company to Weimar—the Pumpernickel of *Vanity Fair*, where the great man had studied as a youth, had learned German, had been received by "grand old Goethe," and had fallen in love with the beautiful Amalia von X—which last incident has duly been recorded by the Titmarshian autobiographer, George Savage Fitz-Boodle—happy months before the shadows of the sadness of life had fallen

THE FUTURE LADY RITCHIE AND HER YOUNGER SISTER

A sketch by Thackeray for "Punch."

stand, the quill-nibbed pen—the unpretentious implements of her magic. "She was a little woman; she liked little things," Mr. Browning used to say. Her miniature editions of the classics are still carefully preserved with her name written in each in her delicate, sensitive handwriting, and always with her husband's name above her own, for she dedicated all her books to him; it was a fancy that she had. Nor must his presence in the home be forgotten any more than in the books—the spirited domination and inspired common-sense, which seemed to give a certain life to her vaguer visions. But of those visions Mrs. Browning rarely spoke; she was too simple and practical to indulge in many apostrophes.

Has any one given a better insight into the poet's character in fewer words?

Leech was a friend of the novelist, and Lady Ritchie remembers how one day she met her father in the Kensington

on the novelist. On that later visit Thackeray was pleased to find that some of the sketches he had made for children so many years earlier had been preserved and treasured, and delighted to meet in the street his old tutor, Dr. Weissenborne and to find himself remembered by Madame von Goethe. He pointed out to his girls the house where Amalia had lived, and at Venice, a year or so later, actually saw the lady again:

We were breakfasting (Lady Ritchie has written) at a long table where a fat lady also sat a little way off, with a pale fat little boy beside her. She was stout, she was dressed in light green, she was silent, she was eating an egg. The *sala* of the great marble hall was shaded from the blaze of sunshine, but stray gleams shot across the dim hall, falling on the palms and the orange trees beyond the lady, who gravely shifted her place as the sunlight dazzled her. Our own meal was also spread, and my sister and I were only waiting for my father to begin. He came in presently saying he had been looking at the guest-book in the outer hall, and he had seen a name which interested him very much. "Frau von Z., geboren von X. It must be Amalia! She must be *here*—in the hotel!" he said; and as he spoke he asked a waiter whether Madame von Z. was still in the hotel. "I believe that is Madame von Z.," said the waiter, pointing to the fat lady. The lady looked up, and then went on with her egg, and my poor father turned away, saying in a low, overwhelmed voice, "*That* Amalia! That cannot be Amalia." I could not understand his silence, his discomposure. "Aren't you going to speak to her? Oh, please do go and speak to her!" we both cried. "Do make sure if it is Amalia." But he shook his head. "I can't," he said; "I had rather not." Amalia meanwhile having finished her egg, rose deliberately, put down her napkin and walked away, followed by her little boy. . . .

We have graphic pictures of Thackeray driving with his mother and daughters to deliver his first lecture on "The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," very nervous and making little jokes to reassure the dear ones accompanying him; of how he began in a voice that sounded strange to those who knew him, and how he soon got into his stride and spoke in the familiar tones; of how presently a "proud and happy

look of light and relief" came into his mother's eyes; of how the people crowded round to congratulate him; and of the return home when, the lecture delivered and the success assured, the nervousness had given place to happiness—"Jackson made the horses gallop, and my father laughed and made real jokes,

THACKERAY AND THE FUTURE LADY RITCHIE

A sketch made by Thackeray about 1840.

without any effort, and we laughed and enjoyed every jolt and turning, on the way home." We read of Thackeray's trips to America to read *The English Humourists* and *The Four Georges*, and the sad hearts he left behind him. Perhaps the best passage in all Lady Ritchie's book is that in which she describes her father's return from his first visit to the United States.

I can still remember sitting with my grandparents expecting his return. My sister and I sat on the red sofa in the little study, and shortly before the time we had calculated that he might arrive came a little ring at the front door, only we were so afraid that it might not be he that we did not dare to open it, and there we stood until a second and much louder ringing brought us to our senses. "Why didn't you open the door?" said my father stepping in, looking well, broad, and upright, laughing. In a moment he had never been away at all.

Fashions in fiction change as in lace and lingerie. What is food for one gen-

eration is poison to another. An author admired in one decade is unread in the next, and forgotten in the third—unless he is a supreme master of his craft, when he will certainly be remembered and almost as certainly not read beyond the circle of the cultured. In an age when Lever is entirely neglected, Lytton pronounced fustian, Disraeli unopened, Trollope voted dull, and Thackeray himself more discussed than perused, it may be that Lady Ritchie's audience, though fit, is small in numbers. Yet as there are still some who turn with pleasure to the Victorian writers, finding in them a certain breadth not discernible in the work of most novelists of to-day, so many, no doubt still take down from the shelf *Old Kensington* and its companion volumes,* and re-read the stories with appreciation. The Miss Thackeray of the novels, as she was known in the 'Seventies, has many merits. She writes simply indeed, but well: and her style is worthy of high praise. Sometimes, indeed, we come across a passage that suggests the influence of her father's writings:

As I write out what my father's hand has written, my gossip is hushed, and seems to me like the lamp-smoke in the old drawing-room compared to the light of the summer's night in the street outside.

There we hear the cadences of the author of *Denis Duval*, whose voice may also be distinguished in an occasional aside:

"If George Vanborough were only more like his own brothers, there would be something to be done with him," thought honest John, as those young gentlemen's bullet-heads passed the window where the pupil and his preceptor were at work. If only—there would be a strange monotony, I fancy, if all the "if onlys" could be realised, and we had the moulding of one another, and pastors and masters could turn assenting pupils out by the

*Miss Thackeray's Works. Uniform Editions. 10 vols. 6s. each. Smith, Elder and Company (1) *Old Kensington*. (2) *The Village on the Cliff*. (3) *Five Old Friends and a Young Prince*. (4) *To Esther, and Other Sketches*. (5) *Bluebeard's Keys, and Other Stories*. (6) *The Story of Elizabeth; Two Hours; From an Island*. (7) *Toilers and Spinners, and Other Essays*. (8) *Miss Angel; Fulham Lawn*. (9) *Miss William's Divagations*. (10) *Mrs. Dymond*.

gross like the little chalk rabbits Italian boys carry about for sale.

Yet one more example of Lady Ritchie's style must be allowed—the description from *Old Kensington* of the parish church:

Last year only, the old church was standing, in its iron cage, at the junction of the thoroughfares. . . . There was the old painting of the lion, and the unicorn hanging over the gallery; the light streaming through the brown saints over the communion-table. In after life the children may have seen other saints more glorious in crimson and purple, nobler piles and arches, but none of them have ever seemed so near to heaven as the old Queen Anne building; and the wooden pew with its high stools, through which elbows of straw were protruding, where they used to kneel on either side of their aunt, watching with awe-stricken faces the tears as they came falling from the widow's sad eyes.

Lady Sarah could scarcely have told you the meaning of the tears as they fell—old love and life partings, sorrows and past mercies, all came returning to her with the familiar words of the prayers. The tears fell bright and awe-stricken as she thought of the present—of distances immeasurable—of life and its inconceivable mystery; and then her heart would warm with hope perhaps of what might be to come, of the overwhelming possibilities—how many of them to her lay in the warm clasp of the child's hand that came pushing into hers! For her, as for the children, heaven's state was in the old wooden pew. Then the sing-song of the hymn would flood the old church with its homely cadence:

Prepare your glad voices;
Let Hisrael rejoice,

sang the little charity children; poor, little Israelites, with blue stockings, and funny woollen knots to their fustian caps rejoicing, though their pastures were not green as yet, nor was their land overflowing with milk and honey. However, they sang praises for others, as all people do at times thanks be to the merciful dispensation that allows us to weep, to work, to be comforted, and to rejoice with one another's hearts, consciously or unconsciously, as long as life exists.

Lady Ritchie, however, is no mere imitator of that gifted novelist, in spite of these accidental resemblances. With

William Allingham, she has said to herself:

Like myself, however small,
Like myself, or not at all,

and she has retained through all her works the individuality that happily is

hers. If she is not strikingly virile, at least her power of character-drawing is undeniable. She has the rare power of being able to create atmosphere; she has, in a marked degree, the great indefinable gift of a sweet, gentle, loving charm.

MILLIONS AND MILLIONAIRES IN FICTION

BY EDNA KENTON

IN TWO PARTS. PART I



FROM the time that Homer, singing, estimated a man's value or a woman's equivalent in terms of oxen to the day that William Allen White let John Barclay lose his soul for cash wrung from a famine-stricken people as he sold them their own want, the glow of gold and its lure have irradiated the path of the story-teller, providing both plot and colour. Pallas's ægis had one hundred tassels, each the value of one hundred oxen; one of the Homeric heroes gave four oxen for a female slave, and incidentally the worryful economists tell us that one Greek ox was the equal of one Greek gold talent. The Hebrew story-tellers of the Hebrew Bible revelled in uncomputable wealth; witness the details of the Tabernacle, and the domestic economies of Solomon's household. Again the economists interfere with that Hebraic romance to tell us that Solomon's yearly income of six hundred and sixty-six talents gave him all in all a sum close to twenty million dollars in our terminology, and considering what the day's wage of a labourer of Solomon's day probably was—a Roman labourer a few centuries later got about fifteen cents a day—Solomon's twenty millions had much more purchasing power than any millionaire's twenty millions to-day. And if the Queen of Sheba had not outdone Solomon in extravagance, is it hardly likely that her fame would have survived her reign?

Rich men and women are conspicuous in any society; that is why Croesus and Sardanapalus, the Pharaohs and Cleopatra, and the malignant Roman emperors so persistently endure, because of the appeal of their superlative wealth to the imaginations of successive peoples.

Sometimes love, sometimes hate, but always wealth figures in the thousand and one tales of the Arabian Nights. Translated from the Indian through the Persian into Arabic, the collection of stories mingles the traditions and racial secrets of all these races, and before the Arabian Nights' Tales the exact economists stand helpless. To estimate Aladdin's wealth by the jewels in his windows and the literal gold bricks in his palace is futile, for what matters the purchasing power of any coin he owned when his djinn continually upset the gold standards of the world whenever the magic lamp was rubbed? Words fail the tellers of these early tales, and they resort to the *reductio ad absurdum* method to prove the wealth of their heroes, as when the wife of Ali Baba carelessly left a gold piece adhering to the suet-smear measure in which she calculated by pecks the wealth of her husband. From the story of Hahib and Doratil-Goase, we get as vivid a picture of the great Solomon as the Hebrew romancer gives us, and the treasures of the king, on the highest peak of the Caucasus Mountains to which the hero must attain only through prodigious feats of courage, are superlative. The keys are of gold, attached to each other

by chains of diamonds, and the amassed gold and silver and gems cannot be described.

Rider Haggard, in *King Solomon's Mines*, uses the Arabian Nights conception of this undiscovered treasure, and carries his modern Englishmen through trials unnumbered until they do finally attain the hidden caverns. They do not penetrate far, because, owing to the treachery of that sublime old hag who was hand in hand with the priests of the land, they face death, cut off from the world forever. There is a subterranean path of course, that discovered, leads them to safety, and one of them, the provident Goode, perhaps, or it may have been Allen Quartermain himself, as they leave the open chest of diamonds, stuffs his pockets full of the soapy, blue-white stones. Most of these he loses, but the remainder sold at current market prices is sufficient to keep the three in comfort for the rest of their days.

Centuries after Aladdin wrought his wonders, but of much the same type of millionaire, stands the Count of Monte Cristo. The Abbé Faria recounted to Dantes in prison, with exactness, the hidden treasure of the Cardinal Spada, lying in the caves of Monte Cristo; gold bullion and coin and jewels to the value of two millions of Roman crowns. Later, as Dantes found it, there were one thousand bricks of gold each weighing two to three pounds, twenty-five thousand crowns, which equals half a million of our money, and ten double handfuls of jewels, of which a single diamond that he gave away was worth fifty thousand francs. With this wealth—forty millions of our money—Dantes proceeds to work his wonders in and out of disguises, scurrying from place to place with a celerity that must not be too closely scrutinised. He paid twenty thousand francs apiece for his horses, and hoped sincerely when dealing with the banker Danglars that six million francs might suffice for his expenditures for a year. He bought a pair of horses at thirty-two thousand francs, in the morning, and that evening sent them back to their former mistress with their head rosettes adorned with diamonds. He drove his beneficiaries to the verge of distracted suspense, and then

at the last second "saved" them in fortune and character. In only one respect was the Count of Monte Cristo an unfortunate. He lived in an age of transition, when the magic carpet and Brass Horse had passed, and the motor car, the telephone, the wireless, and the aeroplanes had not come to be. His yacht was swift, but he was hampered in being born two thousand years too late, or a century too soon.

Lew Wallace, in *Ben-Hur*, gives a vivid picture of a Jewish millionaire at the beginning of the Christian era, in the person of Simonides. In the final accounting of his trusteeship that he makes to the son of his dead master, whose eternal slave he is, he discloses all the data needful for modern statisticians to compute the wealth of the son of Hur. He began operations with one hundred and twenty talents—Jewish money—and since one Jewish talent is the equivalent of five thousand four hundred and seventy-five pounds sterling, he had at the beginning, six hundred and fifty-seven thousand pounds or over three million dollars. On this base he clears five hundred and fifty-three talents, which with his first capital gave Ben-Hur something over the equivalent of Solomon's yearly income. Said Simonides at the end of his accounting: "THOU HAST SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE TALENTS!—and all thine—making thee, O son of Hur, the richest subject in the world!"

All of this immense wealth Ben-Hur declared subject to wager on the chariot race, and to be devoted to the cause of his great revenge. Malluch, his friend, was ordered not to wager in sestertii, but to advance to talents if there might be any who dared so high. "Five, ten, twenty talents! aye, fifty, so the wager be with Messala himself." And Sanballet, the money lender, went about with an order from Simonides for fifty talents, a quarter of a million dollars, offering odds on the race, six to one, "the difference between a Roman and a Jew, and made with Messala the wager of twenty talents odd to Sanballet, six to one—with Messala, not worth one hundred talents nor a fifth part of that sum."

And, the race won and his people

freed, Ben-Hur perceived no better way to use his wealth than with it to build places for the dead! Said Simonides, "If you cannot build temples for the worship of the Lord above ground, then build them below the ground; and to keep them from profanation, carry to them the bodies of all who die in the faith." And, adds the author: "If any of my readers, visiting Rome, will make a short journey to the Catacomb of San Calixto, which is more ancient than that of San Sebastiano, he will see what became of the fortune of Ben-Hur and give him thanks." Alas and alas for the rigidities of the human mind in all ages!

Despite the fact that *Vanity Fair* is a story of wealth and fashion, no special emphasis is laid on any particular great fortune, unless it is old Osbourne's. Frederick Bullock had agreed to take Jane Osbourne at twenty thousand pounds, but when George was disinherited, he began to hope she might be worth thirty thousand more than he had dared to hope. "Gad, Jane!" he cried thoughtfully, "you may be a fifty thousand pounder yet!" If poor Maria Osbourne was to get as much of George's share as her sister it would put old Osbourne's fortune at, approximately, eighty thousand pounds. Old Miss Crawley was worth sixty thousand, and Amelia's father at the beginning of the story was able to dower her with ten thousand pounds. None of these were great fortunes even for that day. Lord Steyne, undoubtedly the richest of Becky's little group, goes untagged with definite figures.

The Dickens novels are, many of them, built about great fortunes, described with the flaunting exaggeration that is a characteristic of the novels, and with the same absence of particularisation that is evident in all but the modern group of novels that deal with money and its wizards. In *Little Dorrit* there are two great fortunes, the unclaimed, accumulating Dorrit fortune, and the inflated Merdle wealth. Mr. Merdle, by the way, is one of the first pictures of the coming modern millionaire. Mr. Merdle was immensely wealthy, a Midas without ears. He owned everything from banks to buildings. He was chairman, trustee,

and president of everything. Said the Bishop Magnate to the Horse Guards, "Mr. Merdle has made another enormous hit. They say one hundred thousand pounds!" Horse Guards had heard two hundred thousand. Treasury had heard three hundred thousand; Bar, four hundred thousand, and Brother Billows, half a million. The Admiralty, said Mr. Merdle was a wonderful man. With his fortune the great man gave great dinners on gold plate, at which he ate nothing because he could not—strange foreshadowing this of the greatest rich man of them all. He bought constituencies and a lordship. And then, over night, his bubble burst, as the great modern fictional fortune built up on Tono-Bungay broke.

Bleak House is built about another huge fortune, whose heirs were involved in that interminable suit of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce, and which slowly and fatefully melted away until the day came when the suit was ended not by decision of law but because the Jarndyce fortune had been eaten up as suspense ate away the souls of the hopeless, hoping heirs. And over all the characters the shadow of the great fortune falls and degenerates or develops them according to the spirits within them. In *Martin Chuzzlewit* the family fortune is the pivot about which swing the faults and virtues of the expectant heirs, and to it can be traced the selling of body and soul, hypocrisy that befouls the spirit, murder, and suicide.

To cite the story-tellers who write for the kitchen and the shop were perhaps to lower the standard that floats over any literary stronghold, but the Laura Jean Libbeys, the Bertha Clays, and the Charles Garvices know better than to write for their readers of Gissing's people and Hardy's and Phillpotts's, but, like the romancers of earlier days, they deal in titles and gem and gold plate and millions with the airiness of a fancy set free to roam at will through marble halls.

But a good deal above the romances of the Earl and the gardener's daughter are Ouida's richly tapestried novels. How the woman revelled in wealth and bibelots. Behold the uncounted riches of her weary heroes and blackguard gen-

tleman. Prince Sergius, the Russian bully, who bought sixteen-year-old Vere Herbert from her dashing mother, sent his bride "sacks" of uncut turquoises, ropes and tangled ropes of pearls, diadems studded with the rarest diamonds in the world. Ouida too leans to an Aladdin-esque style of superlatives and general indefiniteness. Sergius has a Paris palace, and Italian gardens, and Russian estates that have not changed since the days when his ancestors cast upon one side of the scales gold and gems until it weighted down the Circassian slave girl on the other. This practically is how this unmitigated scoundrel buys Vere. Chandos, another weary, weary gentleman of high degree, who lives in crowded splendours of upholstery and first editions and statuettes and cordon blue cookery, he too, and this in London, has slave girls brought from the East fan him as he eats delicately the birds his chef roasts for him in grape leaves imported from Italian vineyards, signs his name to paper after paper that his enemy John Trevanna brings him, and finally signs himself completely into Trevanna's power. The fortunes lost and found in this book are very great, but very indefinite. The hero of *Wanda* steals a title and marries an estate that includes salt mines, gold mines, diamond mines, and seems in its extent to embrace the whole of the Austrian empire, with no more than space outside for the Emperor who exchanged visits with its chatelaine Wanda informally if not humbly. The Princess Napraxine wanders through two volumes scattering extravagances everywhere, and Puck, the tiny lap dog, recounts the sillinesses and worse of his mistress's world. Most of the women will sell their souls for a title and an income, and most of those who live to the end of Ouida's interminable pages do this. The good die young in Ouida's world.

To cite the fortunes that have been fought for in tales of crime and mystery would require the cataloguing of detective fiction. *The Moonstone*, one of the

typical mystery tales in English literature, centres about the wonderful gem, the greatest treasure of a Hindu god. And *The Woman in White* was the victim used to decoy the lady with the fortune into the hands of her enemies. The unlucky Laura did not have a stupendous fortune, but she was worth close to a quarter of a million dollars, and dead was worth half of that in ready cash to her heartless husband and the elephantine count.

Even children's stories have not escaped the lure of wealth. *Little Lord Fauntleroy* suddenly becomes heir to an earldom and a fortune, and the really interesting part of the story begins after he gets to England and comes into composed contact with his great wealth. "Sara Crewe," the forlorn little dreamer, is rescued from her loneliness and poverty by a rich Indian gentleman, and old Mr. Lawrence and Laurie are most attractive figures in *Little Women*, while old Aunt March's fortune supplies suspense and surprise all through that most worthy book. As for the children's fairy stories, there may be Cinderella, but there is always the Prince.

Because it is one of the basic facts in life money has occupied a huge place in fiction both over characters and plots. But it is interesting to note the great change that has come over the treatment of the question of great wealth within the last quarter of a century. The reality of unsuspected sources of wealth became known, the possibility of creating great masses of wealth became certainty and the greatest single fortunes the world has ever seen began to accumulate under the manipulations of the great modern financiers. Dickens foreshadowed the coming change in the methods—most shadowily sketched—whereby the Merdle fortune was piled up. There were other brief attempts made to interpret the changing condition, but when Howells wrote *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, he inaugurated a new era in that part of fiction that deals with millions and millionaires.

"TORRE QUATTRO VENTI," ELIHU VEDDER'S VILLA AT CAPRI

ELIHU VEDDER

RECOLLECTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS

BY HORACE THOMPSON CARPENTER

THE impression received of Elihu Vedder as a painter, when visiting him in his delightful Italian world, was, to the writer, hopelessly engorged with the charm of the individual himself, his almost boyish interest in diversions that his active and inventive mind were constantly formulating, lost one's perspective in measuring up the greater work of his life. Intellectual, imaginative and technical qualities, it is needless to say here, have long been conceded him by his contemporaries, and the writer leaves to abler pens this point

of view, though these are certainly dominating characteristics.

To the practical man of affairs when confronted with either the personality or work of a man who, like Elihu Vedder, has voluntarily exiled himself from his country for the greater part of his life, the query inevitably presents itself, as to just what value, comparatively, is the environment of an old world existence for a man of exceptional talent? Perhaps it is wiser not to attempt an analytical exposition. A painter is sometimes embarrassed and sometimes amused at the elaborate significance given to his creations by his enthusiastic critics when he is quite innocent of any thought beyond

finding a good subject and producing it on canvas to the best of his ability. Perhaps, after all, the artist is very much like any one else; when he finds a place he likes simply stays there, and that's all there is to it.

But here was this lovable fellow, far enough away indeed from that congenial and admiring group of brother painters and writers who at the Century Club so enthusiastically have endeavoured to hold him to this side of the water, living his life of Italian preference, resting satis-

trance some little distance down Via Flaminia. A blacksmith shop was on the street level at one end. It was, it seemed to the writer, with its sturdy workers in metal or wood, very characteristic and appropriate. It does not take much imagination to associate Michael Angelo, Elihu Vedder and a fine, big, serious, brawny-muscled man of the anvil as from a near related mould. In an arched recessed space, surmounted by a spreading conch shell design at the opposite end of the building, was a stone water-trough, where wine carters with their mules gaily bedecked with bells and flowing red plumes, quenched their thirst, forming a constant series of pictures.

To reach the studio proper, one entered a narrow side alleyway; soon you saw on the wall by a tall iron-spiked gateway, an antique fragment inscribed with the single word "Vedder." This gateway was half hidden by vines and drooping branches, opening on a little narrow pebbled pathway which led to a wonderfully charming trellised vine-protected outside stone stairway. The environment will help an understanding of the man. From the top landing through glistening leaves a lovely vista was had of the artist's little adjoining garden. Under the curiously strange trees and shrubbery that bordered the labyrinth of paths were broken columns, massive carved marble cornices,—encrusted and time-stained,—and other antique fragments which offered seats. Beyond the walls was that lovely campagna region, dotted with scintillating white-towered villas, silhouetted against the deep-toned cypress and stone pines. And not far off was the famous villa of the luxury-loving Livia, which in its fallen splendour still may be seen and from where was unearthed not many years ago, after its centuries of undisturbed rest, the statue of Augustus that in its marvellous workmanship has made it one of the greatest treasures in the Braccio Nuova of the Vatican.

The picturesque personality of the painter would impress one whatever and wherever the surroundings. As he came down those stone steps, a bunch of large keys in hand to open the gate, explaining the while the reason for absence of

ENTRANCE GATE AND WALL OF "TORRE QUATTRO VENTI"

fied or at least permitting the possibility of great and worthy commissions hunting him out rather than actively taking the initiative.

For years Vedder had had his Roman studio, far, as distances in the Eternal City go, from his home in Capo le Casa. This studio or studios, for there were two large apartments and receiving rooms, centred in one of those long two-storied stucco buildings characteristic of the Roman campagna. A little mule-power tram car from the piazza near the great arch of the Porta del Popolo occasionally tinkled by the picturesque en-

the porter and attendant of all work, with a gentleness born of a natural sympathy for the under dog, he looked the man one might imagine the creator of such work as contained in the series of drawings of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, or the Congressional Library and Bowdoin College mural decorations, or the mural work in the Huntington house with its incomparable central figure Luna. His abundant wavy white hair, features of marked strength, penetrating blue eyes, which alternately twinkled and analysed, a long flowing white moustache, a striking head on massive shoulders, tall in height, in fine a figure of rugged picturesqueness that stood out even in that land of artistic individuality, but yet never for a moment to be mistaken for anything but a fine type of American. His manner was cordial, frank, sincere and unaffected, and one soon found out he was a good hater of shams.

The studio was typical of the man. An art world apart from the ordinary. High ceiling surmounted treasure covered walls. Beautifully toned tapestries formed a deep dado, which in turn touched a frieze—classical subjects in relief—interspersed with panelled figures. A madonna and child centred over the doorway, which led into a favourite working room. The Lazarus and Sansone heads, so well known to the public through reproduction, caught the eye. Everywhere were drawings and paintings, some symbolical of things eternal and all broadly and nobly conceived. Not canvas big in the sense of square feet, but designs and conceptions often in comparative miniature that carried the noble proportions of great mural decorative work in their possibilities. This same compartment had rare cabinets filled with antique finds, quaint little encrusted figures of other days, vases and fragments, groups of his own figurine and relief clay sketches, marvellously expressive in face and action, the beginnings of work already finished and happily safely placed, and, then these same sketches carried further as an ever uneasy and expanding imagination tempted.

It has been stated somewhere in a review of Mr. Vedder's career, that his work was strangely impressive—which is

certainly true—and that he seems to have painted because he had no other way of expressing himself. A short association with the man would assuredly dissipate any such illusion. Indeed so prone is he to express the overflowing tumult of ideas in other ways than by painting that that in itself constitutes one of the most serious barriers to an only too scant production.

Afterward when basking in the dream-land of that charming Caprian villa, Torre Quattro Venti, that he and his little family were then completing (for it

TOWER OF THE VILLA AND PERGOLA FROM THE
OLIVE ORCHARD TOWN OF CAPRI IN
THE BACKGROUND

was a very real and interesting coöperation) down in the soft limpid atmosphere of the Mediterranean, this same thought was further impressed upon the writer. But it was no less absorbing to watch him as he worked out designs by rule of thumb, both in the villa, studio and garden details, one in particular a fountain and cistern design, beautiful in classic simplicity, with the faithful and loyal contadini, workmen and workwomen, to carry out his ideas there expressed at the moment. And thoughts again reverted to the Roman studio with its overflowing shelves and cabinets in various half-wrought forms, clay, pigment, pencil or

actual carving. And so often the thoughts were so well worth developing. It seems difficult to believe that such work could lie dormant in the face of what really does often come to the surface. If the artist resented the fact there was no tangible evidence of it. Business principles are but neglected in-

cidents in the life of such a man. But after all where is the adjusting scale and the agency which will accurately measure out and distribute such production, which will discriminate between the necessary and the unnecessary, the æsthetic idea that is practical and that which is not? Vedder himself was fond

of saying, "People think so differently about such things."

But to return to the Rome studio. A large canvas rested on an easel at one side of the end working room. It still awaited completion, but was far enough advanced to show the beauty and strength of the composition. It was an allegorical subject entitled "The Dawn of Reason." The classical figures with Grecian draperies were extremely charming both in colour and line. As we sat near this painting, the artist's thoughts were everywhere and anywhere

except on the realities of his profession. Just then he was full of an ingenious thought covering the readjusting of the entire alphabet. The idea embodied phonetic principles. The painter felt sure that children could thereby much more easily and quickly learn their alphabet and be able to read and have a sustained interest in the task. The actual designs of the letters suggested in a most interesting and well defined way the thing intended. For instance, the word "arch" would have its design suggest an arch, the actual design of each

"THE DAWN OF REASON"

Canvas perhaps six or eight feet long on wall back of easel. Unfinished when this portrait was taken.

of the letters composing the word having a logical adaptability for any possible combination of those four letters, and so on throughout the alphabet, the little forms sometimes suggesting animate and sometimes inanimate things. The painter thought that it would not only hold the interest of a child in the same manner as if he were working out a picture puzzle, but the combination would unconsciously be indelibly impressed upon the child's mind with the minimum amount of fatigue and effort.

DESIGN BY MR. VEDDER FOR THE CAPRI VILLA

However, these little diversions, whether they happen to be the construction of villas or alphabets, whether decorative carving or designing of classical garden adjuncts, are doubtless not to be taken too seriously as interferences with more serious work. We all know the wisdom of temporary changes in occupation as panaceas for mind clearing. One man in his breathing spells will drop his medical profession and become a famous etcher, another will stop painting and writing long enough to build a lighthouse or *vice versa*, and still another will cease forming trusts and great financial combinations while he hies himself abroad in his luxurious yacht and enrich his country with rare art treas-

ures, and so on. And on such occasions our country has been made much the richer by some of the treasures from Mr. Vedder's own easel. So the writer refers to these little side issues only as indicative of one little side of a many-sided genius.

A suggestion of oriental atmosphere seemed to pervade these studio rooms. This was enhanced by the Omar Khayyam drawings and reproductions, and not a little by the oriental philosophy that the painter himself, unconsciously, made apparent. The masterly Cumæ Sibyl itself suggested the trend of an imagination which converts sphinx-like mysteries into tangible and sublime realities, or at least possibilities. Few intellects but sometime in their existence, in their gropings for enlightenment of the great beyond, have not felt indescribable and instinctive craving for definite outward expression, a suggestion for perfect beauty and possibility. For such Vedder must partly at least lift the veil, the distinctness depending naturally not a little upon the finer receptive qualities of the observer, yet without doubt tantalising enough to others.

It was characteristic of the man, too, when in the midst of all these thought-inspiring impressions, he should have insisted upon a predilection for landscape subjects. He delved into out-of-the-way corners and unending recesses of an adjoining storeroom for sketches which in themselves if shown would controvert the thought of certain critics that colour had been slighted in the development of line and form. Wetting his finger, he would with keen delight brighten the surface and show results of colour study and, with half-regretful tone, dwell upon the thing that was not.

On the Flaminia roadway, not far from his studio, was a long low wall, time stained and filled with cracks, red tiles projecting over the edge, and on these a spreading sign with the words "Antica Osteria." A little peaked roof towered just above the solid plank doorway, festooned by grape vines and olive-tree branches, completing an appealing scheme of colour. It was a quaint bit of old Rome that this dilapidated old doorway allowed one to enter into. It was

in this sort of an unconventional place Vedder loved to rest. He ate as the carters and other Italians did, enjoying the simple but characteristic fare of the old inn. The inn itself stood at one side of the courtyard with a trellised gateway flanked by great terra cotta jars half hidden by sedge, at one end. The vine-covered arbours were cool and inviting. Long deal tables and plank benches held a sturdy set of wine carters and men of toil, all chattering in the animated Italian manner. The maid with her luxuriant raven black tresses and gaily coloured neckerchief made a pretty picture as she came tripping across the courtyard and placed before us steaming dishes of macaroni. All these picturesque elements had a visible effect upon Vedder and brought out many stories of his wanderings among the hill people, and of folklore of the fishermen. It brought to memory that delightful bit of exaggerated and romantic invention of his, "An Enigma of the Sea," a canvas painted in 1879, last seen by the writer in a loan exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum, which shows a fisherman striding from out the sea, a fishing net slung over his shoulder, in the meshes of which is entangled the figure of a frightened mermaid. It was in a place like this, when he was surrounded with the fine types that so often suggest the classic in their physical development, which would bring out the painter's innermost thoughts. His allegorical conceptions here to the writer assumed a reality and present significance which made one wonder if America, perhaps not without its need of such an influence in connection with the great architectural developments of these modern days, quite realised opportunities that were passing.

When Vedder first yielded to the fascination of Italian life in general and Rome in particular, there was a group of artists—notably in sculpture—in Rome and near-by Florence, who, in America at least, were by virtue of skilfully wrought marble productions holding the attention of all would-be art collectors and rich connoisseurs ambitious for a reputation that comes to a liberal patron of the Arts. Powers, Rogers, Brown, Story, Greenough, with perhaps some few

others, were or recently had been working nights, as they say, to keep up with their ever-increasing orders, conceptions where everything but imagination was in evidence, where each statue showed a state of appalling perfection in its mechanical exactness, and held a sway that was only broken by the enlightening Centennial Exhibition of 1876. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that Vedder with an imagination that was to place him in a category by himself, the very

TORRE QUATTRO VENTI FROM ABOVE

antithesis to this mediocre but overwhelmingly popular output of the Roman American group, extending perhaps from about 1840 to 1870, or a little later, should have found it hard to develop definite and tangible ideas in either clay or pigment beyond a certain more or less continuous experimenting. One only needs to recall such canvases as, for instance, "The Enemy Sowing Tares," "Lazarus," "The Cup of Death," "The Questioner of the Sphinx," "Love Ever Present," "The Lost Mind" and that lovely poem of rhythmic movement and colour, the "Roman Girls on the Seashore," of which one may see many stud-

PANORAMIC VIEW OF CAPRI FROM MR. VEDDER'S VILLA LOOKING TOWARD AMALFI

ies and variations on the Flaminia Studio walls.

But in spite of early incursions into colour pure and simple, with results that necessarily held their own interest, showing as they did the development of an exceptional talent and temperament, the leaning in those early days of the sixties must have been toward line and form.

One of the little groups, either in clay or bronze, representing three wild dishevelled creatures with flying hair and drapery, intense action and weird expression, the "Phorcydes," must have developed from one of the portfolio series of sketches of 1866 or 1868. However, it is neither very enlightening nor very interesting to spread out a list of titles, except as a means of recalling a given subject to those already familiar with the work itself, so that many evidences of what has been accomplished to completion may be left to the connoisseur and lover of great art. The smaller things which help give an accurate perspective of a man's personality are only intended in these few pages of recollections and impressions.

Before now men who have been bent upon accomplishing the full measure of

their ability, have insisted that it only could be done by self-abnegation in the way of limiting the personal adjuncts, luxuries and tempting but distracting accessories either in furnishings or attractive surroundings. Fortunately no such eliminating creed could ever be shouldered upon Elihu Vedder. Not that there is a suggestion of effeminate predilection for mere conventional studio adornments. Far from it, but the physical attributes accumulated in the long years of his Italian life are a visible reality and have the fascination of a mediæval dream, all of which cannot well be ignored in presenting even an approximate sketch of the man. The temptation to stop work and simply smoke and dream in such an environment is a real one. One feels that big thoughts should work themselves into realities without taking into account easel, painting smock, canvas, palette and brushes and long and tedious upbuilding.

At this (present) distance one may but shut his eyes, to bask in the beauties of that Flaminia studio outlook, down into that charming fruit-laden garden with its beautiful campagna region beyond to feel its irresistible influence. Or again follow the man of imagination and

big conceptions to his Capri retreat. Here, after all, at his villa Torre Quattro Venti, is where the writer received the impression that holds most strongly in mind. And he still sees the painter as he stood one early morning high up on the broad flat villa roof at the side of the tower. The author of *Roma Immortalis* had just landed the writer from his famous schooner yacht *Alda* after an early start from Sorrento. And now while the beautiful vessel and her genial commander were veering off for the homeward tack, Vedder, in loyal regard for friend and fellow-countryman, was unfurling the American flag and saluting, one the other, and bidding Godspeed to the white-winged craft as she glided

away on the ruffled sea. It was a picture to remember. The great dark cliffs high above the villa's white tower and vine-covered pergolas, the vast expanse of sea and mountain, the Salernian bay to the North with its siren-haunted rocky coast, where rests Amalfi, the gem of the island sapphire sea. And that pearl-encircled bay where Vesuvius cast iridescent shadows over the myth-suffused islands of Homeric legend. The man Vedder was an intimate and component part of this wonderful outlook, and as the strong south wind brushed his leonine head and snowy hair, one felt that he had come into his own, and the painter was worthy of his setting.

THE MIRROR

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

Now all that I have seen, winter-white and summer-green
 (Mark! This I learned in three score years and ten);
 These things will come again
 As sure as summer rain,
 And, as the dying daylight, go again.

I peeped into my mirror when Spring was on my head:
 "Oh lovely Spring," I said, "you are not I."
 And the face of a little child
 That greeted me and smiled —
 It faded like the violets that die.

And when I was a woman, my face was Summer's own
 (I know because I saw it in the glass);
 But I said, "The thing I see
 Is nothing like to me."
 And it changed and withered like the ripening grass.

Before my fire-lit pane, I sit and see the Winter drifts,
 My mirrored hair is bleak and white as they.
 And my face upon the glass
 As melting snow doth pass:
 To-morrow, and my ghost will be away.

But I'm Spring and Summer-time, fallen leaf and Winter rime,
 My body is the meadow and the sea;
 Yonder mountain is my breast,
 With the forest I am dressed,
 And the Sun and Moon hold up my glass for me.

A PANEL OF POETS*

BY MILTON BRONNER

I

HERE is a type of mind which revolts against the ordinary, the commonplace, the well-established order of things. It sometimes makes itself manifest by spurring men on to explore the hidden corners of the world. Sometimes, less romantically and more prosaically, it induces them to be frontiersmen, hardy pioneers who cannot abide the reek and the smoke and the clangor of cities, but who do their country's work and carry their country's flag, settling in the waste places and the wilderness. Sometimes, and this is more ordinary to-day when explorers are becoming fewer and the frontiersmen are finding themselves with their occupations gone, sometimes, it manifests itself in a certain sort of traveller. These persons avoid the beaten paths through Europe, dodge the great cities and the show-places as if they were infected with the Black Death, and seek the little strongholds where the Basques are making their last stand against the rush of to-day, or they go into some quaint hidden city in Dalmatia and revel in learning something about places and people of which the ordinary globe-trotter never hears. And as it is in the physical world with travellers and explorers, so it is in the world of books. Who of us cannot remember how the two types of mind were made manifest even in college days? There was the man who read all the prescribed things, who dutifully took down the volumes of Pope and Dryden, Wordsworth and Cole-

ridge, Shelley and Keats,—all the "standard" poets. And then there was the other reader, some boy who left the well-beaten roads and through preference went hunting in the by-paths in literature where amid much that was ordinary, he would suddenly come upon some little clear rivulet of song, or some lovely vista all resplendent with hawthorn and may. Or consider that other shy lad who loved the exotic, who read only enough of the prescribed things to conform to requirements, but who in his spare moments grubbed around in the "rotunda," and to the dismay of the white-haired old Virginia librarian, disturbed the age-old dust on some volumes of John Bowring's translations from the Servian and other Balkan tongues. And the habits of mind thus formed are not easily shaken off. In the after years, when youth is gone and hopes are gone and illusions are lost, when some of the gold dust is brushed off the wings of once fair dreams, there often remains that unconquerable, unquenchable thirst for the new, the exotic, the unusual, the out-of-the-way among the books that are tumbled from the presses of the world. Long ago it was Swinburne with his poems in *Laus Veneris* that stirred the youth. Then came a shock from Baudelaire, and a delight in those rococo *Fêtes Galantes* of Verlaine. Then came the study of their effect upon the young poets of the time. In England there was a combination of Swinburne, Baudelaire and Verlaine, and the result was an Arthur Symonds and Ernest Dowson. In young Germany there was the combination of the same French poets with something of the lyricism of Heine.

But to us who would still explore, the moonlit, absinthe-soaked poetry of the Parisian boulevards has not even yet expended its force. In 1907 there came across seas from England, a tiny flower of the decadent school, *A Book of Masks*, which contained in its twenty lyrics more perfect art than half the stuff that is printed in this country and

*A Book of Masks. By Wilbur Underwood. London: Elkin Mathews.

Damien of Molokai. By Wilbur Underwood. London: Elkin Mathews.

Personæ. By Ezra Pound. London: Elkin Mathews.

Exultations. By Ezra Pound. London: Elkin Mathews.

Provenza. By Ezra Pound. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Daily Bread. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. 3 vols. London: Elkin Mathews.

called "poetry." And best of all and strangest of all, this new poet was an American—Wilbur Underwood. His was a book written all in one mood, a mood of sadness, by a poet who was filled with dreams of moonlit nights and sad gardens, where the odour of decaying roses reminded one that the sweet summer was coming to a close; gardens where irresponsible unmoral Pierrots, white as the moon, made half-hearted love to dainty Columbines; where all the figures were in mask and where life itself was seen as carnival, a carnival that was to end all too soon; where it was necessary to enjoy the fleeting moments and to fling roses riotously. And all this was set forth in perfectly chiselled verse as exquisite, as "precious," as mannered, as Gallic as the *Fêtes Galantes* themselves. Indeed, they are not unworthy to be compared with that little book. Derivative? Certainly. It is fair to assume that the *Masks* would not have been written if Verlaine had not written, but they are as distinctive in their line as anything that other delicate child of the decadent school, Ernest Dowson, ever accomplished. Baudelaire was acclaimed as one who had discovered a new shudder. All these decadent poets at their best and fairest have in their art something of the wizardry which imparts a new thrill to the nerves, which touches something in our hearts and induces a melancholy similar to that which possessed the singer when he fashioned the song. In their maddest revels, when most moon-struck, when the dance is most feverish, these poets and their puppets are always conscious of the approach of the sad hour when the command will be: "Masks off!" There is something autumnal and wistful about such verses as these:

The hour has struck; with sudden grace
The mask is slipped from each worn face,
And desolate eyes meet desolate eyes
In glances of a lone surmise
That searching deeply only see
The veils of utter mystery;
The lights are flickering in the lamps,
The air grown sharp with earthy damps,
O little ghosts of sad delight
Pass wearily into the night.

A little while and over all
The faded leaves shall drift and fall,
The rain and wind from outer space
Walk desolate about the place,
And whisper through the grasses wet:
Adieu, Pierrot; good-night, Ninette.

But even before the midnight hour, when the unmasking begins, there is borne in upon these fantasts something of the reality of life. Inflamed with wine and passion and the zest of living, panting from the whirl of the dance, with the delirium of the music in their blood, there is a sudden chill because into their dream world comes grim fact. The master of all our revels, King Death, has called out one of those who used to be among the gayest of the gay, and we hear her fate in verses which have something of the sad tolling of funeral bells in their solemn music:

This young girl—this girl is dead;
From the light and music fled
Into darkness and still space;
Cover o'er the strange white face;
Once her laughter starred the night,
Now her laughter's taken flight.

This young girl—this girl is dead;
From the light and laughter fled;
Ladies, brutes and fellow-men
We are laughing once again,
As of old the noise and light
Stream out on the ancient night,
As of old, wine-flushed and fair,
We make joy with mocking air;
But through all our fevered arts
Steals a shadow on our hearts.

Now it has been the history of these singers of carnival, these dreamers who awake with a shock to the stern realities that they leap from one extreme to the other. From the paganism and abandon of the rout, they rush in terror to the arms of Mother Church and abase themselves before the altar of the anointed. Witness Verlaine in "Sagesse," witness Huysmans, witness Dowson. In Underwood the reaction is also noticeable, although like some of the Frenchmen, he does not abide long in the unworldly mood. His second little book of verses, *Damien of Molokai*, has three themes, the religious, love, and a passion of

II

friendship for athletes that is Greek after the manner of A. E. Housman in his "Shropshire Lad." The singer of carnival and masks dreams now for a space of saintly men and holy things and gives his amen to this:

Within the convent close
Where the fir trees stand in rows,
Pointing mutely as of old
To the sky above the mould,
Lie the Brothers, laid to rest
With the cross upon their breast.

All those patient, eager men
Waiting for His coming, when
Light shall open all the skies,
And His voice shall say: "Arise."

And I, too, Lord, would lie
With face set to the sky;
I, too, in that long sleep
Thy cross would hold and keep,
Clasping in the dust
The seal of deathless trust.

But this mood soon passes and his song is all of love again, love glorying in the beauty of the beloved, love in disgrace, love denied and cold, love beseeching:—

Kiss me—lest I grow afraid
To think of coming days—and Death.

There may be monotony in the volume, there may be more of a "delicate waiting on moods" than there is of heartening thought and strengthening philosophy, but there can be no question of the beauty, the daring, and the lyric cry of this:

God hath His many worlds
Sparkling the ether through,
Cloud upon cloud of stars—
But I have you.

God hath His many souls,
Who all the ages through
Praise Him with ceaseless praise—
But I have you.

He whose light slayeth dark,
Shineth upon us, too;
Out of His wondrous souls
He gave me you.

So doth His lonely love
Bind us by many ways;
Even when we know it not
Our love His praise.

Next there is a poet who could easily be termed by the school of critics-in-a-hurry, a minor Browning, and so no more. Like the great master, he is often rugged and even obscure; like him, although alway searching for new and intricate verse forms, he is likely to be charged with formlessness; like him there is a tremendous realism in his language, in contrast with the beauty he calls into service at intervals; like him he is a dissector of souls and voices, his findings in dramatic monologues in which the characters reveal themselves and the inmost secrets of their hearts; like him he is saturated with foreign culture and his favourite era is the Middle Ages; and finally there is a healthy, manly, virile note in his poetry, a note that expresses itself in man-song and in passionate love poetry.

But if diluted Browning were all of Ezra Pound, he would not be worthy much space. Fortunately for the good fame of this young American, who likewise received his first support in England, and fortunately, too, for that small minority which still loves poetry, there is a great deal more. Being a modern of moderns, there is a touch of Yeats in his makeup and, harking back, there is a great deal of the troubadours of whom Arnaut Daniel is the master he loves best. Surely this is a strange combination of sources for a young poet. But there is more yet. He is a learned philologist, and in his *Spirit of Romance* has ranged over the Middle Ages, examined the literature of the period, and made many choice translations from the singers of that time, while very soon he rather daringly promises to challenge the supremacy of Rossetti himself by a new version of the songs of Guido Cavalcanti. And this philologist and translator is likewise a parodist. In his "Romance" book there is a parody of Whitman, while in "Personæ"—notice the reminiscence of "Dramatis Personæ"—there is a tribute to Browning in his very manner and form, a poem which is not even surpassed by Calverley's famous "Cock and Bull":

Aye, you're a man that! ye old mesmeriser,
 Tyin' your meanin' in seventy swadelins,
 One must of needs be a hang'd early riser
 To catch you at worm turning. Holy Odd's
 bodykins!

You wheeze as a head-cold, long-tonsilled
 Calliope,

But God! what a sight you ha' got o' our
 in'ards,

Mad as a hatter, but surely no Myope,
 Broad as all ocean and leanin' mankin'ards.

Here's to you, Old Hippety-hop o' the accents,
 True to the Truth's sake and crafty dis-
 sector,

You grabbed at the gold sure; had no need
 to pack cents

Into your versicles.

Clear sight's elector!

As an admirer of Browning and a student of Provençal poetry he does himself harm. There is too much that is his own, that promises fine things for his future, to justify him in further experiments with canzone after the manner of Daniel and Bertrand de Born, and in aping the dramatic monologue method of Browning. But even the products of this latter mood constitute no mean achievement. In "La Fraïse" there is a very wonderful rendition of the story of an old love-madness which drove the stricken one to frenzied trysts with an ash tree; in "Cino," Dante's contemporary is shown in a moment of disgust with the grey eyes of women and determined to sing of "Pollo Phoibee"; in another of these, a sestina, Bertrand de Born, profanity and all, is shown ordering his jongleur, Papiols, to make ready to sing a new song celebrating the glories of war; while in "Piere Vidal Old," that famous troubadour muses over the wonderful and fantastic and insane period in his youth, when for love of Loba he ran as a wolf in the forest and was hunted as a creature of prey; but it was worth it all:

God! but the purple of the sky was deep!
 Clear, deep, translucent, so the stars me seemed
 Set deep in crystal; and because my sleep
 Rare visitor—came not—the Saints I guerdon
 For that restlessness—Piere set to keep

One more fool's vigil with the hollyhocks.
 Swift came the Loba, as a branch that's caught,
 Torn, green and silent in the swollen Rhone,
 Green was her mantle, close, and wrought
 Of some thin silk stuff that's scarce stuff at all,
 But like a mist where through her white form
 fought,

And conquered! Ah, God conquered!
 Silent my mate came as the night was still.
 Speech? Words? Faugh! Who talks of words
 and love?

Hot is such love and silent,
 Silent as fate is, and as strong until
 It faints in taking and in giving all.

If we leave these monologues and look at the canzone we see a poet so absorbed by the dainty and intricate lacework of the Provençal singers that he must needs experiment, too, and try his skill. But beautiful as many of these effects are, that way great poetry does not lie. The style and manner are alien to the English tongue. Of fixed forms in verse, imported into the language, only the sonnet has become part and parcel of our literature. One can recall no ballade, no sestina, rondeau or triolet in English which can truly be called great. All poetry is, of course, artifice, and all poetry has a basis of mechanics, but in the canzone the artifice is too apparent, too learned, too much the labour of a skilled juggler with end rhymes. It speaks much for Pound that, despite the fact that his three books of poems are very small and despite the various experiments we have glanced at, he nevertheless manages to convince one that he has the right Promethean fire. Not only that, but he makes one feel, too, that he is a big personality, one who is both lover and thinker, a rude dominant man, almost burly, hewing out his own proper effects in a strikingly original manner, as in the unique "Idyl for Glaucus," so different from the pale transcript from the Greek, and in that daring and yet essentially truthful and noble Christ poem, "The Ballad of the Goodly Fere," in which Simon Zelotes speaks some time after the crucifixion:

Ha' we lost the goodliest fere o' all
 For the priests and the gallows tree?
 Aye, lover he was of brawny men,
 O' ships and the open sea.

Oh, we drank his "Hale" in the good red wine
 When we last made company,
 No capon priest was the Goodly Fere,
 But a man o' men was he.

They'll no get him a' in a book, I think,
 Though they write it cunningly;
 No mouse of the scrolls was the Goodly Fere,
 But aye loved the open sea.

It takes no prophet to see that here is
 an original voice, a strong voice that
 echoes no one. He sings in a rich bari-
 tone, with a note of realism. For he is
 in revolt against the crepuscular spirit in
 modern poetry:

I would shake off the lethargy of this our time,
 and give
 For shadows—shapes of power;
 For dreams—men.

But that is not all of his aspiration, for
 hear him:

As bright white drops upon a leaden sea,
 Grant so my songs to this grey folk may be;
 As drops that dream and gleam and falling
 catch the sun.

And the prayer for beauty is granted.
 Out of his undoubted strength comes
 sweetness, whether in exquisite single
 lines like:

That white-foot wind, Pale Dawn's annuncia-
 trice—

Or as when he speaks of the rain
 O pearls that hang on your little silvery chains,
 Or all suddenly with a burst of melody
 in an otherwise conventional canzone:

My love is lovelier than the sprays
 Of eglantine above clear waters,
 Or whitest lilies that upraise
 Their heads in midst of moated waters.

No poppy in the May-glad mead
 Would match her quivering lips' red
 If 'gainst her lips it should be laid.

The light within her eyes, which slays
 Base thoughts and stilleth troubled waters,
 Is like the gold where sunlight plays
 Upon the still o'ershadowed waters.

Love here is his theme, as it is the sub-
 ject of so many of his poems, and here
 the Provençal influence is most gracious
 and graceful. For this strong man, this

man who dissects the souls of warriors
 as well as of singers, is a veritable
 troubadour of the great passion. Hear
 him:

Who calls me idle? I have thought of her.
 Who calls me idle? By God's truth I've seen
 The arrowy sunlight in her golden snares.

Let him among you all stand summonser
 Who hath done better things! Let whoso hath
 been
 With worthier works concerned display his
 wares.

When the roses are blooming and soft
 summer winds are blowing and the moon
 is shining, he will sing you one song or
 ten in honour of his beloved,—exquisite
 things, cast into new moulds, with the
 freshness of manner that comes in a real
 poet who is breaking away from his
 teachers and models: things like this,
 with which one must really close the lit-
 tle volumes and turn elsewhere:

Because of the beautiful white shoulders and
 the rounded breasts

I can in no wise forget my beloved of the
 peach-trees,

And the little winds that speak when the
 dawn is unfurled

And the rose-colour in the grey oak-leaf's fold

When it first comes, and the glamour that
 rests

On the little streams in the evening; all of
 these

Call me to her, and all the loveliness in the
 world

Binds me to my beloved with strong chains
 of gold.

III

We have seen that these new poets, in
 the quest for beauty, have hied them-
 selves away from the grim realities of
 life and have betaken themselves to gar-
 den closes of fancy, to lands of carnival,
 or back in time to when the troubadours
 held sway. The beauty that gilds the
 lives of common men, that inheres in the
 humble,—these things they have not at-
 tempted to portray at all. And indeed
 there are not so many instances in Eng-
 lish literature where the thing has been
 done. Art has been aristocratic and so
 agreed with Shakespeare in speaking of

the "greasy caps" and "stinking breath" of the mob, rather than acquiesce in the kindly pictures drawn by genial Chaucer. And it is only when one comes down to modern times that one begins to see the impact of the mass upon poets, that art begins to be democratic. Crabbe was really the pioneer in this. It was he who first began to depict "the bitterness that lies like a dark pool" in the bottom of the hearts of the English peasants. Then came Hood with his piercingly sweet song or two, and the strident tones of Ebenezer Elliott and Ernest Charles Jones and other singers of Chartist days and of "Corn Law Rhymes." The balance of the celebration of the very poor and humble is in our own time, so to speak; in the day of the genuine awakening of the people; in the hour of the growth of socialism, and the tolerance even of anarchy so long as it does not manifest itself in anything more dangerous than words. There is, for instance, Joseph Skipsey, with his "Carols from the Coal Fields," in which there are hints of the tragedies of the mines; there is Robert Buchanan, who in such "London Poems" as "Nell" and "Liz" brought realism into pictures of modern London slum life; there is John Davidson, who, before he became an anarchist, sang the troubles of the lowly, and finally there are Robert Blatchford, the socialist poet, and Francis Adams, who, in his "Songs of the Army of the Night," is purely anarchistic.

The new poet considered here bears no resemblance to any of these save in his choice of similar subjects. He is neither a lyrist like Davidson and Hood, a writer of savage marching songs like Adams and his corn-law predecessors, a painstaking descriptive artist like Crabbe at his best, nor a writer of revelatory monologues like Buchanan. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson turns the light on the dark places of modern life by means of dramatic dialogues, written in irregular verse. He forsakes the charm of rhyme, eschews rhetoric, and sticks close to actual scenes. It is as if a half dozen or so paragraphs from a daily newspaper of London with their brief colourless recitals of deaths, accidents and crimes had been taken as the basis of these poems. It is the busi-

ness of the poet to tell us what the newspaper does not. The poems give the inside facts, the heart ache and the pain and misery that come into the lives of the very poor. Gibson is a chronicler of the humble, a reporter of their lives, stated thus for the man:

I little knew that life was labour, labour,
And labour till the end.
I thought that there'd be ease, somewhere.

And for the woman:

It's ever children, children.
A woman slaves her very life away
To rear her children;
And they grow up and slave their lives away
To rear their children.

John Galsworthy, in his splendid plays dealing with modern life, gives both sides with impartial skill. In *Strife* he presents the arguments both for capital and labour. In *Justice* he gives both the views of the courts and the criminals. Gibson in his dialogues gives but one side, but things are stated as calmly, seemingly, as Galsworthy does it, and as in Galsworthy's dramas we are conscious that Gibson has as flaming a wrath at conditions, as deep a conviction of the necessity for change, as throbbing a sympathy for the under dog. But unlike Galsworthy, Gibson does not hint at remedies for ills. He shows the way human beings live and suffer and is well content if he has stirred the reader to painful thought. Three books have been issued by him under the general caption, *Daily Bread*. They contain in all seventeen poems, which do not differ greatly in tone or subject. We are told of pitmen who are caught in the coal mines, of fishermen who lose their lives at sea, of working-girls whose hands are mangled in machines, of furnace tenders who are burned by the flames they feed. We see English Hodge and his wife slaving nineteen hours a day to feed their babes, and another Hodge, drawn to the city, starving in his garret, while still another, with wife and child, trudges the road seeking a job. For through many of these poems there runs the terrible refrain:

But times are bad,
And work is slack.

There are brutalities in these verses, too, as when a man, broken in temper by the clangor of the boiler riveter's life, cruelly attacks his wife; and heroism, as where the wife, after years of suffering, reveals that she has a cancer and is to undergo a desperate operation at the city free dispensary. But it must not be inferred that there is a too Russian note of squalour and sorrow and despair in these poems. The golden thread that runs through most of them is best explained by the poet's own prefatory verses:

All life moving to one measure—
Daily bread, daily bread—
Bread of life, and bread of labour,
Bread of bitterness and sorrow,
Hand-to-mouth, and no to-morrow,
Dearth for housemate, dearth for neighbour . . .

Yet, when all the babes are fed,
Love, are there not crumbs to treasure?

There you have the golden thread. It is love that brings some humble flowers of poesy into their lives, and quiet heroisms, and comradeship in common dangers—the things that so rarely get themselves into print.

Sometimes the more desperate side of things comes into this verse as thus:

JESSIE: 'Twas a hard road, and long.

REUBEN: The road is hard and long the poor must travel.

JESSIE: Aye; and the end?

REUBEN: The end? Where the end lies, who knows?

Or listen to this solemn warning against the cities, so poignant at present when the census reports of all the civilised nations are showing a constant trend of population away from the land and to the great towns:

For here men starve;
Yes, men and women starve;
And starving folk are ill to live with.
Such sights I've seen!
I did not think that hell could hold such sights.
But here, where hundreds hunger,
And wander shelterless at night,
Or sleep beneath dark arches,
Or on cold benches, wrapped in soaking fog,
Here . . . here is hell!

And finally read this as the epilogue to the foregoing extracts and consider it as

the explanation of a common charge in the police court:

And there's small blame to them
Who drink too much, at whiles.
There's little else the poor can get too much of:
And life, at best, is dull enough, God knows.
Sometimes it's better to forget . . .
And . . . it's a lovely dizziness.

It has been said that this poet is satisfied with a seemingly absolute transcript of facts, told in the words of the poor, and relying upon the unvarnished truth for the effect he desires to produce. But this would leave out of account one or two poems in which the dramatic effect is more highly wrought. And for this reason "The Night Shift" is perhaps the most powerful of all these dramas in little. A wife, with her new-born babe by her side, wonders why her husband, who is down in the mine with the night shift, does not return to her. It is time for him to come. He knows the great event that is impending in their lives. She can see the first grey light of the new day. She is not told by the faithful watcher at her bedside that a mine tragedy has occurred, but in some subtle way the idea comes into the fevered brain of the woman. It is converted by her into a very real and terrible picture of the tragic event that, unknown to her, has made her a helpless widow. Again and again, as she rouses herself from delirium, she is conscious of men buried underground, of the hideous drama the like of which she has heard described since infancy; she is conscious of men tapping at their fearful prison in the mad endeavour to get out to the light and air, and in her wild pain she cries out:

Will no one stop that tapping?
I cannot sleep for it.
I think that some one is shut in somewhere,
And trying to get out.
Will no one let them out
And stop the tapping?
It keeps on tapping, tapping . . .
Tap . . . tap . . . tap . . .
And I can scarcely breathe,
The darkness is so thick
It stifles me,
And weighs so heavily upon me,
And drips, and drips . . .

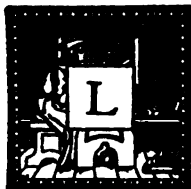
My hair is wet already;
 There's water all about my knees.
 I cannot see it,
 But I feel it creeping
 Higher and higher,
 Cold as death, about me;
 I cannot see it,
 But I hear it swishing
 At every step,
 And feel it dripping cold—
 The darkness dripping down upon me,
 So cold, so cold.
 And yet . . . I cannot breathe . . .
 The darkness is so thick, so hot,
 'Tis like a furnace-blast
 Upon my brow,
 And weighs so heavily upon me,
 As though great rocks were hanging over-
 head!
 And dripping, dripping . . .
 I cannot lift my feet,
 The water holds them,

'Tis creeping . . . creeping . . . creeping . . .
 My wet hair drags me down.
 Ah, God!
 Will no one stop that tapping . . .
 I cannot sleep . . .
 And I would sleep
 Till he comes home . . .
 Tap . . . tap . . . tap . . . tap . . .
 (*Sinks back exhausted.*)

In such verses and with such subjects we have been carried far from the songs of Pound and Underwood, and yet this work is one of the signs of the times. We are going to have more rather than less of it. As the world becomes more industrialised, the poets will more and more find their themes in the mines and the shops; there will be the tapping of picks and the whirring of looms to take the place of the plaintive tinkling of the mandolins.

THE AUTHOR AND PUBLICITY

BY ARTHUR M. CHASE



ENOX ROWE, author of *The Long Lane*, is leaving shortly for California (Mr. Rowe is a Philadelphian), that he may prepare himself for the writing of a new novel.

J. Jefferson Johnson, whose novel of New York life, *Misunderstood*, was published some eighteen months ago, has just gone abroad for a year. His plans are rather unsettled, but much of his time will be spent in Italy. His publishers expect that during this visit another novel will take its final shape.

When he is not writing books or attending to his law practice, John Milton Mills, author of *Petals of Poesy*, finds recreation in his garden. He has always been ambitious to cultivate flowers and vegetables, and for that purpose left Philadelphia proper to lead the quiet life in a suburb.

The gifted author of *Sonny James*, Muriel Howard Smith, continues to make her home at the residence of her mother in Waycross, Georgia. Mrs. Smith is a frequent speaker before women's organisations.

Hedges Benson is now principally employed in superintending the building of his new house at Kankakee, especially of his library. Book shelves are to be built into the walls on two sides.

Thoughtful readers of book reviews in newspaper—presumably the reviews attract some thoughtful readers—must have noticed items like these cunningly marshalled under an appropriate heading—"Bookland Doings," "Authors and Their Work," "What Authors are Doing," etc. And they must have wondered at this plethora of irrelevant, insignificant and uninformative information. Why is it printed; who wants it printed; and what purpose does it serve? If it is supposed to be a peculiarly subtle form of advertising, has it any merit as such? Does the bare statement that Lenox Rowe, a Philadelphian, has gone to California to try to write a book inflame the reader with a desire to buy that book the day it is published? And it is difficult to understand why a knowledge

of Mr. Mills's interest in flowers and vegetables should create a demand for his poetry. Nor is it easy to see why any one except Hedges Benson and his immediate friends should care a straw whether he puts bookshelves or billiard tables in his library.

Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, book reviews are not published in newspapers entirely from philanthropic motives. Altruistic as the editors are, and solicitous of the intellectual welfare of their readers, they are influenced in some degree, alas! by ulterior and rather mercenary considerations. For book reviews attract publishers' advertising, and publishers' advertising is worth while, not only on account of its volume, which is considerable, but by reason of the prestige, or class, it brings. Books in this dear land of ours are rated not as a necessity, but as one of the luxuries of life, along with automobiles, jewelry, silverware, bonds, etc. Hence strenuous competition upon the part of newspapers for advertisements of books, so that their solicitors can go out and proudly proclaim—Our paper has class, quality of circulation; our readers read books; see the ads. And to entice the ads there are book reviews, and generously thrown in along with them a plentiful supply of gossip notes about the doings and beings of authors. They are printed, therefore, because the newspapers think the publishers want them.

In most publishing offices there is a bright young man—young because his salary is consistent only with youthfulness and hope; bright because his duties demand brightness—who is known as the publicity man. He is who transmutes the activities of authors into subtle newspaper paragraph. If an author travels, the publicity man sends a note to the papers; if the author doesn't travel, the publicity man sends a note. If the author falls down stairs, lies in an aeroplane, inherits a fortune, marries, dies, writes a book or thinks of writing one, the publicity man is instantly on his job as a literary barker. Such grave and vital topics as whether the author writes in the morning, afternoon or evening, standing up or sitting down, with pen, pencil, typewriter, on white paper or yel-

low paper, all these things are material for the busy publicity man.

And why is it done? Why do publishers encourage it, foster it, pay for it? From mixed motives, no doubt, as in the case of most human activity. For one thing, the advertising is supposed to have some sort of value, vague and intangible as it may be. By keeping an author in the limelight, even though it be pretty dim, people become acquainted with him—this is the theory—grow interested, remember him, and are prompted to buy his books. For another thing, this sort of advertising appeals to the publisher because it is free. Great is the rejoicing of a publicity man when he "puts over a good one on" the newspaper. The publisher, too, regards with complacency a paragraph, or a quarter column, or a column, all about one of his authors, printed in a newspaper without costing a cent. And, moral precepts of our childhood to the contrary, what is really worth so much as something we can get for nothing?

But there is a third and still stronger motive. A little rift in the lute of harmonious relations between publisher and author is sometimes caused by the question of advertising. After the Scylla of royalties and the Charybdis of advance payment have been safely navigated, after the delicate problems of illustrations, cover, dedicatory note, title and many other things have been successfully negotiated, then arises the final problem of advertising. The author wants advertising, a great deal of it. The publisher also wants it, but his desires are moderated by the fact that he has to pay the bills. And lo, in the daily papers, here are these columns of "Bookland Doings," "Authors and Their Work," etc., offering a chance for direct, personal, highly flattering advertisement of authors, for nothing. It is a heaven-sent opportunity not to be despised. Hence publicity men, and the bright little notes about the doings and beings of authors flying like flocks of birds from the offices of publishers to the newspapers.

It would seem, therefore, in the last analysis, as if the author were responsible for publicity. He is the subject of it, and it is published because he enjoys it

and wants it. But do authors, as a class, like publicity? An incident came under my observation not long ago which has a bearing upon this. An author of my acquaintance combines with a life of travel and adventure an almost morbid reticence about himself and his activities. He will leave you with a muttered "so long," and the next day depart for South Africa, or South America, or Manchuria, or to any part of the globe that is remote and offers a chance of excitement. In the same way, returning from the uttermost parts of the earth he will greet his friends with nothing more communicative than a brief "hullo." I happened to mention some incidents of this gentleman's variegated and eventful career as war correspondent and globe trotter to the publisher of one of his books. The next day that publisher's publicity man, a clever youngster with rolling eyes, called upon me.

"Give me those facts," he cried; "give me all of them. I'll write them up in Kiplingesque. I'll get out some publicity that is publicity."

And he did,—fearful and wonderful notes in Kiplingesque. Whereupon the modest author promptly called upon the publisher, so promptly in fact that he had to wait for the office boy to arrive in the morning and unlock the office door. When the author did meet the publisher, his demand was brief and to the point. Either there would be no more notes, Kiplingesque or otherwise, or untold and unutterable things would happen. The notes ceased.

And publicity men tell me that authors are rarely eager for publicity. These rather insipid fragments of information about Lenox Rowe, Philadelphia, betaking himself to California, the gardening proclivities of the "Petals of Poesy" poet, and all the rest of them do not, as a rule, come trippingly from the tongues

of the heroes of these little romances. Instead, they are cunningly extracted by publicity men from innocent letters and unguarded conversations.

So far from promoting this sort of thing, many authors are opposed to it, and refuse point blank to furnish their innermost secrets for exploitation. Many, in fact the majority, accept publicity in a spirit of resignation, as a necessary evil that seems to be in some way bound up with the trade of writing. For an author, unless he has been spoiled, is usually a sane and normal person, not particularly vain or puffed up, and much more interested in making his book "go" than in creating a stir about himself. In fact, this perfectly natural desire on his part to have his book succeed, is at the bottom of much publicity. He is told that the limelight pays; the public expect it; that it stimulates interest in his book. As a consequence he is willing, not without some reluctance, to stifle his native modesty and let the publicity man have his own way. There are, of course, noisy self-advertisers among writers, as among other people, but they are the exception.

If we go back to our "Bookland Doings," "Authors and Their Work," and other clever chronicles of unimportant matters, we discover a curious state of affairs in connection with them. For the newspapers publish such things chiefly because they think the publishers like them, and will show their appreciation by advertising. The publishers provide the material mainly because they think it gratifies their authors. And authors enter into the game chiefly because it seems to be expected of them. All of which leads to the pertinent question,—What, after all, is the use of "Bookland Doings," and "Authors and Their Work?" What, in other words, is the use of publicity?



THE SILENT WARRIOR

BY HERBERT HERON

Here, within this high-walled, shady garden,
I have stood for centuries, alone —
I, the iron soldier Kalon sculptured
For the proud Sicilian tyrant's throne.

When the gaunt and withered host of Carthage
Reeled into the city battle-worn,
I, from Kalon's dying arms unloosened,
Royal prize! to Africa was borne.

Came my journey's end in green Ravenna:
Furious siege and battle rumbled far.
Silent I have stood through countless decades,
Seeing petty deaths and mimic war.

Year by year the people changed around me;
I alone, immortal, stayed the same.
Language, arts, and kings have risen upward:
Kings and people only live in name.

Ah! the foul intrigue — and fouler boldness —
My unmoving, sleepless eyes have seen;
And the sounds my open ears have gathered,
In this garden sheltered and serene!

Subtle wrongs have filled my heart with horror;
Tragic moods my yearning brain have seared.
Many men and women I have hated,
Men and women uselessly endeared.

Always I have seen in futile anger
Crimes of which the garden never speaks;
I was born to gaze on splendid ruin,
Born to hear the battle-cry of Greeks!

Roman legions marching north to conquest
Held me through the White Republic's glare;
Tuscan armies routed in their glory,
Saved my soul from sickness and despair.

Hundred years by hundred years pass onward:
I have stood in silence in the grove,
Longing to assist, in all my knowledge,
Those I learned to honour and to love.

Never till to-day has speech awakened;
Never have I held the power to kill.
Now at last my heart in triumph rises;
Hot desires my beating pulses thrill.

Fallen here, across my bended ankle,
Lies a living strand of burnished wire;
Through it runs the lightning of Hephæstus,
Plunging all my body in its fire.

And for one brief moment I am human!
Love, revenge, and joy my being fill.
Deadly am I now to those who touch me;
Splendidly I now can do my will!

Ah, that I might save the proud, sweet lady,
Whom my heart in undertone adores,
From the one whom she must call her husband,
While the throbbing current through me pours!

Let but now that cold, inhuman consort —
He whose rancour pales his fair young wife—
Wander here among the trees and flowers,
Touch me while my veins are filled with life!

Silent, through the centuries that follow,
I would stand with spirit satisfied,
If I once might grasp this loathsome creature,
Speak my hatred to him as he died!

Hark! I hear a footfall there behind me —
O thou God of Christians, it is she!
Must thou then be rescued from thy torment
Only through thy death? So let it be!

Where the bitter anguish of thy living
Brought thee, ever beautiful, to weep —
Here, within my longing arms enfolded,
Safe at last from sorrow, thou shalt sleep.

THE DECORATIVE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

BOTH in painting and in sculpture, the decorative artist labours under limitations more precisely technical than those which are imposed upon his freer fellow-craftsman. Decorative painting must fit the room that it is destined to adorn; and, to this end, its mere patterning of lines and colours becomes more important than the subject it sets forth. A decorative bit of sculpture must be moulded in reference to the general architectural design of which it is a mere detail; and it cannot be judged by the same standards that we apply to the appreciation of a statue modelled by and for itself.

In the exercise of every art there are two steps,—first, a selection of details from nature, and second, an arrangement of the details selected, in accordance with a pattern. To the ordinary painter, the ordinary sculptor, the first of these steps is the more important of the two; and his work will interest us mainly on account of the details he has decided to select from nature. But to the decorative artist, the pattern is of prime importance: it scarcely matters what details he chooses to exhibit, so long as he arranges them in accordance with a satisfying scheme.

The ordinary painting must tell us something about life: if it be a portrait, it must exhibit the painter's appreciation of a person; if it be a landscape, it must exhibit his appreciation of some phase of out-of-doors; but the decorative painting may deal with either cabbages or kings, without expressing any sympathy with either, provided that the motive be developed in a composition that shall be harmonious in itself and appropriate in line and colour to the room that it completes. The same distinction holds in sculpture. If any single figure in that serried rank of kings that is strung across the façade of Notre Dame de Paris were taken down from its niche and set up on a pedestal, it would look abnormally tall

and slender, and curiously cramped; because, like any ordinary statue, it would then be set in competition with nature. But, in its proper place, the figure is not intended to compete with nature: it is intended merely to continue, and not disrupt, a pattern that covers the face of an entire building.

It will be seen that the art of decoration is, of all the arts, the most removed from nature. It is the one art in which the subject-matter is of very small account and the technical presentment is of overwhelming importance. An egg is not an interesting object, and neither is a dart; but the egg-and-dart moulding that the Greeks developed is so superbly decorative that it has held its own, against all attempts at innovation, throughout immemorable centuries. In decoration, art is exercised solely for the sake of art. The decorative painter values lines and colours, the decorative sculptor values forms and shadows, utterly for their own sakes, without particular reference to the objects which happen to furnish them to his hand. But the ordinary painter, the ordinary sculptor, works with his eye upon the object: the object interests him in and for itself, and he marshals technical details merely to minister to his purpose to render the thing as he sees it.

A good painting, a good statue, awakens us to a realisation of life; but a good decoration relieves us from such a realisation. Paintings and statues assert the importance of nature; but decorations assert the importance of art. The painter and the sculptor ask us to admire a subject; but the decorator asks us to admire a pattern.

If, with this distinction in our minds, we compare the contributions of Puvis de Chavannes and Edwin A. Abbey to the walls of the Boston Public Library, we shall see that the Frenchman excels from the decorative standpoint and that the American excels from the pictorial standpoint. It is the merit of the panels of Puvis that they melt into the sur-

rounding marble and refuse to arrest the transitory eye by reminding it of life. The mild and misty colours, the conventional and uninsistent outlines, abstain from capturing attention to the subjects that are touched upon; and the wanderer comes away, remembering that he has climbed a lovely stairway but forgetting that he has paused to look at pictures. But Abbey's Tennysonian narrative of the legend of Sir Galahad attracts attention to itself, reminds the loiterer of life, and makes him utterly forget that he is in a building. It disrupts the room that it was meant to decorate, by rendering the observer impatient of a roof. From the technical standpoint, it spoils the room by sweeping it away.

Readers of these pages do not need to be reminded that the drama, in this modern age, has tended to become more visual than auditory in its medium of appeal, and has allied itself, in recent years, more with the art of painting than with the art of literature. Ever since the adoption of the picture-frame proscenium, the prevalent and customary play has been pictorial. But very recently it has occurred to certain producers to go a step further and to handle the drama not merely as a series of pictures, but, finally, as a series of decorations. That interesting, inconsistent theorist, Mr. Gordon Craig, is one of the leaders of this movement; but its most successful practical exponent has been Professor Max Reinhardt of Berlin.

Professor Reinhardt at the present time [he began his career in conformity with other theories] conceives an acted play as a bit of decoration. He does not desire that a drama should offer a judgment or a criticism of life: he desires, rather, that it should offer a continuously seductive pattern of lines and colours, forms and shadows, to the eye. In his present view, the drama should not, like a picture, compete with nature by awakening the spectator to a realisation of life: it should, rather, like a decoration, satisfy the spectator by an utterly æsthetic patterning of visual details. Whereas, in recent years, the majority of our theatric artists have been striving to return to nature, Professor Reinhardt is now endeavouring to get away from it.

He does not ask us to be interested primarily in life: he asks us to be interested primarily in art.

This consideration should be borne in mind in any criticism of the pantomime of *Sumurûn*, which has recently been represented in America. This production of Professor Reinhardt's may be taken as a type of the Decorative Drama; and it should, properly, be appreciated by some critic of the decorative arts instead of by a critic of the theatre. By divesting the drama of the spoken word, Professor Reinhardt has removed it from the realm of literature and bereaved it of any reference to actuality: he has conceived it, rather, as a continuous frieze of flitting, ever fluctuating, decorations.

A glance at any scene in *Sumurûn* indicated that this Oriental panorama should be judged less as drama than as painting, and less as painting than as decoration. The stage-pictures were rendered in that particular style of secessionistic artistry that is popularly known in Germany as the "Jugend-Stil." It gets its name from the fact that, although the original inspiration came from Paris, it became most popular in Germany through the work of a clever group of artists illustrating the satirical magazines, "Jugend" and "Simplizissimus." They made it an effective fashion for all decorative purposes. They found that flat backgrounds, utterly lacking in perspective, that striking outlines and solid blocks of colour [they favoured Egyptian angles for the rendering of figures], served particularly well for poster and cartoon work,—for work, in other words, in which an idea had to be impressed in an instant on the spectator, even in the most careless glance, so emphatically that it should remain for some time in his memory. This method—a method devised, in the first instance, for the adornment of magazine covers—Professor Reinhardt has adopted for the uses of the Decorative Drama.

He divests his backgrounds of perspective lines, and renders them in monochrome. In consequence, they stop the eye, and fling into vivid relief the costumes of the actors. These costumes

are designed not as dresses, in reference to life, but as blocks of colour, in reference to art; and the colours are simple in themselves and harmonious with one another. The method of the entire decoration is impressionistic. It proceeds by the suppression of details, and by the arrangement of the very few details selected, in accordance with a pattern of conventional simplicity. The lighting of the stage is emphatically simple. In the scene of the Sheik's bed-chamber, which may be taken as typical, there are only two light-values,—a lantern at the head of the stairway, and a streaming light cast down funnel-wise over the bed of the Sheik. The most impressive scene of the entire play is a mere procession of all the characters across the stage, before a blank wall of unobtrusive grey, above which is seen a black palace, drawn, without perspective, upon a sky of slate.

The drama thus exhibited as decoration tells in pantomime two distinct but intricately intertangled stories, accompanied by interpretative music patterned, in post-Wagnerian fashion, out of the intermingling of appropriate "leading motives." It is unnecessary, in this consideration, to summarise either of these narratives. Both of them are inevitably violent, since they must tell themselves immediately to the eye without the aid of words. The passion of love must express itself in lust, the passion of revenge must express itself in murder, the mood of humour must express itself in physical buffoonery, in a narrative that is conceived as decoration.

In America, the subject-matter of *Sumurun* seems to have astounded a certain section of the public [and even a certain number of the newspaper reviewers] by its absolute divorce from all morality. It is, of course, unimaginable that a decoration should be either moral or immoral. A mere pattern of lines and colours suggests no logical association with life; and it is only in the sphere of life that a distinction between morality and immorality can have any pertinence. In life, for instance, murder is indubitably an immoral occupation; but if a decorative artist, desiring merely a splash of red to complete a colour-composition,

should choose to represent a murdered man dripping the harmless necessary pool of blood, it would be illogical to accuse him of immorality. Such an art as decoration, which has nothing to do with life, must not be judged in terms of life; and *Sumurun*, though lust and murder run rampant through its decorative narrative, is no more immoral than the egg-and-dart moulding that adorns the buildings of the world. To conceive such decoration as immoral is to confess a lack of culture. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The Bird of Paradise, by Mr. Richard Walton Tully, is more pictorial than decorative. It presents

"The Bird of a series of very appealing
Paradise" pictures of an island
in Hawaii; and the native

rites and customs are illustrated by a number of Kanakas, who adorn the stage with their graceful bodies and dainty costumes, and make sweet music upon plaintive instruments.

The story is set in the revolutionary days of the early nineties, when the life of Hawaii was vacillating between an inherited savagery and an imported civilisation; and the purpose of the story is to exhibit the different effects produced on two contrasted characters by this chaos of irreconcilable influences. One of these characters, an American physician named Paul Wilson, sinks from civilisation to savagery because he marries a native princess named Luana and allows his energy to be undermined by the lassitude of native life; and the other, a drunken beach-comber named "Ten-Thousand-Dollar" Dean, rearises from savagery to civilisation under the influence of a sturdy American girl named Diana Larned, who came out to the islands as the fiancée of Wilson, but who ultimately marries the man she has regenerated. The most pathetic figure in the story is the native girl, Luana. When at last she comes to realise that she has ruined the life of the man that she has loved, she offers herself as a sacrifice to the unpropitious gods and leaps into the boiling crater of Kilauea.

The theme of this story is more impressive than the treatment of it. The author might have made a great play if he had exhibited the gradual stages of

the disintegration of one character and the reintegration of another under the influence of two contrasted phases of the same environment; but he chose to assume that all of this had been accomplished off the stage in the long lapse of time between his first and second acts, and then kept on writing for two acts more, after his dramatic struggle had been already won and lost. As a result, the play as a whole is disappointing, be-

that the auditor begins to wish that more of the story might manage to tell itself without the use of words. Yet the things said are impressively sincere; and the story offers an earnest criticism of a dangerous phase of American life that is at present common.

Harry Lenox and his wife are living in the suburbs, in a house that they are buying on the instalment plan. Harry's business takes him to town every morn-

"SUMURÛN"—SCENE 3—IN FRONT OF THE SHEIK'S PALACE

"Professor Reinhardt divests his backgrounds of perspective lines, and renders them in monochrome. In consequence, they stop the eye, and fling into vivid relief the costumes of the actors."

cause it fails to fulfil a promise that is suggested at the outset.

The Talker, by Miss Marion Fairfax, is another play that impresses the spec-

tator as being not so good as it really ought to be. The material is

well worthy of presentation in a play; but the author, for the most part, has set it forth abstractly in talk, instead of translating it into the concrete terms of dramatic action. Every character says his say [or rather, in many cases, the author's say] about the theme, to such considerable length

ing and sends him home tired every night. They have no children; and Mrs. Lenox, having nothing to do, spends her time reading "advanced" books and writing silly papers for her woman's club about the enfranchisement of women and the freedom of the individual. Being incapable of thought, she talks continually, and assails her family and friends with the unconventional theories of life that she has only half digested. By way of asserting the freedom of the individual, she establishes a platonic friendship with a certain automobile-agent, who takes her out in his sample car and talks to her

as people talk in novels that are written by enfranchised women. This fellow-theorist makes love behind her back to Harry Lenox's little sister, who is living in her house; and the young girl's mind has been so poisoned by Mrs. Lenox's continual talk about the freedom of love that she easily falls a victim to his advances and elopes with him to Chicago. The man is married, and soon deserts

scarcely worthy of Mr. Jones's talents. The story was a strong one; but it was entirely melodramatic, and offered the characters no opportunity to dominate the incidents. The story also was not, in any real sense, about anything; and, in consequence, it afforded the author no opportunity to render a criticism of life.

In the second place, the play was badly built. It began with two acts of detailed

"SUMURÛN"—SCENE 7—IN THE HAREM

"The method of the entire decoration is impressionistic. It proceeds by the suppression of details, and by the arrangement of the very few details selected, in accordance with a pattern of conventional simplicity."

her; and after the little girl has drifted home, Mrs. Lenox turns over a new leaf and alters her attitude toward life.

There were many things the matter with *Lydia Gilmore*, the latest play of

"Lydia
Gilmore" that good and faithful
servant of the theatre,
Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

Much of the dialogue was, of course, admirably written; and there were many interesting moments in the first two acts; but the piece as a whole was far from satisfactory.

In the first place, the material was

and thorough preparation and ended with two empty acts in which nothing notable was developed out of the material at hand. A woman who does not love her husband agrees, for the sake of her little boy, to perjure herself in the effort to establish an alibi to clear him, after he has confessed to her that he has been caught in a guilty intrigue with another man's wife and, in the resultant quarrel, has killed the outraged husband. The case for the prosecution is assigned to a barrister who loves the heroine and who decides, for her sake, to insure her hus-

band's acquittal by rehearsing her in the most effective answers to the questions that subsequently he will ask her at the trial.

It will be seen that thus far two moral problems have been broached,—the heroine's and the barrister's; and it is evident that an effective continuation of the play might be accomplished by the development of either. But after this point, nothing really happened in Mr. Jones's

rare social play. Soliloquies are barred in this typical modern masterpiece; and the butler gets around the prohibition by reading a newspaper aloud to a piece of bric-a-brac. The actors solicitously ask permission of each other before venturing to express themselves in an aside. A breakfast is served, at which neither the hero nor the heroine eats a mouthful, after which they rise replenished. The lights are turned on or off, without any

"A SLICE OF LIFE"

"This one-act burlesque is ironically labelled 'an advanced drama'; and its sole purpose is to make fun of many of the stock conventions of the contemporary social play."

handling of the plot. The heroine broke down at the trial; her husband conveniently committed suicide between the acts; and in the end the tired heroine fell asleep.

In a bit of buffoonery termed *A Slice of Life*, Mr. J. M. Barrie has made the theatre satirise itself.

"A Slice of Life" This one-act burlesque is ironically labelled "an advanced drama"; and

its sole purpose is to make fun of many of the stock conventions of the contempo-

logical motive, to increase the tensivity of tragic suspense. And whenever a point needs to be expounded, one of the actors calls up an imaginary person on the telephone and addresses the necessary explanation into the machine.

The story deals with the tragic discovery of Mr. and Mrs. Hyphen-Brown that their married life has been a lie. Before they accepted each other in matrimony, each had given the other an assurance that his past life had been appallingly immoral. But the truth is that each had

lived a blameless past; and the revelation of this deficiency awakens the married couple to a realisation that they must part. Mr. Hyphen-Brown is solicitous about their child, until his wife reminds him that they have no child. They toss a coin to determine which of them shall go away; but ultimately they decide that it will be more convenient for them to

The dialogue of *Lady Patricia*, a comedy by Mr. Rudolf Besier, is written wittily and prettily; but the story is a little thin and the construction is monotonous. The piece is designed as a satire of æsthetic affectation. *Lady Patricia* is an exquisite and artificial creature,—a sort of hot-house

LADY PATRICIA —ACT I—LADY PATRICIA, MRS. FISKE

"She lingers for long hours on a platform built in an oak-tree, reading love poems from parchment manuscripts."

part together. So, hand in hand, they go forth into the light.

This burlesque is very funny; but it lacks the charm that we have learned to expect from Mr. Barrie. It is the only one of all his pieces, large or little, that might have been written just as well by anybody else. It has no sentiment, no whimsicality, no fancy. It is broadly comic instead of slyly humorous. In *A Slice of Life*, amusing as it is, Mr. Barrie has chosen to forget his greatness; but he is the spoiled child of our theatre, and we must let him play his pranks.

flower. She lingers for long hours on a platform built in an oak-tree, reading love poems from parchment manuscripts and watching the sunset through an opening in the leaves. She regards her solemn husband, Michael Cosway, as lacking in romance, and imagines herself to be ardently in love with Bill O'Farrell, an utterly unæsthetic youth who lives near by. Meanwhile, Michael, who is also a dreamer, batters himself into an apparently fervid affection for a tom-boy of a girl named Clare Lesley. Bill and Clare really love each other; but for a time they allow themselves to be held

apart by a disconcerting sense that each is bound in loyalty to his more elderly admirer. But Clare's father and Bill's mother discover the true state of affairs; and, during the progress of this discovery, renew an old romance of their own. As a result of their manœuvrings, Bill and Clare become engaged; and Patricia and Michael are thereby forced to con-

Sir Arthur Pinero wrote *Preserving Mr. Panmure* as a relaxation from the strenuous task of composing *The Thunderbolt* and *Mid-Channel* in quick succession. The merits of the present piece are mainly technical. The material is trivial and slight; but the development displays an

PRESERVING MR. PANMURE — ACT III. 7

"The governess destroys the manuscript of Panmure's prospective sermon, and sends him forth to preach impromptu to the servants."

fess to each other their imaginary infidelities.

The structure of this story, particularly in the second act, is altogether too symmetrical. There is too complete a balance between scene and scene and character and character. When Patricia and Bill have covered certain ground, the audience foresees that Michael and Clare will subsequently cover the same ground; and this expectancy is never varied by surprise. The story is too tenuous to endure such insistent repetition of the main satiric points. Yet the literary tone of the dialogue is so delightful that, in spite of this defect, the play is entertaining.

ingenuity of which no other artist than Sir Arthur could be capable. The third act, which is fabricated out of next to nothing, is a triumph of deft manipulation. Of the pattern as a whole, it is impossible for the American critic to judge, since the last act, as originally planned and written by the author, has not been presented in America. Three acts of the piece are given; the fourth act has been discarded; and in its place is offered a new act by the same author, which is entertaining in itself, but which does not work the pattern out to a logical completion. It is, in effect, an independent one-act play, in which three

characters selected from the preceding incompleting comedy happen, by some odd providence, to reappear. The new act was written to please Mr. Charles Frohman. He does not seem to have altered his idea of how a play should end since the memorable occasion when he persuaded M. Bernstein to delete the inevitable suicide at the close of *Israel* and

Panmure household, is a crime. Panmure is remorseful; and the governess is so perturbed that she gives away the scandal to Mrs. Panmure's aunt. The latter communicates the dire intelligence at once to all the other women in the household,—each of whom, since the governess refuses to betray the name of her assailant (although she expressly

"OFFICER 666"—ACT I

"The hero bribes a policeman to lend him his uniform; and taking the law into his own hands, outwits the malefactor."

to marry the hero off instead to a maiden in a picture-hat.

Preserving Mr. Panmure is designed as a satire of that sanctimonious hypocrisy which may be observed in many a British household. The smug and unctuous Mr. Panmure, at the behest of his religious-minded wife, is accustomed to preach a weekly sermon to his assembled servants, and expects an absolute respectability of behaviour from his guests. At a loss for a subject for his "sermonette," he is aided by the pretty governess of his little daughter, and, in an outburst of approbation, kisses her. A kiss, in the

exonerates Mr. Panmure), at once suspects her own husband or fiancé, as the case may be, of being the guilty man. Panmure himself is required by his wife to cross-question all the other men and reprove them each and all for the offence. Two of the guests, an M. P. named Stulkely and his secretary named Woodhouse, discover that Panmure is the culprit before he comes to lecture them. They are thereby primed to call him down; and after they have beaten him into abjection, Woodhouse takes the guilt upon himself and confesses to the assembled women. The governess de-

stroys the manuscript of Panmure's prospective sermon, and sends him forth to preach impromptu to the servants, at the close of the third act.

What happens in the fourth act only those who saw the play in London know.

The mood of the piece throughout is one of irresponsible vivacity, and several of the incidents are playfully preposter-

mood selected for the rendering; and at times it becomes possible to intermingle both effects by planning a play as a melodrama and writing it as a farce. This is what was done by Mr. Augustin Mac Hugh in his melodramatic farce entitled *Officer 666*.

A rich young millionaire, returning from abroad, finds that an impostor has assumed his name and gained access to

"THE GREYHOUND"—ACT III, SCENE 2

"The poker-game in the smoking-room, in which a card-sharper is outwitted by a detective who used to be a card-sharper himself."

ous. Yet the people in the play are rendered not as caricatures but as characters: they are much more true to life than the figures usually shown in farce. The dialogue, of course, is brilliantly witty. The work as a whole is an interesting instance of fine craftsmanship applied to trivial material.

Melodrama and farce are closely similar in method, since in each the incidents control the characters.

Often it would be possible to make the same plot serve for either a melodrama or a farce, according to the

his mansion on Fifth Avenue. The impostor is about to make away with his valuable collection of pictures; and also, masquerading as the millionaire, has all but won the heart of a girl with whom the millionaire himself has just fallen in love at first sight. The hero bribes a policeman to lend him his uniform; and taking the law into his own hands, outwits the malefactor, and saves both his pictures and the girl.

This story, almost as the author plotted it, might have been told seriously, as melodrama; instead, it is told merrily, as farce; and the effect of the mix-

**"OLIVER TWIST," ACT III—NAT GOODWIN AS FAGIN, LYN HARDING AS BILL SIKES AND CONSTANCE
COLLIER AS NANCY**

"Fagin is the central figure in Mr. Carr's dramatisation, although Bill Sikes and Nancy are also fairly prominent."

"OLIVER TWIST"—ACT III, SCENE I—FAGIN'S DEN

"It is interesting to see these characters of the great popular novelist impersonated on the stage."

ture of moods is entertaining. The piece is not well written: there is neither wit nor humour in the lines, and the people are not realised as characters; but the plot is replete with clever surprises, and the action dashes along in an easy mood of merriment.

The authors of *The Deep Purple*, which was a clever play of its kind, appear at a comparative disadvantage in their latest melodrama, called *The Greyhound*. Once again

Mr. Paul Armstrong and Mr. Wilson Mizner have concocted a story in which the leading characters are thieves and thugs; but the plot is lacking in thrills and the slang dialogue is deficient in humour.

After the first act, all of the scenes are set on the *Mauretania*, in transit from New York to Liverpool; but this customary setting contributes little to the plot, except at the very final moment, when the hero (or arch-villain) leaps headlong into the sea.

Throughout the play the authors repeatedly make the mistake of discounting their best effects by explaining them too fully in advance. The poker-game in the smoking-room, for instance, in

which a card-sharper is outwitted by a detective who used to be a card-sharper himself, would be more interesting if the detective had not told the audience, in the preceding scene, every card that he intended to deal. Time and again, the crooks reveal in advance, and in complete detail, their plans for fleecing their fellow-passengers; so that when the fleecing actually comes, it seems as tedious as a twice-told tale.

It is impossible to make a good play out of a Dickens novel; but Mr. J.

Comyns Carr has at least fashioned a fairly coherent melodrama in his version of *Oliver Twist*,

which has recently been presented, with an excellent cast of actors,—ostensibly in celebration of the Dickens centenary. Fagin is the central figure in Mr. Carr's dramatisation, although Bill Sikes and Nancy are also fairly prominent. It is interesting to see these characters of the great popular novelist impersonated on the stage; and they afford easy opportunities for the exercise of good acting. But, in these days of the Decorative Drama, even the best dramatisation of Dickens must seem old-fashioned as a play.

BOSTON TO BURSLEY

BY JOHN MACY

(Read at a dinner to Mr. Arnold Bennett, at the St. Botolph Club, in Boston.)

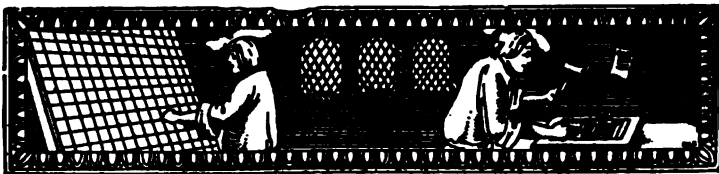
We like our town, the same as you like yours,
Because we live here, and it's all we've got;
And living in a place and liking it,
Seeing it with a deep affectionate wisdom —
That is the soul of art. Now and again
A man with eyes for the significant
Stands spokesman for the rest of us, and says
He likes the place that cradled him, the life
That gave him life, the speech that gave him thought,
The everlasting daily mess of things
In which he grew. That's all there is to art.

It seems an age since any in this town
 Saw it and said it. Thirty years have gone
 Since blindness fell on our parochial seers,
 And the red lips of truth were stricken dumb.
 A million people go about our streets,
 Live in the houses, procreate and die;
 A wonderful performance unrecorded!
 In all the years I've known this mighty town,
 This backward, busy, inarticulate town,
 No local voice has flowered into speech,
 Or I, who have an eager, open ear,
 Have missed the word, if it was said.

'Tis strange,
 This brawling city, with broad-chested men,
 To two or three weak-wristed academics
 Commits the masculine and joyful task
 Of saying what the town means now — means now! —
 This teeming populous, human wonder-world,
 At least as vital as when once it spoke
 In prophecy and song and praise of life.
 Then other towns took notice of our town
 And found it on the map of thought. To-day
 The railroad prints the only map that counts.

And still we like our town because it's ours.
 We have a heart for any man who finds
 His own town so amazing, that he flings
 News of its life to all the living world.
 You sent the Five Towns far across the seas;
 From Five Towns cups we drink an English brew
 Most English-breakfasty, and smelling sweet
 Of magic spirits, "sacred and profane."
 You made us denizens of Staffordshire.
 We know the houses, hang our Sunday hats
 In any hall in Bursley, go right in,
 Sit down and are at home.

Thanks for those towns,
 Provincial, commonplace, until you wrought
 The miracle of art, and made them live
 In that ungeographic universe,
 Where all imaginations find their kin.
 You gave your towns to us in books. To you
 We offer in return not books but men.
 Stay with us long, take anything you like;
 Dear Fellow-citizens, our town is yours.

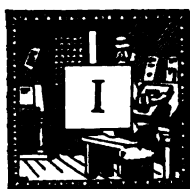


THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Book I

CHAPTER I



It was Autumn. The morning was early. Out of a luminous mist the sun had just risen above the horizon. Everywhere there was the sense of that far-distant waking of the world, when a cock crows in the East, another faintly answers him in the West and then all is still.

Already the shepherd was out with his dog on Bredon Hill; a motionless figure on the hillside, destroying none of that illusion in his silent watchfulness that the world was yet asleep.

From the dense hawthorn bushes on the hill a dim twittering of birds came intermittently as though the light of the sun were stealing through their windows, stirring them against all inclination to the necessities of another day. After each faint rustling of their voices, doubtless they laid down their heads again on the warm pillow of their wings—sparrows, greenfinches, chaffinches, all alike. There was just that cold catch in the air which made the morning as yet too early to be abroad. Still, in another moment, they were chattering once more. When the sun calls you, there is little use in procrastination. You must get up.

There was twittering of birds then upon the hillside, but down in the valley, where the Avon stretched through the grey meadows, the moist air still hung close and heavily. There, the only sound was the rushing of the water as it tumbled over the old weir by Trafford Mill. To those who know that sound well, the valley might well have been silent, for the sun had not as yet dispersed the chill veiling of the mist and almost everything that lived was still sleeping in its bed.

Across the meadows, there stood the great encampment of an army, the

ghostly white tents of the mist, the dim forms of the willows and the may-trees, like horses tethered by their side. Only the cattle moved there—a cow at early grazing, shifting one reluctant step at a time and with another being lost amidst the white encampment of the mist.

By the river side, the tips of the reeds pricked out, a thousand bayonet points into the sun. The pale pink of the willow herb had already faintly caught the light; and above all this, away up into the zenith of the cloudless sky was a glow of golden primrose gilding the tops of the elm trees and wrapping the heights of the uplands in the warm promise of a faultless day.

Through infinite degrees the soft moisture melted beneath the sun, until only the spiders' webs, stretched taut upon the reddening brambles, were grey—such lace a fairy might have wrapped about her shoulders.

And now the birds began in noisy squabbings to dart out from the hedgerows. That far silent figure of the shepherd moved at last. For a moment his dog and he became living things, then both were gone from sight below the hill. A mile away, the clock of Eckington church tolled out the hour of six and, with the last stroke of it, from the mill house, came the sound of an opening window. A boy appeared against the darkness of the room beyond, an instant stayed there, he next had clambered out upon the sill, slid easily down a water pipe to the ground and disappeared in the dark growth of laurels which enclosed the little garden of the mill.

At that hour of the morning the earth belongs to those who need her; the ploughman is emperor of his thousand furrows, the shepherd, king of all the wide uplands he can see. Even the boy, unchaining his dog from the old barrel in the yard and setting forth across the wet meadows to the first rise of the hill, even he felt the swelling pride of pos-

session and, when he was out of hearing of the house, let go his voice in a boastful song.

"Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such
great men as these—"

which meant that he felt a greater hero than any one of them, for the meadows and the orchards, the hedgerows and the river—one and all belonged to him. As he passed beneath Farmer Lipscombe's apple trees, he swung on to a lime-washed branch and snatched an apple down, burying his teeth in it as he strode onward. Was there anyone to stop him? At that hour of the morning, the whole world he walked in was his own.

Along the hedges as he pased, a flight of greenfinches sped before him, settling, whenever they had made distance, to eat the bryony berries while there was time before he overtook them. It was always by the hedges, too, he walked. In those dark crevices at the roots of the hedge trees, Nature hides all her secrets of the world. Dicky knew that. He knew that if he were only as small as a field mouse or as nimble as a wren, he might discover why God had made the earth. Being neither one nor the other, he had to content himself with walking in the fields on the very fringe of mystery.

Once or twice that morning he stopped to examine an old nest which the autumn falling of the leaf had disclosed, and always aloud to himself—for when you are young enough to be certain of these things, you always speak aloud—he would declare the name of the bird that had built it, whether he knew it or not.

And it was not only nests, but everything in Nature that seemed to catch his eye. A rabbit burrow in the hedge, the lightning passage of a stoat as it sped across the road into that hidden world of its own, the flight of a kestrel planing down the sky on a rigid wing; not one of these things escaped him. He was all eyes, ever eager; and when suddenly he stood still—for as you soon learn it is the motion of matter and not matter itself which frightens those little creatures of the field and of the air—then the rough-haired terrier stopped on the mo-

ment at his heels. There they both listened or both watched until the stoat had vanished or the kestrel swung out of sight beyond the hill.

No matter how strong they may be, a dog will ever mould his instincts to the needs of his master. Against all promptings of his nature, Pilgrim would listen or watch in silence. Once he had chased a weasel, had brought back its mangled body and laid it at Dicky's feet. It had been a great chase, a memorable victory, but, by all computation, was not so great a deed as he had expected. Certainly Dicky was very glad to get it. He had kept it beneath his bed for a week hoping to preserve its skeleton, but the odour of decomposition had reached his father's nostrils and a burial in the garden became compulsory. Notwithstanding this acquisition, Pilgrim had to be thrashed and the pain of it led him to suppose that chasing those fascinating things which ran like lightning into the hedges was not considered in the same light as he himself regarded it. Against all temptation, then, when his master stopped he stopped as well. Undoubtedly his ears were pricked. His eyes nearly tumbled out of his head, and little tremours quivered swiftly down his spine. Still in the back of that intelligent head of his was the dim memory of some painful blows with a stick. It was better to imagine the chase.

But in the evenings when he came home after a long day in the fields, curling himself up in front of the parlour fire to sleep, these imaginations became realities. He dreamed of the stoats and the rabbits he had refused to kill and his stiff hair would bristle. Then a leg suddenly would shoot forth and a few moans come from him, ending with a sharp, short bark. At this he would wake up to find the lamp still burning on the table and Dicky's father peering at him from over the top of his spectacles.

But this morning in Autumn there were no rabbits and never a stoat or a weasel crossed their path. Though the river mist had vanished, there still clung to the earth that chill damp of the air. It hung from the tops of the leaves on the willow trees in glittering points of water. Pilgrim and Dicky walked alone.

When they reached the foot of Bredon Hill, they stopped and Dicky looked expectantly about him. No human being was to be seen. By now the shepherd was far over the hill and only a few sheep grazing were in sight. He raised his hands to his mouth and cried a call. The sound of it sped upward over the hillside, and, as it carried away into the still silence of the morning, made the world to Dicky seem a bigger place than he had believed. One moment for its travelling and then there came an answering cry from the direction in which he had turned.

"He's coming," said Dicky. Pilgrim's nostrils widened and closed as he, too, looked in the direction of the sound, raising his head to catch the scent in the wind.

Dicky sat down on the branch of a fallen oak and waited until, through a gap in the hedge, there crawled a boy who grinned when he saw that he was late. There is a certain attitude you can assume, implying as it does that your patience is well-nigh exhausted. That attitude Dicky had accurately adopted.

"Knew you'd be late," said he.

"Never woke," replied Wilfrid—"That silly ass, Dorothy, never called me."

"Shouldn't have a silly ass for a sister," said Dicky—"Anne's worth six of her. She calls me quick enough. Well—come on. We'll get that grass-snake this morning. It's warm enough on the hill."

Whereupon these two lords of creation, masters already of the womenfolk who mould them, set out up the steep ascent of the hill, with Pilgrim following on three legs at their heels. It seemed as though, to attain that obedience which was demanded of him, Pilgrim found it easier to run on three legs. Whenever he put the fourth to the ground the temptation was so great to show he could do without it, that he quickly raised it again. To incapacitate ourselves to wrong is the only way some of us can attain to virtue.

"Saw a hare in one of old Lipscombe's fields—the big one—this morning," said Wilfrid presently—"In the stubble—went like billy-o when he saw me."

Dicky took the information in silence. He had seen nothing.

"You see that kestrel again?" asked Wilfrid.

Dicky shook his head.

"Bet I know where he builds."

"Bet you don't!" said Dicky.

"Bet I do! Bet it's hatched ages ago."

"Of course it's hatched. I bet that one we saw yesterday was one of its young 'uns."

They bet on everything, but with a discreet silence as to the terms of the wager. Once Dicky had lost a pocket knife and, against all protests from his friend, insisted upon paying.

"I bet it," said he—"I'd have jolly well taken your leash if I'd won."

When the suggestion was made that they should exchange the leash for the pocket knife, he turned it to scorn.

"I betted!" said he with annoyance, but after that, by a tacit agreement, they never mentioned their stakes.

By the time they reached the top of the hill, the sun was hot in the heavens, the veil was lifted from the meadows, and far below them stretched the great garden of England—one county after another—lying fair and silent in the sun. The white trail of the Avon throwing back the light of sky, crept in and out behind the forests, growing fainter and fainter till it became a mere pale thread in the dim raiment of the distant blue.

As he regained his breath, Dicky looked down at it all, not yet realising what that breadth of country meant to him, or how much he had to do with the mystery of Nature which he saw on every side. Yet he looked and looked as though his eyes would never tire of it and, notwithstanding Wilfrid's eagerness to be off upon their search, still stood and looked, saying nothing.

"Come on!" exclaimed Wilfrid—"I've got to get back at eight. What are you looking at?"

"I don't know," said Dicky—and they went on in silence to the place where both had solemnly betted that the grass-snake had its abode.

"Come up fearfully quietly," said Dicky; "it'll probably be lying out in the sun."

"Have you got the prong?" asked Wilfrid.

Dicky produced a stout hazel twig from under his coat. It was pronged at one end. Then they crept forward to a may-tree bush, scarlet and green with all its leaves and berries. As he peered round the corner, Dicky's hand shot swiftly back, the sign of caution. He looked round over his shoulder and nodded his head. His eyes were sparkling with excitement. At a safe distance in the rear, Pilgrim sat on his haunches, wriggling the skin up his back, his ears rigid, just bearing the suspense.

The moments were breathless that followed. As Dicky poised the prong over the snake, ready to strike, Wilfrid conceived the idea of an appeal to God.

"Please God," he said to himself—"let him catch it!"

Possibly that prayer had more to do with the matter than Wilfrid ever suspected, for, with a swift stroke, the prong descended, the snake was fastened to the ground beneath it and, at the cry of victory that followed, Pilgrim was rushing round them barking wildly.

Dicky surveyed his catch in triumph.

"Isn't he a ripper?" exclaimed Wilfrid—"How do you know he's a grass-snake?"

"I know," said Dicky—"He's quite harmless."

If only for the sake of dignity, a definite statement like that must be supported with actual proof. Dicky picked up the sinuous beast by its tail, laughing at its vain efforts to raise its head on a level with his hand.

"See its tongue," said he—"That's all rot, a snake stinging—they don't—they bite. Grass-snakes can't bite, they haven't got any teeth. By Jove—doesn't he hiss."

Pilgrim looked on at the wriggling thing in wonder.

"Eugh!" exclaimed the sensitive Wilfrid—"I couldn't touch it!"

"Why—you silly ass—it's all right. It can't do anything. It wouldn't do anything if I put my hand in front of its mouth."

Here Dicky suited the action to the words. There was an instant's pause. The thin flat head darted swiftly back,

then, in the flash of an eye, had struck. Dicky felt two pin pricks in his finger and the snake lay twisting and writhing on the ground.

"What happened?" said Wilfrid.

"It's bitten me."

"Where?"

"In the finger."

"But you said it couldn't bite."

Dicky paid no attention to that. Already the world was beginning to slip away from him, tumbling in its increasing littleness over the edge of the hill. He looked at Wilfrid with frightened eyes—it was as though he were looking the wrong way through a seaman's telescope, slowly pulling out one strand after another.

"I'm poisoned!" he whispered. "Suck my finger for me—suck it—I'm poisoned—" and he advanced toward his companion with his hand stretched out.

It was the look in Dicky's face that struck terror into Wilfrid's mind. He was not a coward; but he was afraid of things that were horrible. Dicky looked horrible, and with every step he advanced Wilfrid retreated. It was the horror of it that he could not face.

Then, without comment, Dicky put his finger in his own mouth and sucked the poison from the tiny wound, spitting it vehemently out onto the ground. When his mouth was dry, he looked wildly about him. The snake had gone; slipped away into the mystery of its own world at the roots of the may-tree. He swayed on his feet. That sensation of the impossible littleness of everything had left him. He was conscious only that soon some strange thing would be happening and when he saw his own hand colouring to an ugly black he knew that what would happen would be death. He was going to die. Suddenly he knew how young he was and his lip quivered. He could remember nearly all of the ten years he had lived. Things that had happened to him when he was three, a lie he had told when he was four became as vivid as though they had happened but the day before, and though each year as it had passed by had seemed a lifetime, he knew now how little it was. And it was going to end that day.

There was nothing fine about it. He

had not saved any one's life at the cost of his own; he had done nothing brave to make it worth while. He was just going to die because of a beastly, rotten snake. He looked again at Wilfrid—Wilfrid who was quite well—who was going to live. There was a mist in front of him—a mist in front of everything.

"We'd better go home," said Dicky, and there was a mist even in his voice. He could scarcely hear it.

Then in silence they commenced to clamber down the hillside, and all the time Dicky kept wondering why he had to die. Suddenly it occurred to him that he must have done something grossly wrong and that this was the judgment of God. Then fear took him. He felt it shake him from head to foot. He tried hard to think what wrong it was, that he might say he was sorry and appease God while there was yet time. He could think of nothing. But the fear shook him still more wildly. He fell to his knees and cried out in a thin voice:

"I know I've told lies," he cried—"I know I have—but I can't think of anything else."

Wilfrid and Pilgrim stood shivering and watched him—a little boy on his knees on the bare hillside, twisted and tortured in the fingers of God.

He struggled to his feet once more, once more began to make his great effort to reach home. It seemed there was one chance left to him; if he could but reach the touch of his mother's hand, she might be able to remember the things he had done which he ought not to have done. But the distance which that morning had seemed so small had now become illimitable. He knew with each step that he could never reach the mill. He swayed again, then once more fell.

"I want mother," he said in a raucous whisper, and turned a pair of sightless eyes to Wilfrid's frightened face. "I want mother," he repeated, and then began crawling feverishly on his hands and knees. Wilfrid watched him helplessly, the tears rushing to his eyes, his knees trembling. Still Dicky crawled wildly on. It was in one sudden moment that he fell again and then lay still. And there, under the beating sun, Wilfrid thought how small he looked and won-

dered why he had even been afraid of him.

"Dicky!" he cried in terror—"Dicky!"

But Dicky never moved, and over the hillside came the shepherd and his dog.

CHAPTER II

When death comes in dark places there is a certain congruity about it; when it cuts short the life of a man and brings him low, there is congruity still. He has lived, you say, and you pray that you may first live also. But when the day is all gold, the sun alight in the heavens, the birds swelling their throats in song, to see the still body then of a little boy lying inert beside the smiling hedges, that is the most terribly incongruous sight in the world.

When, to Wilfrid's importunate entreaties, the shepherd followed him across the hill and came to where Dicky was lying, even he felt the strange, unnatural sense of things in the sight that met his eyes.

"He be -lying like one o' my lambs, when the frosties kill 'em," he said; and that, as he stood there looking down at Dicky, was all that he could say, except that beneath his breath he muttered—"Dearie—dear!" just as he would had he lost a lamb from his fold.

"But can't you do anything?" cried Wilfrid. "He's not really dead, is he? It was only a grass-snake."

"'Twas no grass-snake, Master Wilfrid," said the shepherd, and, kneeling down, he laid his ear against Dicky's heart and listened. Now, not only was the shepherd hard of hearing, but there grew on the lobes of his ears little tufts of hair, which, when he pressed his head against Dicky's chest, were made a still further impediment to his hearing. It was thus he had often listened for the beating of a lamb's heart which the frosts had stilled; lying against it while the distracted mother bleated at his side.

Both Pilgrim and the sheep-dog seemed to know that a serious issue was at hand, for though they always met as common enemies—one the guardian of the sheep, the other their pursuer—they now put all disputes aside. Certainly, they found it better to stand wide apart.

It is ever that a dog must put temptation out of his way. He does not meet it.

After a moment's silence Wilfrid could bear the suspense no longer.

"Well!" he said—"well? He's not dead, is he?"

The shepherd looked up with a vacant expression in his eyes.

"I doant hear nowt," said he—"but maybe he's not dead yet. His hand's quite black, look you; but p'r'aps it is his whole body should be black also before'n be dead. I'll carry'n down to the mill. 'Twill be a fair upset to Mrs. Furlong."

This was the only consolation that the wretched Wilfrid received. With a choking in his throat he watched Dicky's body hanging limply as the shepherd raised him to his shoulder. Vaguely he noticed the lifeless arms that swung harmlessly to every motion, the lolling head that nodded in an ugly way from the loosened neck. This was horrible—more than he could bear. The choking in his throat broke to tears. He began crying bitterly, sniffing and gulping as he walked by the shepherd's side. Here now was the trial, the test of it for him. Dicky had passed his ordeal, had met it both with courage and with fear. There is not one without the other. But with Wilfrid, all spirit in him broke down. Like a child returning home with dragging steps to the thrashing he knows awaiting him, the miserable boy followed by the side of the shepherd with Pilgrim, troubled, at their heels.

After a time his sobs subsided, but as they neared the mill house broke out afresh. Indistinctly he imagined Mrs. Furlong's distress and the grave look that would fall upon him from Mr. Furlong's eyes. There was no written law against these early morning excursions; but just as Dicky had slid down the water-pipe from his window to escape detention, so Wilfrid felt in the back of his mind that he would be blamed.

It was the thought of this that made the tears come back again, and apprehensively he caught at the shepherd's coat sleeve.

"It wasn't my fault," he sobbed—"Dicky p-put his hand in front of its mouth."

"That's like Master Dicky," said the shepherd, and said no more.

They were up and about in the mill when Wilfrid pushed open the white wicket-gate, and these two, the shepherd with his burden, walked up the flagged path between the rows of michaelmas daisies to the stout door of the mill house.

"Shall I knock or go right in?" he mumbled in his beard, and, being a man of slow perception, appreciating as yet but little of the critical situation with which he dealt, he decided to knock. But before the decision could be brought to the deed a woman's voice from an upper window had cried the name of Dicky.

"It'll be a fair upset to Mrs. Furlong," the shepherd muttered, as he heard the sound of hurrying footsteps from within. And then the door burst open. Mrs. Furlong stood there with hands stretched out to take her son.

"Drowned?" she whispered. There had been nights when she had lain awake listening to the waters of the Avon as they rushed over the weir, and, as with all noises when the night is still, they had had an ugly, a hungry sound to her ears. Long she had dreaded it, but in silence as a mother must, knowing that the perils by water and the perils by land are those dangers which every mother's son must face, whether it be in the hour of work or play. Only at night these fears and apprehensions had troubled her, but at that moment, when she saw Dicky lying in the shepherd's arms, they rushed back upon her again.

"Drowned?" she whispered.

"No, ma'am, 'tis the bite of a snake on the hill there."

She looked at Dicky's face as she took him in her arms.

"The doctor!" she said. "Tell them to harness the trap at once. James must drive—as fast as he can."

"Eckington, ma'am, or Little Cumber-ton?"

"The nearest—oh—the nearest, of course!"

The shepherd at last awoke to the grim seriousness of it all. Mrs. Furlong's voice, and not the sight of Dicky's body, had brought it to him. Turning quickly on his heel, he ran around to the stable. The door of the mill closed, and on the

path between the michaelmas daisies Wilfrid still stood, the tears rolling one after another down his cheeks.

There he waited and waited. The minutes went by, but no one came out to tell him how Dicky fared. At last he turned away, and by the road walked back again to Eckington. The trap passed him on its way. Faithful to all traditions of himself, James, the stableman, drove furiously. Wilfrid stood close to the hedge as the trap swept by and a thickness came back into his throat again as he thought of what it meant. That was their last early morning together. They would never be allowed to go out again. Besides which Dicky was dead.

He did not really believe that. He could not believe it. Boys did not die like that. Death came to a man when he was very old—when he was forty at least. He had never heard of a boy dying—not when he was strong and jolly like Dicky was. No—he never believed that Dicky could be dead.

Yet he walked straight into his sister's bedroom, heedless of her dressing, his mind still dazed, and—

"Dicky's dead," said he. "He died this morning."

And when Dorothy had looked at him and looked, without asking how or why, she sat down slowly on her bed and sobbed with shaking shoulders.

CHAPTER III

But Dicky was not dead. At no little distance he had seen Death, and in this life that is an experience one may well be thankful for.

When Mr. Furlong saw his son lying on the bed to which Mrs. Furlong had carried him—her own bed, for a mother will trust no other—his lips whitened and he said that something must be done at once.

"Yes—and what?" said she. "How long will James be gone for the doctor?"

He looked at his watch, though she had never asked for the calculated answer. She needed only that he should say, and at once, any time within reason that came into his head, so long as it gave her hope.

"Probably twenty-five minutes," said Mr. Furlong, putting his watch away. "If he doesn't find the doctor at once perhaps thirty."

"And what can we do till then? Something must be done! You see he's only just breathing."

"Of course brandy's a good thing," said Mr. Furlong, and the sickness at his heart made his tongue dry in his mouth—"Brandy—as much of it as we could force him to take. The alcohol materialises the effect of the poison. Brandy's the thing."

"But there's none in the house!" she cried.

"I know," said he.

"Nor whisky, either!"

"I know," he repeated, and he tried to think of other remedies he knew. Before he could suggest anything else she had left the room. When he found himself alone he knelt down by the side of the bed and took Dicky's hand, then—as most men of a religious nature are—being that strange mixture of sentiment and hardness, practical in all commonplace matters of life, lacking in initiative when the moment is crucial, the tears came hot into his eyes and he bent his head in prayer.

"Oh, God," he murmured, just loud enough to hear his own voice—"Oh, God—if I have deserved that my son be taken from me, give me strength that I may bear the pain of Thy justice"—which, being phrased in the true spirit of the Church, was doubtless beautiful in its humility, but did no good to Dicky on the bed.

He was still upon his knees when Mrs. Furlong returned. She saw that he was praying, but, with that marvellous versatility of a woman, seemed in complete sympathy with him while her heart was beating with impatience. Before he had raised his head from his hands she was forcing some liquid from a bottle between Dicky's lips.

"What's that you are giving him?" he asked as he looked up.

"Eau de Cologne," said she.

"But Christina—" he rose to his feet.

"I've heard of people getting drunk on Eau de Cologne," she replied.

"Of course there is a percentage of alcohol in it," said he. "It can't do any harm."

Seemingly it had done good, for Dicky's eyes opened.

"Mother," he whispered, and found her close against his heart.

Mr. Furlong put out his hand; but it was only a moment of consciousness. Dicky had slipped back again into that world between life and death of which the wisest of us know nothing. Only one moment of consciousness, and that moment Dicky had given to his mother.

"I'll go and see if the doctor's coming," said Mr. Furlong. As he went downstairs it was more he knew the pain of being ignored than that he felt it.

As soon as the door had closed Mrs. Furlong began to make Dicky ready for her bed. Upon that very bed in agony of body she had brought him into the world; now in agony of mind she laid him there to rest, slipping off one garment after another with that care and dexterity which, with a woman, is more wonderful than sleight-of-hand. His coat, his knickerbockers, his shirt, his stockings, one by one she laid them aside, scarcely stirring him as she took them off. At last he lay in a clean night-shirt alone in the big bed, and as she bent over him one drop from her eyes splashed fair upon his cheek.

At the sound of the doctor's footsteps on the stairs she quickly wiped it away.

"Well—what's this?" inquired the doctor cheerfully as he entered.

She shook hands with him hurriedly and pointed to the bed. One moment's examination of Dicky and he stood up.

"A basin of hot water," said he shortly—"a tumbler—tooth glass—anything—a towel. If you go downstairs I'll let you know presently, Mrs. Furlong."

"I'll stay," she replied.

He shrugged his shoulders, but in three minutes was glad of her. She did not flinch, even when holding Dicky's hand for the work of his lancet. In acute pain of mind Mr. Furlong looked on. At the first incision Dicky's eyes opened again; at the second he kicked violently and then again he moaned.

"I must do one more," he heard the doctor say.

"You shan't!" he shouted.

"Very well—I won't," said the doctor when it was done, and Mrs. Furlong smiled for one instant into his eyes.

"Now," said he, "we'll let him rest a bit. You'd better come downstairs."

Mr. Furlong was obedient, but his wife pointed to a chair in a far corner of the room.

"He won't know I'm there," she whispered, "and I can let you know."

They left her there, and there for an hour she watched Dicky's face. Not a movement of his eyelids escaped her. At last he dropped asleep.

Destiny has the whole gamut of the laws of nature at its command wherewith to mould the creatures of its choice.

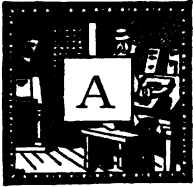
It was that early morning in Autumn when Destiny first began its work with Dicky Furlong.

From that day he was to be a different being, was to enter upon the second phase of his making, the second of the many through which he must pass before he could become that Richard Furlong whose name the world knows now and will remember when many another is forgotten.

(To be continued)

THE RECORDING ANGEL AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



ADMIRERS of "O. Henry" can scarcely fail to remember his satiric parable in which the Recording Angel reprimands one who was once a South Sea missionary and has, in his new capacity of celestial police officer, arrested the soul of an East Side girl for having committed suicide. "The one you ought to have arrested," he says in substance, "is a red-haired man who sits in his shirt-sleeves Sunday afternoon, drinking beer, instead of playing checkers with his little girl and keeping her off the streets. If you make many more mistakes like that, you will lose your job!"

The object in recalling this "O. Henry" story in the present connection is simply to point out that it serves more briefly and more succinctly than any other short story that for the moment comes to mind to illustrate a rather important general principle on which to distinguish stories which may justly be stigmatised as immoral from those which, however sordid their materials may be, however deeply they may dip into the dregs of life, have nevertheless the essence of a fine morality. And the difference is simply this: If, as "O. Henry" implies, we could get away from the narrow, biased, conventional standpoint of the average man and woman; if we could for once survey any single human happening with the all-seeing eye of omniscience, what a radical reversal of judgment we should have to make, how quickly we should have to give verdicts of acquittal and issue new orders of arrest! And the reason for this is very simple: That the book of the Recording Angel is crowded with details which, according to mere earthly judgment, would be barred out as irrelevant testimony.

Now one of the prerogatives of the novelist in relation to the little world that

he creates is that of omniscience. He knows, if he chooses to know, every secret fact about each and all of his characters. He can make us understand the full weight of the handicap that heredity and environment have together laid upon them, and in broad sympathy lead us to lay the blame elsewhere than on the luckless sinner visibly "caught in the act." The true realism is that which mirrors back life with such breadth of understanding that we are forced to recognise that no man or woman is wholly a free agent; that we all are largely controlled by desires and impulses that are born in us, and slowly but surely moulded by the attrition of daily association. The true, the best realism is that which leads the reader toward greater toleration, and leaves him wondering, not why men and women are so prone to evil, but how they succeed in being half so good as they are.

Such we shall find to be in general the distinction, if we take the trouble to examine a number of novels that cross the borderland of topics usually regarded as unsavoury, audacious, immoral. We do not need to be reminded that crime exists in the world: the news columns of the daily papers would not let us forget it, even if we could. No novelist has the moral right to delve into the more degraded phases of human nature, drag forth a grim, repellent picture and hold it up for our approbation, saying: "This is life!"—unless at the same time he has, either directly or by implication, some comment of his own to make, that will give the crude facts a new aspect, and shed some enlightenment upon existing conditions. The novels of Zola teem with episodes which in themselves are keenly repellent to a clean and healthy mind: yet, with few exceptions, his writings are not immoral, because the ideas underlying these episodes were always big and wholesome and stimulating,—as, for instance, the dominant idea of

La Terre (to single out the volume which altogether received the most virulent attacks, and at one time was forbidden entry to the United States), namely, that there is nothing to be ashamed of in the physical facts of life; that the processes of nature are never base, but always miraculously wonderful, and that it is only the perverted instincts of man, never nature, that degrades them.

It would be well, then, for the novelist whose ambition is to interpret life in a spirit of sympathetic understanding to remember that within the limits of the world he has created, his responsibility is akin to that of a Recording Angel. If he wants to broaden our horizon, if he wants to make us really understand, if he wants to leave us at the close of his story with the feeling "how pitiful, yet how inevitable!"—and not, "how unspeakably sordid and vulgar!"—then it behooves him to be careful to give us the essential facts, each and every one of them, and not merely such details as would serve for an indictment before a grand jury. And the intuitive recognition of just which are essential facts and which are not forms an important factor in the sum total of a novelist possessed of genius.

The foregoing remarks were directly suggested by just one book of the month,

**"To M. L. G.;
or, He Who
Passed"**

a most unusual and tantalising book bearing the cryptic title, *To M. L. G.* The narrative is cast in autobiographic form, and from the London publishers, who frankly disclaim any knowledge of the author's identity, comes the statement that the intermediaries through whom the manuscript was offered for publication insist that it shall be regarded, not as fiction, but as the actual personal experiences of a woman still living and bitterly, tremendously in earnest. The extrinsic interest attached to such a possibility may be taken for what it is worth. The fact remains that the book as it stands bears all the hall marks of fiction, written by a born artist in narrative, if not by some one already possessed of wide experience. Even its occasional crudities of phrasing and of construction impress one, not as accidental, but rather as part of the carefully

planned artistry, a deliberate attempt to play the part, and not spoil the illusion by too finished a technique. If by any chance this book is not fiction, at least it ought to be. But this comment must not be construed as implying that the narrative lacks truth. On the contrary, it leaves the impression of being vitally, painfully, tragically true. Whoever the author may be, she is obviously a woman, and with equal obviousness, intimately conversant with the life of the stage, with its triumphs and exaltations, as well as its sordid privations, its coarse vulgarity, its inevitable temptations. It may be a sort of composite picture of a hundred lives, caught by snap-shots behind the scenes; or it may be mainly drawn from just one or two human histories:—but in either case, the important fact is that it leaves the unmistakable and triumphant impression of reality. So strong is this impression that it makes *To M. L. G.* one of those rare books over which we experience the sort of heart-ache that comes when some one that is near and dear is treading through thorny pathways.

Usually in books of this class, books in which a woman vivisects her very soul for the benefit of the general public, there is, if one stops to think of it, something repellent in such remorseless exposure of her most secret thoughts. In the present case, however, we are asked to believe that the woman has a special motive, in fact, that this self-revelation is a crucial matter on which depends her peace of mind, perhaps her one chance of happiness. The supposed facts of the story are as follows: The heroine is an actress who after having passed through much storm and stress has finally achieved success, and through the creation of a big part, the most important rôle she has yet played, has herself awakened to a sense of the ignominy of her past life. Through all these past years she has used men or they have used her; all her relations with the other sex have been a matter of sordid calculation, unspoken but relentless antagonism. But at last a man comes into her life whom she can love, a man whose name is never mentioned and whom the reader never meets directly, but he is the "M. L. G."

of the title. And because this man appeals to her so profoundly, she finds it impossible to deceive him about herself, yet equally impossible to tell him openly the truth about her past. So she lets him go out of her life without explanation, without his having any suspicion that he has come to represent to her the sum of life's happiness,—and now that he has gone and she probably never will see him again, she writes this anonymous account of herself, so that perchance he will come across it and, reading, recognise her identity and understand, perhaps even prove himself to be big enough in heart and soul to want her still, in spite of the revelation. Such is the supposed purpose of the book, which sheds a sort of glamour of mystery around it. But the reason why the book was worth publishing, the reason why it appeals so powerfully to widely divergent classes of readers, has little or nothing to do with a romance which may or may not have some basis of fact. The value of the book lies in the profound and unmistakable truth of the heroine's life, from the time that we first meet her as a small, neglected child, in a cheap theatrical boarding-house in New York, down through all the crucial, formative years, with their inevitable trials and temptations, down to the final awakening of a long dormant moral sense. There are a hundred details, scenes and incidents that refuse to be forgotten; there are her parents, the two inseparable vaudeville actors known as the "Lovebirds," whose mutual devotion casts a clear, white light over much that is tawdry and sordid; there is the painful hour when "Boy," the father, dies of heart-failure amid the confusion of shifting scenes and stage properties, while the shouts and laughter of the unconscious audience make a ghastly inappropriate accompaniment; there is the still more gruesome death of old "Ma," the boarding-house keeper, in whose care the little girl has been left, —a stumble, a headlong fall downstairs, a hideous, unforgettable scream of mortal fear, cut short by the weight of impact, as the fat old neck snaps beneath the heavy old body. That same scream haunts the child throughout her life; it rings in her ears so that she can hardly

keep it from rising to her lips; and there is another powerful scene many years later when this same scream is the source of her own first triumph on the stage. A certain play calls for a scream from a woman who is in deadly terror, and the stage manager has tried one after another all the members of his company and found them wanting,—all but the young novice, who stands a timid but eager listener. "I think I could scream," she finally says, and with the death cry of old "Ma" in her thoughts, she gives forth a note that curdles the blood of her listeners and definitely decides her career.

But these details merely skim the surface of a book that has the crowded variety, the intensity of emotion, the sense of deep, far-reaching vistas characteristic of life itself. It paints a picture of a woman who, from her birth, has literally had not a ghost of a chance; she is what she is by no fault of her own; the relentless pressure of environment was too much for one frail woman's strength to bear up against. It is a book which ought to be widely distributed, for it inculcates, as few books do, a spirit of charitable thought and broad humanity.

The Green Vase, by W. R. Castle, Jr., is another book that throws a relentless

searchlight upon the remorse of a guilty conscience. Furthermore, it is an extremely ingenious piece of construction, in that it starts off quietly, to all intents and purposes offering nothing more than an intimate study of married incompatibility; and then, almost without warning, comes a big catastrophe, and the whole centre of interest shifts to a different setting, a different problem, a strange and cruel tangle of human lives. The story opens when Helen Smith, a stenographer in the office of Stephen Bond, having resigned her position and married Henry Murphy, returns with her husband to Boston from their honeymoon. Now Helen has good old Boston blood in her veins and all her life has secretly longed for the companionship of cultured people and for the atmosphere of old furniture, costly pictures and rare books. Murphy is unmistakably a man of the

people, a strong, healthy, pushing young fellow, who has won his bride by his sheer force of personality, his magnetism, and his undoubted and deep-rooted love. When she is with him, Helen is happy; her heart is too full of him to listen to her mind when it tells her that he is vulgar, loud of speech and of dress. Her first real shock comes when he takes her to their newly purchased home, and she discovers that, instead of being, as she had dreamed, somewhere not too far removed from Commonwealth Avenue, it is in the hopelessly unfashionable neighbourhood of South Boston. What is worse, Henry has himself supervised the decorations of the house, and his monumental lack of taste stares her in the face at every turn:

The parlour had red walls, red of an almost bloody shade, but touched with magenta where shadows fell across it. The woodwork, heavy all of it, but overshadowed by the huge mantelpiece that tried ineffectually to hide behind an intricate network of jig-saw tracery, was of lifeless black walnut. On the centre of the mantel, crushing all hope of better things, was a fat green vase, up which sprawled red and yellow roses, all in high relief, all shining as though varnished.

Very swiftly a situation of strained relations arises. One does not need to know Boston intimately in order to realise how intolerable a woman like Helen would find the narrow, gossipy atmosphere of her new home, or how impossible it would be for her to submit without verbal warfare to the rude intrusions and impudent personalities of Mrs. Jennings, wife of the political district leader, whom Murphy insists upon conciliating. Helen's former employer, Stephen Bond, a man whose nature is such that he never craves anything until it is beyond his reach, suddenly awakes to find that Helen is the one woman of his life. Fate, in the form of business relations, labour strikes, arbitration meetings and the like, brings Bond and Murphy into frequent contact, and the result is that Stephen sees much of Helen, soon realises her unhappiness in her environment, and mistakes her cordial welcome for the beginnings of a

warmer feeling. As a matter of fact, Helen genuinely loves her husband; he may be vulgar, and he may make her unhappy, but she has no love to give to any one else; she is attracted to Stephen because he represents all the unattainable things in life, but nothing short of a miracle would ever enable him to win her. Midway in the book, this miracle happens. The street-car strike, already instrumental in bringing Bond and Murphy together, goes from bad to worse, and a day comes when mob violence prevails. Chance wills it that Helen and Bond meet on a street car, and just as the car crosses the Charles River, there is a flare, a deafening explosion and the bridge yawns beneath them. The papers tell, the next day, that all the bodies have been recovered with the exception of the young wife of Henry Murphy, which is never found. What really happens is this: A small English freight steamer, just weighing anchor, rescues Bond and Helen, who is unconscious, and under cover of the general confusion slips away unnoticed. Bond takes Helen, still unconscious and critically ill, to an isolated spot in New Jersey, and patiently nurses her back to life, not knowing what he ultimately intends to do, but possessed of a queer, illogical conviction that she now belongs to him. Finally the day comes when Helen's eyes open in recovered consciousness: but there is a veil over the past. She remembers nothing except her very early, remote childhood: her years in Bond's office, her months of married life in South Boston, are as though they had never been. Bond yields to the temptation to tell her that she is Mrs. Bond, and she believes him. His mistake, of course, is in thinking that he can win her love; and because he cannot, and soon begins to realise that he never will, his long martyrdom commences. It is not necessary to carry further an analysis of this unusual story, although the best of it, the profoundest, truest, most probing part of it lies ahead. All that a reviewer need do is to make clear the situation, and then refer the reader to the book itself for the strong, able, convincing working out of a curiously intricate tangle of lives.

A Painter of Souls, by David Lisle, when considered as a first novel by a new writer, is a remarkable achievement. It is entitled to thoughtful consideration for at least three reasons: it portrays the complex social life of modern Rome with the assured touch that comes of intimate knowledge; it is saturated with the refined atmosphere of art and music and literature, and illumined by the sparkle and brilliance of conversation that we are actually allowed to overhear, and that has the ring of the real speech of people of unusual culture and intellect; and lastly, it is a profound study of the crucial hours in the life of a young woman, by a man who obviously understands women fairly well. The "Painter of Souls" who gives the book its title, is a young Irish portrait painter, Miles Dering. Taking his art very seriously, he insists upon painting people as he sees them, rather than as they wish to be seen. Regardless of cost to himself, he refuses always to compromise with the truth. There are a score of scenes that fairly stand out from the printed page as though carved in high relief; but of all the scenes in which the art side of the book is the main interest, the most noteworthy is that in which Dering enjoys his first great triumph, when his portrait of the Pope is publicly recognised as supremely good. Had Mr. Lisle achieved nothing bigger than that one scene, his book would still have been a significant piece of work. But the personal and intimate side of the book is even more appealing to readers who admire fine artistry and strong characterisation in fiction. It is a study of a young woman who has been nurtured upon artificiality, taught from her cradle that life holds nothing of worth without the tinsel vanities of costly raiment, luxurious living, stately palaces thronging with titled guests, the constant excitement of masculine adulation. Violet Hilliard is a girl without illusions; she knows quite well the ugly side of the social world of Rome; her ears have taken in all the current scandal concerning even those with whom she is thrown in closest intimacy,—and yet, she is

ready to sell herself, with her eyes wide open, for the sake of a title and some jewels, ready to marry the Prince Platoff in spite of all the unspeakable stories about him which she knows to be true. Now it happens that Miles Dering meets this girl, sees beneath the surface the possibilities of a finer nature, and falls in love with her. For months she makes him alternately miserable and gloriously happy; yet he refuses to believe that he, the painter of souls, can have been mistaken in his interpretation of hers. He does not know until almost the final hour, that he has two enemies to fight: not merely her vanity and thirst for admiration, but her growing habit of taking absinthe,—or, as current gossip phrases it, that she is a victim of "The Green Fairy." It is this important and cruel little fact that offers the one excuse for the repellent crudeness of the proposition that Violet makes to Dering on the night when she comes to tell him of her engagement to the Russian Prince. The scene is one of extreme audacity, whose best excuse is the compelling force with which it grips the reader, for undeniably it haunts the memory with the obsession of a nightmare. The whole chapter is so grimly powerful that, even though it obviously would not be a satisfactory ending, one instinctively feels, while reading it, that Mr. Lisle ought to stop right there in order to avoid an anti-climax. But such a thought does scant justice to this young writer's unusual gift. With startling swiftness he follows up the midnight gloom of the chapter in question with a dazzling burst of radiant hope,—and all so unexpectedly, and yet with such compelling truth and logic, that one closes the book with a sigh of satisfaction over a difficult task performed extremely well.

Sekhet, by Irene Miller, is a distinctly unpleasant book which serves as a good illustration of the class of stories that fail to justify themselves by broadening our understanding of life. The title is taken from the name of an Egyptian goddess, having the body of a woman and the head of a cat. She is supposed to be the goddess of love and of cruelty, the Crusher

"Sekhet"

of Hearts. The story itself, however, has nothing to do with Egypt, excepting to this extent, that Evarne Stornway, having become the mistress of Morris Kenyon, is travelling with him up the Nile, and fearing that she shall lose his love, offers the following prayer at the shrine of Sekhet:

Sekhet, help me—help me always. Whatever be the price of your aid I will pay it ungrudgingly. Watch over me: be ever near me. I cannot live without love. I do not shrink from its suffering. Sekhet, at all costs, I am thy worshipper. Do not forsake me. Do not forsake me ever.

Kenyon, having tired of her and cast her off, Evarne, penniless and without friends, nearly starves, for a time, but eventually achieves a big success in London as an artist's model; and after a lapse of several years, a certain young artist, Geoffrey Danvers, nephew and heir of Lord Winborough, falls in love with her and offers her marriage. During the intervening years, Evarne has quite lost sight of Kenyon, and is unaware that he has come into a title and is, as it happens, Lord Winborough. Almost on the eve of her marriage she and Lord Winborough meet face to face, and he tells her, with brutal frankness, that she shall not be his nephew's wife and that he intends to tell the truth about her past. Now it happens that Evarne knows that on the following day Lord Winborough is coming to the studio to have his life-mask taken in plaster. Timing her own visit to coincide with his, she arrives at the studio at a moment when, as fate wills it, the man is lying prostrate on a couch, with his whole face hidden beneath the slowly hardening plaster. By a coincidence the three or four other men who should have been with him have temporarily left the room. A diabolical temptation flashes through Evarne's mind: by withdrawing from her enemy's nostrils the quills through which he breathes, and pressing down the almost rigid plaster, she can silence him forever. The description of the way in which she carries out this scheme makes a rather hideous picture,—all the more so since the reader is in possession of an important fact that she does not

know—namely, that at the last moment Lord Winborough changed his mind about having his life-mask made, and that his nephew, her affianced lover, has taken his place.

The Heart of Us, by T. R. Sullivan, is a placid, well-intentioned story, depicting Boston as it was some forty years ago.

"The Heart of Us" People of leisurely habits will feel in this volume the charm of pleasing personalities, good breeding, and a gentle refinement of style; but the story itself is obviously lacking in serious purpose or vital interest. It tells us of a young man who is already winning the approval of his employers for his financial ability, but who happens to conceive the notion that he has literary gifts, and accordingly secretly writes a couple of plays, the first an adaptation from the French, which makes a hit; the second wholly original, which fails dismally. There is an independent young woman who in those remote days, two generations ago, is looked upon as a novelty because she dares to think for herself. She thinks she loves the would-be dramatist because he has the artistic temperament and faces semi-poverty for art's sake, instead of easy prosperity in business. But when his second play fails and he sensibly decides to accept a partnership in the firm for whom he works, the independent young woman once more thinks for herself and decides that she does not love him. The book drags along rather heavily for several more chapters, until the young woman does a third bit of thinking, changes her mind once more, and we leave the two lovers happily walking off, arm in arm, through the gathering dark, across Boston Common.

The Plain Path, by Frances Newton Symmes Allen, is a book of radically different quality. The setting is a young woman's college somewhere in New England. The central figure is a young German girl possessed of a rare and charming personality and doubly interesting because of her curious education and unusual outlook upon life. This young girl, now an orphan, is the daughter of a German

"The Plain Path"

professor who made a world-wide name for himself by a certain agnostic book entitled *God Through Heredity*; and it is by the express terms of his will that her guardians have brought her up to hold all religion in contempt as idle superstition, and at the same time to be fundamentally ignorant of everything in the world that is sad and ugly. Even now, when she has come to America for a year of post-graduate study of the language which was her mother's native tongue, she has never seen death, never even conceived the physical meaning of the word; and there is something very pathetic and rather profound and memorable in the chapter describing the automobile accident in which a bright little boy, the son of a poor washwoman, is run over and dies in the arms of

Margot, daughter of the German agnostic, and by his death brings into her life an element of sadness, a deeper understanding, the first stirring of a spiritual awakening. And this chapter simply strikes the keynote of the whole book. It is the history of the struggle of a human soul to find itself under the burden of a heavy handicap. And it is not merely a book full of simple wisdom, but it is filled also with sunshine and the fragrance of flowers and the beauty of wild things. It is a book to be read not hastily, but with sympathetic understanding; a book not to be indiscriminately recommended, for it belongs to the class of stories which leaves some readers quite unmoved, while to others it brings a blending of tears and laughter, a pleasure that is almost akin to pain.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I-II-III

MODERN SOCIETY IN EUROPE*

"An unconventional narrative of unofficial days, by the widow of an American diplomat," is the sub-title of an unpretentious, well-illustrated book, *Intimacies of Court and Society*, that gives a glimpse of the way social matters are managed at the great courts of Europe, together with lots of gossip. With a woman's appreciation of the small gossip that men affect to despise, but which when well told makes good reading, the author tells the story of her life in Paris, Rome, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and London. There is even a chapter on Washington society, giving an expatriate's impressions of our American court. The book is frankly a record of the gossip of the time heard at close range by one

whose official connections gave her opportunities for seeing behind the curtain.

Some of this lady's conclusions will surprise many people. For instance, while the United States Government has often been abused for not providing fitting official homes for its diplomatic officers in foreign capitals, she is not convinced of such a need. Her experience was that a home independent of the official position is for the best, if for no other reason than that the American ambassador or minister, if provided with an official residence, would have no escape from the undesirable American who thinks that his ambassador, minister, or consul belongs to him, body and soul, day and night. There are, she thinks, plenty of Americans who would send their trunks straight to the American ambassador's house if he had an official one. They are like the politicians seen at some political conventions "coming up with a clean shirt and a five-dollar bill, and managing to get home without changing either of them." Many pages are devoted to the trials a minister undergoes at the hands of the impossible Americans, who insist upon being presented at

**Intimacies of Court and Society*. By the Widow of an American Diplomat. Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Modern Parisienne. By Octave Uzanne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: William Heinemann.

Men and Things of My Time. By the Marquis de Castellane. Translated by A. T. de Mattos. A. C. McClurg and Company.

court. It is, of course, the women who make most of the trouble. Because the husband is a political power in Oshkosh, his wife and daughters deem it their right to be presented. The more impossible they are, the more determined and the more arrogant. When the author's husband sometimes refused point-blank, he was accused of snobbish un-Americanism and threatened with political wrath.

The American who gets stranded in Europe, either through folly or misfortune, was another source of trouble. The government provides no fund upon which its representatives can draw upon in such cases, and the help must come out of the minister's or consul's own pocket. Several instances are given. One American woman, a judge's wife, who had been living beyond her means, applied to the consul in Paris for help to get home. She had spent several thousand dollars for dresses and was bankrupt, but boldly applied to the author's friend for money to pay her living expenses.

He told her that she was living a good deal better than he was and that he could not afford to keep up her establishment. She stayed in his office for two hours and went away very indignant. The next week she came back. This time she asked him to pay her debts and give her enough money to get home on. She was tearful and repentant. But still the diplomatist could not be persuaded to help her. She returned a third time, a cablegram in her hand which read: "Your husband is dying; come at once." "Now will you send me home?" she asked. "If your husband is dying, I certainly will." So the lady packed her new gowns and sailed gaily home, cabling to the husband, the judge; and he met her at the pier when the boat reached New York, while the man in Paris and his wife had the pleasure of reading, in the American papers that came shortly afterward, descriptions of the gowns worn by the lady at the parties given in honour of her return from Europe.

The author met Mme. Fallières, wife of the French president, whom she describes as a good, simple, provincial little woman, very uncomfortable in her exalted position and shrinking as much as possible from a world she does not like or understand. Some interesting pages

are given to describing the enmity existing between the aristocrats of the Faubourg St. Germain and the Republic. Upon one occasion, when Mme. Fallières gave the author her box at the opera for an important performance, the titled guests she invited to share her pleasure one and all declined. It was as much as their reputation was worth to be seen in the presidential box. The attitude of high Paris society toward the stage is peculiar. While London drawing rooms welcomed "Mme. Bernhardt and her son," even the Duchesse de Rohan was unable to induce the ultra-fashionable society of Paris to meet the famous actress. At a reception she gave for Mme. Bernhardt the women of the *grand monde* came and turned their backs. From what she saw of French society the author does not advise American girls to marry Frenchmen. They are too disposed to consider themselves masters in every sense of the word. Some of the American girls who marry titled husbands come in for the writer's pity or ridicule. It amused her to hear an American princess from the backwoods exclaiming, in her native nasal twang: "Sez he to me, Princess, sez he," *et cetera*.

The Pope, the Kaiser, and the King of Saxony are some of the great personages who figure in these pages, with no end of anecdotes. It is gossip, but not ill-natured, and some years have passed since most of the incidents described.

French society, as typified in its women, is the theme of Octave Uzanne's *The Modern Parisienne*. All sorts of women, from the little errand girls and milliners to the *grande dame*, are passed in review. The women of the shops, the studios, the theatre, the schools, the street and the home are described. Their lives, ambitions, joys, sorrows, are studied in detail. But there is not much here that has not been told in magazine articles and newspapers. Those who contend that Paris is a sink of iniquity will find plenty in M. Uzanne's pages to warrant this belief. But he has also much to say of the fine family life, little known to foreigners, in which the wife, mother and daughter reign supreme. The book has a clever little introduction and appreciation by Baroness Von Hutten.

Also dealing with French life is the Marquis de Castellane's *Men and Things of My Time*, in which he reviews the last fifty years. His account of how a boy of good family was educated half a century ago in France is full of interest. The author's experiences of the Franco-German War, in which he served, will also be found of interest. The present condition of France, socially and politically, does not inspire him with hope. As he sees it, all the grace, the dignity of the *ancien régime* has disappeared:

To sum up, when I carry my thoughts back to the old world, that of my youth, which was a little haughty, but exquisitely well-mannered, and ask myself what remains of it, I am obliged to reply: "Nothing remains of it, absolutely nothing." . . . I see the France of the future looking like this: at the top a calf, a calf of gold, broken down, a driveller and a dotard. Above this malevolent though slumbering beast a huge hornet's nest in which venomous insects have come swooping down from the four corners of humanity and swarm, rabidly despoiling all those whom they cross in their path. Talleyrand congratulated the people of the eighteenth century on having known the charm of living. All that is finished, entirely and definitely finished; no new France will ever set eyes on it again.

Among the celebrities whom the Marquis knew and writes of, are Mgr. Dupanloup, Montalembert, Trochu, Gambetta, Hugo, Thiers, Changarnier and Liszt. Many portraits from photographs are given.

Paul Grier Harding.

IV-V-VI

THE PLAYS OF GRANVILLE BARKER*

Whatever opinion may be held concerning the theatrical effectiveness of Mr. Granville Barker's plays, there can be no hesitancy in declaring that they exhibit more sheer brain-power than has been displayed in the work of any other of the rising generation of British

dramatists. If the capacity for taking thought were the sole merit to be considered in a writer for the stage, the critic would already be required to rank Mr. Barker (who is only thirty-five years old) as second only, among living English playwrights, to Pinero. He has an extraordinary talent for exactitude in the observation, and precision in the analysis, of character; an unlimited patience to compete with nature in the delineation of innumerable details; a remarkable gift for rendering the tone of ordinary conversation in his succinct and brilliant dialogue; and, above all, a staunch capacity for making his auditors think earnestly and thoroughly about the anomalies of that chaos of incongruous, contentious forces,—the social fabric of to-day.

Although Mr. Barker is both an able actor and a more than able stage-director, he cares far less about the theatre than he cares about life. For this reason, his plays make much more interesting reading than those of the usual theatrical technician. It is not necessary for the reader, while turning over the pages of these published plays, to imagine himself seated in a theatre and looking at a stage; it is necessary for him only to imagine himself moving in the midst of life: and so painstaking is the author's depiction of life as it is lived, that the reader accomplishes this imaginative exercise without any sense of effort.

But the same reason that makes these plays so unusually readable—namely, that the author cares more about life than he cares about the theatre—probably accounts for the fact that they have not, in any wide sense, been popular upon the stage. When plays fail to attract the public to the theatre, it will not do to blame the public; since it is the first duty of the dramatist to please the generality of men. This duty Mr. Barker has thus far refused to recognise. His present aim is not to satisfy, but to alter, the demands of the theatre-going public. He eschews those methods of construction which the immemorial tradition of the theatre has proved to be unfailingly effective; and doubtless, like all idealists, he is willing to pay the price of sacrificing the adherence of that compact, con-

*Three Plays by Granville Barker: *The Marrying of Ann Leete*; *The Voysey Inheritance*; *Waste*. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. *The Madras House*. A Comedy in Four Acts. By Granville Barker. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

servative majority that Ibsen said was always in the wrong.

The first of Mr. Barker's plays, *The Marrying of Ann Leete*, must be excluded from any critical consideration of his present aims and methods. It was written when the author was only twenty-two years old; and, like most very early efforts by writers whose worth becomes ultimately real, it displays an exaggerated cleverness and preciosity. It is an artificial comedy, set in the eighteenth century, and is written in brilliant imitation of the manner of George Meredith. The last act, to be sure, in which the aristocratic heroine marries herself to her father's gardener, is conceived in the topsy-turvy mood of Mr. Bernard Shaw; but the effect of the composition as a whole is of Meredith at second hand.

Mr. Barker's subsequent plays, *The Voysey Inheritance*, *Waste*, and *The Madras House*, bear no family resemblance to *Ann Leete*; but they are closely related to each other, and illustrate conclusively the aims and methods of the author. It is apparently his purpose to bring the drama more closely into accord with actuality than it has ever been before, by the expedient of ignoring the tradition of the well-made play. Instead of adapting the patterns of such a master-craftsman as Pinero to a subject-matter of his own, he casts aside all patterns and shovels his subject-matter on the stage. His plays begin almost anywhere, and do not end at all; his acts refuse to rise to a dramatic climax at the curtain-fall; and sometimes, as in *The Madras House*, the different scenes exhibit no necessary narrative relation to each other. In support of this deliberate avoidance of the traditional dramatic form, Mr. Barker would undoubtedly maintain that it is his purpose to represent life, and that life does not conduct itself in accordance with artificial patternings. In nature there are no beginnings and no endings—there is only a monotonous, appalling continuity. Nature is neither selective of details nor logical in the arrangement of them. Nature usually refuses to rise even to a momentary climax, and has no curtain to ring down. In a single word, nature is not narrative.

Whereas, in this dilemma, Pinero ranks himself upon the side of art, Mr. Barker (a self-constituted leader of a younger generation) prefers to rank himself upon the side of nature. One might imagine Sir Arthur to say of *The Madras House*, "The drama is not like that," and Mr. Barker to retort, "No; but life is." Goethe used to maintain that the sole excuse for the existence of art is that it is different from nature; but Mr. Barker seems to feel that the most interesting thing about life is that it is different from art. To the present writer it appears that Mr. Barker has ranged himself upon the losing side of the contention. When so capable a dramatist employs his quite extraordinary talents to prove that the drama is less interesting than life, the only victory that he can hope for is the futile victory of self-defeat. Furthermore, if art should ever so utterly succeed in concealing art as to set its product into absolute competition with nature, nature would inevitably win the competition. If ever the theatre should arrive at reproducing life without submitting it to either of the prime processes of art—selection and arrangement—there would cease to be any adequate reason why we should withdraw for two hours from the contemplation of life itself to look at a performance on the stage. Any theory which, exaggerated to its utmost, becomes a *reductio ad absurdum*, must be, even as a working hypothesis, essentially unsound.

Yet, however one may disagree with Mr. Barker's theories of how a play should not be built, there can be no denying that his plays produce upon the reader an overwhelming conviction of reality. The characters are real, the incidents are real, the dialogue is real. In the midst of art we find ourselves in life.

The Voysey Inheritance is probably the best of his plays; at least, it seems so in the reading. The elder Mr. Voysey is a highly respected solicitor who has made a large fortune for his numerous family by criminally misapplying the capital intrusted to his care. Shortly before his death he takes his son, Edward, into partnership; and the latter discovers that the firm is actually insolvent, and comes to realise the reason why. Edward

is a scrupulously conscientious man, utterly lacking in his father's illegitimate audacity; and on the occasion of his father's funeral, he calls the members of the family together and tells them that they all are living upon stolen money. The play deals mainly with the reaction of this revelation upon the many diverse characters concerned. Edward's impulse is to make a public confession of the enormity and send himself to jail; but his less conscientious relatives persuade him to continue to conduct the business silently, in the hope, by a more conservative exercise of his father's methods of money-juggling, of ultimately making restitution to the many clients that, without their knowledge, have been robbed. Thus, against the dictates of his own inherent character, Edward finds himself forced more and more to accept from his dead father an inheritance of crime. The play does not end: it goes on, as relentlessly as life. Edward neither dies, nor goes to jail, nor earns enough money to pay off his inheritance of debt; and the final curtain leaves him confronting hopelessly the same dilemma that he encountered at the outset of the play.

Waste,—which was refused a license by that preposterous functionary, the British censor,—develops a more tragic theme than Mr. Barker's other plays. A man of far-seeing political intelligence, whose services are well-nigh indispensable to his party and to the nation at large, happens, in a careless midnight mood at a house-party, to abandon himself to the embraces of a married woman. Neither loves the other: they merely succumb momentarily to the seductions of sense. The unthinking moment has its consequences; and the statesman is threatened with a scandal that makes it necessary, as public life is ordered nowadays, for the leaders of his party to drop him. His noble talents, that might have been of inestimable service to the state, are now condemned to waste. Withdrawn from public life, he must cease to be of service. But life, with such a man, is synonymous with service; he cannot live, not serving; and, calmly logical, he kills himself.—The essential drama of this poignant theme is overlaid with a great deal of political discussion that

seems to be extraneous. Mr. Barker has thought it necessary to expound in detail the precise ideas of all his congregated politicians on nearly every question at issue in the public life of England at the present time. These views, no doubt, are valuable; but a seemingly interminable exposition of them distracts attention from the real dramatic issue of the play.

The Madras House introduces us to over a score of people who are more or less interested in the affairs of a large mercantile establishment. We visit them in their homes and in their offices; we listen to the casual and seemingly unrelated things they have to say; and we grow to know them intimately. They are interesting people, too, and we feel no reason to resist the author's desire to make us familiar with their daily lives; but we wonder a little what the play is all about. It seems to have no theme: it surely has no plot: it might just as easily cease suddenly at any point or else go on forever. We feel that the author is showing us life, but not telling us anything about it. Many things are said, and nearly all of them are interesting; but we search in vain amid the volubility of the assembled characters for any indication of a central idea round which the talk revolves. The play closes with the characteristic stage-direction, "She doesn't finish, for really there is no end to the subject"; but the reader wonders what the subject definitely was. *The Madras House*, like a page from life itself, is full of meanings and yet meaningless. It is the product of a very strong intelligence applied to the futile labour of concealing, and thereby defeating, art.

Walter Clayton.

VII

M. B. LEAVITT'S "FIFTY YEARS IN THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT"*

If there is any name connected with theatrical enterprise in the last fifty years which Mr. Leavitt has omitted from this seven hundred page volume, or any photograph of a celebrity in any branch of the business from star to lithographer

*Fifty Years in Theatrical Management. By M. B. Leavitt. New York: Broadway Publishing Company.

—it is surely not by inadvertence. As a directory the book is invaluable. Probably some of its thousands of names the future annals of the American stage will willingly let die, yet one will be glad to poke through this enormous dust heap for many choice pickings. The consecutive view it affords of our stage, is, for one thing, unique.

The original negro-minstrelsy, he says, was a vivid mirror of actual negro life in its amusing aspects, and as such demanded rare talents of mimicry. Very different was it from the so-called minstrelsy of later years, which, clad in Punch and Judy costumes, emitted stale newspaper jokes. Negro representation was then an art as distinct and important as any stage branch, although it has now become foolish and unmeaning cackle, and is quite moribund at that. The association of Boston with baked beans is probably of minstrel origin. A certain Boston restaurant famous for this dish had a national reputation thrust upon it and its city by a minstrel song, the refrain of which was, "I pick my teeth on the Parker House steps, but I eat my beans at Gilson's."

Out of fashion, too, is pantomime. This, Mr. Leavitt thinks, is the most exalted of all the arts of comic expression. There are now, however, few representatives of it capable of maintaining its high character, since it is the most difficult form of acting known to the stage. "There are no clowns now," remarked a superannuated clown with a shade of bitterness. "Last year a theatrical manager when he put on a pantomime actually forgot to get one!" In the old days there were two schools of pantomimists, the French and the English. The Frenchman expressed himself thoroughly by gesture, the Englishman eked out his gesture with "mugging" and talk. Despite the repeated efforts of shrewd managers with plenty of capital, the Christmas pantomime never became as popular on the American stage as it has been for many generations on the English.

Dancing, too, is a bygone fashion—except dancing of the stunt and sensational kind. In the sixties a grand ballet meant something more than a squad

of good-looking girls posing in military groups. Dancers were hard-working students, because only the highest development of their art received critical recognition. The old school did not depend on physique or facial charm, but solely on ability.

The old-time "variety" has now become vaudeville, but it was in every way a larger show than the modern one. Since an organisation had to be able to give a complete change of programme every night, the performers were extremely versatile, and there were no "one-act people." Ballads, minstrel acts, comic songs, gymnastics, jugglery, fancy dancing, and short "sketches in black" constituted a typical good variety programme. The variety seems to have been an offshoot of early minstrelsy, a development by itself of that part of the conventional minstrel programme called the Olio. The most prominent comic opera comedians of to-day began their career as variety performers. It is about twenty years since the first successful development of the modern vaudeville, and no branch of the business has made such rapid strides. Vaudeville managers now pay comparatively larger salaries to their head-liners than legitimate stars receive. The increasing popularity of this form of entertainment, in spite of the vigorous competition of moving pictures, is significant. A little of everything cannot be found in the average play—there is something in vaudeville to please all tastes, and for one-quarter of the price of a theatre ticket.

The modern burlesque troupe is by no means an outcome of the old English burlesques. These reached the zenith of their popularity in America under Lydia Thompson. The modern "girl-show" was entirely unknown, and in its stead was a composition with a comprehensible plot, catchy music, keen wit and laughable puns—all put together in a burlesque and extravaganza spirit, and making a speciality of women performers. The native American show in this species was a travesty. Entertainments in America as late as the seventies were all of one kind—either wholly dramatic or minstrel or travesty or variety. Mr. Leavitt conceived the idea of combining

all the less "legitimate" forms in one show and making the travesty part the chief feature. For the old-time minstrel part—exclusively male—he substituted a bevy of women and called them Female Minstrels. It was this show which became the pioneer of the modern cheap burlesque company.

The Black Crook at Niblo's Garden in 1866 inaugurated an epoch. It was the birth of all the ballets, comic-operas, and musical shows of to-day. It was the first show which featured the human form divine, and pulpit and press abandoned discussion of the Civil War to denounce it. But the public crowded the theatre; and though the cost of production was unprecedented, the profits of the season were \$650,000. A Black Crook Company which was sent to South America (and—thanks to the furore created by Lydia Thompson's English Blondes!—carried with it a tank of peroxide of hydrogen to keep the hair of the ladies golden) brought back only one of its girls. Marriage and other arrangements had detained the rest behind. Thus the idea of the exploitation of young women in present-day musical shows received its first impetus.

In his description of Broadway of that day, we get a side light on a notable now and then. Edwin Forrest had such a vogue that clubs were formed in his name in various cities. It has become a fashion among younger writers to underrate Forrest's art, but by the verdict of his time he was the foremost figure of our stage. No other actor ever did so much to ameliorate the condition of his profession. Mr. Leavitt tells us that Barnum was eaten up with personal vanity. Though his face and figure were far from that of Adonis, yet for years he had his hair curled each day by a hair-dresser and always wore a shirt front abounding in frills and in diamonds.

The theatre probably never rested on a higher plane than at Salt Lake City in the Mormon days. Brigham Young, an executive giant, found himself at the head of a band of ultra-civilised people a thousand miles away from the outskirts of civilisation. He knew he must provide them with suitable entertainment, and he decided to employ literature,

music, and the stage to the fullest extent. He had no sooner finished building his stupendous Tabernacle than he constructed the Salt Lake Theatre. At the time of erection, this was unsurpassed by any existing theatre for magnitude, completeness, and equipment. In 1862 it was opened with prayer, an address by Young, and a comic drama presented by a local amateur organisation. Young secured from the East dramatic instructors, and under them the company was soon giving excellent performances. Attendance was made virtually compulsory by Young as part of his educational system. A play continued until it had been seen by every one in the colony. Young personally attended nearly all the rehearsals and opened them with prayer. Any improper conduct was met with instant dismissal and public disgrace.

Graham Berry.

VIII

JOSEPH McCABE'S "THE EMPRESSES OF ROME"*

Woman, says the author of this entertaining volume, although she passed from the tyranny of father to the tyranny of husband at the age of fourteen, had her part in the making of Rome as well as in its unmaking. So great a part in both, indeed, it is a pity that the stage of Gibbon and of Merivale is too crowded for the empresses to disentangle themselves from the mighty panorama. No other work puts them in the foreground except an old French one which sacrifices accuracy to piquancy. Mr. McCabe is compelled to discard much of this latter along with many of the more romantic adventures narrated by usually trustworthy historians, but in general he makes no change in the current estimate of the ladies who file before us in a long procession.

It is in the continuity of his story, and in his study of separate character and type by a cool presentation of conflicting evidence, that the author has best succeeded. Though he leaves the ladies fundamentally where he found them, however, he accepts none of the custom-

*The *Empresses of Rome*. By Joseph McCabe. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

any historical platitudes about the unmitigated blackness of Rome's darkest eras. The periods of rapid recovery throughout its long history are not sufficiently appreciated by the rhetorical censors of the morals of Rome. Nor indeed does he prattle any moral nonsense about the necessary decay of states within an appointed round. Egypt, he points out, had no difficulty in maintaining its vigour for close on eight thousand years.

But to return to the ladies. The line of empresses does not begin until the horizon of women as well as that of men had been rolled outward by the new culture of Greece and the conquest of the East. By the time Livia, the wife of Octavius, came along, the Roman lady had forever departed from her pristine simplicity—she had even a debating club.

Livia was the first empress of Rome. She had lived through the early tempestuous days of her first husband with no whisper of slander. Octavius had married twice for political reasons, but when he met Livia he sent a letter of divorce to his wife (whose great-grandchild became the Empress Agrippina) and intimated to Livia's husband that he must do likewise. He not only did so in a quite friendly way, but made Octavius at his death the guardian of his two sons, Tiberius and Drusus. Octavius and Livia were content with a prudent adaptation of the old Roman ideal to the new age; and both led sober, ascetic lives. Her wise and humane counsels contributed much to the peace and prosperity of Rome's golden era, which, it must not be lost sight of, was a time when hundreds of thousands of the citizens were parasites upon the state. When Octavius died, worn out with his struggle against dissolute Rome, his last words were for her; and their union had lasted fifty-two years in a town where matrimonial transfers were of no moment whatever.

Yet to a man, historians have charged Livia not only with a career of crime, but with an entire absence of self-restraint, which finally caused her husband—who for many years had been curiously blind to her excesses—to banish her. The accusation that she murdered the sons of her step-daughter Julia

seems to be largely founded on the undoubted fact that their deaths were very opportune; and the same historians charge her with murdering her second son in the interest of Tiberius, which is somewhat absurd. This step-daughter married the son of Antony and Octavia, her first cousin, and the marriage of two direct descendants of Cæsar is supposed to mark the beginning of Livia's downward career, since she herself had borne no heir to Octavius. The other daughter of Octavia, her uncle married to his ablest general, Agrippa, and then on the death of Julia's first husband the Emperor had him divorce her and marry her sister. Agrippa presented her with five children and then died of the gout; thereupon Octavius ordered Tiberius to separate himself from his wife, who was the daughter of Agrippa by another marriage, and take unto himself this Julia—who had already been married to two members of her own family. Thus it may be seen that if the ladies of Rome had no graver subjects to discuss in their debating clubs, they might spend edifying evenings in disentangling the royal relationships. As for Julia, the problem quite destroyed what little self-respect she ever possessed; and along with two of her remaining children she was banished for her vices. Her surviving child, a daughter, lived to embarrass her step-grandmother's later years. During the reign of her son Tiberius there is no evidence that Livia sought power for any other motive than the good of the state. But her troubles were by no means over. In Lower Germany the nephew of Tiberius, Germanicus, the son of Drusus, had married Julia's remaining daughter, Agrippina, and was urged by his soldiers to contest the purple. This insurrection quelled by prudence rather than force, the years that followed began to see differences between Tiberius and his aged and able mother. At last she withdrew from the palace and died in retirement at the age of eighty-six. The conscientious biographer must acquit this remarkable woman of either craft or vice and concur with the judgment of the Senate, which in spite of Tiberius's resentment proclaimed her "mother of her country."

Tiberius in his old age retired to his palace at Capri, where he sheltered, among his purblind scholars, the licentious prince Caligula, the son of Germanicus and Agrippina. At the death of the Emperor the latter was called to the throne, and in him the vein of moral insanity, inherited by all the descendants of the marriage-bewildered Julia, is most clearly exhibited. He recalled his sister from banishment and announced that he intended to marry her. When she died he had the Senate put her among the gods and made the earth resound with his demented moans. Then he promptly married in short order two ladies who were in their brief day empresses, and a third, who escaped divorce indeed, but was murdered, together with her royal spouse, by an outraged city.

The fifth Empress of Rome was Messalina. The spirit of our times, says Mr. McCabe, is so bent upon visiting the sins of the children on their fathers, so determined to seek the secret of character in heredity, that one should say at once that both her parents were of the Julian family and were first cousins of her much older husband, Claudius. Him she duped through a series of monstrous excesses until finally she had the audacity to marry openly a handsome young noble in his absence. For which meaningless prank she, at the age of twenty-five, met death. Not a single detail of her reputed adventures is incredible, since the authentic ones reveal so shameless a disregard of law and decency.

The senile Claudius thereupon married his niece Agrippina. The best that can be said of this lady is that she aimed at making the future of her son Nero rather than her own; and consequently, when he afterward murdered her, we are disposed in her favour. Her statue has the majestic air of a mistress of the world, nor does her face seem that of a sensualist. Certainly she ruled judicially and serviceably in spite of her crimes of jealousy and avarice. Seneca, who was recalled from exile to superintend her son's training, says that her fondness quite ruined all his discipline. Early he was married to Octavia, Claudius's daughter. Upon the opportune if not

accelerated death of the heavy-paunched Claudius, Agrippina had the Senate make him Emperor at the age of seventeen. For four years after the accession she ruled wisely in his name, but in the fifth he had her put to death with horrible brutality and jeered at her naked body. He had begun to turn on her when she sought to check his licentious ways. When Agrippina finally espoused the cause of the injured Octavia against Poppæa, she wrote her own death sentence—not ignobly; and she saw her struggle for power become a struggle for life against her own son. She died bravely and she had served Rome well. Had she lived in an age when virtue was not inexpedient, says the author, she might have been entirely honourable.

The gentle and forsaken Octavia was divorced, and Poppæa became Empress in her place. No definite scandal attaches to the name of this coquettish and calculating lady, and Josephus even calls her pious. After a few years she met a brutal end, and Nero's next choice fell on Octavia's sister, who courageously refused the outrageous honour and was put to death; and then on Statilia Messalina, who decided it was better to be married even to Nero than burned. But Nero, and with him the house of Cæsar, soon ended his grotesquely monstrous career; and Statilia, unlike her six predecessors, remained unmurdered. Indeed, she lived to deliver orations of great eloquence to the literary ladies of Rome. Possibly one was on the dangers of mixing relationships.

The crimes and follies of these ladies stand out so prominently only because they were perpetrated from a throne, says the author; and bad as they were, they are hardly worse than the crimes and follies of kings' mistresses and queens in less censured periods of history. The women of Cæsarean Rome will compare very well with the women of later civilisations at the stage when the nation relaxes from the strain of empire-making and its veins are flushed with the wealth of its conquests. This account of a little over forty years in a period of more than five hundred is enough to give the reader a taste of the author's temper and the style of his in-

teresting narrative. By sticking close to his subject, he is enabled—he tells us—to give all that is known and dispose of most that is merely conjectural of the lives of the long line of royal ladies down to the fall of the Western Empire.

Algernon Tassin.

IX

PIERRE DE COULEVAIN'S "THE HEART OF LIFE"*

The chief impression retained after closing one of Pierre de Coulevain's books is of their essential agreeableness. One has been in the society of a mind at once restful and stimulating, of a personality that has charm and poise, and one has joined in an observation of life that remains intimate while being detached. The effect of harmonious contrasts produced is necessarily a pleasant one, while the simplicity and distinction of the writer's style adds to the charm, the decidedly personal charm, of all her work. Unfortunately this attribute entirely disappears in the English version by Alys Hallard, who not only lacks the chic and finish of the Frenchwoman, but who is slipshod and commonplace to a degree, capable of such constructions as the following: "You would be allowed to write sonnets like Lamartine and others have done. . . . She said she would like to take up something like Jose had done . . ." with others as bad. An insult to the original, which, if duelling obtained among women, would surely justify Pierre de Coulevain in calling her translator out and pinking her in proper style.

In this latest book, *The Heart of Life* (*Au Cœur de la Vie*), the story is even slighter than in the rambling pages of *On the Branch*, but it is entirely sufficient. We do not read these books for their story, but for their insights into and reflections upon life, for the clever sketches of people, places and moods they give us, and most of all, perhaps, for their revelation of the writer's own delightful, if somewhat egoistic, personality, her unconscious and perfectly nat-

ural presentment of herself as the goddess in the machine, a being whom life has made a little wiser than any one with whom she comes in contact. So, for that matter, she is: a little saner and wiser than most of us, familiar with many phases of modern existence, and eternally interested in what goes on about her. An interest that is expressed by means of a variety of amusing or tender episodes, with the reflections they induce. There are several pages in the beginning of the book in hand devoted to sparrows, for instance, that will arouse in you both chuckles and ideas. The conviction these birds bring to the author that "It is my opinion that animals have the faculty of reasoning, and that man alone can be unreasonable. It is that which gives him his superiority," is a characteristic whimsicality, and only one of many.

After the author herself, the heroine of the story is Maïa, a modern young Frenchwoman whom it is a joy to know. She is divorced when we first meet her, and the romance of the book is provided by her return to and reunion with her husband, a husband too ignorantly married and too hastily discarded. The steps of this return, materially assisted by the wise friend of both, Pierre herself, appear and disappear in the pages, that touch on many matters and present many scenes.

Maïa reveals the French attitude in such affairs as hers, and especially the newer attitude of the present generation, weary of the prison bars, the ignorance, the unreality that surround the young girl of the upper classes.

"My greatest desire was to go out alone, to wander in the streets and stop at shop-windows," she says. Marriage was the open door through which she passed to freedom; but marriage proved too great a shock for her, a mere child, knowing nothing. Nor, on the other hand, did the man she married know anything of the girl he took. So these perfectly good young people, who really loved each other, presently found themselves divorced. And in Maïa's set divorce was the unpardonable sin:

"In our old aristocracy, with its orthodox religion, a woman who has been unfaithful to her husband would be ac-

**The Heart of Life*. By Pierre de Coulevain. Translated by Alys Hallard. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.25 net.

cepted more readily than a divorced woman. The former has only broken the laws of honour, the latter has broken the laws of the Church, and that is inexcusable."

The French have their own interpretations!

The background of the story is chiefly Switzerland, though there are some delicious glimpses of Savoy and Baden. History, philosophy, natural and human laws and traits are jotted down and commented on, there are mountain peaks and sunsets, lakes and cities. A steadfast faith in Providence and the reasonableness of life is the author's chief inspiration. What seems chance, she intimates, is design, and the strange, haphazard, un-

toward occurrences which bewilder the children of men are but the uncouth fragments of a plan which, seen entire, proves full of harmony and beauty. This is the thesis, and it is worked out with force and humour. Spilt milk is not to be cried over. It is one of the ingredients in the recipe of life, and quite as important as the rest. Pierre de Coulevain is a lover of life, an incurable optimist and an inveterate proselyter. She preaches, but she does it so delightfully that you want more. If you are blue or downcast, read her. She will not jar roughly on your mood, but she will win you out of it. And there, precisely, lies one great reason for her popularity.

Hildegard Hawthorne.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF YOUNGER REPUTATIONS

BY LENOX ASTOR

V.—JOHN GALSWORTHY

When a young writer suddenly achieves a wide popularity, few people are likely to realise how much steady and, in many cases, good work lies behind his success. This is especially true of British authors, who often are unknown in this country until they have a dozen or more volumes to their credit in England. These older volumes are eventually reprinted here, and the public is half the time unaware that they are not new works. In order to furnish a means of ready reference, especially for readers who wish to make a further study of authors just coming in prominence, THE BOOKMAN is publishing a series of brief bibliographies, covering the published works of these younger authors, biographical and critical works about them, as well as a selection of reviews of their books, intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive.

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GEORGE BORROW*

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.



HILE Dr. W. J. Knapp's life of George Borrow, published some ten or twelve years ago, gave a fairly full and certainly an enthusiastic account of this extraordinary character, enough has since come to light to make the present volume by Herbert Jenkins of interest. Borrow accomplished wonders for the spread of the Gospel in Spain and elsewhere; he wrote some books that are masterpieces in their way, and the man himself seems to have been as interesting as his published works.

Mr. Jenkins has had the good fortune to unearth many letters, supposed to have been lost, that Borrow wrote to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and many documents in the Public Record Office relating to his stay in Spain. Borrow's life was a fantastic romance. Mr. Jenkins's book rightly emphasises this side of the story, but he also adds to the wealth of detail culled from *Lavengro*, which is supposed to be largely biographical, and from *The Gypsies in Spain*, facts, figures and dates that enable one to get Borrow's career in clearer focus. Perhaps he is even unnecessarily solicitous as to dates and seemingly unimportant matters, but this is erring on the right side.

George Henry Borrow was born at East Dereham, Norfolk, July 5, 1803, the son of Thomas Borrow, a captain in the militia, and Ann Perfrement, a strikingly handsome girl of Huguenot stock, from whom the famous author inherited his dark eyes and the swarthy aspect that gave colour to the report that he had in his veins gypsy blood. This accounted, said some of his critics, for his life-long predilection for gypsies and their lore. From his father George derived a rugged constitution and perhaps his love of a good fight. Lovers of

Lavengro may remember the fight with the Flaming Tinman, which Francis Hindes Groome, in the *BOOKMAN* for May, 1899, called "the finest fight in the whole world's literature." It may almost be said that Borrow's life was one long fight. He was always disputing with some one and very apt to make a *casus belli* of the most trivial matter. He found windmills everywhere. Nature gave him a good outfit for the struggle. He stood six feet two inches in his stockings, and his endurance is shown in scores of adventures with disease and hunger that would have killed a horse. We have no record of his appearance in youth, but he must have been a handsome fellow. Dr. Gordon Hake, in his *Memoirs of Eighty Years*, says of him: "His figure was tall and his bearing very noble; he had a finely moulded head and thick white hair—white from his youth; his brown eyes were soft, yet piercing; his nose somewhat of the 'semitic' type, which gave his face the cast of the young Memnon. His mouth had a generous curve; and his features for beauty and true power, were such as can have no parallel in our portrait gallery." A tramp of thirty or forty miles at the rate of five miles an hour was a trifle to him.

As a child Borrow seems to have been a gloomy, introspective boy who puzzled his parents, slow of comprehension, almost dull-witted, shy of society. An old Jew peddler once pronounced him "a prophet's child," a prediction that carried comfort to his mother's heart. He studied men rather than books, although he knew *Robinson Crusoe* by heart. In 1819 he was articled for five years to a firm of solicitors in Norwich, but he liked languages rather than Blackstone, and such languages!—Welsh, Danish, Arabic, Armenian, Saxon—these were the tongues with which he occupied himself. Part of his duty as a law clerk was to guard the door of his employer's private room. His standards were those of a physiognomist rather than lawyer, and got him into trouble. He admitted

*The Life of George Borrow. By Herbert Jenkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: John Murray.

the goats and refused the sheep, turning away a knight or a baronet and welcoming a poet, to the indignation of his chief. William Taylor, an Englishman who had travelled much and had known Goethe, gave him lessons and praises his marvellous aptitude for languages. According to Taylor, Borrow at eighteen could translate "with elegance and fidelity" from twenty different languages, among them Welsh, Erse, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Celtic, Gothic and Gypsy or Romany dialects. The current reports as to Borrow's linguistic attainments are doubtless exaggerated. His knowledge was superficial and helped out by pretence; nevertheless it was sufficient to be called phenomenal. In handicraft he was a jack-of-all-trades.

Upon the death of his father, in 1824, George was thrown upon his own resources. The law not being to his taste, he went to London, carrying with him a

bundle of manuscripts which included translations from the Danish and Welsh. As he records in *Romantic Ballads* (Norwich, 1826), there arrived in town:

A lad who twenty tongues can talk
And sixty miles a day can walk;
Can tune a song and make a verse,
And deeds of Northern kings rehearse.

He applied first to Sir Richard Phillips, to whose *New Magazine* he had already contributed some translations of poems. Phillips had a job for him, nothing less than to compile six volumes, each of a thousand pages, devoted to the lives of famous criminals. For this work he was to receive fifty pounds and buy his own books and papers. The work appeared in 1825 as the *Celebrated Trials*. In addition he was to translate into German Phillips's philosophic work, *Proximate Causes of the Material Phenomena of the Universe*. The latter proved to be Borrow's undoing. The first chapter was submitted to learned Germans, who found it utterly unintelligible. Borrow had to confess that when unable to comprehend the meaning of the English text he had translated it literally into German. Notwithstanding the consequent break with Phillips, the *Celebrated Trials*, an account of some four hundred trials, was finished. It was natural that Borrow should speculate rather mournfully upon the effect upon his own mind and character of months spent in reading and editing these records of crime, especially as fifty pounds was all he got for his labour. His work done, he found himself with eighteen pence.

Evidently authorship was not to be his career. Scraping together some money, he decided to leave London and try an outdoor life. A chance meeting with a tinker led to his purchase of the latter's pony and outfit. He soon found that while he knew Chinese he could not mend a kettle properly. He fell in with gypsies, who offered him a bride. Although he declined the offer, he was not insensible to beauty, for his relations with Isopel Berners, a tall, handsome road girl with flaxen hair, led to his famous fight with the Flaming Tinman. During these years of wandering, Borrow's faculty of making friends is apparent. Ostlers,

scholars, farmers, gypsies, he could earn their respect if he wished to do so. From 1825 until 1832 but little is known of his life. It was his veiled period, concerning which he had as little to say as had Walt Whitman of his New Orleans days. Apparently he was a vagabond, but a studious one. In 1827 he seems to have been in Norwich, for in *Lavengro* he says he saw the famous trotting stallion Marshland Shales, and did for that horse "what I would neither do for earl nor baron, doffed my hat." Sundry efforts to have published his translations from the Welsh came to nothing.

In 1832, through the help of the Rev. Francis Cunningham, of Lowestoft, Suffolk, Borrow obtained the chance to enter the employ of the British and Foreign Bible Society. A man was needed who could translate the New Testament into Manchu. Borrow trudged to London, covering the one hundred and twelve miles in less than twenty-eight hours. The Society's committee liked his looks and gave him six months in which to master Manchu, one of the most difficult of tongues. He succeeded in meeting the tests imposed, and was sent to St. Petersburg in July, 1833, where the Society had undertaken to prepare a Manchu Testament to be distributed in China. Borrow's account of his year's work in Russia is to be found in letters to the Society. He had to be translator, printer, binder, missionary and politician. His life was one long struggle against frightful odds. But he accomplished what the Society wanted, and upon his return to London, in 1835, he was sent to Portugal to find means of introducing the Scriptures there and in Spain. The record of the Spanish years shows again his persistence in overcoming the ignorance and apathy of the people and the enmity of the priest-ridden authorities. Sick, hungry, sometimes in prison, and always the object of persecution and suspicion, he was sometimes discouraged, but not for long. With the help of a Greek servant, one Antonio Buchini, "whose vices were sufficiently obvious to discourage any one from attempting to discover his virtues," he kept on distributing his Bibles wherever possible. Burning with fever, he writes to

the Society: "I return God thanks and glory for being permitted to undergo these crosses and troubles for His Word's sake. I would not exchange my present situation, unenviable as some may think it, for a throne." As to the final results of his work, there seems to be doubt. The Spanish gypsies accepted his Testaments, but some of the women confessed that they carried them merely as talismans for good luck when they went upon thieving expeditions!

Borrow's independence of thought, his tendency to raise trouble with the authorities and his fondness for associating with outcasts and all sorts of disreputable characters, far more interesting people to him than respectable folk, together with much impatience over the mild remonstrances of his superiors in London, finally led to his recall and the severance of his relations with the Society. The extraordinary character of the work he had accomplished was acknowledged, but his methods aroused fierce criticism. His activities sometimes even led to friction between the Spanish Government and that of England.

Coming home for good in 1840, Borrow left the employ of the Society. The same year he married Mary Clarke, a widow with one daughter, and these two women now made up his household. His wife had some property at Oulton, Suffolk, where Borrow settled down as a landed proprietor. His income amounted to about £450 a year. He had also saved some money from his salary, but much of that had gone to help his mother, for whom he had always provided with unfailing devotion. Borrow's first book, *The Zingali; an Account of the Gypsies of Spain*, published by John Murray in 1841, was well received, but achieved nothing like the success of *The Bible in Spain*, which in 1842 made its author at once more or less famous. Lockhart reviewed it in *The Quarterly Review* as a work of genius. Borrow's comment upon this review was: "Very good, very clever—very neatly done. Only one fault to find—too laudatory." Another critic called it "a rum, very rum, mixture of Gypsyism, Judaism, and missionary adventure," which reminded him of *Gil Blas* with touch of Bunyan. The book

had a large sale in England and the *Athenæum* reported (May, 1843) that three hundred thousand copies had been sold in America. As there was no copy-right protection, the only thing America gave the author was praise. "I really never heard anything so infamous," wrote Borrow to his wife.

The success of *The Bible in Spain* marked the height of Borrow's prosperity. The history of his tribulations over *Lavengro*, which title Mr. Jenkins notes is Romany for "word-master," is almost too familiar for repetition here. Mr. Jenkins gives a full account of Borrow's life and peculiarities in his last years, years embittered by discontent over what he considered the failure of the public to appreciate him, and later by the death of his mother and then of his wife. Toward the last Borrow was a soured and most eccentric man. Numberless anecdotes are told of his ungracious behaviour. He was more fond of animals than of men. With a famous cotton umbrella, a "damning thing . . . gigantic and green," as Mr. Watts-Dunton calls it, he would take long soli-

tary walks, followed by two dogs and a cat. With his neighbours he was at war over trifles. When in Spain he was obsessed with the notion that the Pope was at the bottom of his troubles. In later life his ideas were no less fantastic. In *Wild Wales* alone there is some return to sanity of view and kindliness of expression. He was, says Mr. Jenkins, whimsical, eccentric, lovable, inexplicable. He lived and died a stranger to the class to which he belonged. He was in sympathy with vagrants and vagabonds and hated his social equals. He died at Oulton in 1881. His papers found their way into the hands of his admirer and biographer, Dr. Knapp.

Mr. Jenkins uses as frontispiece the admirable portrait of 1843 by Henry Wyndham Phillips, R.A., now in the possession of John Murray, the publisher. This portrait is often credited, by error, says Mr. Jenkins, to Thomas Phillips, and, by the way, is so credited in this frontispiece plate. Another portrait, not so satisfactory, is from a hitherto unpublished painting supposed to have been done in 1821.

THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF LEO TOLSTOY*

BY ABRAHAM CAHAN



WHEN Turgéneff, writing on his deathbed, addressed Tolstoy as "the great writer of our Russian land" and implored him to return to literary activity, he meant Tolstoy the objective artist, the portrayer of throbbing human life, not Tolstoy the author of tracts. But the two Tolstoys were inseparably blended, in fact. Vengeroff, the literary historian and critic, has described the creator of Anna Karénina as "Russia's great conscience," and this conscience manifests itself in Tolstoy's best artistic productions as well as in his essays on religion or morals.

Indeed, it takes a truly great artist to unite the two elements with impunity. In most cases it is apt to defeat both purposes at once. The novel which is intended to be a sermon in the form of a story usually hits neither of the two birds. Occurrences are marshalled and characters are trimmed to fit the preconceived moral, and the moral reflects the artificiality of the picture.

Life, however, is full of its own sermons. They are songs without words, these sermons, and an artist of Tolstoy's order does not have to sacrifice æsthetic sincerity to his sense of right and wrong. On the contrary, the more faithful he be to his art, the keener will be the human sympathy which his work will arouse,

*Hadji Murad. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Aylmer Maude. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Father Sergius and Other Stories. By Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Forged Coupon and Other Stories. By Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Man Who was Dead (The Living Corpse). By Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Light That Shines in the Darkness. By Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

the more effective the moral lesson he will inculcate. Born with an extraordinary gift for listening to and conveying Life's unvarnished tale of our complex existence, with its lights and shades, joys and woes, poetry and squalour, with its iniquities, cruelties, irrelevancies, martyrdoms, self-sacrificing altruisms, Tolstoy was in a position to achieve the reconciliation of moralist and painter without as much as being aware of the feat. This he did in a wonderful manner, but not invariably.

Sometimes a lifelike picture of his would, by its very reality, belie the tenet which it was intended to vivify. On other occasions his marvellous art would simply be intruded upon by long-winded moralisings and theorisings which fused with the situations depicted no more than water would with oil. Or, he might introduce into the story his own personality under the guise of a Pierre Besoukhoff (in *War and Peace*), a Levin (in *Anna Karénina*), or a Nekludoff (in *Resurrection*) and take up page after page with his own meditations and "self-lashings."

In the several volumes of his posthumous stories and dramas, one sees the detachment between the missionary and the artist more often than in the best known of his former works, yet they contain much that bears the stamp of the master-hand which produced those works.

Every story or drama in the five volumes before us is interesting, and—in spite of limitations, due for the most part to lack of finish—full of the invigorating ozone of real art. The absolute simplicity, unsophisticated clarity and unembellished directness which are among the qualities of Tolstoy's method are characteristic of every one of these offerings. The appeal is made at once and is sustained to the last line. A simple human appeal it is, and it enthalls the reader's attention irresistibly. Here and

there one comes across an unconvincing bit of narrative, some crudity or gap, which tend to indicate that the story was a rough first-sketch rather than a finished product. One feels that in order to make the tale as profoundly true as Tolstoy's stories usually are the author would have had to bestow far more time and space upon it. But it charms us as it is. We are always in the presence of a master with a penetrating eye and with an uncompromising prophet-like passion for truth, always in the presence of "the great conscience of Russia."

Whatever may be the relative merit of these posthumous productions when placed side by side with such works of their author as *War and Peace*, *Anna Karénina*, *The Death of Ivan Ilytch*, *Childhood and Youth*, *Family Happiness* or *Master and Man*, they certainly take rank with the best things we have received from any source since the publication of *Resurrection*.

Hadji Murad, which occupies one of the five volumes under consideration, has been characterised as a novel of action. But the term has been too woefully abused to suit a piece of literature of this type. It is usually contrasted with the "novel of character," and is meant to apply to "plot novels," in which the plot is the chief source of interest, animating detail being sacrificed to the rapidity with which events pass in review. *Hadji Murad* is certainly full of action, but it is the kind of action which is alive with the blood of reality. The story is peopled with characters every one of which appeals to one's imagination with the certainty of an acquaintance in actual life, and every scene in it makes the reader feel as though he had personally taken part in it. It is a romantic story, thrillingly so, but here again a word of special comment seems to be needed in order to save the term from misconstruction. Indeed, so deep-rooted is our habit of regarding romance as the antithesis of realism, that we are apt to forget that real life is rich in the wildest happenings which the boldest imagination could conceive; that fact is often really stronger than the most far-fetched fiction. *Hadji Murad* is an entrancing piece of romance, full of colour, but real, true, absolutely

convincing. It is semi-historical, in fact, the author having met the central figure of the tale in the fifties and the events described being largely actual occurrences in the history of Russia's subjugation of the Caucasus.

Hadji Murad, a Tartar chieftain, was "the leading dare-devil and 'brave'" of the mountainous region. Tolstoy contrasts the naturalness and unsophisticated impulsiveness of this dauntless barbarian with the insincerities and varnished barbarities of his civilised conquerors. The following passage, which is distinctively Tolstoyan, is representative of the whole work:

That evening, at the New Theatre, which was decorated in oriental style, an Italian opera was performed. Vorontsov was in his box when the striking figure of the limping Hadji Murad, wearing a turban, appeared in the stalls. He came in with Lovis Melikov (Count Louis Melikov, who afterward became Minister of the Interior and framed the Liberal ukase which was signed by Alexander II. the day that he was assassinated, but who was then Vorontsov's aide-de-camp). Having sat through the first act with oriental, Mohammedan dignity, expressing no pleasure, but only obvious indifference, he rose and looking calmly around at the audience went out, drawing to himself everybody's attention.

The next day was Monday and there was the usual evening party at the Vorontsovs'. In the large, brightly lighted hall a band was playing hidden among the trees. Young and not very young women in dresses displaying their bare necks, arms and breasts, turned around in the embrace of men in bright uniforms. As the buffet footmen in red swallow-tail coats and wearing shoes and knee breeches, poured out champagne and served sweetmeats to the ladies, the "Sirdar's" wife also, in spite of her age, went about half-dressed among the visitors, affably smiling, and through their interpreter said a few amiable words to Hadji Murad, who glanced at the visitors with the same indifference he had shown yesterday in the theatre. After the hostess, other half-naked women came up to him and all of them shamelessly stood before him and smilingly asked him the same question: How he liked what he saw? Vorontsov himself, wearing gold epaulets and gold shoulder-knots with his white cross and ribbon at his neck, came up

and asked him the same question, evidently feeling sure, like all others, that Hadji Murad could not help being pleased at what he saw. Hadji Murad replied to Vorontsov, as he had replied to them all, that among his people nothing of the kind was done. He said it without expressing an opinion as to whether it was good or bad that it was so.

Father Sergius, the leading figure in a story by that name, was originally a courier with a splendid future before him. Discovering a liaison between his betrothed and the Czar, he suddenly cuts short his worldly career and enters a monastery, where, in a desperate struggle for moral perfection, he is faced by a series of temptations in the form of the sex. It is a most original story, full of unique interest; and it is only to be deplored that the author died without having had an opportunity to develop the various parts more fully. As it is, and when one bears in mind the high finish, full of life-giving detail, which characterise Tolstoy's celebrated novels, the story strikes one as a somewhat crude, though a fascinating study intended to serve as a basis for a novel rather than the novel itself.

The Man Who Was Dead, a drama in five acts, is perhaps the most interesting piece of histrionic literature that ever came from Tolstoy's pen. Not that the drama was his most natural vehicle of expression. For Tolstoy was primarily a painter of the inner man, a department of literary art which cannot very well be restricted by the trammels of dialogue. Tolstoy's strongest effects are achieved by introducing the reader to the mental processes of his characters, and while it is certainly true that the best characterisation is often attained by hearing him or her talk, it is equally true that conversations alone would be powerless to admit us to those psychological depths and that vividness of portraiture which more than anything else places Tolstoy at the head of modern novelists. Yet the few dramas which he has left us are a notable contribution to this branch of literature, and among these *The Man Who Was Dead* will be found a most irresistible production. Indeed, it has met with singular success wherever it

was produced, whether in the original or in translation; and the book is as thrilling to the reader as the play is to the theatre-goer.

The story of the play is practically the story of a case which came up in the criminal court of Moscow and the details of which were conveyed to Tolstoy by the judge who presided at the trial. In order to enable his wife to marry the man she loves, the prisoner had caused a false report to reach her to the effect that he, her legal husband, is dead. This he backed up by changing his name and completely withdrawing from his former world. The deception was discovered many years after the supposed widow celebrated what she thought was her second wedding.

Tolstoy was always fond of "plagiarising reality," as Jack London would put it. He preferred to borrow his plots from actual life. With such a story for a skeleton he would proceed to clothe it with flesh and blood and a delicately complicated nervous system. This he did with the above criminal case, as far as the limitations of the dramatic form would permit.

Protassoff, the leading character in the play, is easily one of the most engaging and pathetic personalities ever seen on any stage. It is a distinctively Russian type, the embodiment of conditions in a country where the nobility has been effeminized and rendered unfit for practical action by many centuries of the serf-system, on the one hand, and by the complexities of an iron-handed hierarchy on the other. Protassoff is the possessor of that "broad Russian soul" which often leaves little room for sober prosaic common sense. The so-called "Russian unpreparedness," of which one heard so much during the late Russo-Japanese conflict, was, in fact, to a large extent at least, the result of the same conditions. The Russian officers, sons of the same nobility to which Protassoff belongs, were no match for their hardy and practical opponents. It was simply a case of the history of the Crimean War repeating itself. It was the outcome of that war—by the way, an outcome disastrous for Russian arms—which was the most potent cause that led to the abolition of

serfdom. The helplessness of the Russian, when pitted against an Englishman, made the effect of that system manifest to the then ruling spirits of the country. But then the abolition of serfdom is of too recent origin for all its traces to have vanished. The types which it produced persist.

Pure, high-minded, impatient of the cruelties and hypocrisies of the life that surrounds him, Protasoff is too weak to join in a crusade against these conditions. As an upshot, his own existence is abhorrent to him. He hates himself for what he regards as an iniquitous life, and he hates himself for his lack of fibre.

Here we at once recognise the spirit of "Russia's great conscience," but Protasoffs are a rather common occurrence in that country, and the central figure of the play is as real as was its author.

Protasoff seeks to drown the voice of his conscience in the Wine, Woman and Song of a Moscow café, where there is a gypsy girl with a voice that "turns his whole inner life upside down," whose songs are as full of fire as her eyes. The girl is an interesting combination of traits inherited partly from her roving parents and partly from the civilisation which surrounds her. She is sincerely in love with Protasoff, but his is a sort of platonic interest.

His self-disgust grows in proportion as he sinks lower and lower economically and socially. Yet the inner-man in him remains as pure and attractive as ever, so that while we are repelled by his outer metamorphosis, we are overcome by a heart-breaking sense of commiseration for the spiritual man, coupled with a keen condemnation of the conditions which we hold responsible for his degradation.

Protasoff pities his wife, and it is in order to free her from himself and to enable her to be happy with his best friend, that he decides to become a "living corpse." When the mutilated drowned body of an unknown man is picked up floating in the river, Protasoff avails himself of the incident. He sets a report on foot that the dead man is no other than he.

The Light That Shines in the Darkness is a play which is generally supposed to depict Tolstoy's own conflict with his family in endeavouring to live up to his high moral principles.

Two of the strongest and most touching stories in the volume headed by the *Forged Coupon* are "My Dream" and "After the Dance."

They are remarkable tales, both of them, reminding us of their author's best vein and of the most characteristic trend of his genius.

THE BOOK MART

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ART AND DRAMA

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Light that Shines in Darkness: A Drama. By Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright.

Duffield and Company:

Yankee Fantasies: Five One-Act Plays. By Percy Mackaye.

Paul Elder and Company:

On the Laws of Japanese Painting: An Introduction to the Study of the Art of Japan. By Henry P. Bowie, with Prefatory Remarks by Iwaya Sazanami and Hirai Kinza.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Plays of Protest: The Naturewoman, The Machine, The Second-Story Man, Prince Hagen. By Upton Sinclair.

John Lane Company:

Whistler's Pastels and Other Modern Profiles. By A. E. Gallatin.

The Macmillan Company:

The War God: A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Israel Zangwill.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

D. Appleton and Company:

Lafcadio Hearn. By Nina H. Kennard.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Intimacies of Court and Society. An Unconventional Narrative of Unofficial Days. By the Widow of an American Diplomat.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Nietzsche. By Paul Elmer More.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman. Based on His Private Journals and Correspondence. (In two volumes.) By Wilfrid Ward.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Men and Things of My Time. By Marquis de Castellane. Translated by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos.

HISTORY, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Richard G. Badger:

In Northern Labrador. By William B. Cabot.

George H. Doran Company:

A Short History of the Scottish People. By Donald Macmillan, M.A., D.D.
The Russian People. By Maurice Baring.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Last Cruise of the Saginaw. By George H. Read.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Tailed Head-Hunters of Nigeria: An Account of an Official's Seven Years' Experiences in the Northern Nigerian Pagan

Belt, and a Description of the Manners, Habits and Customs of the Native Tribes. By Major A. J. N. Tremearne, B.A.

Among the Eskimos of Labrador: A Record of Five Years' Close Intercourse with the Eskimo Tribes of Labrador. By S. K. Hutton, M.B., Ch.B.Vict.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

In the Heart of the Vosges and Other Sketches by a "Devious Traveller." By Miss Betham-Edwards.

Vigilante Days and Ways. By Nathaniel Pitt Langford.

Outing Publishing Company:

Saddle and Camp in the Rockies: An Expert's Picture of Game Conditions in the Heart of our Hunting Countries. By Dillon Wallace.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Japan of the Japanese. By Joseph H. Longford.

Narratives of Early Pennsylvania, West New Jersey and Delaware—1630-1707. Edited by Albert Cook Myers.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

A Negro Explorer at the North Pole. By Matthew A. Henson, with a Foreword by Robert E. Peary and an Introduction by Booker T. Washington.

EDUCATION

Columbia University:

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University:

The Ricardian Socialists. By Esther Lowenthal, Ph.D.

Ibrahim Pasha, Grand Vizir of Suleiman the Magnificent. By Hester Donaldson Jenkins, Ph.D.

Columbia University Studies in Comparative Literature:

The Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction. By Samuel Lee Wolff, Ph.D.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Harvard Essays on Classical Subjects. Edited by Herbert Weir Smyth, Ph.D.

New York State Education Department:

State of New York. Seventh Annual Report of the Education Department for the School Year Ending July 31, 1910. Transmitted to the Legislature January 30, 1911.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

The Lake English Classics: Shorter English Poems. From the College Entrance Requirements in English. Edited by Vida D. Scudder, M.A.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

In Fableland. By Emma Serl.

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE
AND POLITICS*Thomas Y. Crowell Company:*

The Beauty of Self-Control. By J. R. Miller.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Sunday-Night Evangel: A Series of Sunday Evening Discourses Delivered in Independence Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Kansas City, Missouri. By the Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

Harper and Brothers:

Some Chemical Problems of To-Day. By Robert Kennedy Duncan.
Spiritism and Psychology. By Theodore Flournoy. Translated, Abridged, and with an Introduction by Hereward Carrington.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel: Sermons to Young Men. By Francis Greenwood Peabody.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Mechanical Inventions of To-Day. Interesting Descriptions of Modern Mechanical Inventions Told in Non-Technical Language. By Thomas W. Corbin.

Jenne Morrow Long:

Outward and Inward Man. Compiled by Jenne Morrow Long.

The Macmillan Company:

Everyman's Religion. By George Hodges.
The Five Great Philosophies of Life. By William DeWitt Hyde.
The Tariff of Our Times. By Ida M. Tarbell.

The Open Court Publishing Company:

Eugenio Rigano Upon the Inheritance of Acquired Characters—A Hypothesis of Heredity, Development and Assimilation. Authorised English Translation by Basil C. H. Harvey.

The Pilgrim Press:

My Four Anchors: What We Know in the Realm of Religion. By Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.
The Victorious Surrender. By Henry Turner Bailey.
An Anonymous Confession. By W. Ellsworth Lawson.

James Pott and Company:

Eight Centuries of Portuguese Monarchy. A Political Study. By V. de Bragança Cunha.

Sherman, French and Company:

The Great Problem. By Ivan Howland Benedict, M.A.
Rules for Right Living and Right Conduct: From the Teachings of Jesus the Christ.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Syrian Shepherd's Psalm. With Illustrations in Colour and an Introduction by Jules Guerrin.

FICTION

Brentano's:

A Rolling Stone. By B. M. Croker.
The Great Gay Way. By Tom Gallon.
Chantemarle: A Romance of the Cendean War. By D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Utopia Achieved: A Novel of the Future. By Herman Hine Brinsmade.

The Century Company:

The Woman from Wolverton: A Story of Washington Life. By Isabel Gordon Curtis.
The Fighting Doctor. By Helen R. Martin.

Edward J. Clode:

Odd Numbers: Being Further Chronicles of Shorty McCabe. By Sewell Ford.

The Cosmopolitan Press:

The Studio Baby. By Modeste Hannis Jordan.
Sidney: A Love Story of the Old South. By Modeste Hannis Jordan.
The Story of Sam Tag. Age from Ten to Fifteen, from 1860 to 1865. By S. J. Kennerly.
The Seven Sons of Ballyhack. By Thomas Sawyer Spivey.
He That is Without Sin. By Ivan Trepoff.
Dorothy Day. By William Dudley Foulke.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Mystery Queen. By Fergus Hume.
Bought and Paid For: A Story of To-Day. From the Play of George Broadhurst. By Arthur Hornblow.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Hadji Murád. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Aylmer Maude.
The Forged Coupon and Other Stories. By Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright.
The Butterfly House. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.
The Essential Thing. By Arthur Hodges.
The Chalice of Courage. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Duffield and Company:

Paradise Farm. By Katherine Tynan.
The Garden of Indra. By Michael White.
The High Adventure. By John Oxenham.
Country Neighbours: A Long Island Pastoral. By Susan Taber.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

The Heart of Life. By Pierre de Coulevain.

Henry Holt and Company:

Among the Idolmakers. By L. P. Jacks.
The Return of Pierre. By Donal Hamilton Haines.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

- The Heart of Us. By T. R. Sullivan.
 The Luck of Rathcoole: Being the Romantic
 Adventures of Mistress Faith Wolcott
 (sometime known as "Miss Moppet")
 During Her Sojourn in New York at an
 Early Period of the Republic. By Jeanie
 Gould Lincoln.
 The Plain Path. By Frances Newton
 Symmes Allen.

Mitchell Kennerley:

- Bracken. By John Trevena.
 The Position of Peggy. By Leonard Mer-
 rick.

John Lane Company:

- Zuleika Dobson. By Max Beerbohm.
 Sekhet. By Irene Miller.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

- The Mystery of Mary. By Grace Livingston
 Hill Lutz.
 From the Car Behind. By Eleanor M. In-
 gram.

Little, Brown and Company:

- In Desert and Wilderness. By Henryk Si-
 enkiewicz.
 The Mountain Girl. By Payne Erskine.

A. C. McClurg Company:

- The Sable Lorch. By Horace Hazeltine.

The Neale Publishing Company:

- The Man from Jericho. By Edwin Carlile
 Litsey.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

- The Toll Bar. By J. E. Buckrose.
 The Relentless Current. By M. E. Charles-
 worth.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

- Fathers of Men. By E. W. Hornung.
 A Local Colorist. By Annie Trumbull Slos-
 son.

Small, Maynard and Company:

- The One and the Other. By Hewes Lancas-
 ter.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

- A Painter of Souls. By David Lisle.
 Cap'n Joe's Sister. By Alice Louise Lee.
 To M. L. G. or One Who Passed. Anon.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

- The Drunkard. By Guy Thorne.

NEW EDITIONS

American Baptist Publication Society:

- India and Daily Life in Bengal. By Rev. Z.
 F. Griffin, B.D. (Third Edition.)

The Cosmopolitan Press:

- The Rational Memory. By W. H. Groves.
 (Second Edition.)

Dodd, Mead and Company:

- My Lady Caprice. By Jeffery Farnol.

R. F. Fenno:

- A Curb to Predatory Wealth. By W. V.
 Marshall. (Second edition revised.)

Longmans, Green and Company:

- The Collected Works of William Morris:
 Volume IX. Love is Enough: Poems by
 the Way.
 Volume X. Three Northern Love Stories:
 The Tale of Beowulf.
 Volume XI. The Æneids of Virgil.
 Volume XII. The Story of Sigurd the
 Volsung and The Fall of the Nibelungs.

C. V. Mosby Company:

- Handbook of Suggestive Therapeutics, Ap-
 plied Hypnotism, Psychic Science. A
 Manual of Practical Psychotherapy, De-
 signed Especially for the General Prac-
 titioner of Medicine and Surgery. By
 Henry S. Munro, M.D. (Third edition,
 revised and enlarged.)

MISCELLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:

- The Coming Generation. By William Byron
 Forbush.

The Arakelyan Press:

- Critique of Pure Kant, or a Real Realism vs.
 A Fictitious Idealism. In a Word the
 Bubble and Monstrosity of the Kantian
 Metaphysic. By Charles Kirkland Wheeler.

The Boston Book Company:

- Abbreviations and Technical Terms Used in
 Book Catalogues and in Bibliographies.
 By Frank Keller Walter.

Boston Public Library:

- The Public Library of the City of Boston.
 A History. By Horace G. Wadlin,
 Litt.D. Printed at the Library and Pub-
 lished by the Trustees.

Columbia University Press:

- Mathew Carey, Editor, Author and Pub-
 lisher. A Study in American Literary De-
 velopment. By Earl L. Bradsher, Ph.D.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

- Death. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Trans-
 lated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

Duffield and Company:

- Home Hygiene and Prevention of Disease.
 By Norman E. Ditman, M.D.
 The New England Cook Book. By Helen
 S. Wright.

Eaton and Mains:

- Dynamic Christianity. By Levi Gilbert.

Forbes and Company:

- Business and Kingdom Come. By Frank
 Crane.

Henry Holt and Company:

- The Comments of Bagshot. (Second Se-
 ries.) By J. A. Spender.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

- The Egyptian Conception of Immortality.
 By George Andrew Reisner.
 Socialism and Character. By Vida D. Scud-
 der.

William R. Jenkins Company:

Modern Riding and Horse Education. By Major Noel Birch.

German for Daily Use: Comprising Conversations for Journeying and for Daily Use in Town and Country. By E. P. Prentys.

Jewish Publication Society:

Selected Essays by Ahad Ha'am. Translated from the Hebrew by Leon Simon.

John Lane Company:

The Criminal and the Community. By James Devon.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Conquests of Science Series: The Railway Conquest of the World. By Frederick A. Talbet.

Amateur Gardencraft: A Book for the Home-Maker and Garden Lover. By Eben E. Rexford.

The American Government. By Frederick J. Haskin.

Luzac and Company, London:

An Essay on Hinduism: Its Formation and Future. Illustrating the Laws of Social Evolution as Reflected in the History of the Formation of Hindu Community. By Shridhar V. Ketkar, M.A., Ph.D.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Physiology of Faith and Fear; or The Mind in Health and Disease. By William S. Sadler, M.D.

The Trooper Police of Australia: A Record of Mounted Police Work in the Commonwealth from the Earliest Days of Settle-

ment to the Present Time. By A. L. Haydon.

Old English Libraries: The Making, Collection, and Use of Books during the Middle Ages. By Ernest A. Savage.

How to Save Money. By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr.

More Guessing Contests by "Dame Curtsey." By Ellye Howell Glover.

The Macmillan Company:

The Life and Love of the Insect. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Methods of Race-Regeneration. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D.

The Problem of Race-Regeneration. By Havelock Ellis.

The Declining Birthrate: Its National and International Significance. By Arthur Newsholme, M.D.

Surgery and Society: A Tribute to Listerism. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Laughter of Jesus. By Elmer Willis Serl.

Israel's Prophets. By George L. Petrie, D.D.

The United States Government. By Victor P. Hammer.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

American-Japanese Relations: An Inside View of Japan's Policies and Purposes. By Kiyoshi K. Kawakami.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Country Life Library: Causeries on English Pewter. By Antonio de Navarre.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in the order of demand, as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Mystery of Number 47. Clouston. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.10.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. *The Far Triumph*. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
2. *The Following of the Star*. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. *He Comes Up Smiling*. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. *The Money Moon*. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. *A Weaver of Dreams*. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. *Riders of the Purple Sage*. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. *Tante*. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
2. *Riders of the Purple Sage*. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
3. *He Comes Up Smiling*. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. *Pollyooly*. Jepson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. *The Money Moon*. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. *Hilda Lessways*. Bennett. (Dutton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. *Woman and Labor*. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. *Two Years in the Forbidden City*. Princess Der Ling. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
3. *Creative Evolution*. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
4. *Old Age Deferred*. Lorand. (Davis.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. *Team Mates*. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
2. *Rolf in the Woods*. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
3. *Peter and Wendy*. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. *The Harvester*. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. *Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill*. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
4. *He Comes Up Smiling*. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. *Queed*. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. *Tante*. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. *Woman and Labor*. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. *Mental Efficiency*. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. *Complete Opera Goer's Guide*. Melitz. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. *The Blue Bird*. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. *The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes*. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

2. *Two Little Savages*. Seton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.
3. *Betty Wales Decides*. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. *Riders of the Purple Sage*. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
3. *The Harvester*. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. *Peter Ruff and The Double Four*. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
5. *The Following of the Star*. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. *The Iron Woman*. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. *The Heart of Us*. Sullivan. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. *Tante*. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
3. *Peter Ruff and The Double Four*. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. *Christopher*. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. *A Painter of Souls*. Lisle. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. *The Money Moon*. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. *Creative Evolution*. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
2. *The Modern Railroad*. Hungerford. (McClurg.) \$1.75.
3. *The Life and Times of Cavour*. Thayer. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$7.50.

JUVENILES

1. *The Boy with the U. S. Census*. Rolt-Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
2. *Peter and Wendy*. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. *Second Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes*. Collins. (Century.) \$1.20.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. *The Harvester*. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. *The Money Moon*. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. *Queed*. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. *The Case of Richard Meynell*. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
6. *Riders of the Purple Sage*. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Social Forces in American History. Simons. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
3. The Playboy of the Western World. Synge. (Luce.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Track's End. Carruth. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. The Forest Castaways. Bartlett. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. Jennie Gerhardt. Dreiser. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$5.00.
2. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.00.
3. Decameron. Boccaccio. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.
4. Seven Short Plays of Lady Gregory. (Luce.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
4. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
5. Prince and Betty. Woodhouse. (Watt.) \$1.25.
6. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. Dawn O'Hara. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Man's Birthright. Brown. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
2. The Gleaners. Laughlin. (Revell.) 75 cents.
3. At Good Old Siwash. Fitch. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Play-Boy of the Western World. Synge. (Luce.) \$1.00.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) \$1.00.
4. How To Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Queen of the City of Mirth. Sabin. (Jacobs.) \$1.00.
2. Bunny House and Other Rhymes. Bridgman. (Caldwell.) 60 cents.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Position of Peggy. Merrick. (Kernerley.) \$1.20.
6. The Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Glenlock Girls Club. Remick. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Four Corners at College. Blanchard. (Jacobs.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of George Bernard Shaw. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$5.00.
2. Moral and Religious Challenge of Our Times. King. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Ward. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. Champion of the Regiment. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
6. The Peace of Soloman Valley. McCarter. (McClurg.) 50 cents.

NON-FICTION

1. Progress and Poverty. George. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. The Fight for Conservation. Pinchot. (Doubleday, Page.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Ethan Frome. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Garden of Resurrection. Thurston. (Kennerly.) \$1.30.
6. The Fool in Christ. Hauptman. (Huebsch.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
2. Fifty Years of Public Service. Cullom. (McClurg.) \$3.00.
3. Madras House. Barker. (Kennerly.) \$1.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. From the Car Behind. Ingram (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
6. Vane of the Timberlands. Bindloss. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. In Desert and Wilderness. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Diary of Gideon Welles. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$10.00.
2. Principles of Economics. Taussig. (Macmillan.) \$4.00.
3. The Women of the Cæsars. Ferrero. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. The Cable Game. Washburn. (Sherman, French.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Land We Live In. Price. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
3. The Treasure Babies. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Sick-a-Bed Lady. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Vane of the Timberlands. Bindloss. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A Garden of Paris. Wallace. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
2. The Diary of Gideon Welles. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$10.00.
3. The Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett. Field. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Life, Death and Immortality. Thomson. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Freshman Dorn, Pitcher. Quirk. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Adrian Savage. Malet. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Jennie Gehardt. Dreiser. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. As a Man Thinks. Thomas. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
3. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
2. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Position of Peggy. Merrick. (Kennerly.) \$1.20.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. Across China on Foot. Dingle. (Holt.) \$3.50.
4. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
5. Vane of the Timberland. Bindloss. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Through the Mill. Priddy. (Pilgrim Press.) \$1.35.
2. Royal Romance of To-day. Durland. (Duffield.) \$2.50.
3. Three Plays. Brioux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. A Living Without a Boss. (Harper.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.
2. Peggy Owen at Yorktown. Madison. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. When Tragedy Grins. White. (Watt.) \$1.25.
6. The Carpet from Bagdad. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) \$2.50.
2. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) \$2.10.
3. The Germans. Wylie. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.00.
4. Industrial Depressions. Hull. (Stokes.) \$2.75.

JUVENILES

1. A West Point Lieutenant. Malone. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Man Who Understood Woman. Merrick. (Kennerly.) \$1.20.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
3. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sheridan. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

2. The Ladies' Battle. Seawell. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Pollyooly. Jepson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brioux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Providence in Colonial Times. Kimball. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$6.50.
2. Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett. Field. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Reminiscences. Angell. (Longmans, Green.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
 6. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
 2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
 3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
 4. Jennie Gerhardt. Dreiser. (Harper.) \$1.35.
 5. The Healer. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
 6. The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
 2. The Motor Boys Over the Ocean. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
 3. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
 2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
 3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
 4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
 5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
 6. Mary Carey. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
 2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
 3. The Truth About an Author. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
 2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
 3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
 4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
 5. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
 6. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
 2. Franz Liszt. Huneker. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
 3. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
 4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
 2. The Jaunts of Junior. Hunt. (Harper.) \$1.25.
 3. David Crockett, Scout. Allen. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
 2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
 3. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
 4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
 5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
 6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$2.00.
 2. Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work. Jordan. (Robertson.) \$1.75.
 3. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.
 4. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patty Series. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
 2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
 3. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
 2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
 3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
 4. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
 5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
 6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Municipal Plan of Seattle. Bogue. (Lowman & Hanford.) \$1.50.
 2. The Western Gate. Ross. (Dodd, Mead.) 75 cents.
 3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
 4. Mountain Campfires. Meany. (Lowman & Hanford.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
 2. Further Adventures of Nils. Lagerlof. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
 3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
 2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
 3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Ne'er-Do-Well. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
2. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
5. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Lang-ton.) \$1.50.
2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
3. Torch. Ford. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.35.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Copp, Clark.) \$1.50.
6. A Safety Match. Hay. (Briggs.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of Father Lacombe. Hughes. (Briggs.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Conflict. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. Herz. \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. The Trevor Case. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
2. Two Years in the Forbidden City. Princess der Ling. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
3. Secrets of Strength. Ingram. (Young Churchman.) \$1.00.
4. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Timiny Tiptoes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
5. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
2. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Franck. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
3. Tell It Again Stories. Dillingham and Emerson. (Ginn.) 60 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " " 2d	"	"	"	8
" " " 3d	"	"	"	7
" " " 4th	"	"	"	6
" " " 5th	"	"	"	5
" " " 6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

POINTS

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35..... 280
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30..... 182
3. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25..... 144
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35 137
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35 133
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25..... 105

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

Fifteen years or so ago there were scattered about the country several thousand young men and women, in this case mostly men, who were busily engaged in writing ingenuous imitations of the then recently arrived Man from Nowhere. Pens were gaily spattering white paper and brown paper and yellow paper with joyous Kiplingese. The comma and the semicolon were temporarily forgotten. Every manuscript was sure to contain its "But that is another story," and somewhat pale imitations of Mrs. Hauksbee sprang up in every community in our land. Nor was this playing of the "sedulous ape" confined to the hopelessly impossible. Men of very genuine literary talent were under the spell. Of course they were very young. The other day one of the most delightful and accomplished writers of the younger school was turning over the pages of his first published book, a volume of college stories. There was one tale that told of the attempted hazing of a freshman and its consequences. The writer pointed to it with a pathetic grin. "I couldn't see it then, but I can see it so plainly now. Isn't that story just Kipling's 'His Wedded Wife' in another setting?"

were a few who attempted to reproduce the flavour, and with the publications of *The Voice of the City*, *The Four Million*, and other books of stories of New York City the few became legion. It was not in the least surprising. Porter's malapropisms were in themselves a suggestion, and he taught his followers a thousand obvious but unexpected places to which to turn for romance. Every other new story seemed to be an answer to a challenge. Frank Norris had said that the only three cities in the United States that offered a real background for fiction

Since those days of the early Kipling there have been many imitators, but no one writer who could be held responsible for a school of imitators until the arrival of O. Henry. Immediately after the appearance of *Cabbages and Kings* there

EDNA FERBER

were New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. Porter took a "dry-as dust" railroad description of Nashville, Tennessee—or was it Memphis?—and produced the grim and powerful "A Municipal Report." Some one fleered at Fourth Avenue, New York, as a street without possibilities. Porter's answer was "A Bird of Bagdad." But the very assiduity with which his imitators followed in his footsteps has made their efforts seem more pathetic by comparison. There is but one of them who has succeeded in producing work worthy of serious attention. That one, as we have said before, is Miss Edna Ferber, whose collection of short stories entitled *Buttered Side Down* we have just been reading.

We have an idea that one thing in this book of which Miss Ferber is secretly very proud, is its indication of her knowledge of such sports as are generally regarded as being in the province of men. There is one baseball story, "A Bush League Hero," which she seems to cherish, not so much as a good story—it is—but because of what she apparently regards as certain convincing little touches. Therefore she will probably be surprised when we say that the only emotion they provoke is that of amusement at her naïveté. Upon this point we are not arguing with Miss Ferber. We are telling her politely but firmly. But there is plenty in her work to remember and to admire. For example, the strong, sound

philosophy of Jo Haley in the story of "The Man Who Came Back"; the low cut black dress—we shall not venture into more definite description or Miss Ferber would be amply avenged for our preceding criticism—worn by the little shoe clerk, Sophy Epstein; the disillusionment of Mercedes Meron, née Sadie Hayes, and of Guy Peel in "That Home Town Feeling"; the tragedy of Eddie Houghton and its arraignment of life in the United States Navy. There is variety in these tales, an insight into human nature which, if not genuine, is very well simulated, and a sense of the humorous that is not to be questioned. *Buttered Side Down* stamps Miss Ferber as a genuine acquisition to the ranks of clever short-story writers. Two or three more

COMPTON MACKENZIE

books of the same quality will make her worthy of serious consideration.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Carnival*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, seems to be attracting an unusual amount of attention in England. Mr. Clement Shorter, writing in the *London Sphere*, says that one week brought him two memorable literary experiences. One was the witnessing of *Milestones*, by Arnold Bennett and Edward Krisblauch, "the best play I have seen for years"; the other was the reading of *Carnival*.

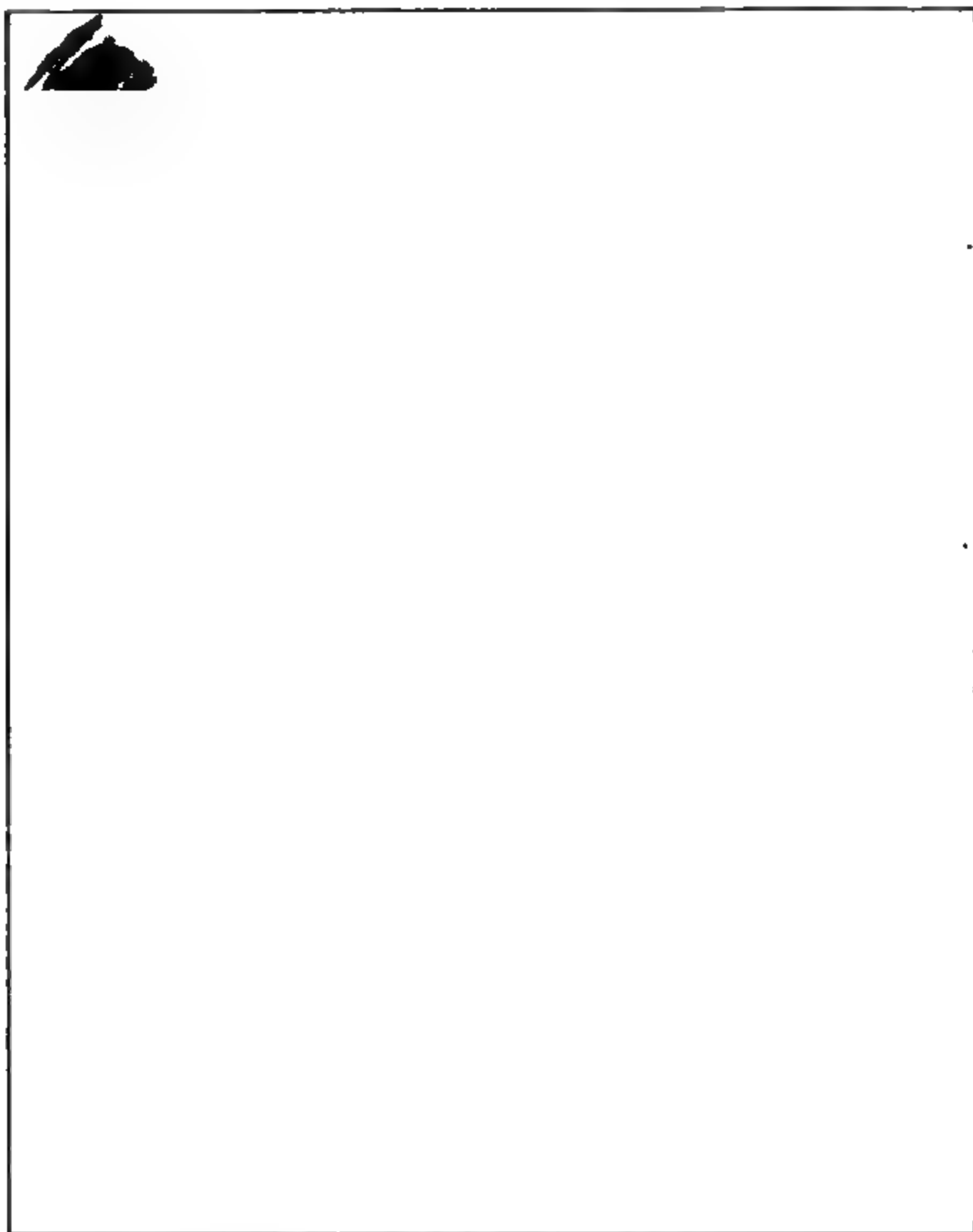
Some time ago I received the first novel by this writer, *A Passionate Elopement*. I observed that it was praised here and there, but I found the book entirely unreadable. I "stuck" before I was half-way through it. I thought it a compound of Meredith and water. However, now I have read the same author's second book I must read his first. *Carnival* carried me from cover to cover on wings. We have here the life story of a ballet girl. The

LEROY SCOTT. "THE COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE"
IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

subject on the face of it is not enchanting. Books about the stage are rarely successful, and no book describing the life of the stage, as far as I can remember, has had a vogue. But every one who reads books with judgment will have to read *Carnival* and follow the pathetic but inevitable course of its heroine.

At the time of the appearance of *Stover at Yale* in book form Mr. Owen Johnson is probably the best advertised and most widely discussed of our younger American writers. In the palmy days of Mr. Dooley that philosopher of the Archey Road

The Twenty Questions



OWEN JOHNSON AS SEEN BY GEORGE BELLOW'S

Mr. Johnson's willingness to have this caricature printed is as much a vindication of his sense of humour as any of his books. He calls the sketch "A Crumb for the Wolves," suggesting that its publication may afford some satisfaction to those who have been resenting his arraignment of social conditions in our greater American universities.

would undoubtedly have resented Mr. Johnson's existence on the grounds that it interfered with the newspapers giving adequate space to such really important news as the heavy hitting of Delehanty and Lajoie, and "how Sharkey is thrainin' for the fight." Whether Mr. Johnson is right or wrong in his expressed opinions as to the disappearance of the spirit of real democracy from our larger American universities, the subject is one admirably designed to furnish columns of very live "copy" to the news-

ON MUSIC

1. What is the difference between the Wagnerian theory of opera and the old Italian?
2. Who wrote *Carmen*, and what was the history of its reception?
3. What was Bach's influence on the development of music?

ARCHITECTURE

4. Who was the architect of the Parthenon?
5. What is the fundamental difference between Gothic and Renaissance architecture?
6. Who was the architect of the Vatican?

"FLASH CONDIT" "OLD IRONSIDES" "LADDERS" "SNORKY GREEN"

"THE DUKE OF BILGEWATER" THE AUTHOR "THE GREAT BIG MAN"

THE EDITORS OF THE "LAWRENCEVILLE LITERARY MAGAZINE." FROM THE "OLLA PODRIDA" OF 1896

papers, and the newspapers have certainly not overlooked the opportunity. Probably the chapter of *Stover at Yale* that has caused most comment is that in which the college socialist Brockhurst—a character said to have been drawn in part from Harry Hunt, the reform mayor of Cincinnati—defiantly hurls at a group of his classmates a series of questions which he says that every one of them should be able to answer. Here are the questions, not exactly as they appear in the book, but in an amended form:

RELIGION

7. What was historically new in the Christian religion?
8. What is the history of the cross as a religious emblem?
9. Describe any two religions besides your own.

LITERATURE

10. What American author has most profoundly influenced modern literature?
11. Name ten French dramatists.
12. Name six German poets or dramatists.

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

13. What do you know about the new political experiments in New Zealand?

14. What about the labour pension system in Germany?

15. What is the difference between socialism and anarchism?

PAINTING

16. What was Rembrandt's contribution to the theory of painting?

17. What was the medium used in ancient painting?

18. Who composed the Barbizon school, and the Pre-Raphaelites?

GENERAL

19. What do you know about the history of the theory of medicine and particularly of the germ theory of disease?

20. Who were Franz Hals, Spinoza, Holman Hunt, Ambrose Thomas, Zorn, Bossuet, Tschaiikowsky, Jehovah, Goya, Björnson, Strindberg, Savonarola, Dürer, Cavour, Winslow Homer, Sir James Young Simpson, Mistral, Cellini, Garrick, Abbé Prevost, Engels?

Mr. Johnson contends that these questions, while designed to baffle the average upper classman of Harvard, or Yale,

Votes for women

From Yoshio Markino's "Mrs. John Bull."

A JAPANESE IMPRESSION OF THE ENGLISH SUFFRAGETTES

or Princeton, would be mere child's play to a French or German university student. As a matter of fact we know that these questions have been tried on some thirty or forty men, practically all of whom have had college educations and who have been from ten to twenty years out of college. The average of correct answers from this audience has been about sixty per cent. Happening to know the answers to practically all these questions, we are in a position to say that we consider them, in the bulk, essentially fair questions, that may be answered concisely and adequately. To illustrate, take the first question as to the difference between the Wagnerian and the old Italian theory of opera. Books might be written in answer, but it is quite enough to say that the difference lies in the fact that the old Italian opera subordinated the orchestra to the voice, and the Wagnerian opera subordinates the voice to the orchestra.



Although it is the principal reason of the book, and the subject of the greater part of it, the tragedy of the Impasse Ronsin on the night of May 30-31, 1908, will be very lightly discussed here. To the newspaper reading world at large the murder of Madame Steinheil's husband and mother still remains an unsolved mystery, and Madame Steinheil's much-exploited book neither lightens the darkness nor carries a convincing impression of the author's innocence. It is not the heroine of the most "celebrated case" of her time, nor the intimate friend of President Félix Faure who interests us most, but the young wife of the painter Steinheil presiding over a salon which was frequented by many of the most distinguished French painters, musicians, sculptors and men of letters of the nineties. Steinheil was a nephew of Meissonier, and certain of his paintings looked so much like the work of his famous uncle that they have been sold in America as "Meissoniers." Naturally, when Steinheil brought his young wife to Paris it was to an artistic circle that he introduced her, and of this circle her book gives many interesting impressions.

For example, an old friend of Madame Steinheil's husband was Bartholdi, the sculptor of the colossal "Liberty Illuminating the World." Although a man of keen intellect and much originality of thought, Bartholdi's egotism was as colossal as his statue. Once Madame Steinheil met him at the "Institut." He

MADAME STEINHEIL IN HER PRISON DRESS wore the green uniform and sword of a member, and his breast glittered with orders. "You see this little thing here," he said. "There are but three Europeans who have the right to wear it—one emperor, one king—and myself. I don't attach the slightest importance to it." Of the statue in New York harbour he said: "The Americans believe that it is Liberty that illuminates the world, but, in reality, it is my genius."



As Madame Steinheil knew him, Massenet, the composer of *Manon*, *Thais*,

Sappho, *Werther*, and so many other delightful operas, was an irrepressible boy of sixty, whimsical, mischievous, and fond of jokes. Usually, in entering a salon, he would waive aside the servant about to announce him, and shout "Massenet." Once, he added, "Grand officer of the Legion of Honour, author of a score of operas, member of several acad-

and played some of his own music as he alone could play it, and Massenet's critics went into ecstasies. "Ah, that's what one may call real music," they said. "Who wrote it?"

"A friend of mine," Massenet replied airily, and he played again, saying when he had concluded, "That was my own."

"It's perfectly sweet. You ought to have your music printed."

MADAME STEINHEIL AND HER DAUGHTER

emies." But on one occasion he visited Madame Steinheil when there were some foreigners present and he begged the hostess to mumble his name.

A little later, he was talking music to the newcomers, and in time mentioned Massenet, whose music he lightly disparaged, with the result that they agreed with him, as he seemed to know all about music, and even went further and declared Massenet's music quite unbearable. Thereupon the composer sat at the piano

"I occasionally do."

"Really! Would you mind repeating your name, we didn't quite catch it!"

"Massenet," and with infinite good grace the composer handed his card, and left the room in order to have his laugh outside.

Another frequent visitor to the Steinheil salon was the poet François Coppée. But during the Dreyfus affair, when he was taking a leading part as one of the

founders of Patrie Française league, the Steinheils saw less of him. Madame Steinheil met him one morning in the gardens of the Luxembourg, reproached him with his neglect, and begged him to resume his visits. "Ah! my friend," he said hesitatingly, "I'd love to call on you as in the past, but the trouble is there are too many Dreyfusards in your salon!" By an amusing coincidence, Zola called that very day, but he only remained a little while. "To my great regret, I must go, Madame." And he added in a low, confidential voice: "The fact is there are too many Anti-Dreyfusards here."

Madame Steinheil found Emile Zola lacking in his conversation just what he lacked in his books, lightness and delicacy. He was heavy, ponderous, aggressive, and disliked talent in others. One day she asked him how the chase after human documents was going on.

"Quite well, Madame. I hunt my quarry everywhere, and all day long. Human documents, slices of life, searching character-studies, that is all there is in literature." "But what of the writer's personality? Is that of no account whatever?" "It shouldn't be. I try to eliminate my personality from my books. . . ." "And don't you succeed?" "I have the misfortune of being possessed of a temperament which I cannot altogether get rid of, alas!" was the pompous reply. Another time, after re-reading *La Terre*, Madame Steinheil said. "You are a pessimist, M. Zola! You see only one side of life, the ugly and animal side; and but one kind of people . . . the bad kind. And to cap it all, you exaggerate. You believe yourself a 'realist,' but as a matter of fact, you are an idealist . . . with an ugly ideal!" It was very evident that Zola was not pleased. Without relenting, however, she continued: "I have lived in the country for many, many years. I assure you that our peasants round Beaucourt and Belfort bear very little likeness to the brutes you describe. I have loved the peasants. . . ." "And I, Madame," Zola retorted severely, "I have observed them."

Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s'Amuse* was recently revived at the Theatre Français in Paris. It proved to be an exceedingly dreary production, and one newspaper hit off the situation in the accompanying cartoon, depicting three very bored spectators, and carrying the legend "the king amuses himself, perhaps, but——"

AUX FRANÇAIS

(Dessin de Moriss.)

LE ROI S'AMUSE, MAIS

In New York the Suffragists have recently tried the interesting experiment of enlisting the drama as an aid to the cause, and have presented three short plays, one of them being *Press Cuttings*, by George Bernard Shaw. It is surprising that greater use has not been made in all fields of this kind of propaganda. There was played a little while ago in Paris, at the Grand Guignol, that theatre devoted to the presentation of the terrible, a play called *Sabotage*. The scene the room of a Paris

skilled workman, an employé of the electric light company. In the foreground the workman and his wife. In the background the bed in which their child is sleeping. The child is ill, and the mother tells the father that the physician has said that the crisis will come in two or three days. After a time the husband leaves to go to a meeting of his union. He does not wish to go, but the call is imperative. He will not be absent long, and in the meanwhile their friend, Madame So and So, will keep the wife company. The two women talk, the visitor telling of the illnesses of her own children. The mother goes to look at the child and screams. The child is strangling. The friend goes for the doctor, who comes at once and looks at the patient. He turns to the mother. "Please leave the room," he says, "you will only suffer, and you will disturb me. This simply means that the crisis has come earlier than was to be expected. It is much better so. It is merely the matter of a slight operation. I give you my word of honour—my professional word of honour—that all will be well. Go." Swinging the electric light over the child's bed the physician takes out and sterilises his instruments. The woman visitor standing ready to give him any needed help. He makes an incision with a knife, then another and another. Suddenly—complete darkness. "My God! Woman! Why did you turn out the light?" "I didn't turn out the light!" "Then turn it on!" "But I can't turn it on!" The physician vainly tugs at the switching, the mother rushes in, and finally a candle is found and lighted. Too late! The child is dead! Then there is a noise, growing louder and louder. The street below echoes with the tramp of a thousand feet, and there rise the strains of the "Marseillaise." The door of the room opens and the husband stands on the threshold. "Victory!" he cries. "We've won! There's not an electric light burning in Paris to-night!"

It seems rather a far cry from the intimate life of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie to the triumphs of modern aerial navigation. Yet the publication in this country of André Beau-

mont's *My Three Big Flights*, suggests a link of which we think very few persons in this country have any knowledge. By most people interested in the subject André Beaumont, the winner of three of the greatest of recent flights, is probably regarded as the foremost airman of the day. Many of these people know that the name "Beaumont" is merely an assumed one, adopted for flying purposes, and only slightly covering the identity of Lieutenant J. Conneau of the French Navy. But very few have associated the intrepid aviator with his parents, the Doctor Conneau who was the physician of Napoleon III, and the Madame Conneau who was the Empress's most intimate companion.

Lieutenant Conneau's book is introduced by the following poem by Edmond Rostand:

AU VAINQUEUR DE ROME

Tout fut beau: la Victoire et le cri qui la nomme,
Et la Ville Eternelle, et la jeune saison,
Et le Captif sacré quittant son oraison
Pour voir l'Aile franchir les collines de Rome!

La minute est sublime où le Vieux Pape, comme
Pour laisser pénétrer le siècle et l'horizon,
Fait ouvrir la fenêtre, et veut, de sa prison,
Bénir l'oiseau lointain qu'on lui dit être un homme!

O le plus pur effet du plus grand des exploits!
Elle vient de monter pour la première fois,
La bénédiction qui dut toujours descendre!

"Pulvis es..." dit l'Eglise au fragile mortel...
Mais il s'est envolé si haut, ce grain de cendre,
Qu'il faut, pour le bénir, le chercher dans le ciel!

Mr. Carl Holliday's *The Wit and Humour of Colonial Days* contains an ac-

count of the various versions of "Yankee Doodle" which, if not absolutely new, is well

worth repeating. Almost invariably associated with our own country in the mind of Americans, the tune of the ballad is older than most existing nations. In the twelfth century it was played

slowly as a chant in churches in Italy. Gradually it worked its way into the daily life of the ordinary peasant, became a popular vintage song in Southern France and Spain, reached northward into Holland, where, as a reapers' song, it acquired the words "Yanker dudel, doodle down," and at length entered England, where before the reign of Charles I it was a widely known nursery rhyme with the words:

Lucky Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Nothing in it, nothing on it,
But the binding round it.

In the days of the Commonwealth the Cavaliers wrote a song in ridicule of Oliver Cromwell, who, it is said, once rode into Oxford, mounted on a small Kentish horse and with his small plume tied into a knot:

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni.

"Macaroni," of course, was the term applied at the time to the London dandy.

Thus long before the Revolution the song had served in many capacities. Its first significance in this country was given by a British army surgeon who, seeing the raw New England rustics staring at the English troops, conceived the idea of writing new words to the old tune in derision of the patriots.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted ev'ry day,
I wish it could be savèd.

* * * * *

And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As 'Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

* * * * *

And there was Cap'n Washington,
And gentlefolks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He's got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion;
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The colonists, instead of being exasperated, liked the song, adopted it as their own, and on occasion whistled it with such mocking vim that Cornwallis is said to have exclaimed, "I hope to God I shall never hear that damned tune again."

Here is a story about the late Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* which we believe has never before been "Red Badge" printed, and which, in its way, is quite worthy of incorporation in a chapter of Henri Murger's *Scenes de la Vie de Bohème*. That before the publication that made it the most talked of book of a brief hour, and amazed grizzled veterans of the Civil War by what they considered its reality and verisimilitude, *The Red Badge of Courage* had many vicissitudes is a matter of common knowledge to readers who do not entirely forget the books of ten or fifteen years back. There was one time in its history when a certain number of chapters had been ransomed from the typewriter agency and submitted to a publisher. To Stephen Crane's delight, they were received with enthusiasm and the book practically accepted, on condition that the remaining chapters were up to the same standard. Crane was absolutely confident that he had not fallen below the level he had set himself in the first part. But there was one serious complication. The balance of the book was practically in pawn at the typewriter's for fifteen dollars. In despair he wrote to a friend:

DEAR DICON: Beg, borrow or steal fifteen dollars. — like the *Red Badge* and want to make a contract for it. It's in pawn at the typewriter's for fifteen.

Thine, STEVE.

Unfortunately, the friend was equally hard up for ready money. Fortunately, he was accustomed to do hack work upon occasion for a successful journalist who happened to be in his debt for thirteen dollars. Rushing round to collect this magnificent fund, he suggested that it would be a great accommodation if the cheque could be made out for fifteen dollars. He would "work out" the extra two dollars. The journalist complied with the request, and the cheque was endorsed and despatched to the waiting Crane. But it happened that Crane had already applied to the journalist and the latter had refused the loan. When the cheque came back with Crane's endorsement, there were recriminations. Nothing would make the journalist believe that the hack-worker was innocent of conspiring against him. It was in vain that the latter protested that all but two dollars of the fifteen was his any way to use as he pleased. Explanations were useless. The journalist refused to be placated and the "literary underwriter" received no more commissions, after having pawned his only pair of sleeve-links to make good that part of the fifteen dollars that was not his.

About as amusing a manifestation of amiable egotism as we have seen for a long time is the little pamphlet "How and Why I Illustrated Thackeray," prepared by Mr. Harry Furniss for the purpose of exploiting the Centenary Edition of Thackeray's Works. The mere fact that Mr. Furniss is probably quite right in most of his contentions about Thackeray's shortcomings as a draughtsman does not mitigate in the least his vein of genial conceit.

The only reason we have for mentioning Mr. Charles Johnson's *Why the World Laughs* is that it is such an excellent example of a very rich subject very badly treated.

The World's Humour

In it not only does compilation go beyond all reasonable bounds; the book might be summed up as a work about humour by a man apparently utterly devoid of humour.

According to a note sent out by the book's publishers, two different New York theatrical critics who have long known the stage and its history are declaring that the theatrical boarding house and agency described in the anonymous novel called *To M. L. G.* is an accurate picture of the boarding house kept years ago by the mother of Bijou Fernandez. Aside from this serious attempt to identify the persons of the novel, Franklin P. Adams, of the *New York Evening Mail*, has declared that the theory that "M. L. G." is none other than Montague L. Glass would bear looking into, while, as for "He Who Passes," the subtitle of the novel, that, declares Colonel Adams, should certainly appeal to poker-players, who, he alleges, "fell for" *Helen of the High Hand* in large and bewildered numbers.

We have just been glancing at *Fore and Aft*, by Mr. E. Keble Chatterton.

Literary Economy

We are not inclined to devote much time to it. We have no doubt that it is an interesting book, but we feel we can say with perfect security that we have read it all before in the same author's *Sailing Ships and Their Story*, *Steamships and Their Story* and *The Romance of the Ship*. Mr. Chatterton must be highly extolled for that excellent old virtue, economy. He reminds us of that philosophical verse writer of whom Mr. James L. Ford told in the *Literary Shop*, who pointed out to his fellow-workers the wicked, wasteful extravagance of using up a whole idea in a single poem. The idea should be divided into twenty-four parts, and each part made to serve as a basis for a poem.

If Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, the author of *Queed*, should chance to consider himself slighted by the publication of the accompanying illustration, we refer him to the case of a certain Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray, who, finding a fellow member of a London club peacefully dozing with a copy of *Pendennis* in his hand,

An Illustrious Precedent

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MEREDITH NICHOLSON

WHY INSOMNIA?

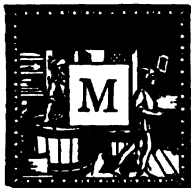
professed to take the matter as a high compliment, maintaining that the writer who produced a book conducive to honest slumber was conferring a genuine benefit upon mankind.

There are two lines in our Table of Contents this month that are likely to provoke some comment. One of these lines indicates that Mr. Owen Johnson's *Stover at Yale*

is reviewed by Mr. Brian Hooker; the other that Mr. Brian Hooker's *Mona* is reviewed by Mr. Owen Johnson. This little exchange of compliments or bullets, as the case may be, calls for an explanation. Some time ago Mr. Hooker suggested that he would like to review *Stover at Yale*. In view of Mr. Hooker's unquestioned standing as a critic, and the fact that he is a Yale graduate, with some very decided ideas on the conditions at New Haven which Mr. Johnson so seriously arraigns, it would probably be impossible for any magazine to make a better choice. A little later Mr. Johnson, quite unaware of the assignment of his book to Mr. Hooker, said some very interesting things on the subject of opera librettos. As a result he was asked to review *Mona*, and acceded to the request. Nothing, however, was said to Mr. Hooker of the matter. To be absolutely candid there was an unguarded moment in which Mr. Hooker rather "let the cat out of the bag" in the matter of the review of *Stover at Yale*, but to the best of our knowledge the first intimation he will have that Mr. Johnson has reviewed *Mona* will be with the appearance of this issue of THE BOOKMAN. At the time of writing this paragraph we have received neither Mr. Hooker's review nor Mr. Johnson's. But with a feeling of perfect confidence we submit them to any reader who is inclined to doubt the wisdom of the selections.

THE ADVENT OF THE LITTLE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



ERELY to attend the Little Theatre, which Mr. Winthrop Ames has opened lately in New York, is in itself a delicate experience. A sense of something daintily delightful begins with the first glimpse of the exterior of the edifice. We are reminded of elm trees and a calm New England green; for the design of the façade is ancestrally American. Here is no strained and tortured imitation of the Greek or adaptation of the Romanesque, no puffed and tumid *rococo*, no meretricious, glittering *art nouveau*; but a simple, chaste Colonial design, lovely in unobtrusive dignity. We take our hats off to the architects, Messrs. Harry Creighton Ingalls and F. Burrall Hoffman, Jr., and enter the white and homely little lobby. This lobby reminds us of New England also, for it gives us a sense of good housekeeping. Next we step into a hall with a fireplace at the opposite end; and this transition has conveyed us easily overseas to Old England, where interiors are comfortable. We are met now by a nice girl, demurely dressed in grey—not *too* demurely, though, for there are frilly little fringes of white about her costume, and a wreath of pink flowers almost on the point of laughing lightly from her darksome hair—who leads us into a mellow drawing-room, where there are chairs for us and for our fellow-guests. We look about us, and discover—for this is a special first performance—that two hundred and fifty of the two hundred and ninety-seven other guests are valued friends of ours. What a pleasant party it is! and how glad we are that we have come!

The room itself is lovely. Above dark wainscots of aged wood, the walls are hung with ancient tapestries—or so the eye believes, while resting on their counterfeit presentments. Over all is a white ceiling, richened and matured by a light that never was on sea or land,—but

surely ought to be, forever, in a drawing-room. We look at the chandeliers, and grow thankful to some nameless artist. Then we make more marvellous discoveries. We have room, for instance, for our knees: and this almost persuades us that we must have left New York and are again in London, where orchestra-stalls are constructed with some logical reference to the anatomy of man. We dally with a programme that is printed—and there is an art of printing—with good taste: even the advertisements look like visiting cards. Oh yes, we are very glad we came!

It is now a quarter to nine. We have not been dragged from dinner before the salad; we have even taken our *demi-tasse* in peace: we have, in very truth, escaped the ticking of the clock—that usual overture of annoyance to an evening of theatre-going. A quarter to nine: this is the proper time for things to happen. There is a desultory chiming of sweet bells, as from some tower far away; the mellow light grows dim, and fades, and lingers, and is gone; there is an upward gathering of rich curtains; and a vista is opened on a fresh, imaginary world, of which—and here is the special sensation of the Little Theatre—we find ourselves mystically a part. We do not watch a play; but a play happens to us. We are not spectators but participants.

In the long intermission—for this is a party, remember, and we wish to see our friends—we adjourn to the tea-room downstairs, with the two hundred and fifty others who count for us. Coffee and cakes are passed around—by dark-eyed girls again, with pink flowers in their hair, and dresses [note the paradox] of grey: and we chat of this and that, with all the dear delightful people that we have been too busy to call upon through all the rush of the preceding weeks. Then the chiming again; and a new lapse into the wonder-world.

After the performance—was it really

a performance, or have we merely looked through a window upon life?—we linger in the hall before the fireplace, hat in hand, with a vague desire to tell our host and hostess that we have passed a very pleasant evening. Then we go away—and have no critical opinion whatsoever to express about the play that we have seen.

This much the tactful Mr. Ames has triumphantly accomplished: he has created a place—there is, indeed, a poetry of places—scarcely aloof from the glare and glitter of Broadway, where all things happen fitly and one may pass a comfortable evening without suffering an assault upon his taste. He has lifted, in New York, the mere experience of

THE LITTLE THEATRE—EXTERIOR

"We are reminded of elm trees and a calm New England green; for the façade is ancestrally American.
. . . A simple, chaste Colonial design, lovely in unobtrusive dignity."

THE LITTLE THEATRE—AUDITORIUM

"A mellow drawing-room, where there are chairs for us and for our fellow-guests. Above dark wainscots the walls are hung with ancient tapestries. Over all is a white ceiling, richened and matured by a light that never was on sea or land."

theatre-going to that level of easy elegance on which it is so gracefully maintained at the Criterion in London. He has given a party, and achieved a social success.

But, after all, what is the real significance of this accomplishment, to those of us who seriously care about the noble art of drama? This somewhat discommoding and ungracious question is sure to suggest itself when we find ourselves once more in the reflective mood considering the theatre. And, in such a mood, one thought, at least, insists on utterance. The Little Theatre has been deliberately fashioned to cater to the aristocracy: and this is, in America, a danger, since our only aristocracy is an aristocracy of wealth. There are no balconies in Mr. Ames's theatre. Each of the two hundred and ninety-nine seats is—theoretically, at least—just as good as any of the others; and the price for

every seat, at an evening performance, is two dollars and a half. This sum is lifted to three dollars by the aristocratic ticket agencies; and even at the box-office it is impossible to obtain admission to the theatre for less than the one fixed charge. This arrangement excludes from the house the most intelligent class of theatre-goers; for it is well known that those people who know most and care most about the drama pay only, on the average, a dollar for their seats,—that is to say, they pay sums that vary from fifty cents to one dollar and a half. It is an established fact that, in our regular theatres, the success of any play is determined not by the patronage in the orchestra [where seats may always be given away to professionals] but by the patronage in the galleries. The galleries determine whether a given play shall succeed or fail; and this condition is just, because, in the main, the people in

the galleries are best fitted to determine whether or not the piece is a worthy work of art. But the great public of the galleries is excluded, economically, from the Little Theatre; and the playwrights whose fabrics are presented in that cosy drawing-room are thereby denied the verdict of the most intelligent section of the theatre-going public. In such a theatre—thus rendered artificial by the exclusiveness of its appeal—the tendency must ever be to set forth fabrics rare and precious, apart from the taste, and therefore (in a real sense) lower than the cognizance, of the general and all-important public.

To this objection Mr. Ames would probably reply that, in a city so vast and various as New York, there are many different publics, to any special one of which it is entirely legitimate that a manager should make, exclusively, his appeal. There are many theatres for the poor, he would probably remark,—the moving-picture shows, for instance: why not a theatre for the rich? There is no answer to this argument upon the business basis—his theatre will probably make money: but those who seriously care about the art of drama may find much to say upon the other side. Any movement which tends to break up the general theatre-going public into special *cliques* and *clîenteles* is dangerous to the great and democratic cause of the dramatic art. The best dramatists, in all ages of the theatre, have always appealed, in a single play, to all classes of society: they have made plays, like *Hamlet*, that are interesting simultaneously to those who pay fifty cents and those who pay two dollars. And any tendency that fosters a division of the public, by providing fifty-cent plays for fifty-cent people and two-dollar plays for two-dollar people, must, in the long run, be detrimental to the dramatist and exert a narrowing influence upon his art.

From a more technical standpoint, the existence of the Little Theatre is a fact that strikes the intellect with a hardly answerable sensation of surprise. Mr. Ames's playhouse has been obviously modelled after Miss Kingston's Little Theatre in London and Professor Reinhardt's Chamber-Theatre in Berlin.

These pre-existent institutions have succeeded, to be sure; but they represent, in reality, only an unwarranted exaggeration of a tendency that is historically sound. During the fourth quarter of the nineteenth century the art of theatre-building underwent a revolution which was thoroughly in keeping with the contemporary revolution in the art of dramaturgy. Throughout this period the tendency was toward greater naturalness, intimacy, and subtlety in the drama itself and in the physical aids to its presentment. As a result of this epoch-making revolution, it has become necessary, in order to secure the best effects of contemporary dramatic art, not only that every change of facial expression, every minute gesture, every delicate vocal modulation, should be clearly visible and audible from all parts of the house, but also that the spectators should be gathered sufficiently near the stage to feel themselves intimately "among those present" in the scene depicted. As a consequence of this evolutionary tendency, the prevailing and accepted type of theatre at the present day is a house, approximately, of the size of the Court Theatre in London or the Maxine Elliott Theatre in New York. But it is a peculiarity of every important movement in the arts that it tends ultimately to exaggerate itself beyond the bounds of logic. The Maxine Elliott Theatre is surely intimate enough to allow the farthest spectator in the last row of the topmost gallery to perceive the most minute gradation in the expression of the actors. What, then, can be the reason for the advent of the little theatre—in Berlin and London and New York—which merely renders more intimate what was already intimate enough? Any good play that is capable of interesting two hundred and ninety-nine people should, logically, be capable of interesting a thousand people, in an intimate theatre made graciously available to patrons who can pay but fifty cents. Where, then, lies the intellectual excuse for such an institution as the Little Theatre?

From the economic standpoint, it is evident that Mr. Ames has carefully counted the cost. By restricting his seat-

ing capacity to two hundred and ninety-nine, he has avoided the requirement of the Fire Department of New York to leave an alley on either side of his edifice, and thus—in the expensive theatre district—has saved a large amount on his initial investment in real estate. His rent

vent of the Little Theatre. They are questions which can be answered only by time—and by the general theatre-going public. Having asked them, the critic may devote his attention more particularly to the present offerings of Mr. Ames.

"THE TYPHOON"—ACT III

"The hero is a Japanese who is writing a great book. . . . He accomplishes his mission, and then dies."

—to use the word in its technical and economic sense—is much less than that of the usual owner of a theatre; and by putting up twelve performances a week instead of the usual eight, he can increase the economic capacity of his house very nearly to the standard of the ordinary theatre. So far he is defended on the business side; but what is gained, artistically, by presenting to the very few, at an advanced price, plays which either appeal only to the aristocracy, or else would make more money and be more successful if presented to the larger public, at the usual prices, in a theatre of the ordinary size?

All these questions must be asked by the dramatic critic after he has retired from the spell cast over him by the ad-

The first production at the Little Theatre was an exquisite rendering of a fantasy in three acts,

"The Pigeon" by Mr. John Galsworthy, entitled *The Pigeon*.* It

should be stated at once that no play that has been presented in New York within the memory of the present writer has ever been more perfectly acted or more delicately produced. The work of that noble artist in stage-direction, Mr. George Foster Platt, and of the associated actors, made it absolutely necessary for the conscientious critic to read the text of the play in order to determine the precise extent of

*The Pigeon. A Fantasy in Three Acts. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"THE PIGEON"—ACT III

"Wellwyn has given to the derelicts that gift of human sympathy that is synonymous with love, but as a result of his charity, the painter merely has the helpless on his hands, and is himself impotent to help them."

"THE RAINBOW"—ACT II

"The father and daughter fall in love with each other at sight, and their hearts leap up as people's hearts are wont to do when they behold a rainbow in the sky."

Mr. Galsworthy's literary and dramaturgical achievement. Thus examined, the piece ultimately showed itself to be an imaginative creation of a very high order, but, in the tradition and formal sense, scarcely a play at all.

The habitual mood of Mr. Galsworthy's mind is a lofty and Olympian impartiality. He likes to exhibit both sides of an important social struggle with such utter lack of bias that the balance quivers in inconclusive equilibrium. He never answers questions: he merely asks them. His vocation as an artist sets him in the position of a judge of human life; but he is a judge who is forever suspending judgment. "I have heard both sides," he seems to say, "and both are right and both are wrong: it would not be reasonable for me to render any verdict:—call the next case."

This attitude is, intellectually, very fine; but it is not the attitude of the born dramatist. The great dramatists—in fact, all the really great workers of the world, the men who get things done—always *do* take sides, and fight for their chosen side against the other. And in the theatre, the audience wants to take sides also: it wants to feel that some of the characters are right and some are wrong, and eagerly longs to see the right triumphant. It wants a struggle to be won, and lost: it humanly desires a conclusion. For this reason Mr. Galsworthy's plays will never be widely popular in the theatre. He is never a fighter. His temper of mind sets him evermore aloof from life, looking at it wistfully from some safe perch of the non-combatant. He seems, a little, not to dare to fight for what might seem to him the right, for fear that it might turn out to be wrong.

The theme of *The Pigeon* is the familiar and important parable that one-half of the world can never know how the other half lives. There are two irreconcilable types of human beings,—the tame birds and the wild birds; and they can never understand each other. The tame birds make the laws and regulate the conditions of life not only for themselves but for the others; and against these laws, which hold them caged, the wild birds of the world for-

ever beat their ineffectual wings in vain. Hence, in our tamed and temperate society, the misery of those human souls that cannot be made tame. What can be done to help them? . . . This is the question that Mr. Galsworthy asks; and, as usual, he declines to answer it.

A Professor of Sociology argues that "we're to give the State all we can spare, to make the undeserving deserving." A Justice of the Peace supports the opposite view that "we ought to support private organisations for helping the deserving, and damn the undeserving." A Canon of the Church wavers inclusively between these two beliefs and loses all conviction in a maze of theory. Meanwhile, a painter named Christopher Wellwyn, who is a charitable sentimentalist, finds himself, on Christmas eve, housing in his studio, against the protests of his practical-minded daughter, three human derelicts who happen to have interested him in the course of his rambles, and does not know what to do with them. One is an old cab-man, driven out of business by the advent of the taxi-cab, who has taken to unintermitted drinking; another is a flower-girl who, seeking the joy of life, seems doomed to accept, as a substitute, the life of joy; and the third is an imaginative vagabond, a Frenchman named Ferrand, who drifts about the world, enjoying all things and profiting by none. These three accept the painter's charity, and go their ways. They pluck the tame pigeon, and flutter forth again, wildly, ineffectually, into the alien world. The cab-man dedicates himself more deliberately to drink; the flower-girl loses all her loveliness by yielding more and more easily to her desire to be loved; and the rolling stone, Ferrand, keeps rolling (as such loosed projectiles will) down hill. All three attempt suicide, but are saved against their wills. What is to be done with them? . . . The Professor, the Justice, and the Canon explode in futile disagreement. Wellwyn, at least, has given to the derelicts that gift of understanding which is synonymous with love; but as a result of his charity, the painter merely has the helpless on his hands, and is himself impotent to help them. What is the moral of this insoluble dilemma? . . . Pos-

sibly, that we should love our miserable neighbors, because that is the only thing that we can do for them. For, as Ferrand explains, the keenest desire of the wild birds of the world is that the tame birds should somehow grow to understand them.

This inconclusive tract is written with a richness of imaginative sympathy which makes one wonder a little that the author should be able to maintain that Olympian aloofness which forbids him to suggest a remedy. There is character in the piece, and humour, and wistfulness, and poignancy. Though Mr. Galsworthy is not a born dramatist, he seems to be a great man. This feeling somehow disarms criticism of the technical fabric of his work. There are not so many great men in the world that it can ever cease to be a privilege to listen to them.

The second offering of the Little Theatre was set forth frankly as a curiosity. It was a Chinese drama, entitled *The Flower of the Palace of Han*, written between 1260 and 1368 A. D. by Ma Tcheu-Yuen, freely adapted into French not many years ago by M. Louis Laloy, and now transferred from French to English by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy.

This far-wandering little play tells—rather tenuously, to be sure—a lyrical and lovely story. The most beautiful of maidens, Tchao-Kiun, who is destined to be the bride of the Emperor, Yuen-Ti, is kept waiting ungreeted in his garden by the machinations of Mao, his minister of state. The Emperor comes upon her in a bower in his garden, dismisses his minister, and makes the maid his queen. The minister escapes to the camp of a savage Tartar tribe, and so inflames the barbarians with his tales of the beauty of Tchao-Kiun that they make war upon the Emperor and demand his queen as the price of peace. To save the nigh defenceless realm from depredation, Tchao-Kiun offers herself as a sacrifice to the Tartars. She sets out for the camp of the barbarians, accompanied only by her two hand-maidens; but when she comes to the banks of the river

Armoor, she climbs a craggy cliff and hurls herself to death. The Emperor, irretrievably bereaved, retires to the hall of his ancestors, and seeks, by the consolations of philosophy, to reattain that irrefragable serenity of soul which the Buddhist religion marks as the loftiest of moods.

This story is quaintly but directly told, and at times removes the contemplating mind from the mood of interested curiosity to the deeper mood of sympathy. The piece is very simply played. The action, in all of the five scenes, is conducted within a heart-shaped lattice, which remains immovable upon the stage; and the variations in place and time, from scene to scene, are suggested merely by hanging different cloths behind the lattice. These back-drops are designed in the manner of ancient Chinese paintings. The creation of the scenery and costumes was intrusted to Mr. Hamilton Bell; and once again this admirable decorative artist completely satisfied the needs of the occasion.

It is somewhat difficult to criticise *The Terrible Meek*,* a one-act play by Mr.

Charles Rann Kennedy, which was also presented at the Little Theatre; because the effect that it

makes depends, to a great extent, upon the predisposition of the individual auditor. Mr. Kennedy has announced himself, somewhat noisily, as a Prophet of God, and demands that his piece shall be considered as a religious revelation; but it may be more decorous for the literary and dramatic critic, less habituated to daily conferences with the Deity, to consider it solely as a work of art.

So considered, *The Terrible Meek* is, in two ways, an interesting experiment. In the first place, Mr. Kennedy has set himself the task of retelling the story of the Crucifixion by passing it to the auditor through the diverse minds of three people intimately concerned in the event,—namely, the mother of the Crucified, the Centurion who gave the order for

**The Terrible Meek. A One-Act Stage Play for Three Voices: to be Played in Darkness.* By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

His execution, and a Roman legionary who had a hand in the actual hanging. These three are heard speaking in utter darkness, for what seems, to most of the auditors, a protracted length of time,—until, at the last, the darkness lifts, and discloses three gaunt figures crucified upon a hill-top, with the Mother, the Centurion, and the common soldier grouped beneath them reverently. The artistic expedient of casting a new light upon an ancient story by telling it through an intermediary mind has long been recognised as interesting. A classic example of this device is Robert Browning's *Epistle of Karshish*, wherein the story of the raising of Lazarus is revealed anew through the medium of the scientific mind of a sceptical Arabian physician. Another modern instance is that suave and seemingly casual story, *The Procurator of Judæa*, by M. Anatole France, in which the aged Pontius Pilate strives with difficulty to recall the circumstances of a certain execution which, at the time, he had washed his hands of. There are many precedents in art for Mr. Kennedy's attempt; and this fact should, on the one hand, discount the surprise of certain of his auditors, and, on the other hand, subtract a little from his own elation over the uniqueness of his fancied innovation.

The second point that interests the critic in *The Terrible Meek* is this. It has always been a convention of Christian painting, that, in rendering the stories of the New Testament, the artist should depict the leading characters in the guise and in the garb of his own place and time. The great Florentines painted Christ and His followers as contemporary Florentines; the great Venetians rendered them as people of contemporary Venice; the painters of the Netherlands reset the Scriptural stories in their very world of every day; and, in our own times, the leading Russian painters have depicted the Disciples as Russian peasants of to-day. This long-established convention of Christian painting, Mr. Kennedy, in *The Terrible Meek*, has transferred to literature. His Roman legionary speaks in the Cockney dialect of the Tommy Atkins of to-day; his Centurion talks like a cultivated cap-

tain in the British army; and his Mother of the Son of Man speaks in the faltering and ungrammatical dialect of an untutored British peasant-woman of the twentieth century. To the rigidly critical mind, it should not be difficult to accept in literature a convention that has long been honoured in the art of painting: yet the fact must be recorded that the average auditor of Mr. Kennedy's play seems liable to be annoyed by the slang and blasphemy of the common soldier, and to be a little discommoded when the Mother refers to the Three Wise Men from the East as "them three gentlemen," and goes on to say, "They was not common folk. They was like lords, they spoke so fine." The effect is somewhat as if Sophocles or Dante, let us say, were translated into slang.

The piece is much too long, and should be cut. The auditor grows uneasy in the garrulous darkness, and begins to fear that the lengthy lamentation of the Mother will never end. This much may be asserted by the critic, without questioning the authenticity of Mr. Kennedy's message. The importance of that message each auditor must be required to determine for himself. To the present writer it seems that there is more in the story of the Crucifixion than the author has succeeded in getting out of it. He has not succeeded in casting any new light upon that narrative which—whether we look upon it as history or as legend—remains the greatest story of the world. Why, then, should an artist—for even a prophet of God must be an artist—wrestle with a supreme story that already, more than once, has been adequately told? . . . One is reminded of Emerson's remark to the young gentleman who wrote an essay in which he criticised adversely the philosophy of Plato,—“When you strike at a king, you must kill him.”

It is rather fortunate for Mr. A. E. Thomas that his sentimental comedy called *The Rainbow* was not produced at the Little Theatre; for it has been crowding to capacity a theatre of the standard size. It is not difficult to account for the success of this ingratiating play. The

very story of the piece appeals at once to the heart of the average theatre-goer and calls into his eyes the wished and sympathetic tears.

A husband has been estranged from his wife for ten years, because of an unfortunate misunderstanding. At the time of their separation, the wife went to live in Europe, taking with her their only child, a little girl of eight. When the play begins, this little girl, now grown to be eighteen, is moved by a desire to meet and know her father; and her mother brings her back to America to allow her to visit him. The father and daughter fall in love with each other at sight, and their hearts leap up as people's hearts are wont to do when they behold a rainbow in the sky. But it happens that, during the long years of his loneliness, the father has taken up with several questionable companions,—men who gamble on the races and women who are scarcely domestic in their tastes; and though he tries to lock the door upon them, they continue to break in upon the sanctuary that he means to keep sacred to his little maid. The mother therefore insists on taking the child away, to shield her from contamination; and the father is obliged to yield to this insistence. There is a scene of parting between the daughter and the father, in which the little girl thinks that she is going away for only a day or two, but the broken-hearted man knows that she is leaving him for good and all; and this tenderly pathetic scene carries the play to a triumphant success. The last act happens a year later, in Europe, and exhibits, of course, a reconciliation between the husband and the wife, which insures the future happiness of the winsome little girl.

This story is so humanly appealing that it seems a little ungracious to call attention to one or two defects in the structure of the piece. The most obvious defect is that the character of the father remains unaltered and uninfluenced throughout the play. In the first act, before the coming of the little girl, he exhibits the same kindly and generous nature that he is to show in the later passages of the play. But if he has lived for ten years in intimate compan-

ionship with a crew of vulgar men and flashy women, it is logical to infer that his character must have become to some extent contaminated; and if his nature, in accordance with this logical inference, had been exhibited as tarnished at the outset, a greater strength might have been imparted to the dramatic struggle by exhibiting subsequently a regeneration of his better nature under the influence of his little maid.—Again, the last act seems a little artificial; and the summary of events supposed to have occurred during the year-long lapse of time between the last two acts sounds somewhat fabricated and mechanical.

The method of the whole piece is more narrative than dramatic. Time and again two characters, in dialogue, tell each other what has happened, what is happening, and what is going to happen. Yet the story is so good that this method serves to hold the interest. Furthermore, the dialogue is admirably written, with that delicate commingling of sentiment and humour that hits, at the same time, the hearer's head and heart. There is a passage in the second act, between the hero and a flashy lady whose friendship he is finally discarding because of the advent of his little girl, which is a veritable triumph of literary tact. A really human story, written with delicate taste, can always succeed in the theatre, even though it may lack, a little, the sterner stuff of drama.

The Typhoon is an interesting example of that type of melodrama that is likely to deceive the uninitiated spectator into thinking that it is somewhat more important than it actually is. This piece was originally written in Hungarian by Menyhert Lengyel. It has been acted successfully in German in Berlin, in French in Paris; and now an English version, by Emil Nyitray and Byron Ongley, has been presented in New York. This English version omits the third, or climatic, act of the original, and garbles the last act; but it presents with adequate fidelity the material of the first act and the second.

The Typhoon is essentially the sort of melodrama that Sardou, with his more

ingenious mastery, used to launch before the footlights. The hero has an important national mission to fulfil. He becomes entangled in an intrigue with a woman. When she gets between him and his work, he casts her from him for the sake of his mission. She is fired by the fury of a woman scorned. In a reversal of passion, he flings himself abjectly at her feet. Now, in her moment of recurrent triumph, she discards him in her turn. In an outburst of infuriate rage, he kills her. But his life is very precious to his nation. His followers agree that his mission cannot possibly be sacrificed, and therefore plot to shield him from the consequences of his crime. They draw lots among themselves, and choose some other man, of less importance to the national cause, to take upon himself the guilt of murder. At this point in the story, the American adaptation ceases to follow the original; and all that is clearly disclosed is that the hero accomplishes his mission, and then dies.

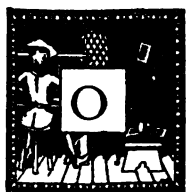
Sardou would have set this story in mediæval Spain or Italy, or modern Russia. The sole touch of originality that the Hungarian playwright reveals is in placing his plot among the Japanese students in Berlin at the present day. The hero is a Japanese who is writing a great

book, the precise importance of which to his nation is never explained or suggested by the author. His friends are also Japanese; the woman is a German: and a contrast is drawn, throughout the play, between the inscrutability of the Oriental temperament and the more easy affability of the Occidental. By this expedient the melodrama is made to seem a study of that world-concerning struggle that now seems imminent between East and West; but this apparently epic aspect of the play is merely artificial. The Hungarian author is not really familiar with the temperament of the Japanese. They do not write great books, for instance, with a dozen people hanging over their shoulders, while three or four others squat upon the floor and sing songs accompanied by the strumming of stringed instruments. Neither, when they find themselves alone together in such a city as Berlin, do they transform an Occidental apartment into the semblance of a temple in Japan and go through Oriental ceremonies to remind themselves of home. Or so at least the critic must suppose; for these touches in the play seem fabricated. To sum the matter up, *The Typhoon* appears to be a fairly interesting play of plot that ineffectually tries to seem a world-historic epic.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH STORY TELLERS

WILLIAM FRENCH DE MORGAN

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



OF the various English novelists who have come into prominence since the opening of the twentieth century, the case of Mr. De Morgan is in a number of ways exceptional. Here we have a man in advanced middle age suddenly and successfully invading a new field of art, breaking all records for belated achievement in fiction, venturing with the courage of

inexperience to give us stories running close upon a quarter-million of words and written in the manner of half a century ago,—and nevertheless receiving an immediate, enthusiastic and widespread acclaim almost without precedent. It is probably for these reasons that practically all the critics who have devoted any extended space to an analysis of Mr. De Morgan's writings have bestowed a quite disproportionate attention upon genealogical and biographical details,—

much as though the author in question were a newly discovered zoölogical species, and it behooved them to trace carefully his line of evolution.

I. HIS METHODS

For practical purposes of criticism, however, all that we need to remember about Mr. De Morgan's personal history is that he began life as an artist, abandoned painting five years later in favour of making designs for stained glass, entered shortly afterward upon the manufacture of pottery, and in spite of small pecuniary returns, continued to devote himself to ceramics until the age of sixty-four, when his first novel, *Joseph Vance*, was published. These few brief details picture a man who, in spite of versatility, has always consistently adhered to one or another form of creative art; yet, quite early in life rejected that form which, even more than literature, demands an inborn gift for grouping and composition, a fine instinct for proportion and symmetry. Mr. De Morgan's chief preoccupation, throughout half a normal lifetime, was the beauty of minute detail, the quality of glaze upon a teacup, the excellence of colour or design in a tile. His is the type of mind which gradually, through the passage of years, might be expected to gather up a treasure-house of fine, delicate, unique ideas about life in general, much as a connoisseur gathers together rare gems of porcelain, quite indifferent as to whether they group themselves harmoniously upon their respective shelves.

In view of these facts, Mr. De Morgan's first novel proved to be precisely what might have been expected: a novel almost destitute of plot construction, and with as many loose ends of narrative, as many interruptions and asides of author to gentle reader as may be found in Dickens and Thackeray in their most unrestrained mood. The author of *Joseph Vance* may or may not be a reader of modern fiction; but so far as the internal evidence of his own volumes goes, his reading may well have stopped with the decease of the great Early Victorians. One looks in vain for any trace of his having profited from Hardy or Meredith, from Henry James or Rudyard Kipling

or Joseph Conrad, or from any one of that splendid band of Frenchmen who in recent years have raised the technique of plot to the level of a fine art. There is something about the term "Early-Victorian" which Mr. De Morgan seems vaguely to resent. He protests that there is no good reason for affixing this label to him permanently, merely because the scenes of his earlier books were laid some fifty years ago, and that the public is unjust in finding fault with him for choosing in his later volumes either to go back a couple of centuries earlier or to come down a generation or so nearer to our own time. Apparently Mr. De Morgan has misunderstood the spirit of a good deal of the adverse criticism that followed *An Affair of Dishonour*. The trouble was not with the supposed date of the story, but with the quality of the achievement as a whole. It makes no difference in what century or country the author of *A Likely Story* may choose to lay his scenes: he himself remains consistently Early-Victorian in spirit. For, be it said without offence, Mr. De Morgan is, in a mild sense, a literary anachronism,—as, in a slighter degree, Du Maurier was before him,—and his best work, the work by which he is most likely to be remembered, is that which in time and atmosphere best harmonises with the spirit in which it is conceived.

No discerning critic could read *Joseph Vance* without saying: "Here we have the work of an author who drives his pen ahead largely at haphazard, with only a minimum of preconception to help him out, and largely deriving his pleasure and inspiration from the surprises which his characters every little while persist in forcing upon him. This is precisely the method of the authors of *Vanity Fair* and the *Pickwick Papers*; it is a method rendered well nigh obsolete by the requirements of modern craftsmanship: yet it is still the method of Mr. De Morgan."

I asked him (records Mr. E. V. Lucas, one of his most indulgent critics) what were his methods of work, and he replied that his only method was to sit before a piece of paper with his pen in his hand—in summer in Chelsea, and in winter in Florence—and wait for the words to come. It sounds very simple; about

two thousand words a day is his average, and he rejects about as much as he keeps. He has a very definite general idea before him, but many of the details surprise him as much as they surprise the reader. In other words, his novels, like *Topsy*, are not born but grow.

And here is an even franker confession, recorded *verbatim* by Mr. Bram Stoker:

I make no scenario. I just go on finding, as one often does, such inspiration as is necessary from my pen. I find that the mere holding of a pen makes me think. The pen even seems to have some consciousness of its own. It can certainly begin the work. Then I forget all about it, and go whithersoever thought or the characters lead me.

It is due, no doubt, to this distinctly amorphous quality of his writings that Lady Cecil remarked in what another critic has termed her "somewhat supercilious manner," that "Agreed as we are that Mr. De Morgan's success is deserved, we are yet more agreed that his deserved success has had very little to do with art." Without attempting to minimise Mr. De Morgan's deficiencies, one must concede that so sweeping a judgment is unfair. Construction of plot is not the only element in fiction writing that requires art. There is the equally important art of portrait painting, and in this respect Mr. De Morgan has achieved an enviable fame. He is one of the few writers since Trollope who has been conspicuously successful in portraying convincingly the slow growth and development of character through a long succession of years.

On the other hand, it does not do to overlook entirely Mr. De Morgan's weakness in technique, on the ground advanced by one of his enthusiastic champions, that he is "one of those authors who are big enough to break all the rules." The authors who are big enough to break all the rules content themselves with breaking one or two or perhaps half a dozen, and adhere all the more scrupulously to the others, to atone for the liberties they have taken. A departure from rule is vindicated only when the author guilty of such boldness succeeds in obtaining bigger, better results than he could have obtained in the accepted,

conventional way. Otherwise, the most that may be said is that his book is good, not because of his disregard of rules, but in spite of it. And this judgment applies in large measure to Mr. De Morgan.

II. HIS NOVELS

Let us consider briefly what this middle-aged gentleman with the Early-Victorian mind has actually achieved in the seven years since he launched upon a tardy literary career. There are, up to date, six uniform volumes, of portly and imposing appearance. No greater mistake can be made than to attempt to read them hastily; they are essentially designed for the leisurely minded reader, who can wait without impatience until day after to-morrow or week after next before learning whom Lossie married, or whether Joseph proposed a second time to Janey, or what old Vance had saved so carefully in the rescued package. The interest is not in the suspense of expectation, but in the pervading sense of kindly optimism, the whimsical humour, the author's own obvious share in our enjoyment of each and all of his characters. Some of these volumes almost defy an attempt to condense their substance into a brief paragraph. *Joseph Vance*, for instance, may be baldly described as the life history of a boy, rescued almost from the gutter and educated by a kind-hearted and cultured gentleman, for whose younger daughter, five years older than himself, the boy conceives a romantic attachment that never dies out, and that much later in the story prompts him to take upon his own shoulders the guilt of the girl's brother, in order to spare her pain. But this gives literally no idea of the inimitable quality of this rare and tender story, that has made the names of Christopher Vance and Dr. Thorpe, Violet and Lossie, Jeanie and Janey, household words among untold scores of readers. Or we might try a second method and tell how this story would never had a start had not Christopher Vance tried to drown his sorrow at losing his job, and after absorbing more half-pints of beer than was discreet, quarrelled with a "sweep" for having "crocked a hinsect," lurking in the

bottom of the glass, and in the light that comes, we may almost say, by feeling *Joseph Vance* upon an upstanding block. The volume reaching from some weeks in the past, an integral purchase from a parcel of a second-hand cupboard, by which, thanks to some attention in the same, he proclaimed himself a builder and dream-man; and then trouble with the fire and the drains at the neighbouring home of Dr. Thorpe, and an emergency call upon Vance who, despite the sign, had never dug a drain nor built a fire in his life—these are just a few of the initial details that lead to an acquaintance between two families apparently hopelessly separated in the social scale, and open brilliant prospects for the future of Vance's six-year-old son Joe. Yet this method is even less satisfactory than the other; because, at this rate the epitome would run to several thousand words; and even then it would fail to give any idea why the heroine, Lottie, remains in our thoughts as the embodiment of all that is essentially feminine and good and lovable. The secret of her charm eludes us: there is no single verbal description that sets her plainly before us with the blunt frankness of detail such as one finds in a passport. We see her through the eyes of the men who love her; we see her through the gentle witchery of her spoken words, and through the influence she diffuses around her. And perhaps the secret lies in this: that because she is surrounded by this sort of halo of vagueness, each one of us is free to picture her after the fancy of his own heart.

Alice-for-Short is in one sense a companion piece to *Joseph Vance*. This time, instead of a boy, it is a little girl who is rescued from the gutter and adopted by well-to-do people; instead of owing her good luck to a drunken father, half killed in a fair fight, she receives her blessing in disguise through the murder of her drunken mother, whose husband completes his task by committing suicide. Alice, both as a child and later, as she approaches maturity, is another of Mr. De Morgan's triumphs in feminine portraiture, a worthy companion piece to Lottie, yet not likely to usurp the latter's rightful priority in the affec-

tions of the majority of readers. One feels that in creating his first heroine, Mr. De Morgan gave us the best that there was in him, the favourite and most perfect of his dream-women; and in subsequent books he had to content himself with stars of lesser magnitude—much as Joseph Vance, when he found that Lottie was unobtainable, must needs content himself with Janey. But the real reason why *Alice-for-Short* does not wear quite as well as *Joseph Vance*, does not tempt us back to it for a second and third reading, is because, while still unmistakably Early-Victorian, it is not of the same sustained quality. Those who love their Thackeray may be fearlessly referred to Mr. De Morgan's earliest book; but *Alice-for-Short* is largely diluted with Wilkie Collins,—and Mr. De Morgan has not assimilated Collins so successfully as he has Thackeray. A suggestion of ghostly visitors, the skeleton of a young woman discovered in an ancient cellar, a whole history of a forgotten crime glimpsed tantalisingly through fragmentary evidence,—all this in itself is good material for a mystery tale, in which character counts for little and the mystery counts for everything. It is curious that an author to whom his personages are all so supremely alive, so personal, so closely interwoven into his affections, should not realise that the public finds his interest in them contagious, and needs no melodramatic happenings to hold its attention. Nevertheless, the author of *Alice-for-Short* deserves credit for a most effective method of finally unravelling the mystery: there is just one person living who holds the key to the vanished past, and she is a frail old woman of four score and upwards, who for sixty years has lived in body only, her mind being a blank. A daring surgical operation lifts the cloud from her brain, and makes it possible to fill in the gaps of the ancient story, and connect past causes with present consequences. The idea, of course, is not new,—for that matter, when do we ever run across any plot in fiction that has not been used before? There is, for instance, a close parallel in that now almost classic juvenile story, *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates*; and doubtless a little think-

ing would bring to mind a number of others. But one thing may be said with confidence: that no one has ever surpassed Mr. De Morgan in driving home a sense of the infinite tragedy of a woman, awakening from a sleep of sixty years, taking up life at the identical point at which her injured brain had ceased to record; taking for granted that a lifetime of youth and gladness and love still lies before her, and then little by little grasping the incredible, inexorable fact that all these treasures have slipped away from her, that she is old and wrinkled and hideous, a poor wreck of humanity, standing on the threshold of death before she has really begun to live. It is one of those rare episodes that refuse to be forgotten; and no critic does full justice to Mr. De Morgan who fails to give it full and heartfelt recognition.

Having made one story hinge upon the suspended consciousness of an old woman, Mr. De Morgan apparently told himself that it would not be a bad idea to repeat the experiment by substituting for the old woman a young man, or at least a man still on the sunny side of middle age. Some critics have pronounced *Somehow Good* to be its author's crowning achievement: the present writer has seen this claim advanced a number of times, and every time has wondered vainly on what basis it was made. To be sure, *Somehow Good* is, of all six of his novels, the one which most nearly approaches a good piece of construction; it sticks most closely to its central theme, it has the smallest number of superfluous characters. It is a book which can really be summed up adequately in a couple of hundred words. Some twenty years before the story opens, a certain young woman, good enough at heart but vain and rather headstrong, went out alone to India, where her future husband awaited her coming. Through a series of mishaps, he failed to meet her on her first arrival, and she stayed for a time with a married friend, whose husband's marriage vows lay all too lightly on his conscience. Just what happened during the days spent under his roof we are never explicitly told. —Mr. De Morgan has reduced reticence to a fine art. But what happened after-

ward was soon public property. Like *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, the girl lacked the courage to tell the truth before her marriage; her husband, learning it later, promptly repudiated her and sued for a divorce, but lost his suit upon a technicality; she returned to England, where her child was born, and where she continued to live quietly, under an assumed name. Twenty years later, a series of coincidences brings the husband to her door. An electric shock, received in the London "Tuppenny Tube," has left no visible physical injury, but has robbed him of his memory. The wife, whom he once discarded and now does not recognise, takes him in, he soon falls in love with her, and they are remarried, and the problem of the story simplifies itself to this one issue: How soon will the husband recover his memory, and when he does, what will be his attitude toward the woman whom he once cast off? It is a theme full of big possibilities, and on the whole Mr. De Morgan takes advantage of them. But it rests on a basis of coincidence, and bristles throughout with glaring improbabilities. If the hero had not chanced to meet in the "Tuppenny Tube" the girl who was his wife's daughter, though not his own; if she had not happened to tread on his foot, and thus been led into a most unlikely conversation with a stranger; if he had not dropped a coin and fished for it under the seat, in spite of the conductor's repeated warning; and finally, if the young girl had not obeyed a quixotic impulse and insisted upon taking this utter stranger to her home, the story would never have happened. And as for the second marriage, there are two obstinate little facts that insist on being remembered; first that although the woman knows that she has a right to marry, knows, indeed, that no marriage ceremony is needed, other people do not share her knowledge; they simply know that she was once married and has never been legally divorced. And secondly, the husband, to whom the past is a blank, admits that he may have been married before, and is haunted with a vague fear that, somewhere in the world a wife and half a dozen children may be in sore want because of his disappearance. In real life

a man, under such conditions, would shrink from a marriage which, so far as he knows, may mean bigamy. The people of the story are real enough; some of the minor characters are strokes of genius; the scandal-loving "Other Major," for instance, with his interminable "I don't mind tellin' you! Only, look here, my dear boy, don't you go puttin' it about that I told you anythin'. You know I make it a rule—a guidin' rule—*never to say anythin'.*" and again, that delightfully literal minded German, Baron Kreutzkammer, who, when a lady remarks "How sweet the singing sounds under the starlight," corrects her by observing, "It would sount the same in the daytime. The fibrations are the same." Yes, the characters are real, delightfully so; it is what they do at certain crucial moments that fails to carry conviction.

The next volume, in point of time, *It Never Can Happen Again*, is in point of form a reversion to Mr. De Morgan's early manner in its prolixity of style and multiplicity of themes. It has one central issue clearly emphasised in the title, but requiring in the narrative itself some little conscious effort to disinter it from beneath numerous other overlappings. The significance of the title is to be found in the well-known peculiarity of the English marriage law regarding a deceased wife's sister. Alfred Challis, a successful young novelist, has defied public opinion by actually going through the marriage ceremony with Marianne, who, although only a half sister of his deceased wife, comes so nearly within the letter of the prohibited degree, that it is tacitly conceded in social circles that she is an "impossible person," whom it will not do to receive. Consequently, Challis, whose profession as a writer of novels of high life requires that he shall mingle freely with the upper circles, finds himself obliged not only to accept invitations which ignore his wife, but to overlook the slight thus put upon her and to manufacture a fund of conventional and formulaic excuses for her non-appearance, which deceive neither himself nor society at large. Now it happens through a curious series of accidents, which no amount of structural cleverness can quite

make plausible, that Marianne's deceased sister was, after all, not Challis's legal wife. The disclosure of this little fact immediately makes Marianne's social position beyond reproach, even in the eyes of the strictest, most conservative adherents to the Church of England. The fact that recent acts of Parliament have changed the marriage law regarding a deceased wife's sister, furnishes the justification for Mr. De Morgan's title. But one wonders whether there is not a certain intentional and underlying irony in Mr. De Morgan's use of the phrase; because it is impossible for any thoughtful person to read this book without realising that while the story may not again be duplicated in the letter, the tendency of real life is to duplicate it continuously in spirit. Whenever circumstances make it possible for a brilliant, attractive, and rather famous man to be lionised by fashionable society, invited to an unceasing round of dinners, receptions, and week end parties, while his wife is systematically ignored by a well-organised social boycott, the seeds of family discord are inevitably sown; and when,—as is almost sure to happen sooner or later,—such a man encounters some young woman who chooses to pity him and give him her sympathy, the seeds of discord take root and sprout with amazing fertility. One cannot read this book without being once again impressed with Mr. De Morgan's ability to demonstrate the importance of little things, to show us how the first vague doubts and discords germinate and grow; and how, not only for the people in this story, but for every one of us there is at each hour of the day a choice of actions that apparently matters little, and that actually may make a vital and life-long difference. *It Never Can Happen Again* is essentially a wise book, and its chief wisdom lies in proving that while we may learn to be independent of fate in large matters and rise superior to the big fluctuations of success and failure, we can never escape from the tyranny of the gnat-like swarms of trivial circumstances. The hackneyed phrase, "crowded canvas," is one that seems curiously inadequate to describe the almost unwieldy mass of social portraiture in this

volume, its spacious and kaleidoscopic pictures of English life that constantly fade into a blur of dim vistas, along thronging thoroughfares and down crowded and oft-times unsavoury alleys. Whatever underlying purpose Nature may have in her working out of life, the pattern is too vast for human comprehension to grasp. In our actual, daily experience, much that vitally concerns us seems hopelessly haphazard. In Mr. De Morgan's lack of art, or perhaps it is fairer to say, his deliberate intent to ignore art, there is at times a certain resultant realism that by its very disorder and lack of plotting approximates more closely to the truth of actuality than any amount of minute and purposed planning ever can come. It is a dangerous method; carried too far and too boldly, it leads to artistic anarchy. Yet sometimes, as in this particular book of Mr. De Morgan's, it achieves results that could hardly be gained in any other way.

There remain two recent volumes, *An Affair of Dishonour* and *A Likely Story*, both of which may be dismissed quite briefly, as not belonging in the same class with Mr. De Morgan's earlier work. The fault with *An Affair of Dishonour* is, as already suggested, not because it is an historical novel, but that, as such, it lacks distinction. In volumes like *Joseph Vance* and *Alice-for-Short* and *It Never Can Happen Again* he produced work of a unique quality; whether we like them or not, we cannot fail to recognise that they are *sui generis*, that they cannot even have successful imitators. To have been equally successful in the vein of historical romance, Mr. De Morgan would have had to produce a volume similar in magnitude to Maurice Hewlett's *Richard-Yea-and-Nay*, or Alfred Ollivant's *The Gentleman*. Instead, he was content to write a book which, in manner and in substance, is easily out-rivalled by the work of a dozen present-day writers, ranging from Conan Doyle to Max Pemberton. *An Affair of Dishonour* puts the heaviest tax upon our credulity of any of Mr. Morgan's novels. It asks us to believe that after a young man has so far violated the laws of hospitality as to abduct his host's daughter, and is challenged by the outraged father,

furiously determined upon avenging her lost honour, he adds the father's death to his earlier crime, and so skilfully keeps the truth from the girl that for long months she continues to live with him, wondering, though not too curiously, why her father does not write that he forgives her, and why no news of any kind comes from him. Of course, in the days before the advent of railways and telegrams, news travelled slowly; in those days also human life was comparatively cheap, and a man's disappearance did not provoke the hue and cry, was not proclaimed in flaunting headlines, as would happen to-day. None the less, even in what Mr. De Morgan has defined as "Pre-Cromwellian" times, it required an extraordinary amount of chance coincidences and interventions of fate to keep the heroine unenlightened; and after all, the whole theme was so unsavoury and so artificial, that the reader is well justified in asking: Was it worth while?

Mr. De Morgan takes much credit to himself that *A Likely Story* has been boiled down to the conventional length of the average English novel. Frankly, however, he is not entitled to credit, because the theme is so slight that it scarcely merits ampler treatment than that of a short story. A sixteenth century Italian portrait is in an artist's studio, for the purpose of repairs, and happens to witness,—if one may use the phrase regarding an inanimate object,—a certain scene between the artist and a servant-girl, Sairah, and also the quarrel between the artist and his wife about this same servant, which leads to a separation and a hint at divorce. Now this picture is quite a remarkable one, and one evening when a certain imaginative little old gentleman was facing it, and dreaming over the fitful blaze of a wood fire, he finds himself listening to an astonishing story which the lips of this portrait tell him, a story of jealousy and cruelty and revenge centuries earlier in Italy. Incidentally, the portrait tells of the foolish quarrel between the artist and his wife, and expresses a wish to reconcile them. So the little old gentleman, not quite knowing whether the portrait's story is a dream or an actuality, is instrumental in having a photograph of the picture sent to the

wife; and she, in turn, holding the photograph between herself and the fire-light, hears the self-same story from the lips of the photograph, and knows that her husband was wrongly blamed. It is an amusing story, but one impossible to take seriously. It would almost seem as though its author were deliberately perpetrating a joke upon the public.

III. HIS VALUE IN LETTERS

In conclusion, it remains only to be said that, if we regard these six books without bias, refusing to be influenced either by prejudice or partisanship, they show, with the one exception of *It Never Can Happen Again*, a steady deterioration. Each of his volumes has its own champions, and naturally the critic who cares for good technique will feel more kindly toward the later volumes, which show a gain in that direction. But Mr. De Morgan should be taken not for what he might have been but for what he is. As Mr. Boynton has aptly phrased it, he has "more in common with Dr. Holmes than with Mr. Pinero." For more than half a century he has been studying people, absorbing life, formulating his own

philosophy; through all these years, his thoughts have been slowly ripening, like a rare old wine. And when he first brought them forth, in *Joseph Vance*, he served them, like a rare old wine, in the old bottle,—his manner harmonised with his matter. *Alice-for-Short* was still from the same old vintage, but blended with another, less full-bodied stock. And after that, one feels with each successive volume, that the supply in the bin is running low; it has to be diluted with a younger wine that has not had time to mature. For there is always one saddening little fact about those rare old vintages,—there is so very, very little of them to be had. But let no one assume that this is said in a spirit of ingratitude. Had Mr. De Morgan never written another line after *Joseph Vance*, his fame would still rest on an assured foundation. No future success or failure can amplify or diminish its fair fame. And even though it be an anachronism, we of the twentieth century should be the more grateful, since it enables us to claim for ourselves the honour which, in point of form and substance, would otherwise have belonged to the nineteenth.

THE PAINTERS OF THE PALISADES

BY BAILEY MILLARD

CALIFORNIAN and a Coloradan were walking along a wild, woodsy trail at the skyland edge of the Palisades on a bright day when the clear air lifted the spirits like a draught of the gods' red wine. Soon they stood upon the edge of the cliff and looked down five hundred feet upon the broad Hudson, a sea of swirling liquid light, stretching between them and the western shore of Manhattan, while away in the southern murk the huge sky-scrappers, converged by the distance, huddled like gaunt demons conspiring with each other.

"I've bragged a lot about the scenery of my State," remarked the Californian,

"but I want to confess to you right now, as one Westerner to another, that we haven't anything to beat this out our way."

"And I want to confess to you," said the Coloradan, "though I wouldn't admit it to these Easterners, that there's nothing in our State that's ahead of this. We have higher cliffs, but not any that look down upon such a length and breadth of water. I wonder they're not painted more. There are few if any truly representative pictures of them to be seen in the public galleries of New York, but there are lots of Western and European scenes. And yet scenery isn't generally without honour save in its own country. What can the New York artists find better to paint than the Palisades?"

Photograph by Bailey Millard

A MUCH-PAINTED PALISADE SCENE (NEAR COYTESVILLE, SHOWING THE RUINS OF THE OLD
ALLISON HOUSE)

Now, while it is true that there are not many pictures of the Hudson cliffs to be seen in our galleries, and that New York painters seem to prefer to sketch along the Sound shore and particularly in such places as Old Lyme, Connecticut, where they say there is at least one woman artist for every cow, and half a dozen men artists for every marshy inlet, the Palisades are being painted and painted tolerably well. To be sure there are good artists who will tell you that they

it are working there and to a purpose. It is to be taken for granted that the high cliffs of the Hudson always have been viewed by the laymen as obvious art subjects, and few of them are likely to credit the statement that not until recent years have those bold rocky ramparts inspired American artists to serious protracted effort, but such is the fact. For it was in the late 'nineties that a little colony of New York landscape painters foregathered at Ridgefield, New

VAN DEARING PERRINE. HIS PAINT TABLE AND AN UNFINISHED PICTURE

are unpaintable, and that only the mediocre have set up their easels and spread their colours in these holy places where angels fear to spread; and that even if the grand old cliffs were well represented upon canvas New Yorkers would not buy the pictures, as they can look up the river on any clear day and see the Palisades with their own eyes.

This latter talk may sound large and lofty or cheap and sordid, according to what one knows or does not know about art or about the Palisades. But meantime a group of artists who live on that high historic ground and know and love

Jersey, on the high land opposite One Hundred and Thirtieth Street, and formed the Country Sketch Club, out of which was to come all the really representative paintings of the Palisades.

Robert Sprunk, an Academy and Carnegie Institute exhibitor, whose work breathes the spirit of this region, was the first to build his studio in the woods at Ridgefield. Then came Van Dearing Perrine, at that time one of the most promising students of the Cooper Institute. Perrine was a slim youth with long black hair, in whose brown eye was a fine sense of colour. He had been a Texas

WILLIAM SARTAIN'S COTTAGE AT RIDGEFIELD

cowboy and doer of odd jobs such as carpenter work and plastering. He built a little house for William Maxfield, also an artist, at Ridgefield, and the two men set up a studio in it, pioneering and painting there with Sprunk in sight of New York.

Other artists came, most of them fellow-students of Perrine. And there came also Albert L. Groll, William

Sartain, Stephen W. Van Schaick, Alfred H. Maurer, Jonas Lie, G. Glenn Newell, R. A. Carter and Maurice Stein. These artists, nearly all young and all subject to the shifts and restraints of what is known in student parlance as "the strug," lived in little shingled cottages and at first sketched chiefly in the woods along the great ridge that lies between the Hudson and the Hackensack. Most of

them were content to paint pleasant little pools, clumps of trees and rocks and the barnyards and haystacks of the neighbouring farms. At the first few of them attempted to paint the bold cliffs near the top of which they dwelt, and those that did were not satisfied with their work. When one of them would bring in a sketch of Clinton Point or Indian Head the others would smile and say:

"Oh, he's getting ambitious—he's painting the Palisades."

Among the first really noteworthy pieces of work done by one of their number were some studies of the cliffs by Perrine and Lie. Lie loved the wind-bent trees leaning out over the rocky heights and made some fine sketches of them. There is a Doré-like poetry and

work there as altogether successful it afforded me a good start. The foliage, especially in autumn, is wonderful and the high rocky cliffs are full of poetry. As for the colony itself, I spent some of the best days of my life there among thoroughly congenial fellow-workers. I owe a great deal to Ridgefield." And it is true that this Barbizon of the Palisades was a place of true fraternal and helpful comradeship. The woods rang with joyful bursts of song when the artists gathered together of an evening, with the stein on the table.

Mr. Groll's "Pool on the Palisades," also called "Harmony in Gold," painted at that time, still stands in the better class of the work of an artist who has won four medals in as many exhibitions,

PAINTING A SNOW SCENE IN THE PORT LEE WOODS

mystery in some of these studies of Lie's, and particularly that called "Autumn Winds," in which two dark oaks lean in despair away from the blast, while overhead is a rushing sky in which great cloud-puffs are massed in an effective manner. In this work is seen that breadth of treatment to be noted in the Norwegian sketches by the same artist and in his "Brooklyn Bridge," hung in the spring exhibition of the Academy of Design.

It was at the end of his student days in Munich that Alfred Groll, returning to America, went directly to the Palisades, regarding that region as the best convenient field for his work.

"I wanted to be in the wilds," he says, "and so I settled down in that beautiful place. I worked hard there for three years, as a member of the Ridgefield colony, and though I don't regard my

among them the Innes gold medal awarded this spring for his "Lake Louise" at the Academy of Design. To see this latter picture the Duchess and Princess of Connaught visited Groll's studio while they were in New York last January—the only studio thus honoured during their stay in America.

Between Groll and Perrine there came to be a close comradeship. Both had come to feel the poetry of the Palisades as probably no other artists have felt it, and this formed a strong bond of union between the two men, both then at the beginning of their careers. Perrine, who when he had landed at the Mallory Line dock in New York a few years before with one dollar and forty cents and a big six-shooter in his pocket and had pawned the pistol for a decent suit of clothes after having been buncoed out of his Texas suit by a fellow-traveller, was still a poor

CHARACTERISTIC CLIFF SCENE BY PERRINE. THIS
PICTURE HANGS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

man, but he had sworn an oath "to paint or starve," and it was this grim vow that won him such a high place in Groll's respect. Where Perrine went Groll went, too. They walked in the woods, they boated and camped together.

Groll left Ridgefield after three years of work there and went to Arizona. He is now in New York, but is planning to build a studio on the Palisades; for once the artist feels the witchery of that region he will not care to stay long away. Perrine remained upon the cliffs, to live with them and to study as no other man has studied them, in all their moods, the stormiest and wildest of these being meat and drink to him. For the savage which lurks in the breast of every man is strongly marked in the nature of this most representative painter of the Palisades. He lives a lonely life in a little chalet half-way down the steep and rugged old ferry road that runs from Englewood Cliffs to the river margin opposite Spuyten Duyvil. There are two large rooms in the house—one on the first floor and the other on the slope-ceiled upper story. In the wide-windowed upper room Perrine works. It was here

that he painted that striking Palisades Cliff scene which hangs in the White House, the notable rock piece "Getting Firewood" owned by the New Gallery, together with many other pictures, among them "The Robbers," owned by the Carnegie Institute. It was here that the late Richard Watson Gilder and other writers have come to visit him and hear him talk in his ecstatic way about the Palisades.

When the cold winds have stripped bare the trees and the faces of the crags peer out in the thin winter sunlight, that is when Perrine does most of his work. He loves to paint the black clouds that lower above the cliffs, and nothing suits him better than a great storm, when the pines and cedars are bending like tortured wraiths before the wind. With Perrine, as with all true artists, painting is worship. He speaks with the reverence of the ascetic of the wonderful work of Nature in and about his airy demesne.

"The Palisades have a character all their own," he said to me in his studio. "It is a character that must be studied. It is far too subtle to be grasped by the idle visitor. Their beauty must be lived with before one may respond to their deepest spell. And then what a play-

ground they become for the imagination and with what solemn fitness they frame the stars! One may sit here at night and watch the city lights come out on the eastern shore, a long thread of gems. But a leaf held at arm's length would blot from the eye a point where exists a greater human activity than anywhere else upon our planet to-day.

"They told me I should never be able to paint the Palisades—that because of their sheer rise and the narrow shore margin at their base they could not be correctly represented upon an ordinary canvas. Well, they did puzzle me at first, but I began to work out a theory of projection of my own and then the work was easier."

In his lonely studio are to be seen some striking sunset studies in pastel. They are five-minute sketches which, when placed side by side, make up a colour sequence that is truly remarkable. They represent the western sky over the Hackensack hills from a half-hour before sunset to a half-hour after, and they run the whole gamut of colour tones from opalescent yellows and greens to deep purples and browns.



LIE OUT SKETCHING

He asked me to come outside and see the rocks. Leaning against a frost-scarred scarp, he pointed to the delicate greens, the bronze yellows, the rich browns and the dull blues of the igneous basalt.

"If you live here long and study closely," said he, with his characteristic seriousness, "you come to feel that the smallest of these rocks, the humblest violet, the single dewdrop, the tiniest grain of sand by the river down there are as wonderful as the highest cliff, which is no truer symbol than they are of the great Universal Power which makes and shapes tree, river, rock and whole planetary systems."

It is with this reverent appreciation of Nature that Perrine works, and the same feeling has dominated Lie, Groll and other representative painters of the Palisades. Among these others, though he has not yet exhibited, is young Jaime Carret, whose studio is at Coytesville and in whose work there is a breadth and

AUTUMN WINDS ON THE PALISADES. JONAS LIE

mystery comparable in a sense with that seen in Perrine's and Lie's. All the Palisades artists will tell you that Carret is the coming man, and certainly his studies of the forests and rocks of that region are of a kind to lure the imagination.

Ernest Roth, who lives at Fort Lee, has made some fine studies of scenes in that neighbourhood. Mr. Roth, however, is best known by his Venetian and Florentine etchings. He spends much of his time sketching in Italy. Another Fort Lee artist of whom the Palisades painters speak highly is Walt Kuhn, whose work is certainly deserving of mention here, and if the writer forgot Samuel Weiss the list of promising landscape men would not be complete.

Among those still remaining at Ridgefield are Robert Sprunk, represented in

this year's Academy, Nie Andress, the sculptor, whose bust of the Madonna and Child was bought by the Kaiser, Stephen Van Schaick, the portrait painter and illustrator, and R. A. Carter, whose landscapes evidence skilful handling. In fact Mr. Carter is deserving of more than passing mention. He has caught the spirit of the high Palisades though in a different way from Perrine. He loves the luminous and the obvious, and has an eye for high colour. During winter walks in the woods the writer has found him sitting patiently on his stool in the snow, sketching some old pile of rocks, with cold fingers, but as he says, not with cold feet. Truly a painstaking and deserving member of the airy Barbizon of the Palisades.

At Leonia, a few miles above Ridge-

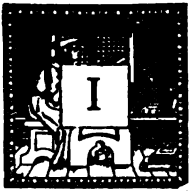
field, is a group of illustrators probably best represented by the quaint Peter Newell. The brag of the Leonia art colony is that in a recent month five New York magazines came forth with cover designs by as many Leonia artists, which point was seized upon by a real estate boomer of that section as evidencing the culture of the residents there and was declared as "going some." And it was. Living on the cliffs at Grantwood, opposite One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, New York, are George W. Plummer and George H. Shorey, both well-

known illustrators. Shorey has made excellent wash drawings of the Palisades for Harper's and other magazines.

Were it not for the fact that the writer has been asked by the powers that be, not to make this paper a roll-call of artists who have sketched the Palisades, mention might be made of other wielders of the brush in the neighbourhood; but the list is already unconscionably long. Perhaps it is enough to say in conclusion that those who live upon the Palisades and feel their magic spell-work are all artists of one sort or another, chiefly another.

NOCTURNE

A fragment supposed by some critics to have formed part of the papers of the Serapion Club, and to be from the pen of E. T. A. Hoffman himself (or if not, from that of Adalbert von Chamisso) Englished and contributed by Egerton Castle.



I was not before I had left the vessel's side to be set on land that this deadly cloud of anguish, amounting (as, more than once during the hours of the passage I had realised with inner shuddering) to a horrible yearning for self-destruction, began to fade from my soul.

Matthias had remained on board . . . ! As I was rowed on the waters of the harbour which, deep-locked and secluded as it was, still testified by their fretting to the recent raging of the squall, I could mark, silhouetted in black against the red of the sunset, his tall figure in the close-wrapped cloak which even now in the subsiding winds seemed to signal fantastic and menacing signals. Still, heaven be praised! I thought I had parted company without catastrophe.

Strange that such a terror of life, such a disgust with the world, should invariably assail me in the presence of Matthias and recurrently ever at the same time of year. The day of the Spring Equinox is one, indeed, when the *Fiend* seems ever to hold in reserve for me some more than usually infamous trick. This

time of the true death of the old, and the birth of the new, year in the heavenly period, is one which always finds me abnormally sensitive to the more hidden sights and sounds of the world. Just now, in the throes of the tempest, I of a certainty heard Old Time touch the wheel-works of his awesome horologe and saw, in my mind's eye (as Shakespeare has it), the old year break up, like to some immense building, and roll down to the sound of fearful discords into the black abyss of the Past . . .

Be it as it may, I have of late years learned in loathing and secret dread to expect some dismal experience—and always connected with a meeting of Matthias—at the close of the fateful day.

Last spring, for instance, it was toward the end of that glorious, long-drawn symposium, where you and I and Melchior, and those other choice friends of our hearts, foregathered in the Wine-Hall of Bremen; when the noble Rüdesheimer had coursed so generously through our veins, perfuming our thoughts; when the fumes of Kanaster, curling from our happy lips, had grown so thick that, through its gracefully writhing volutes, our dreamy eyes scarce could discern the dance of blue flames round the rim of the last bowl of rack-

punch. All was fantasy round our brains, or soaring philosophy. Vague, ravishing music floated upon my every thought. All at once, I remembered the date, and creeping anxiety assailed me, to grow quickly into that soul-sinking nausea which I never can dissociate from the proximity of Matthias. The elusive melody I had, a moment before, thought to fix upon memory's tablets, waxed into harshness hissing within my temples, into sinister boomings that filled my ears with terror. And, of a sooth, I found that, apparently unnoticed by any one, Matthias had entered the Hall. Bending over the table, he was ladling out the last glassful from the bottom of the punch-bowl. He fixed me mockingly with his grey eye, and in dumb-show, drank my health. A health, to me, from Matthias!—At that my gorge rose. And, dashing through a chorus of laughter, I fled the room.

Blindly groping amid my thoughts for some speedy mode of exit from a horrible world, I wandered the black streets, until a sudden collapse of all my being, as though Death indeed was coming herself to my deliverance, made me cease in my searching.

Now, this year, as the time drew near, I had resolved secretly to fly the town, nay the very territory of Lübeck. Not even to you, Melchior, did I confide my purpose. In vain, thought I, will this Matthias seek me in my usual haunts. Far away, by that time, with leagues of salty waves between us, I shall be safe through the perilous period. I could not face the prospect of meeting the dread person again, in those hours of his power—for life had grown trebly dear to me. Had I not reason to believe in my soul that Cecilia returned my passion? I took ship for the Island.—So may be gauged the depth of my dejection when, at the height of the tempest which overtook the vessel outside Fermen, I actually descried Matthias, Matthias in person, walking the unsteady deck with sinister calmness! Yet he never seemed aware of my presence on board. Never did the grey eyes encounter my haggard gaze. But whenever the detested creature's pacing brought him closer, the awful temptation would steal over me

to have done with all, and bury myself safely below the waves.

It seemed, however, as though indeed I was now to escape. In a sort while, for the squall showed signs of abatement, the vessel would proceed with him on its voyage, and meanwhile I had eluded his hateful notice.

To mere relief succeeded a sense of joy. Forgetting the terrors of the passage, my thoughts turned, with the insistence of the mariner's needle, to the prospect of the Inn that was indicated to me as the most famous for comfort in all the island of Fermen.

It was at the sign of *The Ship-at-Sea*. Following my porter, I was not long in reaching it, although it stood at the landward extremity of the Town, on the verge of the open country. No one could mistake the notable signboard suspended astride the high road. I paused a moment to admire the spirited painting of a full-rigged bark, fighting its way, under reefed sails, through some such tempest as I had lately gone through. Scenes of that kind are attractive—watched from the shore! As the signboard swung, creaking, to and fro, the ship itself appeared to rise and plunge within the frame. "A wondrous fine signboard, mine host!" cried I, as I stepped into the warmth of the house.

"Aye, sir traveller," answered the man knowingly, "our sign proclaims the weather!" And, putting my own feelings into his words, added: "This weather demands—say I not well?—a comforting jug, by the side of a coal fire, in a private room. The all of which await your honour's command within."

During the hour or so which, after the ceremony of supper, I spent in the deep armchair by the hearth, before (as I thought) retiring to rest, the last dismal impression of Matthias and of the day's horror were drowned in a state of blandness replete with dreamy charm. The fair steaming jug at my elbow seemed to fill the whole quietude of the room with the fragrance of our northern juniper, blended with that of citron ripened in sunny climes. The mysterious murmur of the kettle simmering on the hob rose and died down caressingly. In

its running, vaguely winding song, I would at times fitfully, as from the softening of distance, recognise the music born under Cecilia's slender fingers. Or, again, it would fade, to my ear, into the barely heard whisperings of lovers on some stilly night. It was divinely restful.

All of a sudden I awoke to a luminously clear thought—no, I would not wait for the morrow! To the day's tempest had succeeded a noble, placid night. Yes, I would go seek her—this very hour! On this I rose, full of the resolve. I drew back the curtains: the light of a resplendent full moon poured through the window. All was silent in the house; and, without, reigned an extraordinary stillness. The only sound heard was the faint creaking of the Inn sign in an occasional pulse of wind. Under the bright moonbeams the bark could be descried, with sails set now to the gentle breeze, riding a once more placid sea!

As I sallied from the house into the night, I marked mine host of *The Ship-at-Sea*—apparently the only other man awake in this moonlit world—propped against his door post, puffing complacently at his pipe and gazing up with affection at his signboard. He doffed his cap as I passed: "A fair night for a walk as far as the Park, worshipful sir!—Yes," as I glanced back with wonder: "our sign proclaims the weather!"

I had no time to try and understand. Wildly striding upon the white glistening road, I took a full half-hour to reach the park-gates of K—. Even as I knocked at the silent door of the Mansion, a distant strain of music filtered to my senses through the many inner walls: with entrancing delight I found in it the same heart-entwining melody I had discerned in the whispers of my simmering kettle—Cecilia was there!

The stout majordomo, barely freed from the deep slumber he had been enjoying upon the settle, recognised me, with astonishment and, I thought, disfavour. But, without a word, he conducted me past sundry deserted rooms into the mistress's boudoir—discreetly closing the door behind me.

Cecilia rose from the clavier with a cry of joyful tenderness, "Theodore!

. . . my Theodore!" she murmured, smiling down at me with ineffable love, as I threw myself on my knees before her and covered the fair music-moulded hands with kisses. I was losing myself amid heights of joy unspeakable, when there came a knock at the door, sharp and sudden as the crack of a knot in burning firewood. I fell back to earth. And, even at the same moment, her voice became hard, her face was distorted by a rictus of cold disdain:

"Of a truth, sir," she was saying loudly, "this is an intrusion almost inconceivable!"

A stream of icy needles ran through my veins. She stood with her back to a tall mirror in which I could see that the door behind me had suddenly opened, though no one could be seen on the threshold. Her eyes, wide with fear, were looking past me, over my head. I turned round. In the doorway, scowling, with arms folded over his cloak, stood Matthias! Sharply, once more, I turned back to the mirror. There, in truth, I could see the reflection of my own distracted face; could see the graceful outline of Cecilia's back, the black-gaping open door; but of Matthias, not a trace.—Yet he was still there as I faced round again, and speaking, now, in grating tones:

"With my wife! So. I suspected aright. Admirable! On the verge of the equinox!—Follow me, sir!"

With a swift movement, before turning, he threw down his cloak; and from under his arm darted the blue glint of a pair of rapiers.

Cecilia, Matthias's wife. . . . A very nausea of fury seized me by the throat. I plunged after him into the darkness, pursued by hysterical peals of laughter from the lips of the woman I loved! He was walking swiftly, almost running. It was only in the dark avenue of the park that I came up level with him.

"I leave you not," I called, panting. "Whither?"

"To the hill top. By the mill," he hissed. "Moonlight enough there!"

Under the splendour of the midnight orb, close by a gaunt mill-tower whose wings were still as sleep, in the great silence of the hill-top our swords met,

rasping out red sparks. Reckless with loathing and desperation, I lunged blindly at my enemy—and my blade instantly ran him, breast to back, with a sickening swish, up to the hilt. He threw up his head, extended his arms and fell back . . . slowly, without a word. As I stooped over him, contemplating with tremulous triumph the odious dead face which turned its wide fixed eyes to the moon, a bitter fleeing voice came from my right:

"A goodly piece of work, my excellent Theodore!—which, ere long, must bring you to a gibbet."

My hair rose on end. There, on a slight mound, stood Matthias, gazing exultantly upon the scene—so that by a mere shifting of the head I could behold him at once alive, and dead!

Then he jumped down, and deliberately picked up the corpse and flung it on his shoulder.

"With this to the magistrates!" he said, as if to himself; and, with rapid strides, took the road back toward the Town. A few moments later, just as he was turning round the corner to disappear into the blackness, I heard his words again, hurled back at me, faint but curiously clear: "Homicides, in Denmark, are broken on the wheel, Theodore! The wheel, and the shameful, rotting chain-gibbet, to a certainty, Theodore! . . . unless now you choose an easier way out!" On this he was gone.

The cold sweat was running down my temples. It had come at last! The deed must be done!—In a sudden raging against fate, I picked up a sword. "The sooner the wiser," cried I, with a leap of my thoughts back to perjured Cecilia; and, placing the hilt upon the ground, fitted the point against my heart.

I was about to let myself fall upon it, when a placid voice, close by, caused me to bound back. I found myself facing a tall old man in a bob-wig and flat William Penn hat, clad from head to foot in a furred gown. He was peering at me over a wide pair of horn-rimmed spectacles:

"What may you be doing, my dear young man," he was saying, "in that singular attitude?"

His tone was kind; yet it was all in bitterness that I replied:

"Can you not see?—I am killing myself."

"Oh, pray," he returned in old world courtesy, "let me not intrude! Suicide is perhaps the most private business in the world. And who am I, indeed, to give moral advice!"

Even amid the turmoil of my thought, curiosity was suddenly piqued.

"Who are you, then, worthy sir," I asked with more respect, "who would not give advice?"

"My name is Sumichrast, Amelius Sumichrast——"

"In verity!" I cried, bowing bare-headed. "The learned Dr. Sumichrastius of Copenhagen! The revered professor, the universal——"

He bowed benevolently in return, deprecating my eulogies with a gesture:

"I hardly looked to find my name known to so young a man—From the window of this mill (where I had established my abode, to be away from all noises on this important night, and to observe after my own method the equinoctial heaven) I witnessed what happened just now . . . Interesting phenomenon. Somewhat rare: dimidiation of the apparent earthly envelope in incubi. Demonology is not one of my studies; but I believe the case is not unknown to the best demonologists."

A new light shot through my brain. The ever tempting horror of Matthias, the image lacking in the mirror, why——

"Incubus!" I cried, with almost a sob of joy. "Then, no homicide! . . . Then the wheel, the gibbet——"

"A very old type of demoniac temptation," said the learned Doctor. "Fear and disgust, giving no scope for thought. —Theology is not one of my studies; but I have heard that the best theologians hold self-murder to be the darling bait of the Evil One. The one *irremediable* sin (you will observe), since, once committed it cannot be repented . . . on this side of human life. But, young sir, I am prosing. Worse, I am wasting time. I must complete my preparations which your skirmish, by bringing me out, interrupted just now."

He bowed, and turned to ascend the

mill ladder once more; but, after stepping up a rung or two, stopped to add:

"Yet, it seems a pity you should not put off your business at least until after the setting of the moon. There will, in a short while, begin a singularly interesting eclipse—an equinoctial eclipse. Such a sight will not recur for nearly another generation. And you could have helped me——"

I picked up the swords by the blades, sent them swirling into the night, and in three steps found myself at the foot of the ladder behind the slow moving Dr. Sumichrast.

"Help you, most respected sir?—In what manner could a poor musician, a mere halting poet, assist a man of your learning?"

The old gentleman paused in his wheezing ascent.

"Poet are you, then, my young friend? and musician?—I have always set great store by the companionship of poets. Your poet is a special observer of Nature, apt to note many recondite relations, internal interdependencies of things, which will often escape the mere savant. As for musicians, I have marked that they are able to interpret unheard voices, making them tangible; to affix symbolical forms to many truths that we know yet cannot make patent . . . Hark! . . . I am sure *you* can hear, though I cannot myself, that immense strident voice, crying out endlessly round and round the horizon, so continuous, so level and monotonous, that men mistake it for dead silence! But of this, more anon. In a minute our eclipse: let us haste and . . .

Cætera desunt.

THE SONG TO HELEN OF FRANCE

BY GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN

BY

BARON BERNARDO QUARANTA DI SAN SEVERINO

AND PUT INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

EDWIN MARKHAM

(The following is a part of a new poem called out by the fact that Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Aosta, Helen of Orleans, cousin to the King of Italy, has gone to Africa with a group of ladies of the Italian aristocracy to care for the Italian soldiers wounded in battle with the Turks. She is here described as bringing home a shipload of dead and wounded men.)

With almost the soft pallor of a dove
The moon silvers the deck of the homing ship
That brings the dead back to the land they love.

On the rough boards where low the corpses lie,
As on the bed where bleed the wounded men,
Burns with pale fire the same sweet sanctity.

The carven figure at the prow, moonlit,
Stands tall and white, a being not of earth,
Whose smile is equal to the Infinite.

And he whose jaw the cruel shrapnel shell
 Shattered and riddled in the final charge,
 Lies bleeding softly after the battle-hell.

Stretched taciturn, he munches the black clots,
 And also has a strange, mysterious smile
 Above the linen of the bandage-knots.

When she bends o'er him, like a saintly nun,
 Her face all shining with a golden light,
 As shines the lily in the morning sun.

Blessed be thou, O woman, Helen of France.
 Under the shadow of your snow-white veil
 Your azure eyes gleam like a dauntless lance.

Even when you bind the wound or broken bone,
 Or bathe the thirsty lips of him who raves:
 There is no tear, no murmuring, no groan.

He who was victor when the cheers were loud
 Wants by his silence to surpass his mates:
 He who is dying feels the flag for shroud.

* * * * *

What morning shines upon the crowded pier?
 'Tis Italy. August, she looks afar,
 Pressing to her heart the names of dead and dear.

Do our dead return over the salt sea-miles?
 What mystic ship is homing to the shore?
 The pier is solemn as cathedral aisles.

Woman of France, you know the gift you bring;
 For with the heap of sorrows and of souls
 You bring the song, the dream, the April wing.

O Helen, who see Rome's sacrament of grace,
 Laid on the whitening foreheads of our dead,
 You bring a flower to bind the Latin race,

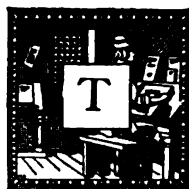
The augural verbena on your head!

THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Book I

CHAPTER IV



HERE were three long weeks in that large bed for Dicky before he might see the fields again or feel the touch of the grass beneath his feet. From his bedroom window only the sky was visible with just one break—the plume of a high poplar, which nearly reached the window catch. So then, whenever he was alone, he watched the sky—the sky sometimes at early morning growing into the brilliance of day—the sky in all its fulness of light fading through a thousand colours into evening.

Always his mother sat with him in the afternoon, till the light was feeble and the high tea at six o'clock was served downstairs. Sometimes she would read to him, more often sew, while he lay there in silence, and, though he never expressed it in words, when at the finish of her work she collected all her coloured silks and laid them in her basket, he thought how like the coming of the evening that was—a tired woman laying aside her coloured silks until the daylight came again. There was one large ball of orange at which, once, when she was putting it away in her basket, he had said aloud—

"There goes the sun."

Mrs. Furlong had looked up.

"The sun, Dicky? It set long ago."

"The ball of silk," said he.

She took it out and smiled.

"It is like the sun, isn't it?" and then she laid it back again. She had never known all he meant by that. Had he even known himself? In those years Dicky's mind was being fed with food he never tasted. The clouds—a legion—which passed across the heavens every day before his eyes made but little conscious impression upon his mind. He

merely lay and watched them. Sometimes they took shapes which filled his head with stories. He saw wild beasts with jaws wide open which crawled the sky at evening. He saw Spain's great Armada, with sails full-bellied, come riding up the azure of the Spanish Main. He saw volcanoes on a far horizon, belching forth their mountain columns of smoke, which, when once lifted, hung in suspense like the vast canvas of some monstrous tent. He saw those fleets of little ships which face alone the length and breadth of all the endless blue. And there were days when not a ship was on the sea, and often then, with eyes that closed to the intensity of light, Dicky would fall asleep.

There was other food for Dicky's mind as well as this. For the first time in his life he became the possessor of a real secret. There had always closed for him a mystery around his father and mother. It was not often that he was worried by it, but there were times when he wondered about his father's childhood, how his father had treated him, whether he had done the things that Dicky wanted to do, and if he had done them, then what had happened. But of all his life before he had taken the mill, that is, of all his life one year before Dicky had been born, Mr. Furlong was discreetly silent. Dicky was not so curious about his mother's youth, but even she never alluded to it, and though he was not so old as that he might find it strange, yet questions had often risen to his thoughts, but he had never asked them.

One day when there were no ships on the sea, and the sky had no tales to tell him, he found himself looking long at his mother, who sat sewing in the window. He wondered how she could ever have been young; he wondered, too, if she would ever be old. And then he wondered if any of the boys in Mr. Leggatt's school at Eckington had mothers as beautiful as she. He went through them

all, one after another. There were none. Not one of them could touch her.

"Mother," he said presently, not taking his eyes from her face—"how old are you?"

For a moment she went on in silence with her sewing, and a smile twitched the corner of her lips. At last she looked up.

"Why, Dicky? Why do you ask?"

"Because," said he, "if I'm ten, mustn't you be very old? I mean, you must be thirty, mustn't you?"

"Yes—and more," said she.

"And how old's father?"

"I don't think your father would like me to tell you his age, Dicky."

"Why not?"

"Well—I don't really know why. Anne asked him once and he said she must not be curious. Do you remember asking him how much money he made out of the mill?"

Dicky remembered well. He had been comparing the penny-a-week which he received as pocket money with the two-pence-a-week which one of the boys received at Leggatt's school. It was a matter seeming to him to depend entirely upon how much his father made out of the mill.

"That's just what he said to me," said Dicky—"he told me not to be curious."

With a wonderful discretion Mrs. Furlong went on with her sewing. Dicky knew he was not to be answered, yet no information had emphatically been denied him. Nevertheless, he was disappointed and turned his face to the other wall. There he lay for some minutes counting the roses on the wallpaper, plucking them and tying them into bunches to give to his mother.

Presently he turned again.

"Where did you live before you came to the mill?" he asked.

"At a place called Wittingham, in Buckinghamshire."

"Was it as big as Eckington?"

"Oh—it wasn't a village," said she; "that was the name of the house."

"Did it belong to you?"

"No."

"Who did it belong to?"

"It belonged to Lord Wittingham."

"Was he your father?"

She laughed.

"No, my father was only a barrister, Dicky—just plain Mr. Tennant—that's all."

"Then why did you live in Lord Wittingham's house?"

She did not reply at once, and her needle made the stitches just a little quicker.

"Dicky," she said suddenly, "if I tell you something, will you promise never to say a word about it—to Anne or anybody?"

Dicky made his promise, emphatically and at once; then waited with almost breathless interest.

"I was the governess at Wittingham," she said at last; "they had two daughters—Lady Mary and Lady Jane—I taught them. They didn't like me and I didn't like them."

"Why didn't you like them?"

"They weren't very kind—no one was very kind."

"Beasts!" said Dicky.

She smiled again, remembering how many times she had said it.

"No one was kind except your father. If it hadn't been for all the little things he did for me, I should never have stayed there."

"Did he live at Wittingham, too, then?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

For a moment Mrs. Furlong stopped her work. She laid it down in her lap and turned to look out of the window. The sun was on the water where it rushed over the weir. It lit the flecks of foam as they whirled in a race down the river. All the willow trees were golden now. They dropped their gold in brilliant reflections into the water. Beyond it all, beyond the gold and the reflected blue of sky, the beech woods toward Little Cumberton were warm with orange and brown. But she saw none of these glories. There was rising in her mind only the picture of the big room at Wittingham where, when no visitors were present, she was permitted to lunch with the family. Vividly she saw them all, those dread people for whom she had had so little respect, yet of whom she had stood in such awe.

But more distinctly than any one of them she could see that figure of her husband as he was then, moving silently, attentively, attendant on their wants. In time she had become conscious of his personality in the household; a personality which was higher, it seemed to her more human, than those with which she was surrounded. Furlong, the butler, was a better type of man than his master. She had said that to herself many times before she had dreamed what that personality might mean to her. He made things easier for her at Wittingham; paid her those numberless attentions with which a man in his position can make the life of a girl in hers more bearable than it might otherwise have been. He treated her as he would have treated a guest in the house. He even treated her better, and that when there was nothing she could do to repay him. When she retired in the evenings to the privacy of her little sitting-room, glad at last to be alone, he saw that there was nothing she could want. Flowers were always on her tables—they were in her bedroom, too. It was some time before she discovered that he quietly, unobtrusively, was responsible for this. She had found him putting a bowl of roses on her dressing table.

"Is it always you who send the flowers up to my room, Furlong?" she had asked.

"Yes, miss, I guessed you liked them."

"It's very kind of you, Furlong."

"Not at all, miss."

She had thought of him then all the time as she dressed for dinner, wondering why men in better walks of life were not so considerate as he, and then, with hot cheeks, accused herself of snobbery.

"Surely, I don't think it's because a man's a butler—" she began aloud, but did not finish her sentence.

And so in time she seemed to forget his position. One day, when he had brought her some books from the library, she had picked up one and asked him whether he knew if it were good.

"I don't read novels, miss," said he.

"Do you read at all, Furlong?" she had asked.

"Oh, yes, miss—a great deal."

"What?"

What had she imagined? Perhaps

poetry of a jingling order—books of travel, even religious works.

"Carlyle is my favourite author, miss," he had replied with no trace of boastfulness in his voice. "I'm fond of science, too. But for real enjoyment of reading, I can't do better than *Sartor Resartus*. That's the best book ever was written."

"I've never read it," said she.

"Never read it, miss—let me get it up from the library for you. Or, I'll lend you my own copy, if you've no objection."

"That's very good of you," said she. "I think I should prefer your copy."

He had brought it then and there, and that night she tried to read the first few pages. In half an hour she had laid the book aside and never thought of Furlong as a butler again.

It had been a week after this, when, out in the country, walking some miles from Wittingham Hall, she had come across Furlong in pursuit of botanical specimens.

To have spoken but a few words and passed on, would have been churlish in the extreme. In their different ways, they were both alone in that household at Wittingham.

He gave up his search for the *White Helleborine*, and they walked together through the Buckinghamshire lanes while he talked to her of pistils and stamens, of stipules and corollas, explaining to her all the wonders of the sex of plants and how they reproduced their species.

By reason of the silent attention with which she listened, he thought she had been interested in what he was telling her. She had scarcely understood a word of it. Her interest had been in him. More than ever she was realising his superiority to his surroundings, and one day, on another such occasion as this, she had frankly asked him.

"Why are you here at Wittingham?" said she.

"Well, miss—I have my duty to do. It's my duty to support myself—it's my duty to do what I can for my father. He's an old man, fallen on bad times. He had a mill once. I should have been a miller too, but when I was eleven or twelve the mill failed. He had to give it up. A gentleman who knew us well took

me into service. I've been in service ever since. There's nothing to complain about."

"But don't you ever want to do better? Don't you ever want to get back?"

"Oh yes, I want to do better. I shall do better. I don't know how yet, and in the meantime it's my duty to do my best for his Lordship."

Here he proved himself. He was one of those men in this world who, by making a fetish of duty, succeed against all odds, only to find when they have reached the end of their days that they have missed the fruit of life because an inordinate sense of duty has bidden them not waste the core. They discover then that the core alone has been their portion, whereby their only consolation is the martyrdom they have borne.

In the support of his old father at considerable difficulty to himself, Furlong felt warm the sense of the sacrifice he was making. But how was Christina to know that of him then? A breath of romance had stirred in the lonely passages of her mind. She was a young girl, alone in the distressing solitude of a great household. This man had not been born to his position. A sense of duty—a high and noble sense of it—had brought him there. From the moment her mind had conceived of this, she let her heart go to the whisperings of romance. He came to know in time she loved him and fought with himself against his love for her, because he owed the filial duty to his father. If they married, he would be compelled to give up his well-paid situation at Wittingham. It was doubtful whether he would get another with a wife. But in this case Nature was stronger than his duty.

One sunny morning when the sheep bells were tinkling on the high land above Wittingham, he asked her to marry him. It was then Christina had told him now she had inherited a small legacy, sufficient for him to purchase a mill and the tears had rushed into Furlong's eyes.

Strictly speaking then, the romance was hers, not his. When a woman marries, however slightly beneath her, you may, with justice, assume that while the man is firmly mounting by the steady rungs of a glorious ladder, she is borne

upward on the golden wings of Romance. As the wings of Icarus too, they mount higher than any ladder can reach; but often they rise into the melting rays of the sun, only to fall to the solid resistance of the earth once more. It had been this way with Christina Tennant. After four years of married life, when both Anne and Dicky had been born to her, she came to realise that without imagination, without a sense of humour, no man can make Romance. The wings of that which she had made had melted in the sun. She had come back to earth. The man who has no bad in him has very little good. The man who knows the intimate anatomy of all the flowers of the field, more often than not forgets to find them beautiful. When first Christina saw Joseph Furlong dissecting a flower he had brought back with him from the meadows, she knew what her mistake had been.

And all these things, long though they may take to tell, moved in a swift review before her mind as she gazed out of the window in silence to Dicky's question.

Should she tell Dicky what his father had been? There was a great longing in her heart to do so; a longing to tell some one and perhaps Dicky most of all. For young as he was, she had found already in this son of hers a quality of understanding. There were times when he had anticipated her wants, proving even then an imagination which his father had never possessed.

And yet in those days at Wittingham, he had brought flowers to her room, had attended to all her little comforts. But it was possible that she would never be able to understand that; would never be able to so make simple her mind that she could see him as he was—the perfect servant doing his duty.

This longing therefore to tell Dicky everything was just the craving of her heart to be understood and, for some reason which she could not explain, she would sooner in that household have been understood by Dicky than by Anne. Anne was gentle, loving and thoughtful of her every wish; but there were moments when, thwarted in what she desired, Christina saw her husband in Anne's eyes. This had never been so with

Dicky. Dicky opposed, was swept by all that storm of anger which she had heard her father sometimes showed in his practice at the bar. Dicky was a Tennant, though she was too wise ever to say so. And also because she knew this, she longed to tell him all.

When then she heard his question again—"Why did he live at Wittingham?" she turned from the window on a sudden impulse which broke and fell as she heard her husband's voice in the garden below her. Was it fair? Had she not said enough?

"He just lived there, Dicky," said she.

"But why did you take all that time before you said it?"

"Did I take a long time?" she inquired.

"Rather! Ages!"

"Well, perhaps because I oughtn't to be speaking about these things. I don't think your father likes it. So you'll remember your promise, won't you?"

"What promise?"

"That you'd never say anything about it. I'd rather people didn't know that your mother was only a governess. They might not think so well of your father."

In this one sentence she cleared herself of all blame. Dicky turned over on his side and began to pluck more roses from the wall-paper. He filled his arms with them and then looked back.

"I wish I could give you all the roses on the wall," said he, and, for just his thought of it, she laid aside her work and kissed his eyes.

CHAPTER V

It was in those three weeks while Dicky lay, a usurper, in the big bed, that his spirit first bowed to the influence of a woman. Dicky fell in love.

There are many things a man must learn which a woman knows from the beginning. To love it seems is one of them. He does not learn it easily moreover; makes many an essay, loses himself in many a pitfall before his knowledge be complete. And it is these trials, these efforts which contribute in so great a measure to the development of his soul. Maybe a woman is what man makes her; but that is a social tag, hav-

ing reference only to her place in life. He cannot touch her soul. But the soul of a man passes from the hollow of one woman's hand to the hollow of another's. And each one as it goes, with cruel fingers or with kind, leaves deep the impress of her hold upon its pliant shape.

Here then was the first to mould the life of Dicky and turn it toward that setting of purpose which makes the soul of man.

Dicky fell in love with his mother.

Now the first instinct of a man when he falls in love is to make something that will outlive his passion; to place it on record that the world may see how he has loved. A thousand times afterwards he may wish that thing destroyed, may loathe the staring remembrance of it which forever meets not only his eyes, but the eyes of that new woman into the hollows of whose hands he has newly placed his soul. But the thing has been done, the poem has been made, the song been written. He has created something—imperishable perhaps—which may live to mock him all his life through.

But if the thing be good that he has made, then love or no love and whether a thousand new women taunt him with it to his face, he cares more for that thing than all the love and all the treasures in the earth. It typifies in one upraised memorial all love that he has felt. Indeed to work at making is the only way some men can love. Yet if it be the love is for themselves, for fame and all the riches that it brings, then they have built their house upon the sand and it is only worth that which the first rising tide will make of it. But if the love is for a woman, it can contain those qualities which are everlasting.

It was when Dicky first made something for his mother, that Christina knew he loved. Of all the fulness of that sense of loving she did not understand. But it was a thing Dicky had never done before and, in the doing of it, she had just realised his passing from the wild savagery of boyhood to that first gentleness which shows the turning on a tortuous road.

For some days, whenever she came into the room, there was a scuffle from the bed in some effort to conceal. On

the first occasion she had asked him what it was.

"Something I'm doing," said he, and a colour rushed to his cheeks in a flood of self-consciousness.

It would not be true to say she was not curious. When a mother finds herself loving her son with all the beating of heart which his father might have taken for himself, she is driven in curiosity by everything he does. But with an effort Christina kept it to herself.

"Shall I know soon?" was all her curiosity asked.

"To-morrow," said he, and then when he had added—"P'raps," she smiled at her own pang of disappointment.

But the next day she was told. When she came up to the bedroom after the midday meal, bringing her work-basket under her arm, Dicky was sitting up in bed holding at arm's length a piece of paper from him and surveying it first this way, then that, at the greatest distance his arm could reach.

She stood at the foot of the big bed and waited, thinking in one swift moment of regret how soon he would be gone from those pillows—how soon she must return. This was the first time there had been no attempt at secrecy. She knew she was to be shown it then.

"Well, Dicky," she said, "it's to-morrow."

Then, with a sudden gesture, the hand thrust quickly out, colour again to the roots of his hair, he held the paper toward her.

"I've picked the roses for you," he said shortly and the next instant in a confusion of shame was hidden beneath the bedclothes.

She looked at the paper he had given her. It was covered in drawings of roses from the wall—roses in bud, roses in full bloom. He certainly had picked them all. They were drawn in pencil, with faint shadings where the blush of the petals showed. It was the drawing of a child, with lines that trembled where they should be firm; but there was something in it all, a quality perhaps of infinite taking pains, which made Christina know there was no idleness.

Now just as a woman inspires, so

swiftly does she know when her inspiration has been true. Something in Christina's heart at the sight of that paper leaped up and swelled within her throat.

"I know they're rottenly done," said a tearful voice from beneath the bedclothes, and at that Christina came to her senses.

There is always the moment when a woman forgets the workman for the joy of the work. It is in a sense her own. But it is always followed by another moment still, that moment in which the work is nothing and the workman all. At the sound of that tearful voice under the bedclothes she had taken Dicky swiftly in her arms.

"Did you do it for me, Dicky?" she whispered.

He nodded his head.

"And did it take you all these last three days?"

He nodded his head again.

"But where did you learn?"

"We have drawing lessons at Leggatt's. Old Leggatt takes us himself."

She put the paper away in a book and that evening showed it to her husband.

"Don't you think it's very good, Joseph?" she said.

He adjusted his spectacles and looked at it. After a close examination he raised his head.

"I hope he won't want to be an artist," he said, and was about to tear the paper up. She caught it quickly in her hand.

"You wouldn't tear it up!" she exclaimed.

"Why not, Christina? I don't want him to be encouraged."

"But why?"

"Well—I expect him to take on the mill after me. It's paying well now. Other mills are shutting up. In a few years it'll be a good property. It isn't every boy gets an open chance like this. Surely you must wish it too. It was your money that bought the mill. He couldn't possibly do better—besides it's his duty to me."

She put the paper away as she looked out through the window into a black, cheerless night. At that moment things were as black and cheerless in her heart. She felt that there would be no hope for

Dicky if this was all that lay before him. And yet, until that instant she had never really supposed anything else.

"He must have something to amuse himself with while he's lying alone up there," she said presently. "He bears it very patiently, but he's not a boy who can do nothing. He must occupy his mind. I was going to give him some of my silks so that he could do these things with colour. I'm sure that would amuse him."

"Oh—I don't mind his sewing," said Mr. Furlong. "He'll never make that the business of a lifetime. But I hope he'll never be an artist. I should hate to think any son of mine was wasting his time like that."

"He might be a great artist," said Christina.

"Great artists are born," replied Mr. Furlong—"not made."

"Well—Dicky was born," said she—"I bore him."

"Yes—but you know what I mean," he replied.

However, no objection had been raised to the coloured silks, and the next morning Dicky found himself with a needle, a piece of canvas and the ball of orange silk making roses as he meant roses should be made. He worked as though his life depended on it, struggling in difficulty with his injured hand.

Anne came upstairs to watch him. She felt all the envy that a woman does who sees a man at work.

"Red roses are much nicer," she said after a long silence—"and you don't hold your needle right."

"Everybody has red roses," said he.

She watched him a while longer, and then envy could bear it no more. She sat down on the side of his bed.

"I tell you what we'll do, Dicky," she said, and there was excitement in her voice with the new idea—"when you're all right we'll have drawing lessons."

"Only on wet days," said Dicky.

"All right. I'll have the school. And you can bring your things and learn."

"What—you teach me?"

"Yes—we can take it in turns. I won't always have the school."

Dicky agreed and stipulated again that it should only be on wet days.

"I couldn't keep still in the house when it was fine," said he. "Look here—can you help me out of bed—I must get out!"

"Why?"

"There's a heron there. I saw it go past the poplar—come on, Anne—I must get out. It's gone down by the river—I bet it has. Help me out."

She helped him, but it was a tricky matter. The injured hand for the last two weeks had lain on the bed on a level with his body. It was now the colour of milk and not a drop of blood was there. Whenever he got out of his bed that arm had carefully to be supported. But in his eagerness and hers, they both forgot this. The hand fell powerless to his side, and as the blood rushed through the unaccustomed veins, the agony was more than Dicky could endure. With a loud cry he fell back again upon the bed and shouted with the pain of it.

In a moment Christina was in the room and Dicky was lifted back onto his pillows.

It was later in the day that Dicky heard how at that moment Wilfrid and his sister Dorothy had called to ask when he would be well.

"Dorothy heard you shrieking," said Anne, "and she began to cry."

"What a silly little ass she is," said Dicky.

CHAPTER VI

At the end of those three weeks Dicky was up once more. It was a fine day, the morning that he dressed and, on Christina's arm, walked slowly down the stairs. This was not one of the days he would have taken lessons in painting at the hands of Anne. He begged to be allowed out in the garden.

Christina shook her head.

"I can go to the door, can't I?" said he.

She led him through the old square hall to the stout oak door—that same door at which, three weeks ago, she had taken him so fearfully in her arms. As she thought of it she shuddered, and yet in those three weeks, indeed because of them, she knew that Dicky had become more to her, that she had become more to Dicky. In so contrary a world as this

there is always something to be thankful for.

The Michaelmas daisies were still in bloom. Here and there amongst the dying leaves of the summer's flowers, left negligently to care for itself, the bright yellow of an autumn crocus cried out the everlasting fecundity of the earth. As you stood at the door, the dense laurel hedge shut out the view, but over the gap where hung the white wicket gate, Dicky could see the glimpse of open country which he knew so well. The joy he felt as he stood there came to him in one sweep of delight. He did not realise that it was good to hear the rumbling sound of the old mill's wheel, to hear it untrammelled by four walls. He did not truly understand that the sound of birds in the open meant so much more than the muffled noises he had heard for the last three weeks. He only felt an overwhelming joy when the air of the country side blew gently on his face and slipping his hand into Christina's said—

"By Jove—won't it be ripping next spring!"

"Do you mean the daffodils?" she asked.

"Everything," said he. "I'm going to find that hawk's nest next spring."

"But no more snakes, Dicky."

Suddenly that brought it all back to his mind. He looked up at her quickly with a nervous smile and the faint colour became fainter in his cheeks. Christina took him inside and closed the door.

She knew then how much a change there was in Dicky. In those three weeks, perhaps on that very morning so little a while ago, there had been aroused in him the nervous quality of imagination. He could see things now he had never seen before. He could see the things which do not exist almost as plainly as those which do. Christina put her arm round his neck as she brought him into the sitting-room.

"What is it, Dicky?" she asked gently.

"Felt just a little cold," said he.

But Christina knew the coldness he had felt. It clings about the heart and makes the spirit shudder. She had often felt it at night as she listened to the water falling over the weir. She had

felt it only that morning as she opened the hall door. When then he tried to make casual his voice for the answer, she tightened her fingers lovingly on his shoulder, knowing how efficacious a touch like that can be to drive such cold away.

All that day he sat in his father's arm-chair by the fire in the sitting-room where in the morning Anne did her lessons. It was a great sense of importance he felt to be occupying that exalted position, and yet every now and again his eyes turned longingly to the window. Every fresh gust of wind was carrying down great flights of leaves from the elm trees. They tapped against the window as they flew by and then sped on, away into the garden, leaping and twirling as though they laughed at his imprisonment.

Anne sat silently and conscientiously before her books. He could see her lips moving as she committed the words to memory and wondered how she could stay at it so long. There came a moment when he could bear the inaction of it no longer. He begged her to play a game. Where he, had he been Anne, would have leaped to the suggestion, she only shook her head. Still he persisted. Anne drove her fingers into her ears and her lips moved faster than ever.

"Oh—come on," said Dicky. "You aren't learning a beastly thing."

But Anne was faithful to her duty. She certainly was learning nothing. As fast as she repeated the words, they went straight out of her head. But there she was to learn her lessons, and there it was her duty to stay. Yet Dicky prevailed.

"You teach me painting," he cried, and to that she succumbed. Against all commands that he should remain quietly in his chair, Dicky went out of the room. To make reality more real, he was supposed to be passing a window in the street and, seeing there a notice to the effect that painting was to be learned within, should stop, enter and take up his course. With many giggles, Anne wrote the notice on a sheet of exercise paper and rested it on the table against a book. Then Dicky entered.

Solemnly he walked round the table oblivious of the existence of Anne. If

the second party in the game were enclosed within four walls, nothing on earth could make Dicky see them. At last the notice attracted his attention. Solemnly he stopped and read.

"Oh—Anne—what rot!" he said. "You might play properly." For on the paper was written: "Lessons in panting." And Anne shook with laughter at her little jest. "Do it properly now," he begged, for he longed to be at the painting he was supposed to learn. "I'll go out of the room again," he said. "Only do it right this time."

For the second time he left the room and would not feel the shaking weakness through all his body. When he returned the paper was in the same place; the same detour was solemnly made around the table. He stopped again and read.

"Anne! You are a beastly rotter. Lessons in putting on pants! I don't call that funny a bit. I wanted to paint."

Suddenly then the strain he had put upon himself gave way. He stumbled.

"What's the matter, Dicky?" cried Anne.

"I don't know," said Dicky in a whisper, "I think I'm going," and he crumpled up like a tired old man and tumbled to the floor.

With half a sense of joy in her heart, Christina laid him back once more in the big bed and, when he came to, did her best to be cross with him.

"I told you not to move, Dicky," she said sternly.

"I was so sick of it," said he, "and it made me mad to see Anne learning her lessons. She wouldn't stop till I made her."

Christina smiled, but hid it from him.

"What shall I do to you?" she asked, and, believing that there was nothing in

the world she could do but what was kind, he answered—

"Play the piano downstairs this evening, before tea-time."

At that she broke into laughter, as suddenly becoming serious again when she thought what Dicky would be to women if he said things like that when he was a man.

She played that evening nevertheless. When the firelight was dancing on the ceiling and before they brought the lighted candles to his room, Dicky heard the notes of the piano come creeping up the stairs and through his open door.

At first they crept on tip-toe, like children stealing away from the house below to come up there and talk to him. Christina played the Moonlight Sonata, and to the first movement of the notes Dicky lay back on his pillow and thought of that bend of the river Avon where it gurgles and whispers under the willow trees and the water rats swim silently in and out the weeds.

Suddenly the music changed; the notes came tumbling up the stairs, bounding in through the open doorway, romping around his bed. Then Dicky sat up and thought of the water racing over the weir. He imagined himself in a boat that floated nearer and ever nearer to the fall. At last, with a crash of chords, it came. And then the house was silent. He turned his head and listened. Surely she would not stop then. But for a long while there was silence. And then the notes began once more. Christina played the Sonata Pathétique. Dicky lay back again upon his pillows; upon the ceiling the firelight danced with silent feet, and round his bed the whispering children clustered once more, singing their songs to him until he fell asleep.

(To be continued)

ALUMNI PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

BY EDWIN M. NORRIS

One of the oldest American universities there is a handsome gothic building named for a much-beloved former president of the institution, but informally Globe-Wernicke dormitory, because it was presented to the university piece by piece. Ten of the younger graduate classes gave the money to build it, each of the ten classes contributing a section of the building. As the classes average something over two hundred members each, and as the contributions were extended over a period of years, it required less than an average of a dollar a year from each member to pay for the building. Since this building was given, the first financed on this plan, other classes have contributed several "entries" or sections of new dormitories, and two classes have given entire dormitories. Still another building on the piece-by-piece plan is now being started, and the scheme has become a recognised system toward the development of the university plant, by coöperative contributions from the graduates.

This is but one instance of substantial alumni support of our American universities and colleges. Most of the older universities, with their thousands of well-organised graduates, receive from these graduates a large part of the donations which make possible their steady growth,—in buildings, in endowment for teachers' salaries, in books, in scientific apparatus, in fellowships, scholarships and funds for the assistance of students, and in the other things which enable the American college to give its undergraduates two or three times as much in value as their tuition fees.

And because there should always be representation where there is taxation (though in this instance the taxation is entirely voluntary) the alumni and alumnae of our colleges and universities are

receiving more recognition and taking a more important part in the government of the institutions for the higher education. And for the same reason, in recent years there has developed a special type of journalism, the alumni publications.

THE PUBLICATION AND THE "SPIRIT"

In matters of sentiment it is dangerous to dogmatise, but if the college graduate were to analyse his interests he would be pretty apt to place his alma mater next to his religion, his country and his family (if he is old enough and courageous enough to have acquired the latter), and at that he might find it difficult to draw any sharp line of demarcation in these primal interests. The idealism of his zeal for his college is certainly very much akin to religion. It is only the most superficial view that limits the college man's loyalty to a desire to see his representatives win on the athletic field. To be sure, he takes great joy in seeing his team beat the other fellows, but to him every little contest has a meaning of its own which may not always be apparent to the general public,—in its reflection of the spirit, the manhood, the sportsmanship, the basic character of the type of which he is a part.

To take another example, many a college man will miss almost anything except his own wedding (and instances are not wanting when he has postponed that) to go to his annual alumni dinner,—and the dinner itself is the smallest part of the inducement. The fellowship is more, but what he is there for, principally, is to hear from the old college home. He wants to know what is going on at his college, and he also wants to have his say about the goings-on. This is what the alumni publication supplies: Both the information and the medium for the expression of his views. Being devoted exclusively to its separate field, the alumni publication keeps its readers in

touch with the university and with each other, as no general publication can do. The graduate seeing a "story" about his college in the daily or periodical press, has learned to take it with, not a grain, but a whole bag of salt until he sees it confirmed in his alumni publication. For every graduate knows that much of the stuff that is printed about the colleges is inaccurate and exaggerated, if not entirely false. Even so reputable a maga-

to serve their universities. The editors are usually graduates who combine with their editorial duties some other literary, journalistic or university work. A brief summary of some of the names connected with the publications will indicate the substantial character of their work. William Roscoe Thayer, the historian and poet, has been the editor of *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, the pioneer of the alumni publications, since its establishment in 1892. For a score of years this magazine has held a place all its own, chiefly because of the able editorial management of Mr. Thayer and his colleagues. Among his published works *The Life and Times of Cavour*, the second edition of which was lately issued, is a volume of recognised authority on modern Italy and Cavour. Mr. Thayer was graduated from Harvard in 1881 and received his early editorial experience on the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*. His eminence in Italian studies was recognised by his appointment as the delegate of Harvard College and the American Historical Association to the International Historical Congress at Rome in 1903, and the Italian Historical Congress at Milan in 1906. He was also made a Knight of the Order of the Crown in 1902. Associated with Mr. Thayer as University Editors have been Frank Bolles and Professors A. B. Hart, George P. Baker, R. B. Merriman, and W. B. Munro of the Harvard Faculty.

Entirely separate from *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, which is a quarterly combining the functions of a magazine with summaries of current events, is the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, published weekly and edited by E. H. Wells, the General Secretary of the Harvard Alumni Association, of which the *Bulletin* is the official organ. Mr. Wells has served as Acting Dean of Harvard College, and is now the Acting Secretary of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences and Vice-Chairman of the Athletic Committee. Other editorial writers of the *Bulletin* are John D. Merrill, the financial editor of the *Boston Globe*; J. Hays Gardiner, for the past ten years Assistant Professor of English at Harvard, author of *Forms of Prose Literature*, *The Bible as English Literature*, and other well-

EDGAR HUIDEKOPER WELLS, GENERAL SECRETARY
OF THE HARVARD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

zine as *Current Literature* recently made the stupid blunder of stating that Princeton "has no provision for dormitories," whereas the original college building was a dormitory (Nassau Hall, built in 1756), and Princeton has never since then been without dormitories, of which there are now sixteen.

SOME OF THE EDITORS

This illustrates the need of the alumni publications, which are edited by experts in their several fields, whose aim is solely

known books. The founder of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* and its first editor was Jerome D. Greene, for nine years secretary to President Eliot and later secretary to the Harvard Corporation, now business manager of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and the Rockefeller Hospital in New York City.

The *Yale Alumni Weekly*, the most elaborate of the weekly publications, was started in 1892 as an alumni edition of the *Yale News*, the undergraduate daily. In 1895 it came under graduate management, and was ably edited for eleven years by Lewis S. Welch, who is now with a large insurance company at Hartford, Connecticut. Associated with Mr. Welch, writing more particularly on athletic subjects, was Walter Camp, the football authority, and Everard Thompson of the administrative department of Yale athletics. In 1906 the *Yale Alumni Weekly* was purchased by Clarence S. Day, Jr., of New York, Secretary of the class of '96, for the purpose of developing it and eventually turning it over to the alumni. This was done in 1910, when the Yale Publishing Association was incorporated, to which Mr. Day gave the *Weekly*. Forty widely distributed alumni are the governors of this Association, who are represented in the actual operation of the business by five directors, E. J. Phelps of Chicago, Secretary of the Yale Alumni Advisory Board; F. L. Bigelow of New Haven, a member of the executive committee of that board; S. H. Fisher of the New Haven bar; Frederick Dwight of New York, Secretary of the class of '94, and Edwin Oviatt, president and treasurer of the Association. When Mr. Day acquired the *Weekly* in 1906 he invited his classmate, Mr. Oviatt, to become the editor, and in addition to serving as executive head of the Association, Mr. Oviatt has progressively carried on the work of editor-in-chief. G. E. Thompson is business manager, and the assistant editor is Minott A. Osborn. An unusual instance of university amenities is exhibited in the fact that a Princeton graduate is the literary editor of the *Yale Alumni Weekly*,—Jack Randall Crawford of the English Faculty of the Sheffield Scientific School, whose translation of Gorky's play, *The Bessemenovs*, was

produced by the Mermaid Society of London, at Terry's Theatre in 1906, when Mr. Crawford was living in England.

The *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, established in 1900 as the successor of the old *Alumni Princetonian* (which had been edited by undergraduates and had been little more than a weekly reprint of parts of *The Daily Princetonian*), had the benefit of the literary skill of Jesse Lynch Williams, author of *The Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls*, a monograph on President Cleveland, *The Stolen Story and Other Newspaper Stories*, *Princeton Stories*, and numerous other

EDWIN OVIATT, "YALE ALUMNI WEEKLY"

books and articles. Under Mr. Williams's brilliant and vigorous editorship the newly founded *Weekly* immediately took an important and influential place in Princeton affairs, the establishment the following year of direct alumni representation in the Board of Trustees, giving to Princeton graduates a much wider recognition than ever before in the government of the university, being largely due to its advocacy. On account of his literary engagements Mr. Williams felt constrained to relinquish the editorship in 1904, but he has continued a valuable

is published by the Alumni's Council, and has an advisory board composed of John B. Pine, chairman; Charles P. Sawyer, Frederick P. Keppel, Rudolf Tombo, Jr., Foster Ware, and J. Gardner Hopkins.

Wilfred B. Shaw, editor of *The Michigan Alumnus*, is also Secretary of the Alumni Association of the University of Michigan, of which *The Alumnus* is the official organ. A former editor, James H. Prentiss, is now vice-president of an insurance company of Chicago, and another, Shirley W. Smith, is Secretary of the University of Michigan. E. B. Johnson, editor of *The Minnesota Alumni Weekly*, was formerly registrar of the University of Minnesota, and is now the secretary of the General Alumni Association of that institution.

THE MATTER OF ORGANISATION

Back of nearly all the alumni publications there is a graduate organisation of some kind,—either the general alumni

WOODFORD PATTERSON, "CORNELL ALUMNI NEWS"

member of the executive committee of the paper, and is now the chairman of that committee.

The *Brown Alumni Monthly* since its establishment in 1900, has been edited by Henry R. Palmer, of the editorial staff of the *Providence Daily Journal*. Associate editors of the *Brown Monthly* have been Professor Joseph N. Ashton, of the music department of Brown University, and Professor Allan H. Willett, formerly of the Brown faculty, now at the Carnegie Technical Schools of Pittsburgh. At present the associate editor is Professor Harry Lyman Koopman, Professor of Bibliography and Librarian of Brown University. Woodford Patterson, editor of the *Cornell Alumni News*, was for ten years a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Sun*. Robert Arrowsmith, managing editor of the *Columbia Alumni News*, established three years ago, was formerly a member of the Faculty of Columbia University. This publication is also fortunate in having as literary editor Charles Buxton Going, the editor of the *Engineering Magazine*. The *Columbia Alumni News*

E. B. JOHNSON, MINNESOTA ALUMNI WEEKLY

association, as in the case of *The Minnesota Alumni Weekly*, *The Michigan Alumnus*, the *Harvard Bulletin*, *The Alumni Register* of the University of Pennsylvania, the *Bryn Mawr Alumna Quarterly*, *The Washington Alumnus*, *The Colgate Alumni Quarterly*, and several others; or the association of class secretaries, as in the case of *The Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* and the *Brown Alumni Monthly*; or merely a group of graduates organised as a publishing company, as in the case of the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, *The Princeton Alumni Weekly*, and the *Cornell Alumni News*. The Princeton Publishing Company, publishers of *The Princeton Alumni Weekly*, may be taken as an example of the substantial character of these organisations. The president of this company is Charles Scribner, the head of the publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons; the vice-president is Robert Bridges of

ROBERT ARROWSMITH, "COLUMBIA ALUMNI NEWS"

Scribner's Magazine; the secretary and treasurer, Harold G. Murray, who is also secretary of the Graduate Council of Princeton. In addition to these the board of directors of the company includes such prominent Princeton men as John D. Davis of St. Louis, vice-president of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company; M. Taylor Pyne of New York and Princeton; Francis Speir and George William Burleigh of the New York bar; Jesse Lynch Williams, the author, and J. Lionberger Davis of the St. Louis bar. Messrs. Williams, Scribner, Speir, Bridges and Burleigh form the executive committee, which keeps in touch with the editor, and C. Whitney Darrow is the business manager. This makes an effective working organisation, the editor being responsible for the general policy of the paper, for putting it together and getting it out, and the business manager taking care of the advertising, the subscription department, and the mailing.

At Princeton, out of the establishment of *The Alumni Weekly* a dozen years ago has grown the Princeton University Press, with its large collegiate gothic

WILFRED B. SHAW, "MICHIGAN ALUMNUS"

THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, THE GIFT OF MR. CHARLES SCRIBNER. THIS PLANT ISSUES EIGHTEEN PUBLICATIONS, IN ADDITION TO DOING THE UNIVERSITY PRINTING AND PUBLISHING MANY BOOKS OF AN EDUCATIONAL CHARACTER

building and fully equipped plant, the generous gift of Charles Scribner. This press is organised and operated for the benefit of the university, *The Alumni Weekly* being only one of eighteen publications it now handles, in addition to doing the university printing and publishing many books of an educational character. *The Alumni Weekly* has its editorial and business offices conveniently in the Princeton University Press building.

THE QUESTION OF QUALITY

As most of the alumni editors have had experience in newspaper or magazine work, and are usually graduates of several years' standing, the amateurish character of the undergraduate publications is naturally absent in the alumni publications. In artistic appearance, in typography and illustrations, and in general make-up, some of them compare very favourably with the best magazines, and in clear and effective expression and accuracy of contents they are unsurpassed. None of them being published oftener than once a week, ordinarily they cannot, of course, compete with the daily press in freshness of news, but must be content to give a review of current university information. However, the alumni publications get much "inside information" which the metropolitan dailies miss entirely, and they also print much news of interest to their readers only, which the dailies do not touch. Their aim is ac-

curacy and comprehensiveness, rather than priority of publication. But even so, an alumni publication will now and then get a "scoop," by reason of its special advantage for learning of the happenings in its own institution. A recent instance of this was on the occasion of the election of Dr. John Grier Hibben to the presidency of Princeton, the news of which *The Princeton Alumni Weekly* was the first to print and have on sale,—together with a full-page portrait of the new president, on the cover.

THE MAKE UP OF THE PERIODICALS

With the exception of *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine* and *The Pennsylvania Alumni Register*, which are really quarterly magazines with incidental news departments, the alumni publications, whether weekly or monthly, are devoted to a resumé of current university news, with magazine features incidental. Ordinarily the weeklies run from sixteen to thirty-two pages, the monthlies from thirty-two to eighty pages. In size the page varies from that of *THE BOOKMAN* to that of *The Nation*. A copy of the *Yale Alumni Weekly* may be taken at random as an example of contents. It will start with Mr. Oviatt's entertaining editorial comment on the week, which may be confined to Yale affairs or may touch on university matters in general; then there will be a column or two of news of the corporation or the faculty;

an illustrated article on some department of the university, strictly a magazine feature, and probably contributed by a member of the faculty; then perhaps a page report of a scientific expedition conducted by a Yale man, illustrated, and two or three pages of letters from alumni on all sorts of topics relating to university life; next you will probably find a number of excerpts from the undergraduate press,—just to let the alumni know what their younger brothers are thinking about, when they think, or how well or ill they express their thoughts when they write; these may be followed by quotations concerning Yale from the public press, and then comes a batch of reviews of Yale books, compact reports of athletics and other news of the campus, accounts of alumni meetings in various parts of the country, and finally several columns of personal notes of the graduates,—a very popular department of the alumni publications. This brief outline may be taken as a more or less typical make-up, but it will vary with the seasons and changing conditions, the magazine features ranging widely in subjects, but always being connected in some way with university men or affairs. In the spring and autumn much space is devoted to athletics, the younger graduates especially relying on their alumni publications for full and accurate accounts of the games and pictures of the teams.

THE SUPPLY OF COPY

The fact is that these publications are never at a loss for "copy," the constant problem of the editors being to find space for the things they want to print and illustrate and for the numerous university, undergraduate and alumni interests that are demanding recognition. For this reason it often happens, indeed it is almost a chronic experience with the writer, that the "copy" pigeonhole is jammed with data, or special articles already written and awaiting their turn for publication. And they may have to wait for weeks or perhaps months, because fresh news "stories" are constantly coming up, whose publication cannot be postponed; and because it is necessary to keep a tight rein on expenses, precluding the adding of too many extra pages.

A fruitful source of "copy" demanding immediate publications are the communications written by alumni. College men are notoriously critical concerning their own institution,—which is far from a bad sign, as it indicates their jealous interest. One of the most experienced of the alumni editors says that he always expects to hear from everybody who has a grievance. That is pretty apt to be the case, as those who are satisfied do not usually take the trouble to express their satisfaction in writing. One critical alumnus took exception to the architectural development of his university by writing to suggest that "the next building be made a sky-blue pink with purple dots." Those who read the alumni publications were entertained by a recent discussion in the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, in which Mr. "Dutch" Carter, the old Yale pitcher, objected in his characteristically vigorous language to an editorial in the undergraduate *Yale News*, in which the football season of 1911 was pronounced "satisfactory." Mr. Carter, who had pitched and batted Yale nines to victory on many a hard-fought field, was unable to derive much "satisfaction" from the fact that his college eleven had been defeated by Princeton and tied by Harvard. Thereupon ensued a protracted discussion as to the exact connotation of "satisfactory," from which is developed that the Yale undergraduates, at any rate, were satisfied with the leadership of Captain Howe of the Yale eleven.

THE OPEN FORUM

To the right kind of boys, who never grow old, these indeed are serious matters, but not so serious as many of the discussions by eminent graduates, involving large questions of university policy. It is the practice of the publications to permit full and free discussion of all university questions by representatives of all sides, and in fact there is usually no restriction on the expression of opinion except that the writers shall keep within the bounds of courtesy and that the discussion shall not be carried on to the detriment of the university. This latter restriction naturally excludes such general discussions as those of a political nature, which obviously have no place in a pub-

lication whose readers represent all shades of political affiliations.

It is in a large measure through the communications in the alumni publications that the wishes of graduates are made known to the university authorities,—the influence of the communications being pretty generally commensurate with the influence of the alumni in a given institution. The freedom with which some correspondents express their opinions may not always be welcome to

some of the members of the governing bodies, as was shown when a certain straight-laced trustee indignantly discontinued his subscription because a correspondent, in giving vent to his feelings with regard to the loss of the big football game of the season, used the word "damn,"—and the editor printed it, of course. Unknown to the trustee, the correspondent was a clergyman. But this is an instance of narrowmindedness which is not at all typical.

Photograph by Randall and Park

THE ALUMNI MEMORIAL HALL ON THE CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, RECENTLY
ERECTED THROUGH FUNDS SUBSCRIBED BY THE ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY.
IT CONTAINS THE TABLET OF DR. ANGELL BY CARL RITTER

SOME DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTORS

Most of the alumni publications are as yet too young to have much history, or big names in affairs to boast of, such as former editors becoming Daniel Websters or Henry Clays. Give them time. But there is plenty to be proud of concerning the long list of distinguished contributors. For example, in *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine* have appeared the notable autobiography of Francis Parkman, "Recollections," by S. F. Smith, Miss Marie Corelli's account of the rescue of "Harvard House," and other sources relating to John Harvard; *Phi Beta Kappa* Orations by President Tucker, General F. A. Walker, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, G. S. Morrison, Seth Low, Ex-Secretary Charles J. Bonaparte, William Everett, Wayne MacVeagh, Professor G. H. Palmer, C. D. Wright, Congressman S. W. McCall, President Angell, Professor E. C. Pickering, Ambassador Bryce, and Dr. H. H. Furness; addresses by H. L. Higginson, Sir Frederick Pollock, Justice Holmes, Joseph H. Choate, Professor C. E. Norton, Booker T. Washington, and Professor William James; special articles by President Eliot, President Roosevelt, Charles Francis Adams, President C. F. Thwing, Colonel T. W. Higginson, and Dr. E. E. Hale; poems by Mrs. Edith Wharton, T. W. Higginson, N. S. Shaler, L. B. R. Briggs, William Everett, J. T. Wheelwright, E. S. Martin, W. P. Garrison, and Robert Grant.

To take another example, *The Princeton Alumni Weekly* has printed addresses or articles by President Cleveland, Bishop Satterlee, Baron Takahira, Ambassador Bryce, Governor Woodrow Wilson, Justice Mahlon Pitney, President Francis Landey Patton, President John Grier Hibben, President H. A. Garfield, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Laurence Hutton, Robert Bridges, Professor Charles A. Young, the astronomer; President John Huston Finley, Andrew Carnegie, Professor Arthur E. Shipley of Cambridge University, England; Dean Andrew F. West, President Henry Fairfield Osborn, Robert E. Speer, James W. Alexander, George McLean Harper, President Lowell, Edwin Asa Dix, Ralph Adams Cram, Job

E. Hedges, Professor Howard Crosby Butler, McCready Sykes, Ernest T. Carter, Parke H. Davis and William T. Reid, the football authorities; William J. Henderson, the music critic; Commissioner William H. Edwards, the Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Hall, Professor William Milligan Sloane, Dr. E. C. Richardson, Colonel George B. McClellan, and many others.

And the list might be indefinitely extended, if one were to attempt to mention all the distinguished contributors to the alumni publications. But before leaving this phase of the subject, it is timely to refer to the charming sketches "From the Hillside" contributed to the *Yale Alumni Weekly* by Brian Hooker, joint author with Professor Horatio Parker, of the ten thousand dollar prize opera *Mona*, produced for the first time this spring at the Metropolitan Opera House.

THE EDITORIAL POLICY

The editorial "policy" of all the alumni publications is practically the same. Being the representatives not of any board of trustees or faculty or other academic governing authority, but of the alumni, and the alumni as a whole, the publications are necessarily "independent," leaving the way open to take either side of any question that may arise, or neither side, but always standing for fair play.

It is vital to the strength and influence of the alumni publications that they have no organic connection with or official relation to the university. For only by maintaining their independence of the constituted authorities can they truly and freely voice the sentiments of their constituency, the graduate body. The publications, however, are nearly always in cordial coöperation with the authorities, though at times it may be necessary to be frankly critical of administration measures. In fact, these publications probably constitute as free a press as could be found anywhere. For, being neither officially controlled nor the private property of any individual, they have no private interests to serve. Unlike the daily press, also, they are not subordinate to the business office. They are not commercial enterprises, organ-

ised for profit. No advertiser is big enough to dictate to them. There may have been a small fund subscribed by alumni to start them,—in some cases there was, in others there was not,—but this was probably made up of pass-the-hat contributions for the good of the cause, without expectation of returns. Few if any of the publications are old enough and prosperous enough to pay dividends; indeed, the stockholders of most of them consider themselves lucky to escape Irish dividends. The income from circulation and advertisements is usually just about enough to meet the bills. The advertising pages offer an especially attractive medium for schools, insurance companies, bankers, brokers and trust companies, publishers, hotels, makers of furniture, clothes, and athletic goods, and several of the publications run professional directories, with the cards of alumni classified by cities or states. There is constant evidence that these advertisements are read,—for the college man reads his alumni publication with avidity, from cover to cover.

CIRCULATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS

The circulation ranges from one thousand for the publications of the smaller institutions to as many as fifteen thousand for the larger,—which does not by any means comprehend the total of readers. For many of the younger alumni especially, while attending professional schools or continuing university studies in the larger cities, and others who have not yet emerged from the hall-bedroom stage, patronise the copies always to be found in their alumni club reading rooms. Then again college men run in families, or young graduates combine on an apartment, and one copy of the alumni publication serves the whole establishment, until the members cut loose and set up their own vine and fig tree. (All alumni editors and business managers should therefore encourage marriage.) The subscription price is from one to three dollars a year, and the publications which are the official organs of general alumni associations usually have a combination rate for alumni dues and subscription to the

paper. The Alumni Association of the University of Michigan, for example, has an endowment membership plan, whereby life membership and subscription to *The Michigan Alumnus* is completed after the payment of thirty-five dollars in seven instalments of five dollars each. From this source the association has nearly twenty-five thousand dollars in its endowment fund. In some instances the alumni publication is the main support of the association. On the whole, the publications are at least self-supporting. And if perchance the yearly balance sheet shows a modest profit, it is pretty apt to go into the budget of the alumni association, or into improvements for the publication.

THE SPHERE OF INFLUENCE

Enough has been said to indicate that the alumni publication is not in any ordinary sense a commercial enterprise, and that the editor is unfettered by the business office. Within reasonable limits he has a free hand in the conduct of the paper, as it is and must be assumed that his only motive is the good of the university. And the influence of the alumni publication is undoubtedly large in its field. It is not too much to say, for example, that the three things accomplished by the General Alumni Association of the University of Minnesota in the eight years of its existence could not have been brought about without the support of *The Minnesota Alumni Weekly*, namely, the release of the university from the supervision of the Board of Control, the thirty per cent. increase in the salaries of the faculty, and the doubling of the size of the original campus.

The *Brown Alumni Weekly* is at present coöperating with President Faunce in raising an addition of a million dollars to the endowment of the university. With the coöperation of *The Princeton Alumni Weekly*, a committee of graduates raised from Princeton men a fund of three hundred thousand dollars a few years ago for the great gymnasium at that university, and the Graduate Council of Princeton, which is financing the preceptorial system of instruction, depends much on *The Weekly* to stimulate the interest of the alumni.

The first important service of the *Columbia Alumni News*, on its establishment in 1910, was the arousing of alumni sentiment against granting academic degrees to professional students who had had their collegiate training elsewhere, the alumni influence leading to the discontinuance of this practice.

THORNS ON THE CUSHION

Once in a while the alumni editor will find himself in conflict with the authorities or the undergraduates or even his fellow alumni. Standing for clean sportsmanship on the athletic field, if perchance in the excitement of the season some untoward incident demands that he uphold his preachments in this regard, he is pretty likely to encounter the antagonism of those very practical and usually young persons who for the moment cannot resist the temptation of winning at any cost. These critics may then be expected to defend their standards by ridiculing the idealistic editor as a cloistered mollycoddle who does not know what he is scribbling about,—though he has probably been in the service while a dozen or more college classes have come and gone, and therefore has acquired a perspective; and his vocation has required him to keep in constant and close touch with the young life of the campus, so that he is qualified to know very well what he is talking about.

Not long ago one of the alumni editors was denounced as a tool of the administration and notified of a suit for libel because he had the courage to tell the facts with regard to the enforced resignation of a member of the faculty. The libel suit did not eventuate.

Another editor who in the day's work criticised the somewhat disproportionate place a certain undergraduate "activity"

was assuming in the college life, rose to the distinction of being cartooned in a double-page centre-piece in the undergraduate comic paper. The drawing was a clever caricature of the editor and his sanctum. The editor enjoyed it hugely. From the campus point of view it was a solemn rebuke. The editor was interested to observe that when that college generation became graduates the usual number of them subscribed for his paper.

At another university the alumni publication asked why a certain eminent graduate had never received an honorary degree from his alma mater. This was criticised, and not altogether unjustly (as the editor has since realised), as an unwarranted interference in matters that did not concern the magazine. But the eminent graduate got the honorary degree. The *Brown Alumni Monthly*, about two years ago, conducted a ballot of graduates on the question of eliminating all sectarian requirements from the university charter. For its attitude in favour of this elimination the magazine was censured in some quarters. The ballot resulted in some two thousand affirmative votes to about two hundred in the negative.

By keeping before the alumni accurate information and interpretative comment on conditions at their respective universities, the alumni publications perform their most important function. By thus stimulating the interest and loyalty and consequent support of the graduates, they render an invaluable service to the cause of higher education in America. And to their files the future historian will turn as the most complete, trustworthy and unbiased records of the varied life of the American colleges and universities of our time.

THE YOUNG CELTIC POETS

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

(With thanks of G. K. Chesterton)

Their hearts are bowed with sorrow,
They love to wail and croon;
They shed big tears when they sigh, "Machree,"
Floods when they sob, "Aroon!"

For the Young Gaels of Ireland
Are the lads that drive me mad;
For half their words need footnotes,
And half their rhymes are bad.

THE ANTI-CLIMAX AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

is curious, when one is to think of it, how many people will formalise a certain piece of fiction as ending in anti-climax, and how many of them, when asked for a satisfactory definition of the term. They have a more or less vague idea that an anti-climax combines a sense of disappointment with a lack of energetic happenings, and that is about as far as their offhand explanation arrives. Now, anti-climax is one of the big stumbling blocks of latter-day fiction, and for that reason it seems worth while to try and formulate for it some sort of a practicable, working definition, even if in doing so we run counter to certain accepted ideas.

In the first place, since Anti-climax is logically the opposite of Climax, let us stop for a moment to consider what we mean by the latter term. The Greeks, of course, in their drama at least, had a preference for placing what they called the climax, the moment of greatest intensity, somewhere in the middle, with the result that the whole structure possessed a sort of rising and falling in-

flexion, conveniently symbolised by a circumflex accent. Modern fiction is, for the most part, more simply constructed. We like to get our maximum effect in the closing paragraph. But it does not by any means follow that the inflection must be a rising one. We have quite as good a right to start at a high pitch and descend, like a grave accent, as to start at a low one and rise, like an acute. A rocket which soars with the familiar "siss, boom, a-h-h!" ending in a glorified golden shower, and the launching of a ship, which after its initial dash down the well-greased ways, glides with decreasing momentum to a majestic immobility in midstream, are equally good instances of an effective climax. And the rocket which abortively sizzles out in an adjacent pond, or a ship which in her first plunge goes to noisy destruction on a sunken rock, are likewise equally good instances of the anti-climax.

In other words, an anti-climax is a conclusion which does violence to the expectation which a reader has had the right to form, quite regardless of whether he has done so or not. Every story, if well constructed, has some prevailing mood, some high light of the

emotions toward which it is moving. It may, at the same time, have interwoven several other subordinate moods and divergent purposes; and the final surprise which in a certain class of stories comes sharply like the snap of a whip, depends for its effect upon the success with which the reader has been thrown off his guard, and tricked into following the wrong clue. The test, in cases like this, is to ask yourself, after finishing a story, whether the author has dealt fairly with you or not. If in honesty, you are obliged to say, "By Jove, it was stupid of me not to foresee that!" then the author has been fair; but if, on the contrary, you say, "There is not a thing in the story which forecasts that ending," then the ending in question is not only unfair but an anti-climax.

The salient difference between this present definition and the accepted, conventional idea of an anti-climax is this: that a big noise and turmoil, a universal cataclysm overturning the universe in a swirl of cosmic dust, may be just as ineffective and disappointing where one has expected the story to end in a Nirvana of tranquillity, as a sudden and impotent butting-up against a barrier of nothingness would be where one expected the opposite. And since, in a material world like our own, the human mind cannot see beyond a limited horizon, any conclusion to a story which is based upon the intervention of fate,—whether you call it chance or the carefully ordered design of Omniscience,—is nothing more nor less than an anti-climax, and one of the most inexcusable types. A story may well end in wholesale slaughter, provided the whole structure of that story has prepared us for the possibility of such a conclusion. One of the biggest and most thoroughly justified climaxes in any story ever written is that of the story of *Samson*, in the book of *Judges*: "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life." Samson, old and blind and fettered, nevertheless in his last hour fulfilled the prophecy of his whole lifetime. And in sharp contrast to this is another human holocaust which, contrary to the conventional view, forms a colossal anti-climax, in Bulwer's *Last Days of Pom-*

peii. Not that a volcanic eruption has no place in fiction; but simply that, in order to be justified, it must be foreshadowed. An Italian writer of to-day might get a tremendous narrative effect by imagining some new and overwhelming activity of one of their world famous volcanoes. As a matter of fact, the thing was actually done, and most effectively too, in spite of the prevailing extravagance of the tale, in Jules Verne's *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, at the close of which the three intrepid adventurers are belched forth upon their flaming raft from the seething crater of Stromboli. But at the time of the destruction of Pompeii, Vesuvius had been, within the memory of man, a peaceful, vine-clad hill; and there was no more reason to expect it to burst forth in violence than there is to-day to have a crater suddenly yawn beneath Wall Street or Murray Hill. Writers of the historical novel are apt to forget this principle. But we of the modern age happen to know that certain tragedies, due to natural forces, took place in the past, is no reason for invoking the intervention of fate in an historical novel any more than in a novel of to-day. And this simple principle is nowhere better illustrated than by Mark Twain in *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, when the Yankee, taking advantage of his nineteenth-century historical knowledge, remembers that a total eclipse of the sun is due on a certain day and gets a tremendous farcical climax by predicting it.

Let us then keep this very simple principle in mind: that the ending must never be in violent contradiction to the dominant mood of a story. If the whole plan and tone of an author's work is calm, peaceful, matter-of-fact, imbued with a tranquillity akin to that of Jane Austen, and it nevertheless ends in violence and bloodshed, we have an anti-climax of the most grotesque type,—second only, indeed, to a version of Hamlet, in which he and his uncle should make mutual apologies, or a Siege of Troy interrupted by the intervention of a peace conference. For the cardinal sin of the anti-climax does not lie in quiescence and ineffectuality, but in the doing of the wrong thing.

One recent novel which has been unjustly accused of ending with an anticlimax is *Joseph in Jeopardy*, by Frank Danby. The author, who, as is generally known, is in private life Mrs. Julia Frankau and signs her numerous monographs on art with her own name, has never had from the critics a fair appreciation of her novels, notwithstanding that she is one of the very few women novelists of real importance now writing in English. The reasons for a lack of cordiality on the part of reviewers and the general public alike have usually been sufficiently easy to understand. In her earlier volumes, such as *Dr. Phillips* and *Pigs in Clover*, she told unsavoury truths about life with an outspoken frankness that carried dismay to many squeamish souls who insist upon seeing the world through rose-tinted glasses. *Joseph in Jeopardy* offends in quite a different manner. It narrates, as the symbolism of the title implies, the experiences of a modern Joseph who resists temptation and flees, leaving, so to speak, his cloak behind him. Now, just because Joseph and his temptress loom up rather large in the book, most readers have made the mistake of regarding their relationship and its outcome as the crucial interest of the volume, and are disappointed by an ending which, in the eyes of the lady in question, is undeniably tame and colourless. But it happens that to Frank Danby the interest centres in a third character, namely, Joseph's wife. In this disquieting and subversive era of the suffragette, it is pleasant to find that Frank Danby retains a sane and wholesome belief in the old-fashioned domestic virtues and the courage to make a timid, unattractive little woman win a difficult victory solely by force of them. But the book well deserves to be examined somewhat more in detail. It opens with the ostentatious marriage of Dennis Passiful, the new owner of Abinger's famous art gallery in Bond Street, to Mabel, only daughter of Amos Juxton, millionaire founder of "Juxton's Limited," which, with its battle-cries of "Emancipation for Women at Last," and "Pure Food served hot and hot," con-

tracts for a small annual subscription to serve three substantial meals a day, delivered to the home. Dennis was left an orphan in early childhood and educated,—although this he does not know until later,—on a fund raised by voluntary contributions. Among the contributors, the three who gave most generously were the good Vicar who adopted him, old Abe Abinger, expert art dealer, whose art gallery he inherited, and Juxton, whose house was a second home, and whose daughter Mabel a kindly fate seemed to have destined for his wife. As a matter of fact, Dennis married her, not for love, but out of pity, and with never one thought of the Juxton millions. He had supposed that Mabel was in love with Roddy Ainsworth; but when Roddy went off to the colonies with a musical comedy company, and Dennis found Mabel in tears, he helped to dry her eyes, and promptly stepped into the breach, reminding her that there was "another fellow besides Roddy." To the casual beholder, Mabel seemed scarcely the fitting mate for such a fine specimen of English manhood as Dennis. "Even in her wedding dress, and through the filmy lace that softened and enshrouded her, one could see that she was lean, and her back a little rounded; that her face and hair matched in a dead level of dun; that she had neither style, presence, nor beauty; that she looked every day of her six-and-twenty years, and had no grace nor compensating charm." Furthermore, she had no conversation, beyond a fund of inconsequential details about household affairs, the servants, the marketing, the weekly wash:

Dennis, do you remember if you have had five clean shirts since Saturday? I've counted them over three times, but I can't make them any less. And did I tell you those new socks of yours are going into holes so fast? I wish I could get better darning thread here, but the shops are really very poor. They've torn quite a hole out of one of your pyjamas at the laundry. I believe it's a steam laundry, although they assured me it was all done by hand.

In fact, it is not surprising that Dennis should have soon come to feel that "his whole life was permeated with

soiled linen," to take his wife more and more for granted and see less and less of her; so that, by the end of five years, while there had been no outward break, they were practically living separate lives. It was during the fifth year that he first beheld Lady Diana Wayne. It was at a theatre and "his eyes, before they had time to reach the stage, were arrested by the most perfect back he had ever seen; he did not know a living woman's back could be so beautiful."

The back and arm absorbed him during the first act. It was only toward the end of it that he was seized by an overmastering desire to see the face that surmounted this wonderful torso. He gratified this desire by going to the end of the stalls in the interval during the first and second act. The dark hair, parted in the middle, waved loosely into that roll of hair that left the back part of her neck visible. The profile, the short nose, the square chin, were pure Greek. She turned to speak to the man by her side. The movement of the slender neck was like music. Dennis could see the pencilled brows under her dark hair and the iridescent green of her eyes.

On the part of Lady Diana, as well as Dennis, it was a case of love at first sight. But with him, although he was slow to realise it, it was a strong man's violent passion for the first and only really beautiful woman he had ever taken in his arms. To epitomise the history of their playing with fire, the subtlety of Lady Diana's temptations, the innate decency that saves Dennis from himself, would be to no purpose. It is all done with admirable art and subtle understanding of men and women. But just a few further details must be given, in order to make the end intelligible. Mabel has a brother Ted, whose wife, Fanny, is a venomous, unprincipled little wretch, whose heartlessness is the chief factor in causing her husband's early death. Incidentally it should be said that the chapters recording Ted Juxton's last illness stand out as some of the best work Frank Danby ever did. Now Fanny, among her other misdeeds, is carrying on an intrigue with Cosmo Merritt, the brother of Lady Diana. There is no good reason why Fanny should wish to hurt Mabel, but she is

the type of woman who cannot bear the thought that another woman is better than herself; so she tells Cosmo that Roddy Ainsworth, who is back in England and has seen a good deal of the Passifuls, is Mabel's lover. Lady Diana, seizing eagerly upon this news, makes her big blunder; she tells Dennis what she has heard about his wife, urges him to seek a divorce, and suggests that, even if the scandal is groundless, it is still possible to doctor up the evidence so as to win; she is sure there is enough to convince a jury!

There was a flush upon his forehead, and every thought of Diana and her loveliness left his mind. *Mabel*—that Mabel's name should be used in this way, her reputation threatened! The heat in his blood was different now and more generous. He was overwhelmed with sudden anger or shame. That he should have to defend his wife to Diana! . . . "You must understand how impossible this story is about my wife; I must make you understand. *My wife!*" he said the words again and was conscious of the tenderness in his heart: "My wife is the most loyal, gentle, faithful . . ." He could not go on.

From this hour, Lady Diana's hold upon this modern Joseph is at an end. It remains only to indicate that there is one other scene, far too intimate to be clumsily retold, but infinitely pathetic and strangely wise, in which Mabel, all unconscious of the powers that have warred against her happiness, in her utter unselfishness does the act and speaks the words that inexpressibly touch her husband and eventually bring her to her woman's kingdom, "the kingdom which Juxton's Limited and the Woman's Suffrage League are trying so hard and so successfully to demolish."

Another study of an unhappy marriage is *The Squirrel Cage*, by Dorothy Canfield. Lydia Emery, after her education has been finished by some months in Europe, is expected by her family to come back to her home in Endbury, Ohio, take her place in Endbury society, as daughter of one of the First Families, and dutifully wed the husband already picked out for her, Paul Hollister, masterful, tireless, a

young man who as electric engineer has already pushed himself into a place of prominence. There is another man, Daniel Rankin, whom the girl has not forgotten from the earlier days; but when she inquires about him, she discovers that he has become a sort of social outcast. With every house open to him, and an excellent chance of rapid advancement in the advertising firm for which he worked, Rankin severed all connections, both business and social, and withdrew to a piece of woodland in the neighbourhood of the town, built himself a rough bungalow, and took up the trade of arts-and-crafts furniture. Lydia is interested, runs across Rankin a few times, quite by chance, and a few more times by design; Rankin imbues her with some of his doctrines, which are revolutionary, if not socialistic; and without vigorous action on the part of her family, she would undoubtedly have defied them and married him. But against the united efforts of the whole Emery clan she is helpless, and she knows it; besides, she is not quite sure that she doesn't love Paul; when he is with her, he is so masterful, so overpowering that she "just can't think of anything else!" So she follows the line of least resistance, accepts him, and proceeds to regret it through the whole duration of their married life. For its failure the author partly blames the girl's lack of freedom of choice, and the obvious incompatibility of their two natures; but she brings her chief indictment against the restless ambition of the American business man, and the purposeless and empty life of the the American wife. Paul is so ceaselessly engrossed with his growing activities that he has less and less time to give to Lydia; she, with time hanging heavily on her hands, begs him in vain to let her share in his interests, to tell her about his business affairs, to work less hard and be content with a simpler style of living. At first, her oddities amuse him; but gradually, as he realises that she is in earnest, that she does not crave wealth and power, and cannot share his insatiable ambition to be everywhere and always first, dormant resentment soon gives place to bitter recriminations and charges of ingratitude. Now, all this, while not

especially new, is admirably done; this couple, and others whom the limits of a brief summary do not permit mention specifically, are made very real and human. But here, in brief, is the trouble with this book: We are interested in it mainly because it is the story of a young girl's powerlessness to resist the steady pressure of convention, and because we are curious to find out how far she will allow it to crush her, before she revolts. We are sorry for Paul, because in his way he is a good sort, faithful, indomitable, driving himself to death from a sense of duty, his duty to his family and to society. Nevertheless, the marriage has resulted in an impossible situation, and we ask ourselves: How will Lydia end it? This question the author apparently could not answer, so she shirked it, and invoked the help of an accident, during the testing of a new dynamo: and Lydia is left a widow, with one small child on her hands, and another soon to come. There is a certain tragic pathos in the anxiety of the frail, sick little mother, morbidly convinced of her own approaching death, to provide for a sane and liberal education of her children, and to place them beyond the control of her own family, whose iron-clad conventionalism has brought her nothing but unhappiness:—and the way in which Rankin reappears in the story and helps her to attain her heart's desire is not ineffective. And yet, as a whole the conclusion has the effect of an anticlimax. There was a problem there to be worked out; and the dynamo accident no more solved it than a game of chess would be solved if the electric lights happened to go out.

The Unknown Woman, by Anne Warwick, is one of those occasional books

which, in spite of a distinctly unpleasant theme, "The Unknown Woman" have to be commended because so extremely

well done. Maurice Maury, an American sculptor, has lived many years in Rome, partly because his work requires it, partly also because his wife, Sandra, an Italian on her mother's side, has never known any other home. But at the opening of the story they have lately arrived for the first time in New York and Maury, Sandra's brother Jim, and an old

family friend Herndon Kent are renewing old memories. The structure of the story is somewhat complex, and it is a trifle puzzling to know just how much to tell and how much to reject. But whatever happens hinges more or less directly upon the character of Sandra. She has been married upward of twenty years; her daughter, Muffet, is verging on womanhood; yet in all these years, no one has guessed that Sandra's perfect poise, her enigmatic smile, her goading air of indifference are the outgrowth of passionate jealousy; for instance, here is what happened in the case of Muffet:

Muffet had pneumonia when she was quite small. I was sitting up with her one night; she could hardly breathe at all, yet she managed to gasp, "Papa—I can't get my breath, I want Papa." For me, Muffet died that night. . . . One by one I parted from them—my father, my mother, my husband, my child; they all died and I buried them. And in the end I buried myself—the turbulent me that was. You see, the murder was necessary; there came a time when I simply could no longer endure. Now I find death interesting enough. I haven't known a pang of suffering for many years, at least ten. And do you know why? Because I love nobody, not one human soul!

The theme of the book, stripped of surplussage, is the manner in which Sandra is awakened from her lethargy to a capability for renewed suffering, because it is only in that way that she can also become capable of renewed happiness. The book contains a good deal of interesting psychology dealing with some unusual phases, mental and moral. But it is only fair to notify the prospective reader that he is quite likely to find certain elements in the story distinctly offensive: notably, the chapter in which Maury's lifelong friend Kent tells him, in the presence of his wife, that he, Kent, was her lover before Maury married her; and again, the chapter in which Kent has proposed to Maury's daughter and been accepted by her; and Maury, learning this, forces his wife to tell the daughter the disgraceful truth. The whole tangled situation, the extraordinary and topsy-turvy views which these

astonishing people express regarding the elemental decencies of life, leave the reader with a dazed impression that the author has deliberately been playing ducks and drakes with ethics and morality. As already said, there is some extremely clever work in the book; and one only regrets that the effort had not been expended upon a worthier theme and more healthy-minded people.

It is pleasant to turn, by way of contrast, to such a blithe, wholesome, simple little volume as *Tales of a Greek Island*, by Julia D. Dragoumis. A little though these tales of life

on the little island of Poros form a certain sequence, the story as a whole is structurally rather slight; it simply shows us how little Metro, foster-child of old Kyra Sophoula, thirsted for an education beyond that of his class, how Kyra Sophoula sold her treasured heirlooms of copper pots and pans to pay his expenses to Athens, and how he eventually became a great student and went to Paris as assistant to a famous French archæologist. But this is one of those books in which the story element really does not count. What does count is the impression we get of simple, kindly natures, industrious and self-sacrificing in the midst of blue sky, blue waters, and fertile hills. What the author of this book has done of real value is that she has succeeded admirably in mirroring the all-pervading beauty of the Greek landscape.

Beyond the Law, by Miriam Alexander, gets a certain gratuitous amount of advertising from the fact that it was the winning novel in a prize contest in England.

Without meaning to be unkind one cannot prevent the thought arising while reading it, just how bad the competing manuscripts must have been. The scene is Ireland for the most part in the time of William of Orange; the theme is a life-long feud between Dermot Lisronan and a brutal Dutchman, Van der Wynykt, a favourite of the King, who awarded him the confiscated Lisronan estates. One brings away from the volume a confused impression of young women seized and flung headlong down stone stair-

ways, venerable priests hurtling through the air from castle windows, men bound and left to drown inch by inch in flooded cellars, human heads produced suddenly and spectacularly in the midst of banquets,—in short, a mad orgy of crime and cruelty and blood, with the brutal Dutchman directly responsible for it all. Dermot, who from the opening chapter has sworn to avenge his mother's murder, is, throughout the book, living and working for this one object; yet this does not prevent him from marrying the murderer's reputed daughter, whom he does not love and who proves false to him; while, if the reader should guess for a year, he would fail to foresee the special sort of anti-climax with which the book ends: Dermot fails to kill his enemy, the Dutchman, despite his life-long planning, for the simple reason that when they come face to face the latter dies of fright. And we turn the final page just in time to save ourselves from seeing this ineffectual hero cut to pieces by the Dutchman's followers.

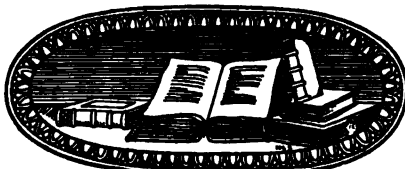
Among the Idolmakers, by L. P. Jacks, is a type of fiction somewhat difficult to classify. Some "Among the of the stories contained Idolmakers" in it are, strictly speaking, not stories at all, but merely a clever juggling with words, a mass of ingenious paradoxes, a deliberate reduction to absurdity of accepted and time-honoured principles of ethics and morality. In this class, belongs "The Self-Deceivers," in which the author amuses himself to his heart's content by proving the paradox that any unanswerable argument in favour of Free-will forces those who are convinced by it, through the very fact that they are robbed of choice, into the ranks of the Determinists, "whereas if the logic of Determinism were to triumph, we should all be compelled to embrace Free-will." "Made Out of Nothing" is another refreshing bit of irony, which so far as narrative goes is merely a character sketch of a cockney Englishman who has made a fabulous fortune out of the manufacture and exportation of idols, antiques, rare coins, and every imaginable sort of fake curio, even including imitation mummies. But the material

facts of the story are the least important part. It is really a parable upon the monumental credulity of human nature, and the limitations of human knowledge. In fact, the greater part of the book's contents is to be taken metaphorically and not literally. But it closes with a story built on conventional lines, "Helen Ramsden." In form, this story is somewhat clumsy, its separate parts being built up out of what A tells B, and B in turn tells C; but the underlying idea is not only strongly tragic but practically new. At the time of the Crimean War, when English girls and women were busy making bandages and knitting socks and waistcoats for the soldiers, the girls of the little circle to which Helen Ramsden belonged saw no harm in occasionally slipping love-letters into the toe of a sock, or the collar of a waistcoat, and laughed to think of the surprise of the unknown soldiers when they discovered them. In course of time, Helen became engaged to a young army officer, who subsequently was wounded, shipped for home on sick-leave, but when the ship reached Marseilles was reported missing, and was not heard from again. Many months later a Frenchman called one day to see Helen, and what news he brought she refused throughout her life to repeat; but from that day she took to her bed and remained bed-ridden through half a century. The secret is eventually related to the narrator of the story by a member of the Frenchman's family: he had formed a close friendship with the wounded English officer and had been with him on his homeward trip. One day he showed him a second-hand garment purchased from a Jew, and in the neck-band they found a fervent love-letter, signed "Helen Ramsden." This little fact, and the announcement of the Englishman's suicide, made up the message which the Frenchman, after long hesitation, finally forced himself to deliver.

Julia France and Her Times, by Gertrude Atherton, in spite of many stretches of the sustained brilliance which we have learned to expect from the talented, if erratic, author of *Patience Sparhawk* and *An-*

cestors, is very nearly, if not quite, the most loose-jointed piece of construction of which she has ever been guilty. The story opens at a ball given at Government House on the Island St. Kitts in the West Indies. It narrates how Julia Edis, enjoying, at the age of eighteen, her first ball, unhappily for herself attracts the attention of Lieutenant France of the English navy, middle-aged and of evil reputation, but heir presumptive to a Dukedom. Julia's mother is heartless, ambitious, and superstitious; accordingly she plays into the hands of the lieutenant and marries her ignorant, carefree daughter into a life of prolonged wretchedness. The very looseness of the story's structure makes the task of analysing it peculiarly difficult. France, having resigned from the navy, takes his wife to live with his cousin, the elderly Duke. Julia's one asset is her beauty, of the tropical, pallid, Creole type; in every other respect her husband's relatives find her wanting, and she is subjected to interminable lectures on deportment and the obligations of her new position. A specific source of trouble comes from the fact that she forms lasting friendships with two young women who have so far forgotten their social prestige and disregarded their husbands' wishes as to go into business independently for themselves. As the years pass on Julia's husband develops unmistakable symptoms of paranoia; some of the ghastly experiences through which she is forced to pass at the mercy of a half-crazed man, against whom at this stage the English law will not protect her, are certainly grim enough to entitle the author to a first medal as exhibitor of a Chamber of Horrors. But she leaves the reader groping helplessly as regards her central idea. France, sooner or later, is bound to suffer a complete mental breakdown; and this is hastened by the disappointment of his hopes of succeeding

to the title when the elderly Duke unexpectedly marries and has a son and heir. France, having made a murderous attack on his cousin, is adjudged insane and incarcerated for life; the Duke settles an annuity upon Julia; and she, having nothing better to do, plunges madly into the suffragette movement, becomes an eloquent public speaker, and incidentally gets herself maltreated by the police, and has some little experience of English jails. In the early days of Julia's married life she chanced to meet a clean, wholesome American boy of the age of fifteen, who made boyish love to her, persuaded her to let her glorious hair down about her shoulders, and vowed that in ten years he would come back, help her to get a divorce and marry her. It is ten years later when Julia is at the height of her suffragette eccentricities,—one uses this word with misgivings, because the author seems to take the movement with portentous seriousness,—and we are asked to believe that one reason, and perhaps the strongest reason, for his conviction, that he still loves her after this lapse of ten years, with unabated fervour, is that he has heard her address a meeting. And so, after a few final verbal fireworks,—in the course of which the scene shifts back to the West Indies, and the man indulges in a meaningless flirtation with another woman, and Julia is on the point of suicide:—a belated cablegram brings the news that the paranoiac husband is dead, and they marry and are presumably happy ever after. At least, the reader hopes so, from a sense of pity for a heroine who has gone through an accumulation of agonies and follies sufficient for at least three ordinary novels,—and melodramatic novels, at that. Undoubtedly, however, *Julia France and Her Times* is a militant purpose novel which will vastly please the champions of the Suffrage Movement.



NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

J. J. CHAPMAN'S "LEARNING AND OTHER ESSAYS"*

In spite of warnings from the author of this book against the danger of all æsthetic enjoyments, it is to be feared that these essays must be pronounced beautiful. By their beauty alone they may give what Mr. Chapman is pleased to call "the illusion that one is being spiritually made over and enlarged," an impression not in this case so much of an illusion after all. For Mr. Chapman, whether he will or no, has an enchanting gift of style. The arrows of his chase penetrate not only the heart of the matter, but the heart of the reader also. He writes not only like an artist, he writes like an angel; not always perhaps like a recording angel who is expecting to have his accounts audited, but an angel in the Greek sense, a bringer of tidings, an evangelist. He is a bearer of long-distance messages from the heart of the sky, messages sometimes a little hard to get, but sometimes coming from far away with wonderful clearness and precision. No one who has any literary sense at all can help enjoying such reading.

To justify praise of style by making scattered quotations from a new work is not very wise or convincing. Yet absolutely random culling of flowers from this tree cannot but show what fruits will reward patient reading. For example:

Deprive Shakespeare of his sources and he will not be Shakespeare. Good poetry is the echoing of shadowy tongues, the recovery of forgotten talent, the garment put up with per-
fumes.

Or this penetrating bit of dramatic criticism:

The present realism seen on our own stage shows deadness of wit in our life, the sad, unresponsive seriousness of persons who do not habitually live in the world of imagination.

**Learning and Other Essays*. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Or this, on an exalted historic theme:

John Brown portended bloodshed—salvation through bloodshed. It was to come. Brown hardly knew his own significance or he would have demanded personal service, not money, from his patrons. Suppose John Brown had said to Gerritt Smith and to Sanborn and to Howe and to Higginson and Stearns, "I do not want your money, but come with me, and if you will not come now, yet next year you shall come—and the year after—you and your sons by the thousand. You will follow me, and you will not return, as I shall not return." Brown did not say this, but the truth of it was in the sky already, and when the raid occurred at Harper's Ferry men shuddered not only with horror, but with awe.

These are winged words and on their plumes they carry an iridescence of celestial colour. To read them is to enjoy them, and to enjoy them doth "spiritually enlarge" the soul.

Moreover, the essays are not only an addition to the belle-lettristics of the day, but if some enthusiastic reader should say that they form the most considerable addition to the literature of educational discussion that has been made for a long time, it would be hard to dispute him. The book may not at first sight win its place in the attention of this reading public, if there is any "reading public" for such matters. Their form is against them. There is an appearance of almost annoying variety of matters treated. The subjects of the writer range apparently over art-criticism, educational method, politics, statecraft, even are mixed with religion and philosophy. Moreover, as is becoming in a book of essays, while all subjects in the universe are touched nothing is exhaustively worked out. Glancing blows are as good in essays as direct thrusts; and paradox is as precious as syllogism. So here the reader is now called to meditate with the philosophers, now to analyse with the critics, now to create with the artists, now to watch with the poets the immortal sea that has brought us hither and to listen to the roaring in the shells on its beach. Such work may be per-

plexing and annoying to those who like to read something definite, obvious, and technical.

But there is not so much wandering from the theme after all. For the theme of the book, like the theme of education, is a very large one. It is the story of human life, the secret of the universe which holds human life, and the key to the mystery of the soul. That is all. And the thing Mr. Chapman has to say about these subjects in all the essays is the same. It is the same theme given out and modulated in each one in a different mode. Now it is done in a Scherzo like "Climate" or "The Jesters"; now in a large Andante religioso like "The Doctrine of Non-Resistance." But in all the message is the same; Mr. Chapman's music is the same composition to the end.

To attempt to state the message of the work, in a few cold and insufficient words, would be a mistake. The gospel should be received through Mr. Chapman's own delightful art. Any attempt to condense and cook it over would deceive and probably disgust his future readers; for, as in all works of art, this message and its vehicle are related to each other like soul and body. They require not to be put asunder. The reader must meet them in his own person. But a few words of guidance may be forgiven, in advance of the reading, which it is to be hoped will be wide and general.

The Essay on Learning, which gives its name to the book, like several, others, deals chiefly with the Arts. The relation of the Arts to tradition, the meaning of "The Classics" (described, by the way, most romantically), the defence of Culture, and the life of the Imagination, these form the general subject of this beautiful piece of work. There is also within it an ingenious warning against modern prejudices in favour of "practical" studies. This passage culminates in a gallant charge upon the windmills of science (of which attack the result seems a little uncertain).

But the most engaging portion of the whole is a sketch of the fatal sundering of American interest from Culture and the Arts, a divorce produced, without

our fault, by our special American history. And this being the text, we get warnings as follows: The American desires the best in the future of his country. But he forgets that the future can only emerge from the past. As an English friend of the present writer stated, the most American thing to be seen in New York is the frequent sign-boards, "This building to be wrecked by the American Wrecking Company." So in our American spiritual life we go on wrecking our houses, and expecting, as we do not in the material world, new edifices to appear spontaneously. We are killing off culture, and working on the side of dullness. Anarchy will result, and if this happens modern educational institutions will not be without blame.

Mr. Chapman's essay on his own favourite art, "The Dramas," illustrates again the gospel of tradition and the value of culture, by reference to the history of the stage and its audiences. Here appears also a very suggestive description of the centre and core of the life of the drama. Not the surface structure, the setting, the scenery, not even the exterior acting makes a play. It is the "argument" conveyed somehow by the plot and the actors, this is the soul of the thing. Therein is Drama truly the symbol of life; it is by its very name a thing done, an act, a transaction. Even so, as Bergson tells us, the universe is a thing doing, urged forward by the vital impulse to the end of the play. All Drama is a symbol of life full of deep meaning.

So Mr. Chapman, in the same spirit, sketches in other essays the art of life and the conduct of heroes. Just as the good artist depends on good tradition to create and contain his ideal and his vehicle, so the true man finds in the story of the long past, as well as in wide human relationships in the world of the present day, his proper loyalties and his demanded duties. As the artist must avoid the petty entanglements of present art, so the statesman must avoid present and politic controversies, party hopes and party aims. These subjects are brought out again in the essays on *The Æsthetic* and *The Unity of Human Nature*. But the best of the book is found in more

concrete shape, for most will think the flower of the book is in the essay on "Dr. Howe." Mr. Chapman has an extraordinary gift at biographical work. Whether his gift as a dramatic author gives him special power to depict the plot and passion of an actual human life; or whether his gift at seizing the salient and significant parts of that confused presentment which we call a human being helps him in creating Drama, this kind of biographical criticism work we have learned to admire from him from his early books and here again he does not disappoint us. And the picture drawn of Dr. Howe, the self-effacing labourer for the unfortunate, the good soldier, the chivalrous enemy, the heroic friend, the eager worker, the inspired artist, in life if not in marble, this not only gives us the secret of Dr. Howe's great life, but makes clear and plain the secret of all the other essays in the book. For as art is a struggle to make the world better and for beauty's sake, so, it seems, is Dr. Howe an inspired artist for humanity's sake. And as Heine, the poet, desired no laurels for his art, but the tribute of a sword on his coffin, so to the essayist all the arts are nothing but good soldiering in the warfare of the liberation of humanity. So art gives law to life and life in turn consecrates the beauty of art.

It may be wrong to esteem most highly of all these essays the essay entitled "The Influence of Schools." Such is the opinion of the present writer at any rate. There is in it a feat of biographical resuscitation of a difficult human figure which it is certainly just to call high art on the part of Mr. Chapman. Dr. Coit, the Head Master of St. Paul's School, even in life was not easy to describe. Nor is the magic and mystery of the influence of great teachers ever easy to analyse. And adolescence, with its queer sensitiveness and queerer resistance to description, is not easy to put upon paper so that the picture may be plausible at all. But one sees in this essay on Dr. Coit the very drama of education, passing from act to act, under original and unusual conditions. We see the very life of Dr. Coit, divined by a poet. We see how Dr. Coit himself saw life, in the light of his curious traditions, and how he, by

the ties of his life to the long past, he saw all things not in the flaring illumination present but *sub specie æternitatis*. The light that he held to light his boys, shines back upon his own figure. In Mr. Chapman's essay we get the noble story of the life of the Founder Saint. Dr. Coit, too, like the artists and the soldiers of humanity, belongs to a greater world than the common world. He was "a personality invisible to the present, fed by the streams of past life," going forward with his boys to make the future. The difficult picture of such a man is drawn by Mr. Chapman with extraordinary vivacity and power. If Mr. Chapman shall ever make more important contributions to dramatic biography or to biographical drama, there could hardly be a more difficult or more successful performance than these papers.

J. G. Croswell.

II

BRIAN HOOKER'S "MONA"*

Mr. Brian Hooker has presented in his drama-poem *Mona* a field for varied and interesting analytical speculation. From the very nature of the causes which commanded it, it should be considered under different heads.

Let it be said at once that as a poem, it is a work of fine distinction, aristocratic in style, felicitous in its imagery and intellectual in its theme. It abounds in rich and poetic word-painting. Such lines as

Only the hushed owl drifts by
Silently as a winged shadow,

have in them a power to evoke a distinct physical sensation of actuality.

Fire lit circles of astonished eyes,
has a vividness that is almost startling in the abruptness of its effect.

The summer's huge breast, slow
Throbbing, around us,

has this same elusive quality of suggestion.

NOTE.—See Chronicle, page 238.

**Mona*. By Brian Hooker. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Leave us clean air to die in
is in the highest degree heroic, while

A stream plunging down eternity
To change the world.

has a grandeur in its conception as well as a tonal suggestion, that allies it with inspired literature. *Mona* as a poem reveals Mr. Hooker not simply as a poet of fine schooling, technical resource and deft intuitions; but as a poet capable of high flights of purest poetry.

This distinctive achievement apart, the interesting question arises as to whether a poet of admitted quality has been able to enter the distinct field of dramatic composition, comprehend its limitations, understand its requisites, and adapt his creative imagination to its instruments of expression.

The difference between actable drama and intellectual poetry is essentially one of temperament, of sure impulse *vs.* critical reflection, of instinct *vs.* logic. Men of small intellectual perception may still have elementally dramatic temperaments, the power to visualise the emotion that possesses them, rather than to analyse and reflect upon it. For the intellectually ordered mind to adapt itself to the dramatic expression is a travail of extraordinary difficulty, amounting, as it does, to the ability to affect an almost complete change of identity.

Invariably the initial mistake such an intellectual mind makes when it essays the dramatic expression is in the tardiness with which it arrives at the essential conflict without which no drama exists. It elaborates its exposition and overloads its causes, because it wishes to convince itself logically, not realising that it is not primarily the brain that has to be convinced but the emotions stirred. Furthermore, its exposition is addressed to the logic through the ear, and not to the dramatic centres of impulse through the eye.

With all the promise and actual accomplishment that *Mona* reveals as a poem, as a drama it has ineradicable shortcomings and temperamental limitations. The error begins at the rise of the curtain (serious in a drama, doubly so in an opera). Briefly, the theme is the

conflict between love and patriotism. To prepare effectually for this conflict, it is absolutely necessary that both themes should be developed separately, before they are developed in conflict.

At the rise of the curtain Gwyn, Mona, the half-witted Nial and Enya, the foster-mother, are seen in the interior of the home, and the first moments are expository of the analytic emotions that are troubling Mona. Here is an initial problem of extreme technical difficulty, which the reviewer does not remember ever to have seen attempted, the simultaneous exposition of the two contending characters and their mutual relationship. The result is ineffective. The dramatic commonplaceness of the situation, the utterly detached character of the dialogue immediately fails to give the illusion of passion, which even such an hackneyed expedient as the hero's sudden entrance and the heroine's impulsive rush to his arms would instantly, without a spoken word, convey to the audience. Failing to feel dramatically this first quality of passion, the audience is reduced to establish it logically by the evidence of singularly dispassionate dialogue spoken in the presence of others. The impression which may quite rightfully be conveyed by a reading of the printed page does not convince here, by that sudden necessary empire over the emotions. Now to carry the conviction of ultimate tragedy, both the appeal of love and duty must be in the highest degree intensified. Here is the chief weakness of the drama, in the author's inability to comprehend dramatic passion. The elemental leap of one soul to the other, the intoxication that steals over the powers of the will, the outer force that is greater than the individual—the elemental dramatic passion, unreasoning, uncalculating, touched with the quality of divine madness that engenders its own tragedy—all this is lacking in the drama. Mr. Hooker's conception always remains the poet's reflective analysis. Gwyn and Mona discuss and argue, explain and debate, in a thoroughly sophisticated manner. Strangely enough, in Mona's expression of her feelings for Gwyn she allies it with her dream for children, and not once,

but again and again, repeats this curious, dispassionate note, which suggests a puritanical hesitancy to approach the great crude emotions of human nature. The result of all this is that no effect of overwhelming passion is conveyed to the audience and the conflict becomes not personal, but metaphysical.

The objection to this is that the play is intended to be symbolic, that in fact it is so advertised not only by the author's announcement, but by copious parenthetical explanations throughout the text,—the one regrettable evidence of amateurishness noticeable. This is the thematic weakness of the work, it is not convincingly symbolic and it, likewise, fails of the tragic effect that a realistic treatment could have given it.

The symbolistic drama, into which younger dramatists plunge in a vague search for novelty, which only too often is a hope of covering a multitude of technical sins, is in fact the most difficult of all dramatic expression. Many have attempted it—even the greatest geniuses have failed to make it dramatically effective. *Hannele* convinces and enthralls, the *Master-Builder*—master poem though it is, is dramatically ineffective. The difference is this—a symbolistic drama is still a drama and subject to all the dramatic laws of unrelenting progress of the action toward a definite end. At best the drama is structurally simply a succession of swiftly moving platitudes, presented with accumulating intensity. To present an abstruse thought, or even a profound perception that requires reflection to perceive it, is to interrupt and destroy the sense of movement. A symbolistic drama to be effective, must produce its symbolistic suggestion by actions and not by thoughts. That is why *Hannele* is so dramatically successful, because the symbolistic suggestion results from the action, without recourse to critical discussion. So the *Master-Builder* fails because the symbolism constantly depends on the interpretation of the dialogue.

Mona falls into the latter error. Its symbolism is never self-evident. It depends on sophisticated analysis by the characters themselves, augmented (in

the book) by explanations of the author, as to how the action should be interpreted.

The pity is that the symbolic treatment was not discarded and full advantage taken of the dramatic realities of the old British civilisation. An opera presenting those barbaric natures, allied to the wolves and the swine by their passions and their gluttony, yet always retaining alive that spark of divine ideality which was destined to shape the character and meditations of future nations, would have been fraught with intense and present interest. The barbaric picture actually presented on the stage is of sophisticated, well-washed and reasoning *fin de siècle* metaphysicians, that conveys to the audience a sense of being dramatically defrauded.

The truth of the matter is at the present date, Mr. Hooker's talent is utterly miscast in the dramatic field. He is by temperament and puritanical associations reflective, critical and highly intellectual. In fact he is that curious anomaly, an intellectual reactionary. The very statement of his theme, "that *Mona* is the tragedy of the reformer, of trying to revise the world by doing something, instead of raising its average by being something"—shows how completely he is critically hostile to the great moving principle of all art, the fine sense of impulsive rebellion, the striving toward an indefinable ideal. Nor has he yet been able to comprehend what is the dramatic purpose of failure, or the great collective inspiration of those who never arrive. There is nothing trivial or futile in the spectacle of a thousand artists toiling ceaselessly at their easels over a vain hope, or of a thousand writers striving to express thoughts too great for their little power, or of a thousand reformers bruising themselves fruitlessly against social rocks, that they have neither the genius nor the crude strength to budge. These are the martyrs of human progress and idealism, and to say to them, Cease to try—return into your little selves and be happy—is simply to be dramatically incapable of perceiving the inspiring drama of the final success of human failure.

Owen Johnson.

III

MRS. NINA H. KENNARD'S "LAFCADIO HEARN"*

It would seem the set purpose of publishers to force the name of Lafcadio Hearn to become overnight—according to the announcement of this volume—"a household word in cultured circles." Yet it is difficult to concede that the clamour of the latter has compelled all the unnecessary books which in the last few years have been manufactured around the few remaining unpublished letters of Hearn. Of all of them, however, this of Mrs. Kennard's is the most substantial, and, although not as interesting as some, the most informing and complete.

It is also the least irritating. Fortunately the author seldom falls into the lyric strain of her baffling dedication. Although she is not guiltless of the sentimentality seemingly inseparable from the subject—constantly, for instance, she refers to him as "that odd little genius"—she has sought to avoid the more obvious pitfalls into which Miss Bisland and Mr. Noguchi stumbled. To be moderate, indeed, has been her conscientious ideal. She thinks Dr. Gould excessive when he wrote of Hearn's intolerable and brutalising improvidence, and prefers to call it a most irritating incapacity for making expenditure tally with revenue. In truth she devotes her time equally to tempering the wind to the shorn lamb or to paring down an overabundant fleece which she thinks has quite distorted its original proportions.

This attitude, though possessing its humorous aspects, has to a large extent been thrust upon her. His personality and genius, as she rightly says, have been judged from an extreme point of view in either direction. Ordinary folks looked upon him in life as queer, irritable, prejudiced, distinctly irreligious and somewhat immoral: those admitted to his intimacy recognised the tender heart, luminous brain, gentlemanly breeding, and human morality of the man. Those who cherished a deep sympathy for his intellect rendered him the bad service after his death of veiling his faults be-

hind a mist of eulogy. All this is sensible and discriminating, and one may go far with the rare Lafcadian who has this mood.

Hearn's accounts of his childhood and youth are not trustworthy, but we may believe him when he says that he was wilful beyond all reason and an incarnation of the spirit of contrariness. His concrete memories were extremely vague and romantically coloured. He often said he was without food and shelter when he had merely wandered miles afield and had spent his last penny on something that fascinated him in a shop-window. Any penury that he thought he suffered must have been due to his improvident and untractable nature. He was a child of fire and touchwood with quivering nerves and abnormal imagination. Intense near sight, with the vision of one eye entirely destroyed by accident so increased his natural shyness that it bred a cautiousness and stealthiness of movement which influenced people against him. The idea that he was repulsive, especially to women, always pursued him. Even as a lad he began his life of loneliness and withdrawal, yet the reserve of his manner had dignity also.

Once in Cincinnati at the age of nineteen, he left a place because he had been laughed at and refused to ask for his wages; living in the streets or at the best as a boarding-house drudge, he refused to accept money sent him from home through a connection whom he disliked. All his life, when people fell short of the height to which his imagination raised them, he promptly cast them from their high estate and nothing was too bitter to say or think of them. To his half-sister Hearn wrote frequently and fondly, and suddenly not only never wrote again, but sent her back her last envelope empty of its contents without a line of explanation. It was always so with him—if anything flurried him or awakened disturbing thoughts or memories, he broke off a friendship which had lasted for years. In spite of his intellectual idealism, all considerations—even those connected with the deepest emotions that stir the human heart—were secondary to the necessities of his artistic life.

*Lafcadio Hearn. By Nina H. Kennard. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

With this half-sister and her daughter, Mrs. Kennard journeyed to Japan to visit Hearn's widow. But although she confesses that no sight-seeing had any significance for her unless it was connected with memories of him, wherever she pursued these memories it was as if a drawer with a secret spring had shut. Few of his Japanese friends would speak of him. He was in every way fitted to interpret Japan in those phases he touched upon. As he always declared, his inability to see detail made a thing more mysterious and impressive—and it was the mysterious and impressive in the thought and life of Japan which he caught. He was always fascinated by strange and unorthodox methods of thought; and, the dropped threads of his barbaric ancestry being taken up again in him, all his life he preferred the outer confines of society. A born rebel, he railed against authority and civilisation. With all the Celtic longing for something beyond the elements of everyday life, says Mrs. Kennard finely, he seized at Japan as a child might catch a butterfly. In interpreting the superstitions and beliefs of a strange people, his tendency to over-emphasise an impressive moment at the expense of accuracy stood him in good stead. His mental myopia was more helpful in enabling him to catch a glimpse of Japanese thought and characteristics than would have been a piercing judgment that saw the faults and the intellectual shortcomings. But it is invariably overlooked, as Dr. Papellier pointed out, that most of what he knew about Japan must have been gained through the medium of interpreter, and that his impression of scenery and Japanese works of art were put together piece by piece through a microscope and could never have been obtained in the whole. They are the impressions of a man who never mastered the language and who could not set the country he wrote about. Through affiliations of temperament he could interpret a mood, but he swooped to deductions without having either the opportunity or the desire of informing himself of the details he discussed. When, for instance, he embraced Herbert Spencer as his high priest, it was a foregone conclusion that

he should afterward endeavour to harmonise him with Buddhism and later with Shintoism.

It is by no means certain, concludes Mrs. Kennard (with a temperateness which will enrage some previous biographers) that his work will always have the appeal it has at present. He saw a phase of civilisation of absorbing interest to our generation, and recounted it in exquisite and finished prose. His literary judgments, too, were as capricious and biassed as his political ones; his personal prejudices made all his opinions untrustworthy—but none of them are to be surpassed as inspired bursts of enthusiasm. In his life he was, to all intents and purposes, at times a madman and at others he hovered on the borderland of insanity. His art was the one anchor which kept his highly wrought nerves from drifting him to mental wreckage. In spite of his satanic pride his estimate of his powers was on the whole a humble one, and this urged him to eternal labours. Out of his industry grew in time a certain healthy habit of thought and life. He pursued perfection tirelessly and over many obstacles, and this fact gives his career dignity and unity.

Graham Berry.

IV

F. A. TALBOT'S "MOVING PICTURES:
HOW THEY ARE MADE AND WORKED"

Completely, though with as few technicalities as possible, is here presented in readable style the story of cinematography. The clear, well-rounded narrative is pointed with numerous helpful or effective illustrations. It is such a book as every one interested in moving pictures has been waiting for, and for the present reviewer it contains many matters of absorbing interest.

Animated photography, the author tells us, is really not animation at all. It is simply a long string of snap-shots taken at intervals of one-twenty-fourth to one-thirty-secondth of a second. When the projector of the pictures on the

*Moving Pictures. By F. A. Talbot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. London: William Heinemann.

screen gains the requisite amount of speed—the same as that at which they were taken—what is in reality a series of jerks becomes resolved by the slower eye of the beholder into steady rhythmic action. Only one-half or less of the actual movement is recorded; the interruption simply passes undetected.

In our days of the snap-shot, it seems incredible that an exposure of six hours was at first required to secure a recognisable impression of an object. The problem which confronted the pioneers of instantaneous photography was the reduction of the period of exposure from twenty thousand seconds to a thousandth part of one second. In the end it was the chemist who solved it by preparing a surface of exquisite sensitiveness to light. As long as glass plates had to be used, investigators were thwarted at every turn; but after trying many substances through fifty years of experiment, they finally discovered in celluloid a film which made animated photography a commercial practicability. When Mr. Edison invented the kinetoscope which he first exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair, both he and the public failed to grasp its possibilities. It was an Englishman who perceived in it the germ of the idea for projecting animated pictures upon a screen; and in the end it was a Frenchman who constructed the apparatus which laid the foundation of the cinematograph industry. This in twenty years' time—although the experimenters were obliged to break ground in every direction by unremitting experiment and research—now uses six million feet of film a week and has in this country alone fourteen thousand moving-picture houses.

At first the public was satisfied with the reproduction of everyday scenes and incidents, but soon it clamoured for picture plays. This demand was by no means easy to meet. With much difficulty and ingenuity a film of forty feet in length was made of a pretty little tabloid comedy. Its reception by the audience warranted greater outlay. In 1897, on the roof of the Grand Central Palace in New York City, was staged the Passion Play at an expense of sixteen thousand dollars. This was

over two thousand feet in length and required fifty-five minutes to project. Then a French producer, a few years later, saw a unique opportunity to present picture plays with a skilled stage management and as elaborate mounting as in a real play. So well was this example followed up that to-day the American stage is engaged in a struggle to hold its own.

A "studio" of a picture-show company now is a huge glass building with a great water tank for aquatic spectacles and two or three acres of land for outdoor work, and with seven thousand costumes ready for instant use. The stage in this studio is more completely equipped than that of Drury Lane or the Paris Opera. The average is three films a week, and the scene-painters are busy from morning until night. The scenery they paint is in black and white and demands the most artistic care. The stage-management of a film play is more exacting than that of a footlight one, for there must be more vim and animation and there is at the same time no dialogue to point the movement or to conceal and mitigate the deficiencies of the actors. The preëminent requirement of the picture play is that the actor must look the part, for make-up must be reduced to a minimum. Nowadays the practice is to whiten the face, as the shadows thus formed by wrinkling it in emotion emphasises the expression. Every muscle of the body must be called into coherent use to an extent that the real stage does not demand. Everything, too, must be condensed to an irreducible limit—for there can be no interruption of the main thread of a play. Once the spectator's grip on the theme is loosened, his interest is lost. Consequently great waste is unavoidable in preparing a play. Vast sections of film are found to lack interest or to injure it. Every second of time is equivalent to twelve inches of film; and in cutting out superfluous seconds from a presentation, an average of two hundred out of every thousand feet are destroyed—at a cost of three cents a foot. As for plays, it has been found that very few stories can hold the attention of the audience for an hour. In the large stories it is difficult to find a sub-

ject of world-wide appeal. Subjects of religious interest rarely fail of popular success, and thus these may be presented on the most elaborate scale. A production of Tasso's *Crusaders*, the largest yet staged, requires six hundred players and almost half as many horses. The enthusiasm for realistic detail has now become in this country almost a mania. For a fire scene, a plot of ground is now purchased, the required house knocked together—and then burned down while the camera buzzes vigorously. Lay rescuers have sprung into the water to assist a swimmer who is supporting, with difficulty, the unconscious form of a maiden—only to behold upon the bank an amused operator nonchalantly turning the handle of the camera. One firm sent its entire company to Ireland to stage some Irish plays.

Trick picture-plays are obtained by "stop-motion"—that is, a substitution while the lens is closed by the shutter—and by "double printing"—that is, the superimposing of one doctored picture upon another. It is with double printing that the effect is obtained by which some objects may move at normal speed and some at twice normal speed; and it is in his ability to arrest the action at any point that the maker of trick-films gets his magic effects. A railway collision of utmost realism can be obtained by toy trains on toy tracks laid amid suitable scenery in miniature—such an accident, seemingly caught with the utmost opportuneness, can give forty of the most thrilling seconds it is possible to conceive. The diminutiveness of a fairy is easily achieved by placing the actor a long way off or catching the reflection in a distant mirror while the human actor performs but a few feet from the lens. Some fairy plays require two stages—one for the fairies, together with the enlarged properties they come in contact with, and the other for the humans. The trick film of the highest order, however, is in danger of extinction because it costs so much in ingenuity, time, and money.

Even more popular than the film-play is the "topical picture." It was in 1896 that British audiences were first introduced to this in seeing the Derby run

again on a screen. It excited more attention than the actual race, and people rubbed their eyes at its incredibility. Now a subject can be thrown on the screen within four hours after its occurrence. Thus it appears while it is still of absorbing interest. Not until the Coronation festivities of George V were put before the public did cinematography in colours become an assured branch of the art. Topical work is speculative to a degree, and furthermore, it upsets the system of any well-arranged factory; thus the largest companies do not engage in it. But a great disaster of any kind means a gold mine for the company that gets there first. At Messina, scarcely had the earth ceased shivering when a small army of operators were turning their handles amid the tottering ruins. The cinematographer of to-day has been let down by ropes to the caudron below the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River; he has sledged with Shackleton to the Furthest South; he has climbed with the Duke of the Abruzzi to the top of the Himalayas. The cinematograph records of Colonel Roosevelt's African trip cost ten thousand dollars.

The camera is now attached to the microscope to portray the actual processes of minute and of germ life, with results so startling as to be unbelievable—in such a fascinating spectacle, for instance, as the attack of the parasites upon the red corpuscles. The limits of the development of this branch of cinematography it is impossible to foresee. Extremely rapid motion in all its details may now be studied at leisure, since it can be recorded at an exposure of one-tenth millionth part of a second. It can be seen, for example, that when a bullet is fired at a soap-bubble, the bubble breaks, not when it enters, but when it emerges. As a vehicle for popularising science, the film is still in its infancy, however; for up to the present time it has been extremely difficult to humanise the lessons sufficiently. Such films as the physical energy of the house-fly or the chicken coming out of the shell have been very successful, but these are unusual. Other difficulties lie in the way of securing successful popular films,

once, for instance, an excellent frog film was taken—only to discover that the unfeeling frog had all the while been coolly reflecting in its eye the operator turning the handle of the cinematograph.

In England the moving-picture newspaper is beginning to rival the illustrated weekly, the time may come when it will rival the daily journal—when a man will go to a picture show and see in full animation the day's doings. Already the cinematograph has shown signs of competing with the kodak for home use. Soon it will be generally brought into the school-room, and there impart more definite knowledge in one minute than book and blackboard in hours of hammering. Unfortunately, the feeling against the moving picture, despite its tremendous popularity, has not been as yet entirely eliminated. But political, charitable, municipal, and numerous other organisations are pressing into use the celluloid ribbon. It has at last been made non-inflammable, but the day is not yet in sight when it will be imperishable—when the film of a great current event may be preserved for an unborn generation.

Algernon Tassin.

V

OWEN JOHNSON'S "STOVER AT YALE"*

It is a very difficult matter to write a good college story; and the nature of the difficulty may be suggested by a comparison of terms. When a boy goes to school, we speak of him quite inevitably as a schoolboy; but when the same boy has gone on into college, we do not know whether to call him a college boy or a college man, a collegian or an undergraduate; and none of these words wholly satisfies. The world of school is a thing apart, as definite and characteristic as boyhood. The college world is a borderland of adolescence, curiously a part of the world at large and curiously apart from it: a microcosm whose generation is four years long, whose surface changes like the seasons, and whose informing tradition persists like the climate un-

changed. So there are many good school stories, but no college story which is at once a good novel and a cross-section of college life. Mr. Owen Johnson's Lawrenceville stories gave more than hope of his success in the more difficult field; and in *Stover at Yale* that hope is more than reasonably fulfilled. That it is not wholly so must in fairness be charged rather to choice than to failure. The humour is there, the exuberant sympathy with younger days, the sense of blossoming character, the suggestive profusion of detail. But Mr. Johnson has chosen to write not a representation of college life so much as a criticism of it: he is concerned with the portrayal of Yale not as an end in itself but as the subject of his argument; whereas in the Lawrenceville stories he was concerned merely to represent school life as he saw it, leaving the criticism to others. He believes that college should be the focus and the storm centre for whatever forces are moving in the world outside, that the college boy should be a college man; and he depicts accordingly not a cross-section of college life, but only so much of it as concerns the demonstration of his theme.

Nevertheless, although such a book may not be held to account for omissions outside the scope of its argument, yet that argument depends upon the fair presentation of its subject. Much argument upon the negro question is vitiated by the representation of the negro as a Caucasian with a black face. *A Doll's House* attempts no universal vision of marriage; but its indictment of marriage is valid only just so far as Nora is typical. And *Stover at Yale* does not entirely escape this besetting danger of the novel with a purpose, the danger of begging the question by an *ex parte* statement of facts. This is most evident in the matter of proportion. The first (and by far the best) half of the book is taken up with freshman year; the story ends two years later with the election of Stover to a senior society; and the whole plot turns upon the reconstruction of the society system. Now it is true that at certain times and to certain men the secret societies are the whole religion of Yale life, with a Last Judgment on tap-day, and senior year a mere subsequent

NOTE.—See Chronicle, page 238.

**Stover at Yale*. By Owen Johnson. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

Hell or Heaven. But such cases are hardly typical: the limit of truth is to say that the societies are the greatest single influence at college; and the normal undergraduate is healthily concerned with many other matters than his social salvation. The extent of Mr. Johnson's obsession with this phase of his idea sufficiently appears to Yale men in that astonishing scene where Joe Hungerford leads a long cheer for Bones: to others it may be suggested that this is much as if the best man at a wedding should suddenly give three cheers for Love. It is only a detail, of course; *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*; but Mr. Johnson must have been momentarily hypnotised.

No less remote from ordinary college life is the feminine element in the book. It is hard to see why Mr. Johnson has woven into his plot a serious love affair leading conventionally to an engagement in the last chapter. Unless he meant it to illustrate his thesis that the college boy should be a man and college life one with the world at large, it has no connection with the story; and one is reluctant to accuse him of introducing extraneous material merely to elaborate his plot, or as a concession to what is called "heart interest." In any case, it is not typical; for the minority involved in serious love affairs during college is almost as minute as the minority who get into serious trouble with women of another sort; both are negligible, a mere handful in each class. The ordinary case is a series of romantic adventures in which the undergraduate experiments, more or less dangerously, with women of the half-world, and is experimented upon, more or less painfully, by girls of his own kind. This part of the book is not only the least representative but the least convincing. Jean Story is an unimaginable prig, whose words are not the words of little girls just out of Farmington, nor her thoughts their thoughts; and the episode of Fanny Leroy and Muriel Stacey, in the concluding chapters, is wholly melodramatic and sentimental, despite its realism of detail. Surely there is plot enough in such a college career as Dink Stover's without going outside of his normal undergraduate activities. A

novel of local colour should derive its plot from its locality; and a novel with a purpose must confine itself to the typical.

Yet, after all, it is easier to criticise anything than to depict it fairly. And this applies no less to the criticism of Mr. Johnson's novel than to his criticism of Yale; only in the former case, it is easy to supplement the criticism by reading the book. Its disproportions and inaccuracies lie quite obvious to attack; but the precise nature and degree of its achievement are harder to explain. Yale men will tend to pick the flaws and take for granted the merits: others will tend to swallow it whole, without appreciation of difficulties. As an argument, it may fairly be judged in its own words: "There was too much truth in the attack, violent as it was, not to have called forth serious attention." And as a work of art, it is thus far the best American college novel; but that is not saying much. It is not saying quite enough; for in spite of errors which he instinctively magnifies and a thesis with which he may probably disagree, the book is likely to make upon any Yale man an impression vividly and characteristically Yale. The atmosphere is there, the tradition of profuse endeavour toward unquestioned goals, the awful seriousness of youth shouldering the universe in the intervals of irresponsibility. The football game and the wrestling match, hold-off night and tap-day, the uproarious arguments and the solemnities of college problems are drawn truly, though the colours glare a little: not precisely as we remember them, perhaps, but very much as we felt them at the time. And except for moments when they lose themselves in expressing the opinions of the author, the characters think and talk naturally. Indeed, the less polemic portions of the book are pretty uniformly the best; and they are so good as to suggest that Mr. Johnson might have succeeded even better in the more difficult task of an impartial representation of Yale life whose truth should be its only commentary.

Thus far for criticism of the book. What follows has nothing to do with its artistic merits, but is a part of that dis-

cussion which it was intended to evoke. Mr. Johnson contends that Yale (and, by analogy, the American college in general) accomplishes no real culture, because the stimulus in college life is not toward education: our colleges are business colleges, social clearing-houses, institutions for the prevention of learning. He contends that the secret societies exert an influence out of all proportion, whose chief evil and whose chief support is an idolatrous and charlatan mummer. He contends in general that the college wastes energy upon ends not in themselves worth while; that it should be an institution not of boys but of men, a focus of all that is going on in the world at large. Granting (as many will not) that the American college, as typified by Yale, is precisely what he represents it to be, there is still something to be said of his conclusions.

Mr. Johnson's whole case against the college is that it is insufficiently in touch with what is going on outside. The real trouble is precisely that it reflects outside life entirely too much. The undergraduate lacks culture not because he does not go to college to study, but because America is uncultivated. The colleges have made one concession after another to the absurd popular demand for efficiency, for practical courses, for the accumulation of facts. Education is not the implanting of a thirst for knowledge: the Yiddish immigrant has a thirst for knowledge already implanted; but he is not cultured nor ever will be. Neither is it an accumulation of facts; that is the trouble with Mr. Johnson's twenty questions. A man who could answer all of them and more might be wholly uncultured; and an oriental philosopher could not answer any of them. Education is exercise; and you can develop the mind by any course of study, just as you can develop the body by any form of exertion. But you cannot develop either by trifling with all exercises at once, without exerting yourself at all. Greeks have been educated upon philosophy and gymnastics, prophets upon fasting and meditation, mediævals upon logic and dead tongues. Americans remain uneducated upon an elective smattering of universal facts. Our educational system fails to

educate simply because it is not a system. And the colleges in dropping requirements and extending electives have been moving steadily away from education toward popularity. If they are business colleges, it is by reflecting outside commercialism; if they are social clearing-houses, it is by reflecting outside snobbery. Thus the fall of the secret societies is the national fault of setting too much value upon immediate rewards and successes; the tendency to make men work for a decoration instead of for the work's sake; a danger which appears at its worst in their rewarding of religious activity. It is their publicity, not their privacy which may be harmful: their shining medals, not their silent mummeries. Mr. Johnson supposes that the power of the societies depends upon their secrecy; as idols are sanctified by ceremony; which indicates that Mr. Johnson does not understand idolatry. Gods are not awful because we have made them mysterious; we make them mysterious because we stand in awe of them, worship them with forms and ceremonies, and speak their names in fear; and when the worship weakens, the secrets are laughed aloud and the ritual becomes a masquerade. That is merely human nature and human history; and the proof of the present instance is that societies losing the respect of the college (as the sophomore societies did at Yale) are abolished by acclamation, in spite of their mystic terrors. You cannot blaspheme where you do not believe. This secrecy question is a small matter but it serves to illustrate the direction of Mr. Johnson's mental bias. A more suggestive illustration is his constant use of words like archaic, traditional, conservative, and mediæval as terms of reproach. He has the popular feeling that the latest thing is generally the best, that institutions are brought up to date instead of down to date, that we should shake ourselves free of traditions and conventions—in short, the modern fallacy of *post hoc, ergo melior hoc*. Of course, it is only his collective memory that raises man above the animal: the ape of each generation shakes himself free from the past, and remains an ape. And in effect, it is by no means obvious that we are any better off

than the Greeks or the mediævals, merely because we have invented mechanical conveniences. The great virtue of our universities is that they are not up-to-date, that they do not reflect the whole confusion of the outside world, nor echo every breath of Babel. This is not a time like the Reformation when the office of culture is to stir up stagnation; it is an age like the decline of Rome, when it was good for thoughtful men to cloister themselves apart from the tumult, lest old wisdom be forgotten. And if our colleges are not to act as conservatories of tradition, it is hard to say where the racial memory is to be conserved. A university, like a cellar, is a good place to keep things in, because it is warmer in some seasons and cooler in others. Mr. Johnson complains that the Yale man especially wastes four years of endeavour toward some childish ideal not worth his trouble. But the best thing about Yale is that a man learns there to spend himself upon something without questioning whether that something is worth while or not. For we are entirely too much given here and now to asking whether things are worth while. Leonidas never wondered whether Sparta was worth saving; St. Paul was not trying to see what he could get out of Christianity; Washington did not cross the Delaware to get on the winning side. College spirit is only miniature patriotism: the essence of which is precisely to ask one's self "What can I do for Yale?" instead of "What can Yale do for me?" The object does not matter, because any human object may turn out a failure or a farce; what does matter is that a man shall stand up and fight for something, instead of making himself dizzy by trying to follow the course of evolution. The compass may as well point in any direction, so long as it points in one; but the less it is affected by surrounding influences, the better for navigation. Mr. Johnson wants the universities to be leaders of modern thought. Perhaps it would be better for them to stand firm and show us whither modern thought is leading. Certainly it is well for them to rest apart from the clamour and chaos of the market-place, cloisters of scholarship and tradition, walled gardens

idealism, lists where a boy may try himself in tournament for a blossom or a glove before he goes forth to battle among men.
Brian Hooker.

VI

COMPTON MACKENZIE'S "CARNIVAL"*

Carnival is bound to attract attention. The author of *The Passionate Elopement* has deserted wigs and patches for a stern, relentless study in realism. Frequently crude and over elaborated in phrasing amidst long stretches of vivid easy writing, suggestive, too, at times of other writers, it nevertheless stands as an unusual study of a ballet girl's soul. Aside from photographic reflections of certain phases of English life—middle class mediocrity, dancing schools, provincial theatres, ballet environment with all its casual accessories, and finally, the cramped oppression of a farm at Cornwall—that which gives *Carnival* a touch of the unusual is the element of fate which seems to brood over the entire story. Jenny just couldn't help being herself: a mass of strange contradiction, with moments of rebellion and long hours of acquiescence, she is a throbbing little person who seems to live her life without sustained motivation though full of tailless impulse. "Who cares," is the *leit motif* of her existence. This philosophy of indifference with which she explains all the rebuffs of her life, comes early. Compton Mackenzie cleverly paints Jenny's youth and inheritance and suggests how potent with disappointment her life is bound to be. The child of a loveless marriage, with a father who is, so far as she is concerned, merely an accessory to her existence, she finds herself oppressed and baffled in the unsympathetic atmosphere at home. Jenny's one great joy is dancing—it is an instinct—and with its expression arises the problem of her little life; for she meets opposition in the one thing which to her means freedom and joy.

Life was a series of hopes held out and baffled desires, of unjust disappointments and aspirations unreasonably neglected. She lay there a mite in floating time, sensible only of having no free will.

**Carnival*. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1912.

Through the intervention of Mr. Ver-goe, an old clown, however, Jenny is encouraged in her dancing and succeeds finally in gaining her mother's consent to obtain proper instruction at Madame Aldavini's dancing academy. But effort breeds impatience and Jenny is not happy with the routine necessary. Still, she became a professional ballet girl, resenting her enforced living at home and her mother's instinctive attempt to mould her with warnings about the world.

It would have been wiser to let her alone, but nobody with whom she was brought into contact could realise the sexlessness of the child. The truest safeguard of a girl's virtue is familiarity with the aggregated follies of man's adolescence.

Though Jenny is slowly drawn into the hectic atmosphere of her life, and partakes of the usual suppers and excursions, which seem to be the natural perquisites of a dancer at The Oriental Palace of Varieties, she, however, is never attracted by men, but rather has an instinctive antagonism to them. This protects her until a real experience comes in the person of Maurice Avery, an artist. The reactions between the two, so subtle sometimes that the reader feels they need further phrasing, is the most interesting part of the novel. It is not a sordid picture save for its inevitable futility, and it is touched with delightful episodes. But Jenny refuses to surrender herself to him and Maurice leaves her. Then in disgust at his not understanding her desire to surrender herself only "with the whole of her womanhood," Jenny breaks with all her own struggling faith, and in order to make a return to it impossible, gives herself to a casual acquaintance, whom she immediately throws aside, not even offering him the satisfaction of knowing he was not one of many. Here the author has portrayed with remarkable insight how little the actual event may be in a character's march toward completeness, how trivial and over-exaggerated its importance when it is merely a technical and not psychic surrender. Jenny's inherent bitterness against men is increased and her own sense of futility is deepened by the discovery that her mother's insanity

and death is really due to what seemed sure proof of her *liason* with Maurice. The irony of all this throws her into marriage with a farmer, who seems to offer her, at least, a release from her surroundings. She has nothing in common with him, though when her child is born she begins to believe she will find some reason for her life. Maurice returns to England and secretly comes to see her; but it is too late.

You can't mess up a girl's life and then come and say you're sorry the same as if you'd trod on her toe. . . . Once I was mad, too. I nearly died. I didn't care for nothing, nor for anything. You was the first man that made me feel things like love. You! And I gave you more than I'd ever given any one, even my mother. . . . But they're all animals. All men. Some are nicer sorts of animals than others, but they're all the same. . . . Now I've got a boy and he's like me. He's got my eyes and I'm going to teach him, so he isn't an animal, see? . . . Go away, Maurice, leave me. I don't want you. I can't forgive you. I can only just not care whether you're not there or not. But go away, because I don't want to be worried by other people.

No mere outline of the story which ends with her murder by the husband in a fit of jealousy over his discovery of this final interview with Maurice, could indicate the real value of the characterisation of Jenny. The author has followed the chronicle style and has merely torn a page out of life, leaving many ragged edges. But *Carnival* is a vivid novel, as full of promise as it is of accomplishment.

George Middleton.

VII

MEREDITH NICHOLSON'S "A HOOSIER CHRONICLE"*

With the last of the many pages in *A Hoosier Chronicle* distinct disappointment comes to the reader. So much was expected, so little is finally obtained. Instead of the broad picture of life in a typical American commonwealth which seems to have been the author's aim, we have a rather thin narrative cast in a mould that has now become conventional. Mr. Nicholson's Hoosier boss differs little from similar characters in the politi-

*A Hoosier Chronicle. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

cal novels that have been so abundant in recent years, and the clean young man with ideals who ultimately triumphs over him is an equally stock figure. The story itself is built around a mystery the solution of which is apparent almost from the first. It is not, however, any deficiency in plot that makes this Chronicle a disappointment. Had the author of *The Siege of the Seven Suits* and *The House of a Thousand Candles* been greatly interested in this feature of his book, it is not probable that we should have to complain of any lack of originality and resource. What one really misses is the crowded canvas, the intimate knowledge of a whole community, the keen sympathy with all its members and the native humour that distinguished William Allen White's *A Certain Rich Man*. Chaotic in construction, at times as crude and rough as the persons it described, *A Certain Rich Man* yet left upon the mind a clear picture of Kansas and a Kansas millionaire. With vastly greater skill at his command, Mr. Nicholson has not achieved any such success with his Hoosiers. A few characters are elaborated with painstaking detail, significant features of the provincial setting are duly pointed out to us with the irony proper in a cosmopolitan guide, but Indiana is not revealed.

It is quite true, as Mr. Nicholson says, that "the Hoosiers with whom we have to do are not those set forth by Eggleston, but the breed visible to-day in urban marketplaces, who submit themselves meekly to tailors and schoolmasters." The influence of urban marketplaces, tailors and schoolmasters is powerful for uniformity and Hoosiers are probably much like other folk. It is from just this fact that the Chronicle suffers. Mr. Nicholson knows his own people too well to draw them in caricature and under the veil of a commonplace prosperity he has not found—or has not disclosed—their true individuality. Moreover, if his material is not so rich as Mr. White's Kansas, it is doubtful if he has the same love for it. Certainly his humour does not play about it with the same spontaneity.

In the telling of his story Mr. Nicholson is not helped by his somewhat laboured efforts to secure an abundance of local colour. The gift of narrative is

his and had he been free to exercise it untrammelled he would not have devoted six hundred pages to this Chronicle. In itself it is not a story of great significance and the multiplicity of still more insignificant details prolongs its development unwarrantably. It is, moreover, not easy to believe in Morton Bassett. Again a comparison with *A Certain Rich Man* suggests itself. Before John Barclay consented to reform and abandon his life-long occupation of robbing the people, he had been beaten to his knees by a succession of private calamities; Bassett at the climax of his power yields to a somewhat melodramatic sermon from an unrecognised daughter who has just discovered her parentage. The sudden collapse of a self-control and an ambition that had enabled him to meet her for years without betraying his secret is hardly convincing.

The unfortunate fact is that *A Hoosier Chronicle* is not convincing—political and business novels rarely are. But when Mr. Nicholson escapes from his self-imposed limitations and feels free to write of individuals, he succeeds. Despite her vague and rather inane aspirations for a higher career than matrimony, Sylvia is a very lovable American girl; when he is not playing St. George to the dragon of machine politics, Harwood is a good, sturdy chap quite worthy of her love. And Aunt Sally Owen! In her, it seems, is concentrated all the Hoosier atmosphere of the Chronicle. She is a worthy companion to Mrs. Hollister of *The Seven Suits* and even if one is farce and the other a serious essay in character drawing, they are two very charming women.

Possibly the memory of *The Seven Suits* is in part responsible for one's disappointment in *A Hoosier Chronicle*. In the effort to write a work of serious importance, Mr. Nicholson has put his imagination in chains. It is a tribute to his power that thus handicapped, he can still interest us in the fortunes of his characters. But *A Hoosier Chronicle* would have been a different and a better novel if he had been content to tell his own story in his own way, and had left political reform and the Hoosier atmosphere to their own fate.

Edward Bedinger Mitchell.

VIII

LEROY SCOTT'S "THE COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE"*

In discussing magazine tendencies the other day, a well-known editor remarked that he felt fiction rather than special articles was the best means of promulgating propaganda. It is interesting, too, to see how the novelist, ever alive to the social and economic problems about him, is turning his attention to the various phases of the woman movement, which, no doubt, is, in its manifestations, one of the most pronounced of the new tendencies. Leroy Scott's latest novel, following his commendable inclination for social problems, does not touch upon the woman suffrage question; though the book throughout, by its incidents, is a picture of woman's capacity in the field of public affairs. The author, instead, has injected into his story the economic phase of a woman's desire to support herself, and contrasted it further with the primitive reaction of her lover, who cannot grasp her desire to be an equal contributor to the home, or her unwillingness to give up her work because she happens to be approaching wifehood. It is this part of the novel which tends to make it more than a good entertaining story, for Mr. Scott has presented these states of mind with keen penetration. It would be manifestly unfair, however, to suggest that the novel is a tract or a social document: it is merely that the author has caught into his story several situations which in their working out will undoubtedly stimulate thought.

The structure of the novel is cleverly devised, and in spite of frequent crudities of style is interesting and entertaining. Katharine West returns from college to her little town in Indiana to find her father accused of accepting a bribe for lending his influence in the selection of a new site for the town water works. The case is very strong against him and all the lawyers in the town, fearing the political effect, have refused to be retained in his defence. Katharine, however, who has studied law, shocks the conventions of the community by undertaking it herself. In so doing she is

*The Counsel for the Defense. By Leroy Scott. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1912.

brought into contact with Arnold Bruce, the editor of the paper, who is her father's bitterest enemy. A love story develops quite naturally, but Mr. Scott has kept throughout an element of suspense which is full of good melodrama. Her father's case is lost and won, though not until the whole seamy side of politics is revealed.

It is not, however, until Katharine has success to show for her efforts that Bruce finally breaks through his traditional mistrust of woman's capacity and right in the work field. He is forced to see that the woman in marriage does not desire only a paternal protection and humouring; that frequently her capacities are wasted in household drudgery which, after all, can be bought and paid for without loss of a real capacity in other spheres of self-expression; that she wishes to bring him fresh contacts by reason of her own work and that, also, even as a mother, the whole span of her years need not be given as tribute.

Griffin Mace.

IX

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'S "JAPONETTE"*

It is interesting to see good craftsmanship, even when it is expended on cheap or worthless material. It has at least its own excellence, deftness and grace. But though interesting, the exhibition is also irritating, for it is difficult not to feel that the worker should have employed an equal sincerity on what he has made as on how he has made it. And this is particularly true in art or literature, for the artist who uses his skill on an unworthy subject resembles a mint that knowingly stamps some baser metal as gold. It is the artist's high privilege to fashion the raw materials of life into some distinct form, by means of the medium which most appeals to him. It is life that we expect from him and that he promises us. If he gives anything less we have the right to feel deceived. And the closer his imitation to the real thing, the more dangerous his deception.

Mr. Chambers's books seem to practise this deceit. He possesses the story-teller's art; he holds your interest; he presents character and situations that appear living and natural. But it is,

*Japonette. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

after all, only appearance. His puppets are life-like, they are not alive, and the situations in which they are involved are cleverly chosen to show off Mr. Chambers's ingenuity and to attract the public, not to illustrate the development of character through force of circumstance or stress of feeling. Mr. Chambers has succeeded in becoming popular; but he has fallen farther and farther away from any actual presentment of life, any true exercise of the imagination. This is the more to be regretted since his earlier stories, such as *The King in Yellow*, bore witness to a talent far from the commonplace, while *Iole* was a masterly and amusing satire, a delightful evidence of Mr. Chambers's keen observation of, and shrewd comment upon life.

But this was long ago. Nowadays he gives us novels produced according to a formula, a formula prepared to satisfy the general demand for a kind of modern romance that mingles unconventional situations with entire respectability, involving the eternally innocent and superlatively beautiful heroine in difficulties from which she is rescued in one of sev-

eral picturesque ways, and that moves amid the silken surroundings of extreme wealth, while at the same time this wealth is deprecated in an easy, thoroughbred manner that cannot possibly hurt its feelings. Naturally there is a love interest; usually, as in the present book, more than one, with various obstacles to be overcome before arriving at the happy ending. Nor is the roll-call of characters complete without some vulgar person to be properly sat upon, and one or two others who shall provide a homely, wholesome touch.

Japonette is made according to this accepted formula, only it is a little more tenuous than its predecessors, less real, weltering more deeply in adjectives. It is overcrowded with dialogue that is sometimes amusing, but at which the characters "laugh frankly" far more frequently than the reader. And it is not so successful in holding the interest, perhaps because Mr. Chambers's own is beginning to flag. Yet, once begun, it will be finished; and once finished, the query will arise "To what end? . . ."

Hildegard Hawthorne.

A BUDGET OF NOVELS*

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

SOME French wit whose name escapes the writer at the moment, enjoyed Mlle. de Léspinasse's *causeries* but not her dinners. He once remarked that between *ok* and Mme. de Brinvilliers, the famous poisoner, the difference

was one of intention only. This cooking must have been of about the same quality as that of Miss Tompkins's latest heroine, the dainty Marie Rose, whose attempt at making muffins nearly kills the man who eats them and does land him in matrimony. Marie Rose is a delightful young thing, but what she doesn't know about a kitchen is almost too bad to be true. She is also rather weak in propriety. When fortune lands her in a pretty little New York apartment, where she is to keep house for the first time in her life—her previous twenty years having been spent in hotels, where all she had to do seems to have been to press buttons—it is her luck to find that the chaperon and housekeeper engaged for her is detained elsewhere. So Marie Rose does her best. After trying to set the house afire with her gas-stove, and

*Pleasures and Palaces. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Her Weight in Gold. By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Touchstone of Fortune. By Charles Major. Macmillan Company.

It. By Gouverneur Morris. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Five Thousand an Hour. By George Randolph Chester. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A Man and His Money. By Frederic S. Isham. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Bandbox. By Louis Joseph Vance. Little, Brown and Company.

failing to open cans of soup with an ice-pick, and half cutting off a finger instead, she gets help from a stalwart young man in the next apartment, who for ten days gives her lessons in housekeeping and inspires her to the concoction of the aforesaid muffins that proved fatal. Incidentally the young man sings to her. He sings so well that in the end she decides to give up hotels for a real house in which she can make better muffins, and for the sake of the young man it may be hoped that she succeeds. Miss Tompkins's little story is a plea in favour of teaching girls to find happiness in doing things themselves instead of pressing buttons, and in this age of apartment houses, coöperative hotels and other devices for making life too easy it has its purpose. With all its impossibilities there are bright lines and some amusing situations. When Marie Rose accepts a gift of soup from the young neighbour, but declines coffee upon the ground that it is "more intimate," she draws a new line in the proprieties that the reader is hardly prepared to give her credit for.

Rather less serious, if possible, is Mr. McCutcheon's amusing skit, *Her Weight in Gold*, in which the author of *Graustark* deserts romance for the most mercenary of heroes, nothing less than a young man who consents to marry the ugliest woman he knows provided he gets her exact weight in gold with her. He is over his ears in debt, and she is a girl of majestic figure. Hence the temptation. Miss Martha Gamble is one of those young women who would perhaps look well on the back of an elephant but nowhere else. She is vast, but considering the conditions of the match proposed by a rich old guardian anxious to be relieved of his ward, this is the essential attraction to Eddie Ten Eyck, down to his last dollar's worth of credit. In an evil hour he had declared that he would marry Martha only for her weight in gold, thus casting a double slur—upon her undesirability and her weight, both enormous. But the wicked guardian takes Eddie up and starts the little comedy. No sooner has Eddie signed the contract to take Martha and her weight in yellow eagles on the wedding day, than the girl falls ill. When Eddie

proposed she tipped the scales at one hundred and eighty-odd, which meant about forty thousand dollars. Happiness, thought Eddie, will surely cause her to gain a good many pounds before the wedding. Every kiss the villain gave her he estimated at an ounce of gold. It served the scoundrel right that she should catch typhoid or some other wasting disease and stagger to the altar a walking skeleton. He couldn't back out, because he had contracted more debts upon the strength of the coming windfall. So he had to take his Martha and only about a third of what he had counted on. But after the wedding, when returning health and new happiness did their work, how she did grow! Her weight went up by leaps and bounds, only it was too late for Eddie. This is good fooling, of which Mr. McCutcheon makes the most, abetted by Mr. H. Devitt Welsh, who furnishes many sketches of Martha at various weights and of scenes in the farce.

Serious historians may gasp if they happen to come across Mr. Major's *The Touchstone of Fortune*, for he seems to know so much more than they do about the secret doings of the Court of Charles II. For instance, they never knew that the Merry Monarch was tricked into selling Dunkirk to France by a certain lovely Frances Jennings, whom Mr. Major makes the heroine of a series of adventures highly improbable, but possible and certainly exciting. As a maid of honour this Frances proves to be a wonder of virtue, intelligence, honesty and energy. She loves the discredited but worthy George Hamilton, for whom she goes through fire and water and lots of other things. She is so beautiful that the dissolute king tries every rascality to win her and great noblemen offer her marriage. Her heart, however, belongs to Hamilton. The lovers have a hard time of it, of course—Mr. Major may be trusted for that. They get into scrapes from which there seems to be no escape, and when the reader is about to despair, this precious Frances, with the aid of an almost equally resourceful friend, an innkeeper's daughter, turns the tables upon rascality. There are ambushes by the dozen, rattling fights, broken

heads, marvellous escapes, and of course scores of pages devoted to love-making. In the few breathing spells left to the chief characters they make love with tremendous ardour. We all know that the Court of Charles Stuart was a wicked one, and Mr. Major lays the colours on thick. In his picture it has hardly a decent man or woman. From the King down it was a company of unmitigated blackguards. In order to bring out in relief the remarkable virtues of his two or three honest people it may have been wise to paint a dark background, but it does seem a bit too black even for contrast.

Mr. Gouverneur Morris has put together a number of his short stories, beginning with "It," a fantastic tale of mysterious horror. The sketches run from the fanciful, with a rather pretty gleam of poetry, to pictures of everyday life and here and there a vision of sordid tragedy. One of the prettiest in the book is "Two Business Women," the record of a boy's Adirondack fight for life against consumption. One of the strongest is "The Claws of the Tiger," the tragedy of a girl's sacrifice to the vice of a great city. "Growing Up," "The Bride's Dead," "Back There in the Grass" are all sketches worth preserving. Mr. Morris sometimes reaches the Kiplingesque touch he aims for. When in "It" he describes a Chinese executioner cutting off a head with the swing that golfers call "the follow through," he is as neat as the performance itself.

How a man may make five thousand dollars an hour until he has a million dollars—enough to marry the girl he wants—may be learned from Mr. Chester's *Five Thousand an Hour*. As in this author's *Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford*, the story has plenty of movement and slang enough to start a new dictionary. The hero, Johnny Gamble, rightly entitled to his name, is a worthy youth with one hundred dollars to begin with. He meets a lovely creature who is to inherit a million dollars the day she marries a certain man. Johnny feels that he cannot ask her to throw the other man over unless he can make her loss good. He finds that in order to succeed he must earn money at the preposterous rate of

five thousand dollars every business hour for about a month. He is a born gambler. Beginning with a horse-race he plunges into every speculation that offers, and notwithstanding the counter schemes of envious rascals, he gets the money and the girl. As a boy his first ambition was to buy his poor old mother a cook-stove with nickle-plated knobs on it. His mother's delight gave him as much pleasure as the million dollars did in later life. The moral may be that if you want to win a million dollars buy your old mother a good cook-stove.

Money and lots of it is also the main-spring of *A Man and His Money*, in which Mr. Isham mixes up American millions, Russian princes, beautiful adventuresses, noble paupers and, of course, lovely and virtuous American girls. The young man in the case was so tremendously rich that he came to hate money. So he gave it all to a friend to keep for him till he should ask for it, meaning to try the novelty of making his own living. When the experiment grew tiresome, he found that his friend had lost the millions and died. So he had to go to work in earnest, and the first job he got cost him the love and respect of the only girl in the world for him, a delightful young thing named Betty, with golden hair, whom he had known in days of affluence. For his job happened to be playing bandit for the benefit of a moving-picture show. The girl saw him in the act of wrenching the diamonds from a lady's neck, but did not know that it was a motion-picture performance. She thought him a villain and said so. He was so hurt that he refused to explain. But when a Russian prince whom she had scorned abducted Betty and carried her off on his yacht, the young man swam after them, and by deeds of vast daring rescued her. They landed hungry but safe on some island where, upon visiting a local motion-picture show, the great diamond robbery film showed the girl how cruelly she had misjudged him. It does not appear that upon getting back to civilisation Mr. Heatherbloom, the hero, recovered any of his money, but the girl had enough for two. Mr. Max J. Spero's pictures of Betty show that she was worth swimming for.

Double-dyed mysteries, one after another, one mystery dovetailing into the other like a Chinese puzzle until the reader is tempted to skip whole pages, knowing that by doing so he may get a clue, even though he is sure to miss a few extra mysteries, for there is one on every page—that is the sort of impression *The Bandbox*, by Mr. Louis Joseph Vance, may leave upon the conscientious reader. For those who love mystery Mr. Vance's book will be a delight from first to last. A bandbox may seem a commonplace thing, but when there are two of them and one contains a diamond necklace, and when the box with the

necklace is always getting mixed up with the box without one, when they are shipped over seas with detectives and thieves by the dozen trailing after them, and when murder and sudden death occur wherever one or both those bandboxes turn up, it will be seen that they are more interesting than the most wonderful Paris bonnet could make them. Naturally there is a love theme involved, and the beautiful Alison Landis, who owned one of the bandboxes, had some sentiment in her. But what the reader gets is not romance, it is mystery. There is no time for much else.

MILLIONS AND MILLIONAIRES IN FICTION

BY EDNA KENTON

IN TWO PARTS. PART II



WITH the advent of Silas Lapham into American fiction came a new method of treating wealth and rich men as themes for the novelist. The great modern fortunes were just in process of building, and the early '70's were filled with fore-shadowings of mightier fortunes under single management than the world had known. Dickens had caught the coming spirit, and in *Little Dorrit* had dealt extravagantly with the great Merdle fortune after a manner that is still followed by novelists of the *Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford*, and the *Brewster's Millions*, and the *Money Changers* stripe. That is, money miraculously accumulates under one man's manipulations, and the difference of an odd cipher or two, or a discrepancy of three in the numeral that heads the total is of no consequence. There is simply money and then more money, all of it dazzling and thrilling, but as unreal as any poor man's mental concept of the purchasing power of three trillion dollars. Within the past ten or fifteen years the reading public has been deluged with these lurid tales of big busi-

ness—The *Saturday Evening Post* story—did old Gorgon Graham lead them all?—has come to stand as the typical example upon which all tales of this character are industriously modelled. Dishonesty and graft rampant, disregard of the little fellow, worship of the two or three American gods of high finance, a rolling of amounts of money that range through millions to three-quarter billions, a beautiful stenographer or a beautiful heiress—these are the materials with which more or less impecunious authors juggle to the end of unreality and the modest increment of their bank accounts.

No need to call the roll of these successful delineators of great wealth, as it is not for the sake of the story that must be. That there is demand for it from the weekly primary vote of the people is shown by the fact that the flood of golden fiction sweeps endlessly on. The American bourgeoisie feast greedily on detailed descriptions of recklessly acquired and recklessly spent wealth. How else came Edith Wharton ever to rank as a "best seller"! And side by side with *The House of Mirth* stands on many a mental bookshelf Upton Sinclair's *The Metropolis*, with its Sunday supplement

chapters of the millionaire's wardrobe, the detailed costs of his Romanesque feasts, its disbursement of moneys by people moved by sheer mania for spending. Modern fortunes have been dealt with no less luridly than that old guard in the *Ledger* days, Emma Southworth, dealt with love and hate and intrigue and murder.

But Howells saw in the early days of fortune making a motive not new, but one capable of a new interpretation, and in *The Rise of Silas Lapham* he gave us not the fortune, but the man who made it, and, like a haunting note, the figure of the cheated Rogers; the man who made through the man who lost. Howells does not juggle with figures that mean nothing and have but a tinkling sound in shallow ears; almost the only gauge he gives for the proper estimation of Lapham's fortune is the bare fact of the price he was prepared to pay for his "palatial mansion," one hundred thousand dollars. But here lies, on every page, a sense of the inherent injustice in a huge fortune built up on technical legalities and moral wrongs. Lapham had piled it up stubbornly and harshly, and, because he was not as hard as the real men of affairs who came after him, was unhappy in his harshness. Perhaps Silas Lapham loved his women folks too well, and perhaps they had not learned the art of spending to an extent that made them, too, harsh and stubborn dispensers of the Lapham wealth.

More than thirty years later, in *A Certain Rich Man*, William Allen White tried to do it over again, handling the fortunes of the early '70's as they were making, with the conclusion of the whole matter so far as we have reached conclusions. And, besides covering a quarter of a century more in time than Howells did or could with his theme, White undertook the delineation of a whole community, and, through it, the groanings of a nation under John Barclay's iron-heeled oppressions. Silas Lapham's fortune, in so far as his creator shows us, affects only his home, Rogers, and himself.

John Barclay is playing the concertina at country dances for two dollars a night when we first see him; even then he was a cold, hard youth. And from the time

that he organised the Golden Belt Wheat Company, seeing, in the need of his neighbours for money, his chance to get control of them and all their possessions, his feet, until the end, never strayed from the narrow, chill road he had marked out to travel. Owning or holding mortgages on practically every acre of land in his region: "That year of the panic John capitalised the hardship of his people and made terms for them which they could not refuse. He literally sold them their own want." A year later, owing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Eastern stockholders with no means in sight of paying the interest, he compelled his old friend, and the father of his New York clerk, to whom he would pay no more than fifty dollars a month, to break the law in half a dozen different and hazardous ways, to risk all his bank's assets and all its cash, to lend to no man, stranger or old friend, a dollar except as the borrower consented to comply with the demands of the Golden Belt Wheat Company, and to mortgage his own farm to Barclay. Finally, after a series of juggling with railroads and rebates, of stretching out a thousand hands in search of profitable by-product patents, and of factories that should supply at cost all its needs, the National Provision Company is capitalised at seventy-five million dollars; and John Barclay is on the way to becoming the richest man in the world. His æsthetic life is dead of inanition; his emotional life is starved all but to death's door; he is hated by most of those who know him as few men are hated, and finally, when he gives up his life for another, though his end should be a dramatic one, it is not. Somehow, though one feels it should supersede in melodrama the death of—McTeague, say, handcuffed to a corpse in the middle of the Great Desert, it does not approach it; probably because no one can feel that John Barclay, who had deliberately killed all humanitarian impulse for so many years, could have felt the impulse that would make him surrender life to save another. He had slain too many thousands, soul and body. And, despite the detail and figures that *A Certain Rich Man* holds, it remains, with all its detail

and verbiage, a less powerful study somehow of a rich man than the old, first study in millionairedom's realism.

Another American realist, in two of an uncompleted trilogy of novels, dealt with Big Business, more graphically in *The Octopus* than in *The Pit*. In the first book Frank Norris took the impersonal corporate body of the thieving railway rather than a single rich man, and those rich men who do figure in these pages are, however cruel and relentless, less their own self-distorted spirits than the puppets in the graspings of the mighty Octopus. Once again Norris cannot hold back from a melodramatic death, and buries his arch villain in the wheat as it pours into the hold of the ship that is to distribute it through the world to people all defrauded of their right to the fruits of the earth. The epic of the wheat pit at Chicago is less vital by a good many degrees, owing to the deliberate and therefore unspontaneous injecting into it of a "love interest" that failed to interest. It is the Chicago local colour, and the cat that sat, washing her face, on the edge of the pit after its greatest battle, that one remembers more definitely than this relentless millionaire, Jadwin.

Robert Herrick, too, has tried his hand at rich men—the fortunes in *Together* are large and in most cases unscrupulously got. Old Colonel Price died richer than his family suspected, being worth more than eight millions. But his will, modelled undoubtedly after the Field will, was, like that, "a document in the trust field." The old Colonel, having but little faith in the generation that would immediately succeed him, left his daughter only a pittance, a few hundred thousands—"Isabel had thought that she would be a rich woman in her own right;"—and by creating a trust, the name of his beloved firm was insured to stand for another generation at least. "The Colonel did not trust the present generation; he preferred that his money should wait until possibly the passing of years had brought wisdom." "A selfish will," his public said. That, undoubtedly.

Isabel's husband did not need the Colonel's wealth—he was making his own,

mounting steadily in the service of the great railroad corporation, not his own master, not the controlling mind behind the business intrigues, but a trusted servant of his masters until the Railroad Graft case was tried, and Lane personally was fined over thirteen thousand dollars. He was made the scapegoat of the Company, and that they might give a public demonstration of the cleansing of garments, was invited to resign. It was in this time of humiliation that Isabel learned the fine distinctions—some of them—that exist between the mere officials of the corporations and the control behind them—the money power; it is this distinction that Herrick has tried to trace out and make clear. "There emerged into her view something of a panorama of industry, organised on modern lines,—the millions of workers in the industrial armies, the infinite gradation of leadership in these armies, and finally in the far off distance, among the cañons of the skyscrapers in the great cities, the Mind of it all, the Control, the massed Capital. There were the Marshals' quarters! Even the chiefs of great corporations were little people compared with their real employers, the men who controlled capital. Men did not reach the Marshals' quarters with a few hundreds of thousands of dollars, nor with a few millions, with savings and inheritances and prudent thrift. They must have tens of millions at their command. And these millions came through alliances, manipulations, deals, by all sorts of devices whereby money could be made to spawn miraculously."

It is in *A Life for a Life*, that curious jumble of theories and half-baked conclusions, the mixture of realism and parable, of socialism and egoism, vanity and the Anarch, that Herrick has attempted to set forth the taint of ever-spawning wealth in its worst aspect: its hideous fight for life in socialistic age.

Pigs in Clover is a book that delineates with deliberate intent an almost isolated case, from the standpoint of fiction, in the portraiture of millionaires. *Pigs in Clover*, from its sneering title to its "Finis," is intended to paint only one type of the world's rich men, and that type the rich Jew, self-made, and his relation,

financially and personally, to the England whose industries he manipulates, and whose statecraft he attempts to control for his own purposes. His millions are already made; he is disclosed to us first, in his attempt to establish at home an influence in the Cabinet and with the English Houses, an influence that, from the southernmost tip of Africa he can control and use as matters develop in the Transvaal. The story of Joan de Groot almost buried the story of Karl, but he stands there, painted, so all literary gossip said, true to type and to one individual. This is a study of wealth used to decide the votes of Houses, the decisions of Ministers, the futures of new countries and undeveloped lands and peoples.

As a study of the methods whereby money may be drawn from a people and its banks to breed more money for one shrewd mind who sees a chance to build a huge fortune on nothing at all, *Tono-Bungay* has not been displaced by any later study. Mixed with it, after the Wells manner, are the observations of its effect upon the minds and lives and manners of a people. Not for one hundred and fifty pages have we an idea of what Tono-Bungay is—nor then do we know more of it than that it—"bottles and mitigated water"—is the basis of Ponderevo's thefts from the people. For if taking something and giving nothing is not thieving, what is! Wells does not pretend to tell you. Says he: "We sold our stuff and got the money and spent the money honestly in lies and clamour to sell more stuff." A big boom of patent, bottle dope, with side issues added from time to time, in quick succession—Tono-Bungay Hair Stimulant, Concentrated Tono-Bungay for the eyes, Tono-Bungay lozenges and ditto chocolates! Finally the two, uncle and

nephew, took over for exploitation after their manner, Moggs Domestic Soap. In the beginning Ponderevo bought the compounds for "the stuff" on credit, and in small quantities. It was no time at all before he went to the public "to ask with honest confidence for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds for the good will in a string of lies and a trade in bottles and mitigated water." Then came the final play—the expedition for the voyage to Mordet Island and the acquisition of its "quap," that deposit of radio-activity that Wells pauses to define as "a real disease of matter—exactly what the decay of our old culture is in society." And, with the failure of the human mind to control the contagious disease that quap spread about it, came bankruptcy, the softly falling collapse of a pasteboard fortune. No modern writer has shown, quite so vividly, the utter rottenness of the quap-like modern fortunes, as Wells in *Tono-Bungay*.

The book of the modern financier has yet to be written, his psychology, the man behind the bitter mask. But the book of the modern fortunes may be put together, like the old books of "Selections," only a far more pregnant volume, this, by taking from every modern minded novelist of to-day, bits that, dealing not obviously at all with great fortunes or their makers, point the shocking results of the modern mess we call the highest civilisation the world has known! Galsworthy's *Fraternity*, his *The Man of Property*, *The Country House*, Wells's *George Meek* and his *Kipps*, books that, none of them, deal with great wealth nor mighty financiers, are filled with the results of the system that puts the control of the earth's wealth into the hands of a few of the least fitted of her sons to sustain the burden. Not an unhelpful sign of these parlous times!

IN MEMORIAM

THE OBITUARIES OF THE AUTHORS CLUB OF NEW YORK FOR 1911



Y the death of HENRY ABBEY The Authors Club lost one of its oldest and most interested members, — a familiar figure in the poets' corner since 1884. Like many whose literary star led toward Parnassus, Mr. Abbey during the greater part of his life was an efficient and highly trusted man of affairs, at first in a banking-house and subsequently as a merchant. After about 1905, however, he gradually withdrew from commercial responsibilities, and, building himself a home in which he might entertain his friends, he settled quietly down among the genial neighbours by whom he had so long been esteemed and loved.

It would seem that no life, in the world of to-day, could be more simple—even narrow—than Mr. Abbey's. He never crossed the ocean, was never even west of the Alleghanies. He seemed rather to dread than to court any experience of travel. This was partly due to, and partly the cause of, the distinguishing peculiarities of his temperament, in which were manifested a most generous friendliness coupled with a shy modesty and an excessive fear of intrusion or of accidentally giving offence, which often obscured his real sweetness and worth. The distressing death of his childless wife in 1889, and of other dear ones later, were saddening blows, yet Abbey was always sunny company, drolly humorous, and especially the friend of children.

From boyhood, when his ambition for a collegiate education was frustrated, Abbey delighted in writing verses, and some of his earliest efforts have proved the best of his life's whole product, which numbered no less than seven volumes. No critique is called for here—least of all from me; but it is fact that the more elaborate structures of his leisure age won no such heartfelt response as the loving, truthful little poems of his active youth. Those were simple lyrics such as fitted the ideas of the plain

people whom he knew, and yet were instinct with his own uplifting goodness and sense of beauty. A generation ago they illuminated the corners of fireside journals, and were engraven upon the memories of school children, from end to end of the country. This was not the academic fame he hoped for in his later and more ambitious efforts, but it was a spontaneous, sincere, and lasting appreciation, and that, perhaps, is better.

Henry Abbey was born in Rondout, now Kingston, New York, on July 11, 1842, and died of heart disease in Tenafly, New Jersey, on June 7, 1911. He was buried with affectionate respect in the cemetery at Kingston, where already there stands a monument to him in the stone which long ago he erected upon the almost obliterated grave of the artist Vanderlyn—an example of that constant desire to do something for others which was this kindly poet's foremost characteristic.

E. I.

CLARENCE CARY was a remarkable illustration of that remarkable thing—a self-made man well made, which was again an illustration of the old, old truth that "blood will tell." He was of the Virginia Carys, brother of Constance Cary—later Mrs. Burton Harrison, the well-known author (to whom we owe a portion of this sketch); and cousin of Hetty Cary, the two girls being among the inspirations and joys of Richmond in the hopeful days of the Confederacy, and among its consolations in the dark days.

Clarence Cary was admirably schooled at the Episcopal High School in Fairfax, which was, and has been since, a Rugby in the South. At fifteen he went into the Confederate Army, was in several battles after Manassas, and received his appointment to the navy as a reward for gallantry in service among the volunteers near his old home. After these stirring experiences, he was sent back to Richmond to the school-ship *Patrick Henry* on the James, where he eagerly resumed his studies. Coming as he did of a

household that set the first value on books and scholarship, he was always reading and studying in the intervals of active service.

He came to New York after the war and, despite his irregular education, soon forged his way to a very prominent position in the law.

He read voraciously, spent half the night in studies, especially of languages, and in time attained mastery over French, Italian, Spanish, German, Russian enough to read one of Tolstoy's books, and, as he said, a smattering of Chinese. His unrhymed translation of Horace showed high scholarship, and has been adopted in various educational institutions. He also made some graceful rhythmical versions of Horace's odes. He began a history of the blockade-running fighting ships of the Confederate Navy, which was never finished. He wrote a monograph concerning the Trans-Siberian railway route from China (one of the first to appear), also a quaint and witty French guide to the bicyclist in France.

This sort of thing he did in the intervals of a strenuous law practice. How he managed to do it is indicated by the circumstance that the present writer happening into Cary's room once while he was dressing for dinner, found him listening to a phonograph that was teaching him Russian. His curiosity regarding that language was partly the result of his coming into contact with Russian influences during a professional visit to China in behalf of some American railway interests.

His life embraced a more than ordinary amount of travel, he having circled the globe many times and met everywhere interesting people, so that the culture which proceeds from inspiring sources was manifestly and emphatically his. Still, in later years he constantly lamented that his adventurous early life had prevented him from obtaining a university training.

It is doubtful whether he ever came to The Authors Club as a member, though before joining he was here once as a visitor. About the time that he joined, he was struck with a long and eventually fatal illness, which he bore

with the heroism that he had shown in the strenuous experiences of his boyhood and, as his friends knew, through his whole life.

He was a delightful companion, and that we should have been so tantalisingly deprived of the enjoyment we had a right to anticipate from his becoming one of us, is not among the least regrettable things of his premature taking off.

H. H.

The death of EDWIN ASA DIX took place in New York on Thursday, August 24, 1911. He was born in Newark, New Jersey, June 25, 1860, and was a son of John Edwin and Mary Joy Dix. Both sides of the family had come from England and settled in New England in 1635. Edwin Asa Dix prepared for Princeton at the Newark Latin School. For two years before entering college in 1877, he printed and published the *Jersey Blue*, one of the best amateur monthlies of the time. His father gave him a large printing press and fonts of type and he did all the work himself. In Princeton he stood first in his class for the entire four years and received an average grade of 98½ per cent., believed to be the highest average ever attained there. Besides being first honour man and Latin Salutatorian, he was managing editor of *The Nassau Literary Magazine*, gold medalist of Whig Hall, and prize essayist, and the winner of the Boudinot Historical Fellowship. When he was graduated in 1881, he had not quite reached his twenty-first birthday.

Later Mr. Dix was graduated with the highest honours from the Columbia Law School, and was admitted to the New York Bar. He practised law only a short time, and then spent several years in travel in Europe, North Africa, the Holy Land, the Balkan States, Burmah, China, and Japan. In 1893 he became the literary editor of *The Churchman*. After two years his health failed and he subsequently spent much time in travel. In August, 1895, he married Marion Alden Alcott in Cherry Valley, New York. His published works include *A Midsummer Drive Through the Pyrenees*, 1889; *Deacon Bradbury*, 1900; *Old Bowen's Legacy*, 1901; *Champlain*,

the *Founder of New France*, 1903; *Prophet's Landing*, 1907; *Quincey Baxter*, a serial published in *The Churchman* and in an Australian journal, and various short stories of New England life and travel articles in the magazines. To members of The Authors Club it seems superfluous to speak of his thorough knowledge of music. He published *A Musical Critic's Dream* which was played frequently by Sousa's band. He was secretary of his class at Princeton for many years and a member of the Graduate Council of the University. His favourite pastime was tramping and exploring in Switzerland. Though he never spent much time in New England he seemed to have an instinctive and intuitive understanding of and appreciation for New England life and character of a generation ago, and everything that he wrote on that subject bore the stamp of reality. He usually thought out his New England novels chapter by chapter and had every detail of the story complete in his mind before he put pen to paper. Then he wrote many hours every day and usually finished his manuscript in about six weeks.

The loss of Edwin Asa Dix is a loss that will not easily be forgotten by those who knew his kindly, gentle, courteous spirit. In thinking of him we think of one of the best of human attributes, an attribute that he possessed to an unusual degree, the politeness of the heart.

A. B. M.

When I became a member of The Authors Club, in 1884, I found GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON one of the most active and earnest members. He seldom missed a meeting, was always entertaining in conversation, never forgot to welcome a new member and make him feel at home, and was constantly called upon to take some part in the government of the Club. When I was myself elected to office, I found that official association with him was as agreeable and helpful as in the mass-meetings of the members. And when the Council had unanimously adopted my proposal for the book that was ultimately named *Liber Scriptorum*, and had appointed me chairman of the committee to produce it, and told

me to select my own associates, I naturally invited Mr. Eggleston as one whose ability, experience, and popularity would make him acceptable to every member. With him and Mr. Champlin for my associates, the success of the enterprise was assured. In the earliest days of the Club, when its little treasury was empty, he was one of those who put their hands into their individual pockets and made up the deficit; and in the later days of its prosperity he was always a wise counsellor in the management of its resources.

Mr. Eggleston was born late in the year 1839, in Vevay, southern Indiana. The energy that he inherited is indicated by the fact that his widowed mother not only managed, on very limited means, to bring up and educate her sons, but gave a hundred dollars toward the founding of a college. In those days and in that country this was a large contribution. George taught a country school when he was still in his teens, and subsequently was educated at Indiana Asbury University and Richmond, Va., College. He was practising law in Virginia when the Civil War broke out. He voted against secession; but when the fortunes of Virginia had been merged in those of the Confederacy he enlisted in the Confederate Army. His service was first in Stuart's Cavalry, and afterward with the artillery. He served through the war, having the luck to escape wounds and serious illness, and was included in the surrender at Appomattox. His volume entitled *A Rebel's Recollections* is one of the most interesting of the many personal narratives of participation in that mighty contest. For about thirty years after the war he was an active journalist. His services in this profession were spent upon the *New York Evening Post*, *Hearth and Home*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, and *The World*, as literary editor, managing editor, or editorial writer; and in the course of them he was several times sent abroad on important commissions. He had produced several books in the meantime, and the last ten years of his life were devoted exclusively to the writing of books, most of which were novels. The noticeable fact concerning these is that he never considered

it necessary to follow the procession to Europe for characters or scenes; all are purely American; the South as he knew it, both before and during the war. He also, in the last year of his life, published a volume of reminiscences and a two-volume history of the war. His other works include stories for boys and one or two volumes for practical education.

Mr. Eggleston's last illness was long and sorrowful; but he bore it heroically as he gradually wasted away. I was with him in one of his last days, when he tried to recall a quatrain that he remembered imperfectly. I recognised it as Sir William Jones's famous translation from the Persian and recited it to him:

On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee
smiled.

So live that, sinking in thy last, long sleep,
Smiles may be thine while all around thee
weep.

His long day's work was done, and well done, and with the coming of a new spring and new duties for us, he bade us farewell and went to his rest. He knew that we loved him while he lived, and I hope he knows that we love him still.

R. J.

On May 1, 1911, there passed away JOHN HENRY FLAGG, a most devoted member of The Authors Club and one in most loyal sympathy with its aims and purposes, yet whom a long painful illness had prevented from ever being present at any of its meetings. Mr. Flagg was born at Wilmington, Vermont, on July 11, 1843, a descendant of an English family that came to this country at the close of the Revolution, and could trace its lineage back over ten centuries. Educated in the public schools of his native town and by private tutors, he entered into the study of law at eighteen, graduating from the Albany Law School in 1864. He entered into the practice of law in his father's firm at Wilmington, shortly moving to Bennington. His success was rapid and brilliant. In his five years of practice there, it is said that of his cases appealed to the Supreme Court not a single one was lost. Ill-health from overwork necessitated his change to a

warmer climate and he accepted an appointment as legislative clerk to the United States Senate at Washington. For four succeeding Congresses he continued in this office with such signal ability that when he resigned in 1878 he received a unanimous vote of regret.

He then opened law offices in Washington and New York, giving special attention to commercial questions arising under treaties between the United States and various foreign powers. In 1880 he concentrated his efforts on his New York office, specialising on corporation law in its large phases, and for eighteen years was counsel to the Standard Oil Company. In 1889 he married Miss Lucy P. Jones of Brooklyn, who still survives him.

In the winter of 1900, he was severely injured by an accident and for eleven years, up to the date of his death, was confined to his room. Though rarely free from pain and for much of the time suffering physical agony, his courage, marvellous endurance, cheerfulness, optimism, and heroic self-control made him a living sermon to all who knew him. His clear, keen, incisive mind triumphed over a body racked with pain; his conversation was brilliant, witty, and broad in its range, and so close was he in touch with everything of contemporary interest that it almost seemed to the friends who delighted to visit him that his long illness must be a delusion, that surely no one who had so suffered could be so simple, sympathetic, and uncomplaining. During this terrible siege he carried on his work for the Standard Oil Company and was active in other lines of business.

Mr. Flagg contributed to the magazines and periodicals articles on historical, political, and genealogical subjects as well as occasional poems. His two volumes of verse are *The Monarch* and *Lyrics of New England*.

W. G. J.

There have been few men of letters more courageously militant than was THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. He rather enjoyed being on the side of the under dog; but for him it was necessary that the dog should be congenitally weak, a creature helpless by inheritance—one

of "God's poor." He was not out hunting for "under dogs," as many people seem to suppose, nor was it necessary in his early days to keep a sharp lookout for God's poor. The oppressive Puritan atmosphere hung about the church door in New England, and he headed a band to storm the pulpit and let in a larger and healthier air. He was hardly out of college, at eighteen, when he was preaching a wide Unitarianism at Newburyport, Massachusetts, and, a little later, a wider Liberalism at Worcester among the ironmasters of that elm-shaded town—a Liberalism closely associated in later years with the broad ideas and sledgehammer logic of Theodore Parker in Music Hall, Boston. He was about fourteen years old when the temperance movement swept New England, and then, as always, he took the side of the under dog—the helpless dog. He was with the storming party, loving New England rum not at all, and tobacco quite as little. As Worcester had sent up its Minute Men to help Boston throw off the British incubus, in 1775, so also it sent up its contingent, with Higginson at the head, to put out of the Boston court house that blacker tyranny which held Anthony Burns in its grasp. Worcester was among the first to send emigrants to Kansas with the Sharp's rifle, and Higginson was with them. He was not with John Brown in the massacre at Harper's Ferry; neither was he among those who concealed the fact that he helped to pay for the pikes used there. He was a prime leader in the movement for bettering the legal status of women. Indeed, he believed fully in woman's ability to keep up with the band. He scented reform afar off, and, at eighty-five, in his hardy old age, he travelled two hundred odd miles to help Mr. Carnegie knock out a few hereditary but rather ornamental letters from the language of Milton and Emerson, that foreigners and others might slip more easily through the spelling-book.

With all this militant activity, he was by temperament a man of letters—perfecting himself in the literary form at a time when the essay was at its serviceable best, when good criticism was sorely needed and was beginning to base itself

on careful, thoughtful, genial scholarship. He developed better than most the parlour talk, which had vogue in his early middle time and has found for itself a choice place among those unable or unwilling to seek the public hall. He was always entertaining, by his personality, his grace of manner, his habit of remembering good rather than disagreeable things, of seeking the best rather than the scaly side of life. When he attacked wrong, it was always with a smile. "I am sorry to have to stop you, but you are on the wrong road. Don't you see the bars?" That was his attitude; yet he was as inexorable as he was courteous. A man of robust mental and physical frame, he loved the good swimmer, the stout walker, the high jumper; believed in the "Soldiers' Field" in Cambridge. Forty years ago, when I first knew him, at Newport, he was one of the best swimmers, rowers, searchers of the woods, lovers of nature. He was also the first man whom one loving good wit, humour, repartee, letters, social charm, would seek in that fashionable ocean-town. He had made his mark in romance, poetry, essay writing; was one of the brilliant corps of contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly* in its great days. A year ago, when I last saw him, he was still at heart among the young of the new generation—loved the past, but chiefly the youth of the past, and would not listen to any disparagement of the present or of the everlasting youthfulness of the world. He was still contemplating additions to the thirty volumes of his published writings.

J. H. M.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS was born in Brooklyn fifty years ago and always claimed to bewail the fact, pretending that Brooklyn was a sort of ball and chain attached to the winged feet of the Mercury of his career. Yet he insisted on living in Jersey near the bank of an indolent creek where the frogs rehearse drowsily on summer eves and the suburbanite is glumly astir in the cold grey dawns of winter.

Loomis had a wonderful mask for humour. He had the marked appearance of an unusual man, a talented man,

though shyer than a woman and as gentle. The moment his face appeared above the horizon before an audience, a smile would be apt to break forth audibly through the room, and his lectures and readings, scintillating with amiable fun, never failed of their response of congenial laughter.

The Authors Club will not for many a year forget his inimitable performances on Watch Night. He had become a sort of luminous star of the first magnitude at the midnight zenith of these gambols.

As indicative of his remarkable fertility in invention at such times, many of our old-time members will no doubt remember, for instance, the clever tale which he drawled out about that Irish Princess of his with her "tin finger nails." Their parings of gold and silver and tin indeed threatened for a time to disrupt the happiness and contentment of the whole Irish race. It was impossible for any one to have divined that evening what was to be the climax of the yarn, the like of which would seem never to have been heard before, and for which there appeared to be no possible successful ending. And yet, behold, the finish was a little triumph of deft surprise.

He saw life as through a glass brightly, and so did all who came in contact with him personally or who read his stories. He wielded an easily popular pen. His was the instinct of the people, for the mass. Possessing a lively capacity for enjoying himself, he radiated softly, pervasively, with sunshine, tenderness, *douceur*.

These gifts and graces enabled him to aim at the world playful little shafts whose points never hurt any one's sensibilities or vanity. What would we, each of us, not give to know how he would have reflected in print, with his genius, our own personal virtues and foibles? How suavely he could have turned upon us, each in turn, the mirror of his fancy so that we could see ourselves really as our club fellows see us!

A child of innocence and lightness, dear Loomis became, alas, a martyr to a long, long suffering. But he bore his pain as sweetly as a nun, and as bravely as any stricken soldier dying on a battlefield.

S. H.

EDWARD MORSE SHEPARD was born in the city of New York sixty-one years ago, and died at his country home at Lake George, New York, on the 28th of July, 1911. His father was Lorenzo B. Shepard, a distinguished lawyer, who when he was but twenty-seven years of age was the district attorney of the United States for the District of New York, and subsequently held the positions of district attorney of the county of New York and of corporation counsel.

Following in his father's footsteps, Edward M. Shepard was a Democrat by conviction and by sympathy with the struggling masses. In one of his addresses he summed up his political creed in the words: "The Government should make the least possible demand upon the citizen, and the citizen the least possible demand upon the Government." Politically and in his writings and addresses, he continually dwelt upon the independence of citizenship, and that the individual should have the pride of self-support and refuse, whether by device or through the power of majorities, to cast his burden upon others.

His highest aim in life was to render service. He was innately modest and retiring, and the principal attraction public position had for him was the opportunity it afforded to render the greatest possible service to his fellow-men. This fact is evident in his many public addresses and in his political speeches, many of which were delivered in heated campaigns, and nowhere do we find that he ever descended from principles to personalities. With that generosity of temperament which he displayed upon all occasions he attributed to his opponents the same rectitude of purpose which ever actuated and guided him. His appeals were always to the intellect and never to the passions or prejudices of his auditors.

He was pre-eminently the scholar and philosopher in politics as in all of his public activities. He was never a carping critic, but a leader, instructor, and guide. We cannot but regret he did not give us more from his pen which wrote the history of Van Buren and his times, which in scholarship, style, and clearness of vision of past political events is a real contribution to our national history and

political literature. He took part in many political contests wherein he won moral victories the results of which will endure and which crown his brave and chivalrous efforts against the powers of unrighteous greed and political corruption.

He graduated from the Free Academy, now the College of the City of New York, and at the time of his death he was chairman of its board of trustees. No son of any university gave more of his heart and soul, thoughts and time to the development of his college than he gave to his alma mater, not only because it was

his alma mater, but because it is the people's university of this great metropolitan city, destined to train thousands to useful citizenship. His devotion to education here and elsewhere will be a living monument to his memory. Jefferson directed that there should be inscribed first upon his tomb not his services as a public officer, as a minister of State, as a diplomat, and as president, but as the founder of the university of his commonwealth. So let Edward M. Shepard be remembered as the guardian of higher education for the masses, the true Democrat, the friend of the sons of the people.

O. S. S.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
3. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. A Man and His Money. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Counsel Assigned. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. The Terrible Meek. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Boston Cooking School Book. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) \$1.60.
4. Children of the Resurrection. Watson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Far Triumph. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. Danny's Own Story. Marquis. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
6. Red Eve. Haggard. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. Travel Tales. The Princess. (Putnam.) \$2.00.
3. Two Years in the Forbidden City. Princess der Ling. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.50.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.20.

2. The History of England. Kipling and Fletcher. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.80.
3. On the Cinder Path. Duffey. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
4. The One Way Trail. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.25.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. Three Polite Farces. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.00.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. How to Study Pictures. Caffin. (Century Co.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Ray's Reward. Foster. (Reid.) 75 cents.
3. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.20.
4. The Butterfly House. Freeman. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
5. Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life and Times of Cavour. Thayer. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$7.50.
2. Principles of Economics. Taussig. (Macmillan.) \$4.00.

3. George the Third and Charles Fox. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.00.
4. Josephine Shaw Lowell. Stewart. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Honey Bee. France. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. Boys' Life of Edison. Meadowcroft. (Harper.) \$1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Adjustment. Bryant. (Duffield.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Should We Change Our Form of Government? Butler. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
2. Intimacies of Court and Society. Anon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.50.
3. George the Third and Charles Fox. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.00.
4. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
2. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
 3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
- JUVENILES
1. Track's End. Carruth. (Harper.) \$1.00.
 2. Forest Castaways. Bartlett. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
 3. The Four Gordons. Brown. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.20.

CHICAGO, ILL.

- FICTION
1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
 2. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
 3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
 4. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
 5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
 6. In Desert and Wilderness. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

- FICTION
1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
 2. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
 3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
 4. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
 5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
 6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$5.00.
2. Increasing Human Efficiency. Scott. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.00.
4. A Buckeye Boyhood. Venable. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Rolf of the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
3. Boy Scouts Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Guardian. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.35.
4. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
6. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
3. South Sea Tales. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. The Gleaners. Laughlin. (Revell.) 75 cents.
5. The Life Everlasting. Corelli. (Doran.) \$1.35.
6. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Mother Carey's Chickens. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Flower of the North. Curwood. (Harper.) \$1.30.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
5. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Red Eve. Haggard. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

3. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
4. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. Jean Christophe in Paris. Rolland. (Holt.) \$1.50.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.)

NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$5.00.
2. Moral and Religious Challenge. King. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
4. Referendum, Initiative and Recall in America. Oberholtzer. (Scribner.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
2. Track's End. Carruth. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Tell Me a True Story. Stewart. (Revell.) \$1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.25.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Natural Taxation. Shearman. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. A B C of Taxation. Fillebrown. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Progress and Poverty. George. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Fifty Famous Stories. Baldwin. (American Book Co.) 35 cents.
2. Boy Scouts Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. King Arthur and His Knights. Macleod. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Position of Peggy. Merrick. (Kennerly.) \$1.20.
3. Pollyooly. Jepson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. Ethan Frome. Wharton. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
5. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
6. The Song of Renny. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
2. Fifty Years of Public Service. Cullom. (McClurg.) \$3.00.
3. Anatol. Schnitzler. (Kennerly.) \$1.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Pollyooly. Jepson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Mystery of Mary. Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
5. In Desert and Wilderness. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. The Chalice of Courage. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
4. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. New Gardens of Canada. Talbot. (Cassell.) \$2.50.
2. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
3. On the Art of the Theatre. Craig. (Browne's Book Store.) \$2.00.
4. The Arctic Prairies. Seton. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
3. The Indian Book. Hopkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double day, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
3. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
5. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Cable Game. Washburn. (Sherman, French.) \$1.25.
2. A Garden of Paris. Wallace. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
3. The Life and Times of Cavour. Thayer. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$7.50.
4. Panama. Edwards. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Fighting Doctor. Martin. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Woman from Wolverton. Curtis. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
2. The Ladies' Battle. Seawell. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Healer. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
2. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Pollyooly. Jepson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.50.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Road to Joy. Willcox. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Travelers Five. Johnson. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. Danny's Own Story. Marquis. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.20.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

2. We and Our Children. Hutchinson. Double-day, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Fairies. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
4. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. The Thread of Life. Eulalia. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. Why Should We Change Our Form of Government? Butler. (Scribner.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Five Senses. Keyes. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.00.
2. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.
3. The Young Continentals at Trenton. McIntyre. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
3. When Tragedy Grins. White. (Watt.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
5. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Small Talks on Auction Bridge. Meyer. (Elder.) 50 cents.
2. Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan. Hovey. (Sturgis & Walton.) \$2.50.
3. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) \$2.50.
4. The Blast Furnace and the Manufacture of Pig Iron. Forsythe. (Williams.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peggy Owen at Yorktown. Madison. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. The Century of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Lonesome Land. Bower. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Pollyooly. Jepson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Jaunts of Junior. Hunt. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
3. The Boy Craftsman. Hall. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$2.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. The Matador of Five Towns. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.20.
4. The One-Way Trail. Cullum. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Sally Salt. Woodrow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. Heredity. Davenport. (Holt.) \$2.00.
3. Providence in Colonial Times. Kimball. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$6.50.
4. Child Nature. St. John. (Pilgrim Press.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. The Fruitful Vine. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.40.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Studies in Character. Norton. (Estes.) \$1.00.
2. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. Chanticleer. Rostand. (Duffield.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 50 cents.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Potter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. A Negro Explorer at the North Pole. Henson. (Stokes.) \$1.00.
3. The Play Boy of the Western World. Synge. (Luce.) \$1.00.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Team Mates. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Grandma. Gould. (Penn.) \$1.00.
3. Marjorie's Maytime. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$2.00.
2. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.
3. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) \$1.50.
4. The Testimony of the Suns. Sterling. (Robertson.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Patty Series. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. In Desert and Wilderness. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
2. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Western Gate. Ross. (Dodd, Mead.) 75 cents.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. South America of To-day. Clemenceau. (Putnam.) \$2.00.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
3. Betty Wales Decides. Ward. (Penn.) \$1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
3. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. Peter Ruff and The Double Four. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Danny's Own Story. Marquis. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Pollyooly. Jepson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. The Sable Lorcha. Hazeltine. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
6. The Green Vase. Castle. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, ONT.

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.35.
3. The Money Moon. Farnol. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) \$1.50.
5. Joseph in Jeopardy. Danby. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. (Herz Bros.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
2. The Trevor Case. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
3. The Woman from Wolverton. Curtis. (Century Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
2. Two Years in the Forbidden City. Princess der Ling. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.

3. Why Should We Change Our Form of Government? Butler. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
4. The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman. Anon. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
2. The Flower Book. Gordon. (Volland Press.) \$1.00.
3. The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. The Adjustment. Bryant. (Duffield.) \$1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
6. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. Through the Mill. Priddy. (Pilgrim Press.) \$1.35.
4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Tell It Again Stories. Emerson and Dillingham. (Ginn.) 60 cents.
3. The Adventures of Freckle Toad. McKibben. (Davis Press.) 75 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " " 2d	"	"	"	8
" " " 3d	"	"	"	7
" " " 4th	"	"	"	6
" " " 5th	"	"	"	5
" " " 6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.....	270
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.....	108
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.....	101
4. He Comes Up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.....	100
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.....	99
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.	96

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

"Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam" was the prayer of the dour old Scotch engineer of Rudyard Kipling's "McAndrews Hymn." Fer-
"Lest We Forget" vently and reverently the prayer may be echoed to-day. We believe that in thousands of minds and hearts there is beating the hope, perhaps unformed, that the genius which framed that prayer may see fit to chronicle in verse, for his own and future generations, the awful story and warning of the night of April 14th-15th.

But, after all, would it be the Kipling of "The Recessional"? Years ago we won the hostility of a number of English writers by suggesting that the Man from Nowhere seemed to be fizzling out. Now they are beginning to suspect as much in England. Mr. William Watson has been busy explaining through his London publisher that he has been misrepresented with regard to the suggestion that he has described Mr. Kipling as not a great writer. "But why the explanation?" asks Mr. Clement Shorter. "If Mr. Watson had actually committed this assumed crime he would really have showed himself a quite capable critic, whereas most poets who write about literature write exceedingly bad criticism. Mr. Kipling is not a great writer. He did produce in his younger years a series of short stories of remarkable power, giving us a vision of India seen through the imagination of a true poet, and these were great writing."

Many of these short stories, argues Mr.

Shorter—"The Man Man who Would be King" and others—will live among the many remarkable literary products of the later nineteenth century, but there came a period in Mr. Kipling's life when inspiration was entirely lost. Perhaps it was after an illness that occurred in New York some years ago. Certain it is that at a given moment Mr. Kipling's work ceased to be literature and became merely journalism, his verses cheap rhetoric, his prose losing lucidity and inspiration. The British public is a piteously faithful creature. Even the writer of one good book finds himself the possessor of a handsome income for the rest of his life whatever trash he may produce in succeeding volumes and for however long the number of years.

Recent "appreciations" of the classics remind us of a sage little paper contributed by Mr. Augustine Birrell some years ago to a British magazine on the general subject of admiring by tradition. He had grown weary of the perfunctory praises bestowed on writers obviously good—

Far better, said he, to admire Miss Gobble-goose's novels than to pretend to admire Miss Austen's. . . . If, after giving a classic a fair chance, you really cannot abide him, or remain hermetically sealed against his charm, it is perhaps wisest to say nothing about it, though if you do pluck up heart of grace and hit him a rap over his classical costard, it will not hurt him, and it may do you good.

This is a hard saying to the usual commentator on a classic. And in many a

nipped and pursed-up gathering of high-browbeaten literary folk, awed by great names, afraid of a *faux pas*, doggedly genteel against their natural inclinations, it would be a blasphemy. Yet if a classic were travelling incognito amongst us, he would surely meet with a very different reception. It is possible that he would not even be recognised by a single contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Chicago Dial*, or the *New York Evening Post*. There is a suspicious unanimity in what people say about a classic. Nature does not use a mimeograph in making men. She does so only in making literary commentators. When a dozen men express their appreciation of a great writer in precisely the same terms, you may always know that eleven of them are lying. The reason why the usual appreciator of a classic is so monotonous is simply because he is insincere or scared. Lurking beneath his liturgy of praise there is often a fine and healthy hatred. It is well known that many a Shakespearean scholar fairly loathes the bard. Why not then out with it—"hit him a rap over his classical costard"—as Mr. Birrell advised? Hatred can never hurt a classic. On the other hand it would seem that no deadlier weapon could be used against him than the usual guide-book to his charms.

Not that we with our puny strength hope for one minute to stay the vernal and autumnal freshets of new "appreciations," literary biographies, side-lights, and interpretations. No doubt at the present moment nineteen professors of English literature, documented to the teeth, are advancing grimly upon the works of their respective nineteen classic victims. No doubt a dozen lecture courses are already forming that will lead hosts of devoted ladies up to the very binding of Browning's works. For every classic that has died there are a hundred writers who earn their living by showing how to get around him. Such are the decrees of fate. We merely wish to point a moral. It is that our critics waste much time and fury on the vulgar taste. They are too hard on those who honestly admire the wrong thing and too easy on those who dishonestly profess an admira-

tion for the right. After all, the true Philistine is the professor of terrapin, who secretly possesses a simple boiled ham taste.

It seems that Mr. Upton Sinclair submitted his recently written "revolutionary drama," entitled *The Lady or the Porpoise*, to Mr. George Bernard Shaw as a sort of consulting expert in audacity, and that Mr. Shaw's decision was exceedingly disappointing. It was in brief that Mr. Sinclair's "main thesis, which is that a woman with the habits and ideas of a porpoise is superior to a woman with the habits of Madame Roland, will not wash." Mr. Sinclair's answer to this is that for fifteen years he himself had sought only the things of the mind and soul and that then he suddenly awakened to the fact that he could not digest his food.

Now I have come to the conviction that it is better to have "the habits and ideas of a porpoise"—with a porpoise's digestion—than it is to have "the habits and ideas of Madame Roland"—plus the headaches and backaches which most of the Madame Rolands of my knowledge are obliged to contend with.

We have this from the Preface to Mr. Sinclair's *Plays of Protest* now published, comprising *The Nature Woman* and three others. The reader will soon guess why Mr. Shaw compared Mr. Sinclair's heroine to a porpoise. She calls herself Oceana. She has lived all her life on a beautiful South Sea island among the most charming and innocent savages known to eighteenth century fiction. There she has swum several miles every day, run several more, hunted, fished, and danced naked on the beach. Suddenly she finds herself in Boston at the home of her aunt, a woman of extreme propriety and a mean soul. A bit of the dialogue, accompanied by the stage directions, will indicate her general attitude toward an overheated, indoor Boston civilisation:

(OCEANA takes deep breaths, expelling them in short, sharp puffs.)

LETITIA. What in the world are you doing?

OCEANA. That's one of the Yogi exercises. Haven't any of you studied the Vedantas?

LETITIA. We are all Episcopalians here.

OCEANA. Oh, I see!
(*She takes a deep breath and then pounds her chest like a gorilla.*)

MRS. MASTERTON. And pray, what is *that*?

OCEANA. I'm just getting some of the civilisation out of my lungs.

(*A furious gale blows.*)

Her love affair begins with a due regard to the importance of digestion as a condition of a happy union. She falls in love with Henry at the first sight of Henry's tongue. Henry is already married, but his wife has not a good digestion, and the state of Henry's tongue marks him as Oceana's soul mate.

HENRY (*opens door centre and enters. Sees OCEANA and halts*). Oh!

OCEANA (*turns and sees him*). Why! Here's a man! (*They gaze at each other, transfixed.*) Ethel! Who is he?

ETHEL. Why, this is Henry. Letitia's husband.

OCEANA. Oh! Letitia's husband! (*With a sudden frank gesture of her hand.*) Henry!

HENRY. Oceana!

(*As their hands meet, they stand looking into each other's faces.*)

OCEANA (*gripping his hand tightly*). You are strong! (*Looks at his hand.*) And you do not smoke, either! Let me see your eyes.

HENRY (*perplexed*). My eyes?

OCEANA. Your eyes. (*Turns him toward the light; studies his eyes.*) They dosed you with quinine! Malaria, I suppose?

HENRY. Why . . . yes. But how can you tell?

OCEANA. I can tell many things. Let me see your tongue.

HENRY (*bewildered*). My tongue?

OCEANA. Your tongue.

HENRY. But what for?

OCEANA. I can tell more about a man by looking at his tongue for a minute than by listening to it for a week.

Nevertheless, his civilised wife in the end retains him, and the nature woman returns to the white beach shining in the moonlight with the breakers coming in.

While the above is a fair sample of *The Nature Woman*, it does not fairly represent Mr. Sinclair's other plays of protest in this volume. One of them, a slight but deftly executed sketch called *The Second-Story*

Man, was staged with success in California in 1909. The other two were offered to the founders of the New Theatre, but declined on the ground that they were "contrary to the principles of the founders." That seems to us a particularly absurd reason. Hauptmann, Sudermann, Shaw, Ibsen and a dozen others would be equally excluded by this test. Our stage has long since abounded in arguments for the upsetting of society, and the only question worth asking nowadays of a play of protest is whether it is a good play, however damnable the protest. Mr. Sinclair's *Prince Hagen* is far above the average of the new plays that were presented in the New Theatre or at any other theatre in New York. It reveals a genuine dramatic faculty, and incidentally a degree of literary ability that one would never guess from his novels.

And consider the complaisance of society toward so-called revolutionary drama. Even in this most conservative country society refuses absolutely to be sheltered from revolutionary ideas. So grateful is it to any playwright who keeps it awake that it has not the heart to ask if he is dangerous. Logically, after seeing the *Doll's House*, a hundred wives ought to bolt from their husbands. The natural consequence of many a recent play would be the hanging of John D. Rockefeller. But society learns its subversive lessons and goes placidly home to bed. The most conspicuous feature of dramatic insurrections is their utter harmlessness. The truth is that the stage is not a suitable place for serious revolutionary arguments or somewhat complex social ideas. They require more space. Mr. Edward Everett Hale, Jr., whose admirable little volume on *Dramatists of To-day* has recently appeared in a sixth edition, discusses this difficulty *à propos* of certain plays of Bernard Shaw's:

It is that his ideas, as a rule, are not such as can in any way be promulgated on the stage. Some ideas can: the constant effort of the idealist, the constant strife of the individual—these ideas (it is fair to call them so) can be dramatically presented. They may not be worth so much in the practical affairs of life as a correct understanding of the way that man

is going to get married in his development into future ages, or the way man should manage whatever marriage he happens to be concerned in now, but they seem to be more susceptible of dramatic presentation. Take a thesis like that of *Man and Superman* or of *Candida*, if you can get at it. It will be found to be a social generalisation, which even to be considered, must be presented either on the basis of reason or of authority. A play is the place for neither. The Germans are apt to think that Shakespeare wrote his plays to present great and often complicated social ideas, but if he did he was wasting his time, for that is not the kind of idea the drama can present effectively.

Hence the absurdity of the New Theatre in rejecting Mr. Sinclair's plays on account of their revolutionary principles. Play-goers cannot remember a revolutionary principle over night. The main trouble with the usual play of protest is that it is all protest and no play. When, despite the protest, it remains a play worth seeing, when the indictment of society is cut down to meet the exigencies of the modern drama and the dangerous ideas fall into their proper place there is not much left of the argument for anarchy. The best plays of the past fifteen years are those which, as the literary folk say, "bitterly arraign society," but few of us would hang a dog on the evidence that they supply.

There is no escaping dangerous ideas, and the stage is as safe a place as any for them. There is a better reason for policing literature. Mr. Chesterton in one of his books sketched a plan for checking dangerous ideas at their source by the organisation of an intellectual police force, trained in literary criticism, who would detect the noxious tendency of any novel, poem, essay or treatise, and place its author under arrest. If at the bottom of some magazine love poem, for example, there lurked the seeds of bigamy, arrest the poet and suppress his work immediately, instead of waiting for the bigamies to begin. It does not seem unreasonable, if society is at all consistent in its self-protection. Only the other day Bonnot, the great French criminal,

the ferocious anarchist and "tiger-bandit" and leader of the "tragic band," was shot to death after holding at bay an army of police and soldiers and after his last place of refuge had been blown up. And what was the malignant source of his distorted views of society? Why, the writings of that estimable, mild-mannered and scholarly person, M. Anatole France. Bonnot was an Anatolian—member of that cultivated, spectacled, gently garrulous cult to whom intellectual revolt is merely a speculative luxury. But for Anatole France there might have been no Bonnot, and it would seem only a reasonable precaution from the point of view of social safety if the police and military had been called out years ago to surround and blow up Anatole France and so prevent a long string of murders. But society is never reasonable on the subject of dangerous ideas. For so good a writer as Anatole France it gladly runs the risk of many Bonnots. Society has not forgotten its greater distress when dangerous ideas were carefully repressed. It has suffered too much from its self-appointed protectors, especially as regards the stage. Napoleon once vowed that if Molière had produced *Tartuffe* in his day he would have suppressed it. Its ideas were so subversive of society.

The time cometh and now is when no man shall think on any current political question, for the political campaign of 1912 is upon us. Even now it is too late for any active leading citizen to form an opinion. His opinion has already come out on him like a wart. Far be it from us to venture its removal. That must be left to the gentle surgery of time. We would merely reflect on the strange impermanence of political rhetoric. How queer and mild they look, those verbal grapples of old political campaigns, and can it be that any aspects of the mighty conflict now raging will in a year or two seem equally benign? While the mind of the man on the platform swells and ascends like a large balloon, filled with political misgivings, while college presi-

dents see Cæsarism coming and mark the death rattle of the Constitution, and while the press holds out those two most horrid alternatives—on the one hand oligarchy and chains, on the other the bloodthirsty mob backed by the guillotine and the referendum—it is still possible that the frightened patriot may find some solace, as we have done, in the newspaper files of long ago. Take, for example, the hair-breadth escape of American civilisation in 1899. "If the republic goes down," said a candidate at that distant date, "I am not to blame for its downfall." He had very little doubt that the republic would go down. "Already we are in the very shadow of the empire," said another candidate. Cato, it may be remembered, was the favourite model for the campaigners of that day, though some preferred Marius sitting amid the ruins of Carthage. They liked Cato because, though perfectly certain of the fall of the republic, he did what he could in the way of fighting and talking till the time came for falling on his sword. It may perhaps be remembered also that it was then, according to the contemporary chroniclers, that we tore up the Constitution, spat upon the Declaration and were busily engaged in violating the tombs of our ancestors. Indeed, there is little doubt that if Thomas Jefferson had returned to earth at that moment he would have been as much embarrassed as he would be if he could see us now.

Then there was the great dinner pail debate, which may, perhaps, have been forgotten, but which we have carefully treasured in summarised form. From the turn it took during the free silver excitement, it has always seemed to us one of the gems of American political discussion. The dinner pail argument looked to the sound money men of 1899 innocent enough. A full dinner pail seemed to serve pretty well as a homely figure of prosperity, and the Republicans used it, thinking naturally that the Democratic retort would be either that the dinner pail was not so full as it looked and would be fuller if wages were paid in fiat money, or that it would not stay full long because the gold standard

would certainly knock the bottom out of it. But instead of that, the argument recoiled on the Republicans in an unexpected and deadly manner. The enemy, led by a Mr. Jones of Toledo, fell upon them immediately. The full dinner pail, said Mr. Jones, was rather a badge of servitude, than a sign of peace and plenty. "The labourer," said he, "always had a full dinner pail in slavery days." Mr. Bryan, after pondering these sentiments of the thoughtful Jones, reinforced them with more powerful ones of his own. "The dinner pail argument," said Mr. Bryan, "is an insult to the workingman. . . . The full dinner pail is satisfactory to the stomach, but, my friends," he added earnestly, "it is the animal and not the man that complains when it is hungry and goes to sleep when it is full."

Thus, as interpreted by the Democrats, the Republican allusion to so gross a matter as a dinner pail became coarse, almost bestial. For, consider the nature of man. "My friends," said Mr. Bryan, a political candidate of those days, "man is of a threefold nature. He not only has his body, but he has his brains, and he has his heart also." So by the use of this very indelicate argument the Republicans placed themselves in an exceedingly awkward position, and there seemed no escape from the logic that united a square meal with slavery and proved that all references to a merely material prosperity must spring from a low and brutal mind. In mentioning the full dinner pail the Republicans unduly emphasised the body, and consigned the mind and the spirit to Democratic care. Man having three natures, only one of which was concerned with dinner pails, the Republican argument was in effect addressed to the minority element in each human being, leaving the odds two to one in favour of free silver and the higher life. One might have supposed that the Democrats would surely have won immediately, but somehow they did not. Somehow, then as now, political campaign arguments seemed not to have anything to do with the actual political result.

In printing the following we do not know whether we are providing a weapon for the Suffragettes or the Anti-Suffragettes. It appears in *Recollections of a Court Painter*, by

The Woman Dominant
H. Jones Thaddeus, R.H.A., recently issued by the John Lane Company. Mr. Jones Thaddeus is describing the town of Concarneau, on the Brittany coast, a resort much frequented by painters. The local commissaire of police spent much time playing billiards with the artists, having little else to do, as only an occasional drunken quarrel disturbed the peace of the community.

Curiously enough, women were invariably the assailants. Strongly built, with a Mongol type-of countenance and unusual head-dress, they belonged to a Celtic tribe, the women of

which had for generations been employed in heavy manual labour and the unloading of ships, whilst the men stayed at home to look after the family. Regularly on Saturday nights, reversing the usual order of things, these stalwart women got drunk, and whilst in that condition generally assaulted their husbands, who were physically their inferiors. I remember seeing one of these heavily built, flat-chested women to take her husband by the neck (in his folly he had answered her back) and bang his head against the wall until he howled for mercy, whilst her lady friends looked on approvingly!

Mr. Jones Thaddeus adds one or two anecdotes to the innumerable anecdotes about the personal Whistler. He was a guest of Mortimer Menpes at a supper party given in honour of Whistler and

was the only one present who did not worship at the shrine of the famous "White Lock." Under the influence of the good cheer Whistler left for a moment the abode of the Gods, became mortal, and condescended to ask Thaddeus's opinion of Velasquez. The expressed admiration Whistler accepted as homage to himself until Thaddeus ventured to suggest that if the master had a weakness, it was to be found in his horses and dogs. The criticism was rank blasphemy. The smile froze on Menpes's face, and Whistler drew his chair away as from a thing accursed. "Might I ask you, sir," he said in withering tones, "the name of the animal painter you honour with your approbation, as I wish to treasure it in my memory?" "Don't you think," responded Thaddeus, "that Landseer was a great animal painter?—better in that respect than——" the sentence was never finished. Whistler arose in his wrath, and addressing the horror-stricken "disciples" exclaimed: "Gentleman, you have all heard what this eminent person has said. He has the audacity, the audacity—gentlemen—to my face—to say—that Landseer—a cheap tea tray performer—knew how to paint animals!"

As a result of this mistake and the scene, at once ludicrous and terrifying, which followed it, Thaddeus was cut witheringly by Whistler at their next meeting, the American painter looking him scornfully up and down, then raising himself to his full height and remarking "I do not know you, sir." But Thaddeus got even later. One day he was visiting the galleries of Hampton Court with a friend, and came upon Whistler, who was accompanied by a lady. Whistler was caustically demolishing one picture after another.

Apparently absorbed in the painting before us, with my back turned toward him, I awaited Whistler until he came quite close, giving his lecture now for everybody's benefit, the picture at my side attracting his attention.

"Perhaps you are not familiar with the works of the greatest master of them all," I then said to my friend in an assumed voice, and apparently continuing a conversation: "the modern Velasques, Mr. Whistler?"

The voice behind me stopped suddenly, and I felt its owner sidling nearer to me, my friend observing at the same time that he held up his finger, motioning to his companion to keep silent. Then, knowing my victim's insatiable love for flattery, I simply poured forth adulation! I expatiated on his genius, eulogised his wit, vaunted his endearing qualities of mind and heart, described his unique personal attractions; no mortal, not even Whistler himself, had ever before tasted so divine a draught of praise as I then held to his eager lips. At last, intoxicated by my honeyed verbosity, he longed to kiss the hem of the garment of this heavenly stranger who so truly valued and so sympathetically understood his rare accomplishments. But, rooted to the spot, his heart beating with joy, and his panting breath warming my back, he never stirred until I stopped for a moment, trying to remember a superlative adjective to crown a supreme conception. Then he moved cautiously around to feast his eyes on the unknown. As he did so I looked down on him, and saw his uplifted face wreathed in smiles, his eyes misty with emotion. For a second he failed to recognise me, but when he did the smile vanished—he shrank back, and gave me a look so charged with concentrated venom and hatred that it is a miracle I survived its scathing, blighting influence.

A few weeks ago a very widely known writer called us up to tell us of a curious letter that he had just received. Some days later another very well-known writer began to tell us of a very curious letter that he had just received. Then a third well-known writer; then a fourth and a fifth until we arrived at the conclusion that the curious letter in question had been sent to fully one-half of the novelists of importance in the land. The letter, on the paper of an advertising company, was as follows:

**Wanted—
A Novelist**

DEAR SIR: You are indebted for this intrusion to the editor of one of the large magazines. May I, therefore, trespass upon your time to the extent of this letter by asking your assistance and suggestions in finding some one to write a new kind of book for one of my clients? I assure you I shall appreciate any courtesy you may be able to extend me.

Do you recall *Lady Merton*, *Colonist*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward? The scene of that

story is for the most part in the Canadian Northwest. It might almost be said to exploit that country, as a piece of advertising literature, and it is said that thousands were attracted by Mrs. Ward's book to journey to that country either as sightseers or as colonists.

Well, it is just such a book that I have in mind—a novel of from one hundred to two hundred pages; that is, of sufficient length to develop and carry the plot to a natural and happy conclusion.

It must be more than a short story, you see. It must be written by some one who can maintain interest to the extent of at least a short novel.

The scene of the story is to be in the East. Its purpose would be to exploit certain very high class Eastern territory, but it would have to be done so cleverly and so subtly that the reader would not realise that the book had any other purpose than to entertain and instruct, exactly like any other novel.

Not a line or word of advertising should appear in the book—not even the name of the concern that inspired it. Indeed, the idea would be to have the book carry the name of its author on the title page, have it published by some well-known publishing house, and have it sold at the bookstores like any other novel.

Therefore, the better known the author and the publisher, the stronger the first appeal of the book.

The author would be paid a flat price for writing the book, and there is no reason why he should not also receive a royalty on the sales.

We have all the data—historical facts and pictures—necessary for the work. What we desire now is the writer who can take these facts and weave them into a charming story, and paint a word picture of such absorbing interest that the reader will unconsciously be impelled to investigate the territory—the scenes—where the action of the story takes place.

These facts are so fascinating—they seem more like fiction than facts—that in the hands of the proper writer they could be done into a story as entertaining as any Arabian Nights tale that ever held you or me spellbound in wonder and amazement.

But where can I find a clever and well-known writer who would undertake this work? Can you and will you be good enough to help me with a line of suggestion? Don't you see that it ought to be some one with as great, or al-

most as great, a reputation as your own? But who or where is he—or she?

Assuring you of my appreciation of any suggestion you may have the time to offer, I am

Very truly yours,

The reader will note the wording of the last paragraph. The writer is careful to make no direct proposition, but with a fine flourish of flattery ingeniously invites suggestion. Some of the other letters differ from this one in detail, but in every one this last paragraph is the same. Whether any writer has seen fit to make the obvious response we do not know.

Now this letter suggests some interesting questions. A number of years ago a French newspaper printed an article which contended that the exploitation of various industries for considerations was a recognised source of income with many French men of letters. The method was simple and easy enough. The wealthy *parvenu* of a story, pointing out to another character the many beauties of his new chateau, could go on to explain that it had been constructed from the plans of Messieurs So and So, the distinguished architects of the Rue Lafayette, Paris. Or Mademoiselle Florine of the Folies Bergères, being complimented on her beautiful gown, could casually remark that it was the work of Madame Une Telle, of the Rue Daunou, "an artist, my dear, and most reasonable in her charges." The article in question went on to print a scale, which it maintained was authentic, of the prices of the various novelists. For example, a notice in the *feuilleton* of some minor scribbler of Montmartre could be had for a five-franc piece. In a novel by M. Zola it would cost many hundreds. The article did not intimate any kind of *chantage*; did not suggest that a restaurant that proved obdurate might run the risk of being represented as serving an underdone sole or an overdone cutlet. While we have never taken the article very seriously it must be said that its arraignment of French literary conditions is no more severe than that of Balzac in the second part of *Illusions Perdues*.

While we do not think that anything of

WHERE ROBERT BROWNING DIED

Browning's last earthly view was of the Grand Canal in Venice. On May 7th of this year, when the Browning centenary was celebrated, the Mayor of Venice sent the following telegram to the Lord Mayor of London: "Venice, recalling with pride and reverence the fact that she is the city in which Browning drew his last breath, on the centennial of the birth of the great lover of Italy greets his glorious country."

this kind has ever marked English or American fiction, the list of novels which have proved effective advertisements is an exceedingly long one. Think of all the lines that must have benefited materially from the books of Dickens. When the lovers of Thackeray read of the dinner given by the Marquis of Steyne to certain of his friends, among them Major Arthur Pendennis, at the Star and Garter at Greenwich, was he not strongly moved to an excursion that would augment the profits of that famous hostelry?

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ AND HIS SON

Did not the information that Mr. Osborne lived in Russell Square, Mrs. Rawdon Crawley in Curzon Street, and Mr. Sherlock Holmes in Upper Baker Street exploit these localities? Could the Great Western Railway issue a pamphlet more profitable to its interests than Mr. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*? And how many of the tourists who have visited India in the past fifteen or twenty years would have done so had the country not been discovered for them by Rudyard Kipling's stories? We do not think that half a million dollars, spent in skilful and flamboyant advertising, could have fixed the name of a place so firmly in the mind of the world as the lines beginning:

By the old Moulmein Pagado, looking lazy at
the sea.

But the ethical side? How far could an author go without debasing his craft? A good portion of the successful books of the world have been written, not for the joy of the writing, but for a purpose, to

exploit something or other, or to attack something or other. The ingenious advertising person whose letter suggests these paragraphs might say that he wanted from his novelist a document that would do for the section of the country in which he was financially interested. Just what Fenimore Cooper did for the Cooperstown region in the "Leather Stocking Tales," or what "Adirondack" Murray did for the Adirondacks, or what Bret Harte did for certain counties of California. He might contend that in wishing to exploit a certain section of one hundred thousand acres of pleasant country side he was a public benefactor, endeavouring to draw humanity away from the congestion of the cities for its own benefit and amelioration. He might even make out a specious and plausible case. Candidly, however, we are inclined to acquit him of any motives of pure philanthropy. Nor could we regard the novel that owed its inspiration to the line "some one with as great, or almost as great, a reputation as your own" as anything but an object of legitimate suspicion.

It is now more than twenty years ago that Henryk Sienkiewicz began to write the famous trilogy of the Polish Commonwealth, *Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*, "for the strengthening of hearts." Now at the age of sixty-six he is as hale and vigorous as he was then. While his permanent home is in Warsaw, Russia, he makes frequent visits to Cracow, Austria, the ancient capital of Poland. Here it is that his son, Henryk Josef, an architect, resides. The younger Sienkiewicz is employed in the work of reconstructing the old fortress located on a rocky eminence overlooking the river Vistula. While in Cracow the author of *Quo Vadis* makes excellent use of the well-equipped library of the Cracow University, which recently celebrated its five hundredth anniversary. His last published novel was an African story called *In Desert and Wilderness*. Since the death of Jeremiah Curtin, Sienkiewicz's novels have been translated into English by Max A. Drezmal, of Chicago.

Since the death of Bram Stoker several writers in the weekly and daily journals have thought to bestow high praise upon his "*Frankenstein*" *Dracula* by saying that it will eventually take its place with Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*. We wonder how many of these writers have read *Frankenstein*, which, despite the fact that it is remembered after one hundred years, is one of the most badly constructed and written of stories. When

the voice of pessimism over the degenerate library conditions of our time is particularly loud we can console ourselves with the thought that *Frankenstein*, in the form in which it was written, could not be published to-day. There is probably hardly a "publicity" man in any of our leading American publishing houses who could not be trusted to edit and "touch it up" to good effect. At any rate there could be very little harm done by revision.

W. T. STEAD

Dracula, by the way, had some curious vicissitudes in the United States. At first no American publisher would take it and Bram Stoker himself went to considerable expense in copyrighting it in this country. Time went on, and it looked as if this money—hard-earned, as was all Stoker's money—would be utterly wasted. Then suddenly a publisher took the book, and from the very first its sales were enormous, not only in the States, but in Canada also.

The late W. T. Stead was probably sincere in his work, but the greater part of that work was unquestionably in very bad taste. He partook very freely of the hospitality of his fellows in Chicago, and went home and wrote *If Christ Came to Chicago*. The comment of Israel Zangwill on that book was "if Moses came to London he would be very much disgusted with Mr. Stead." Mr. Stead was the apostle of the new journalism long before the term "muckraker" came into general use. His later work undoubtedly deserved kinder mention, and the manner of his death should soften the voice of hostile

criticism. In discussing him as a bookman, a writer in the *Yorkshire Observer* ventures the opinion that Stead, more than any other man, made the fame of Sarah Grand's *The Heavenly Twins*. That book to him was important because of its presentation of the woman question, and he did all he could for it because, on the whole, he agreed with the point of view of the writer.

"The sea, and especially the catastrophic annals of the sea," says the same writer, "have always exercised an extraordinary fascination for the imaginative artist, as also, it may be added, for the reading public. The enduring popularity of *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, and *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*—to pick out three very different books of adventure—prove how great a public there is for any narrative that tells in vivid, picturesque, and simple fashion, a tale, the more terrible the better, of the sea. That being so, it is strange indeed that the one writer of modern days who can describe, as no one else has ever yet described, the manifold perils and treach-

Wrecks in Fiction

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COVER DESIGN OF THE GERMAN EDITION OF
"W. A. G. M. U. S."

in 1903, she produced, in the space of
two years, no less than six novels, few

MORGAN SHUSTER, THE AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGLING OF PERSIA," AND MRS. SHUSTER, IN THEIR CARRIAGE, AT THE SIDE OF THE ATABAK PALACE, WHERE THEY LIVED IN TEHERAN

of which have yet gone into a second edition. But with the publication of *The Diary of a Lost One*, which rivals Zola's biggest successes in point of sales, having gone well beyond the 160,000 mark, her fortunes changed, and each succeeding volume has met with serious consideration. Upon the appearance of *The History of Dida Ibsen*, which has been aptly labelled as "a replica of *The Diary of a Lost One*," Théodor de Wyzewa, the discriminating and cosmopolitan critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, used the volume as a text for some interesting comments on the progress of the naturalistic movement in Germany. After pointing out that the initiators of the movement, toward the close of the nineteenth century, very largely failed, not because they pictured existing conditions of evil, but because they borrowed from the French school a spirit of irony and contempt which was "the last thing in the world that their compatriots could appreciate," he goes on to say: "How much more intelligent are the efforts of the German naturalists of to-day! They do not dream of smiling at the downfall and the misfortune of their unfortunate women. They show us these poor creatures, drawn down to destruction by invincible fatality; and when fatality has overborne their resistance, the authors pity them, weep and lament with them, and exert themselves to win our sym-

pathy for them, by showing us that their natures contain unsuspected treasures of tenderness and resignation." And in conclusion, he asks: "Where then have we already seen 'lost ones' of this sort, who admit their 'errors' in the same unconcerned tone in which they might relate the most ordinary happenings? . . . We must go back to certain very old books, in order to find the true ancestors of Dida Ibsen, back to the chronicles of Daniel Defoe, and Fielding and the Abbé Prévost, the first creators of this type of novel. In short, the Germans have gone back two centuries, in their effort to impart something new to the naturalistic novel, and have simply succeeded in bringing it back once more to the point of departure."

Mrs. Marie Adelaide Belloc-Lowndes, whose latest novel, *The Chink in the Armour*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is a sister of Hilaire Belloc, the well-known statesman and author, and consequently is of mixed English and French ancestry. Her father, the late Louis Belloc, was a member of the French bar, and son of Belloc the artist, more than one of whose paintings have found their way into the collection in the Louvre. Her mother, who was a granddaughter of Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, enjoyed the ac-

quaintance of George Eliot, the Rossettis, and many other well-known writers of the mid-Victorian period, and is remembered as author of *In a Walled Garden*, and other essays. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes at one time specialised in French history and takes a keen interest in contemporary literature and biography, especially memoirs and reminiscences, considering it essential that a writer of imaginative works should constantly be nourished and stimulated on books of this class. As a matter of fact, her first published volumes were not fiction but biography, including *The Life and Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, Princess Palatine* (1889) and *Pages from the De Goncourt Journals*, compiled in collaboration with Miss Shadlock (1894).

In fiction, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes was nurtured on the best of the English writers and early formed a taste, not only for Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, but curiously enough for the now unjustly neglected Miss Edgeworth, while Trollope was one of her chief favourites. At the same time, it is not surprising, in view of her ancestry, that she should have been strongly influenced by the French school of fiction, to which she was early introduced, being little more than a child when, as she herself relates, she was allowed to read practically all of the elder Dumas. Her first venture in fiction, *The Philosophy of the Marquise*, was a novel in dialogue form, written frankly in imitation of "Gyp," which found scant favour with the critics, the *Academy* grudgingly admitting that it was "clever journalism," while the *Athenæum* bluntly stigmatised it as "a book about a set of insufferable snobs and cads." *The Heart of Penelope*, which followed in 1894, revealed its author as a writer of serious intent and unsuspected strength; and *Barbara Rebell*, published a year later, caused a leading English review, previously hostile to her, to declare enthusiastically, "there is more breadth and largeness about Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes than any other woman novelist we can call to mind."

termest Farthing (1908), and *Studies in Wives* (1909), Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes continued to cultivate the same vein of fiction, careful and minute studies of people and situations, characterised by a Continental boldness of theme,—as for instance, *The Heart of Penelope*, in which the central idea is whether a mother has the right to commit murder, in order to save her daughter from dishonour. These volumes brought her a steadily increasing *succès d'estime*, but not a wide public. Suddenly, in 1910, she

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER, AUTHOR OF "FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR"

abandoned her previous field in favour of the novel of crime and mystery, and achieved a surprising success with *When No Man Pursueth*, in which, in a charming and sunny setting of Surrey landscape, two villains, a frank, genial male villain, and a pale, gentle, and truly womanly villain, conspire slowly to poison their respective wife and sister. It is interesting to note that this formula, a man and woman, apparently quite inoffensive, but really partners in crime, in a setting apparently redolent with the joy

For several years longer, in volumes like *The Pulse of Life* (1907), *The Ut-*

of living, also serves as the substructure of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's new volume.

Regarding Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's theories and methods of writing, the London *Literary World* not long since published some interesting details. "Her view is that in a literary sense the novel exists only if it is a faithful presentation of human life. She would go on to tell you that inasmuch as the passion of love in its myriad forms is the real mainspring of human life, any story which ignores that passion is not in a true sense a novel

at all. And if you were to ask her how human life should be presented she would reply: "Like a panorama, like a peopled landscape, not like a portrait or figure study." The reality of life, she believes, is not so much the external and objective thing that happens, as those secret springs of human character that make it. It follows from this that she rejects the plot—almost universal in modern fiction,—that has one central figure, or at most two central figures, set against a background of shadowy beings who are brought in only to furnish some sort of

relief and only in direct relation to the central characters. Such a story she considers to be bad art because it is an essentially false presentment of life. The same writer goes on to say that, as regards her method of composition, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes writes very slowly and revises extensively. She believes in putting a story away for some weeks or even months and coming to it again with a fresh mind. She is also an assiduous reader of other people's work; but in spite of her fondness for biographies and personal memoirs, and her belief in their stimulating influence, she considers that they should not be used too literally as material by the novelist. "To transfer real scenes and personages into the pages of a novel seems to her to argue a lack of imagination. . . . Only in *A Pulse of Life* has she attempted to portray an individual, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, who certainly resembles Cardinal Manning as she knew him in his old age."

MARION POLK ANGELLOTTI, AUTHOR OF
"THE BURGUNDIAN"

Back in the middle nineties a well-known American man of letters made a calculation of just how long it took the British literary world to follow the leads given it by Americans. In round numbers he suggested ten years as the average period of incubation, and characterised that as rather rapid work for the English mind. To illustrate his argument, he pointed out the three marked developments in English fiction of the time and maintained that they were all due to American initiation. The first was the revival of romantic fiction seen in the popularity of Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, and Rider Haggard. That he ascribed to the example of Archibald Claverling Gunter, whose *Mr. Barnes of New York*, which had appeared ten years earlier, had had such a phenomenal success. In this field of development the American critic was willing to concede that the English had improved on American models. Not so was the second development. That he

EVERY ABBOTT, AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN MARTHA
MARY"

held to be the village story represented in England by Quiller Couch, Ian McLaren, and Barrie, and clearly taken up by them in imitation of Sara Orne Jewett, Hamlin Garland, and Mary E. Wilkins. The third development was the semi-erotic novel, represented by *Dodo*, *A Yellow Aster*, and *The Green Carnation*. That type he traced back ten years to Amelie Rives's *The Quick or the Dead*.

To the readers of the new generation *The Quick or the Dead* is little more than a name. Twenty-four years ago it was the most talked-of book in the land, and with its publication the young author

stepped from absolute obscurity to nation wide celebrity. It was discussed with bated breath, it was attacked and it was applauded. It was barred from libraries and championed in pulpits. It originally appeared as a short novel in the columns of *Lippincott's Magazine*, and with Oscar Wilde's *A Picture of Dorian Grey*, and Rudyard Kipling's *The Light That Failed* gave that feature of the magazine a distinction which clung to it for years. Published to-day *The Quick or the Dead* would probably not cause the slightest ripple of excitement. By a few it would be recognised as a novel of unusual but immature power. But it would not startle, and it would not shock.

Mr. Franklin P. Adams, whose daily column in a New York afternoon newspaper has a following that is both wide and well deserved, endorses our remarks of last month about the late O. Henry and his cleverest imitator. The mere fact that the lines did not happen to be written by Mr. Adams himself, but are the work of a very clever and much exploited contributor, really does not materially change matters. It is the utterance of "the Column."

O. Henry's name, unless mistaken I'm,
Goes ednaferberating down through Time.

Miss Ferber, by the way, does not agree with our expressed opinions of her limitations when she undertakes to write of "inside baseball." We did not expect that she would. Here is her letter on the subject, in part:

4718 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.
May sixth, 1912.

That hurt, as you intended it should. I'll take my medicine like a lady, but you don't mind my making a face as it goes down, do you?

You, buried up there in your office, or your apartment, with your books, books, books, and your pipe, and your everlasting manuscripts, and makers of manuscripts, don't you know that your woman secretary knows more about baseball than you do? Don't you know that every American girl knows baseball, and that most of us read the sporting page, not as a pose, but because we're interested in things that happen on the field and track, and links, and gridiron? Bless your heart that baseball story was the worst story in the book, but it was written after a solid summer of watching our bush-league team play ball in the little Wisconsin town that I used to call home.

Humanity? Which of us really knows it? But take a fairly intelligent girl of seventeen, put her on a country daily newspaper, and then keep her on one paper or another, country and city, for six years, and—well, she just naturally can't help learning some things about some folks, now can she? And that knowledge, whatever it is, won't be "simulated."

Oh, well, I suppose I had it coming to me. I didn't know I was putting on so much side.

THE ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN PARTNERSHIP, THE
AUTHORS OF "LE JUIF POLONAIS" ("THE
BELLS") IN COLLABORATION

But it'll do me good. You say that two or three more such books may entitle me to serious consideration. If I can get the editors to take more stories, why, I suppose there'll be more books. But please don't perform any serious consideration stuff over 'em. Because me'n Georgie Cohan, we jest aims to amuse.

Sincerely and with a chidden spirit,

EDNA FERBER.

From that cloistered atmosphere which Miss Ferber ascribes to us we retort. "Don't you know," she asks, "that every American girl knows baseball?" We know a number of American girls who know something about baseball, perhaps even considerable about baseball, but we don't know one who knows baseball. Perhaps such a person exists, but again assuredly it is not Miss Edna Ferber. We are quite willing to concede that she can keep score correctly, after a fashion, that she knows the difference between a "Texas Leaguer" and a "delayed steal," and that she can grasp intelligently allusions to the "White Sox," the "Cubs," the "Pirates," the "Naps," the "Tigers," and the "Doves." But when she turns to baseball as a field for fiction, no matter how carefully she may watch herself, there will always be the little touch that will provoke the grin of the masculine reader. For on this subject it will always be the case of the "Woman who does not know, and cannot understand."

liner, one of the new boats." "But," retorted the novelist, "I have never crossed the ocean and know nothing about transatlantic liners." "That," said the other, "is a matter of easy remedy. The _____ sails at ten to-morrow morning. Let us go down at nine and put an end to your troubles." The next day the two visited the ship in question, the author asking questions of his friend and making observations and notes. The smoking room was studied carefully as being just the place for the fight, and certain remote corners of the decks as suitable scenes for discreet and fervent courtship. Before the clanging of the gong with its "All ashore who are going ashore" message, the novelist closed his note book with the manner of a man whose task is finished. "A year or so later," said the friend who had directed the search for local colour, "I was crossing the ocean and gave _____ to the captain of the boat to read. He did not care so much for the love passages, but what did please him was to find at last a novelist writing of the sea who really knew his subject. He had not read half a dozen pages before he knew that here was the real thing."

ANNA A. CHAPIN, AUTHOR OF "THE UNDER TRAIL"

This is the story of a novel which enjoyed considerable success when it was published three or four years ago. When the story was being planned, the author, who has since achieved a literary position of considerable importance, though not as a novelist, could not hit upon just the right background. He needed a setting that would hold his three principal characters, a woman and two men, together for a period of ten or twelve days, despite the fact that the complications of the tale itself would inevitably have moved one or the other of the men to immediate departure. He told a friend of his dilemma. "Why," said the mentor, "put them on board a slow-going transatlantic

The Real Thing

An American essayist of great brilliancy and exceedingly rigid literary standards was talking of G. K. Chesterton's *Man-alive*. The direct question was put to him. "Chesterton is no longer a novelty. He has written enough to enable one to assign him a definite place in contemporary English literature. In your mind how high is this place? How do you appraise him?" "At the very top." "And will this be permanent?" "More permanent than that of Robert Louis Stevenson or Rudyard Kipling." Without endorsing this opinion we submit it as one that deserves serious consideration.

The Place of Chesterton



MEREDITH NICHOLSON

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

ALFRED TENNYSON DICKENS

The group portrait was taken in Indianapolis a short time before the death of
Mr. Dickens

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

The jealous Sea moaned in the April night:
"Lo! there are comrades hidden in my heart,
Unfortunates who sought me, sick of life.
But I am hungry for brave souls; I crave
Their warmth and passion through my chilling tides;
Their heads upon my bosom, and their hands,
Like children's hands, about me in the dark.
I need their blood in my cold loneliness."

A Titan sailed her weary leagues of foam,
Unknowing her strange wish, her mad desire.
But there was menace in the startlit night,
And sudden doom upon deceiving paths,
And a wild horror on the mighty deep.

The grey Sea laughed—and drew those brave men down,
And braver women who but mocked at Death,
Seeing that Love went with them. These the souls
The awful Sea desired! These the hearts
She waited for in that stupendous hour!
They were enough to warm the Arctic wastes,
To fill with furnace heat the frozen zones,
And fire the very Sea that was their grave.

But dream not, mighty Ocean, they are yours!
We have them still, those high and valiant men
Who died that others might reach ports of peace.
Not in your jealous depths their spirits roam,
But through the world to-day, and up to heaven!

STRINDBERG IN AMERICA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

WHATEVER estimate may ultimately come to be made of August Strindberg's greatness, there can be no doubt whatever of his bigness. In this desultory age of slow endeavours and small accomplishments, he looms like some belated Titan left over from an earlier and more gigantic period. Though he may not be an author of the first merit, he is unde-

niably an author of the first magnitude; and it is reassuring to remark, as we scan the field of contemporary literature, that one large man, at least, is still among us. Strindberg is at present sixty-three years old. During a productive period of over forty years, he has alone created what, in extent and in variety, amounts almost to a national literature. To quote the computation of his interpreter, Mr. Edwin Björkman, he has published "fifty-five plays, six novels, fifteen col-

lections of short stories, nine autobiographical novels, three collections of verse, four volumes of history, five volumes of science, and seventeen collections of literary, social, and scientific essays, nature studies, etc." But his largeness is manifested not only by his productivity, but by the further fact that nearly all these various volumes have been fashioned, so to speak, out of himself. No writer has ever been more subjective in the process of his thought, more personal in the expression of it. Strindberg's writings are a record of his own experience of life. He is not so much an observer of the life about him as a brooder on the life within him. How intense that life has been,—how limitless those vital continents within his soul, of which he has been a tireless explorer,—is evidenced by the vastness of the visioning of his inward-looking eyes.

Till very recently the work of Strindberg has remained, in America, almost utterly unknown. His name, among us, has been merely a name, spoken only now and then by professional adventurers into distant domains of literature, like the far-exploring Mr. Huneker. To be sure, a few of his short stories have appeared from time to time in magazines of narrow circulation; and his one-act play, *The Stronger* (1890), has been given once or twice at semi-public performances. This little piece is very curious in form. Two women—one of the domestic type, the other of the vampire type—meet in a corner of a café. The former is the wife, and the latter has been the mistress, of a man whose character is pretty clearly suggested in the lines. The piece is one long monologue by the wife, punctuated only by gestures and changes in facial expression on the part of the other woman. The silent part is, of course, the more effective of the two for a capable actress. The entire life-story of the three members of the triangle is laid bare in the apparently inconsequential patter of the wife's long speech. The technical method reminds us of that of Browning's monologues, like *Andrea del Sarto*, for example; but it marks a startling innovation in the actual theatre. It seems rather singular that this extraordinary little play did not

awaken in America an immediate interest in the more substantial labours of the author.

But very recently we have been treated to a sudden splash and splurge of Strindberg. His three-act tragedy, *The Father*, was put up for a run at the Berkeley Theatre, in New York, by Messrs. Warner Oland and Frederic Burt, and achieved an emphatic *succès d'estime*. The piece was translated by Edith Shearn Oland and Warner Oland; and Mr. Oland also acted the leading part. The performance, though not brilliant, was thoroughly adequate; and the terrifying power of the play itself sent us all scurrying to libraries to acquaint ourselves further with this discomfiting and morbid-minded giant of the north. At about the same time, Mr. Edwin Björkman published an authorised translation of four of Strindberg's later plays, with an interesting introduction;* and another volume of translations has been promised by Mr. Oland for the immediate future. The works thus set immediately before us call for critical consideration at the present time; and they are sufficiently representative of the dominant directions of Strindberg's mind to offer occasion for certain general comments on his message.

Since—as has been said—the work of Strindberg is almost invariably subjective in mood and autobiographical in content, it is necessary, before attempting a critical study of any of his pieces, to make ourselves familiar with the formative factors of his life-experience. For the essential data, we are indebted to Mr. Björkman's valuable introduction and to his still more valuable essays in two recent numbers of *The Forum*.

August Strindberg was born in Stockholm on January 22, 1849. His father, a small tradesman, had failed in business shortly before this date, and remained uncomfortably poor throughout the poet's early years. His mother was a barmaid. August, the third child of their union, was born only a couple of months after

*Plays by August Strindberg. *The Dream Play*. *The Link*. *The Dance of Death*, Parts I and II. Translated with an Introduction by Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

they had been legally married. He seems to have come unwelcome into the world; and life, throughout his childhood, appeared to treat him as an intruder. The family was large, and the family life was artificially constricted by the fact that ten people had to live together in three rooms. The other members of the household were commonplace; and the genius who had happened to be born amongst them found himself from the outset isolated and misunderstood. His elder brothers hated him; and even to his parents this sensitive and

timid child looked in vain for the understanding and the sympathy he longed for. Thus, early in his childhood, he was made to look upon life as an incessant warfare waged upon the individual by his environment; and this conception of life as war, a war in which the individual finds himself forever on the losing side, remains to this day one of the leading motives of his message. It is scarcely necessary to add that, in his feeling about war, he agrees with General Sherman.

One incident at the age of eight burned itself so deeply into his memory that he

AUGUST STRINDBERG

August Strindberg died in Stockholm, Sweden, on Tuesday, May 14, 1912. Mr. Hamilton's article was written a short time before the death of the Swedish dramatist

recurs to it again and again in his writings. He was unjustly accused of some minor misdeed in the household, held at fault in spite of his disclaimers, and finally tormented into a false acknowledgment of guilt to shield himself from further punishment. Thereby he realised early a reversal of the maxim that might makes right; and a protest against the stark injustice of the powers of this world became another of the leading motives of his message.

At the university of Upsala he was very poor,—too poor to buy either books or firewood. From this experience he escaped to teach a primary class in a public school of Stockholm. It then struck him oddly that in insisting every day that two and two make four he was returning tragically to a previous stage in his own mental development, and wasting his life in living over what had been lived already. Thereby he discovered another of his leading motives,—a sense of the appalling monotony of that "petty round of irritating concerns and duties" that makes us live in circles, day by day, like squirrels in a tread-mill cage.

Early in his twenties he began to launch literary masterpieces; but these were spurned by the critics and the public, and their reception left him still further isolated and embittered. Life seemed indeed at war with him. His plays and novels of this period [with none of which I am acquainted] are classed by Mr. Björkman as Romantic, in contradistinction to the Naturalistic works of his middle period [the period of *The Father*] and the Symbolistic works of his third and latest period [the period of the plays in Mr. Björkman's volume]. In this threefold evolution, from the Romantic through the Naturalistic to the Symbolistic, Strindberg has paralleled the similar development of Ibsen.

At the age of twenty-six he fell in love with the woman who was to exert a deeper influence upon his work than any other factor in his life-experience. She was already married; but she obtained a divorce and married Strindberg. For a time their wedded life was happy; and the poet, in this single sunny period of his experience, poured forth an amazing number and variety of literary works

conceived in the Romantic mood. But a little later his marriage began to be disrupted by dissensions; and the domestic life became increasingly unbearable, to both parties, as the years proceeded. Held together by their children, they endured a life of torture, until finally, after sixteen years, they abandoned the hopeless struggle and were divorced.

This tragic experience has coloured all the later work of Strindberg. He had begun by conceiving life as war; and he now discovered, in his own case, that love, which is the origin and essence of life, is also war,—a yearlong, lifelong battle, without an interrupting truce. Hence he conceived love as only the obverse of a two-sided passion, of which the inevitable reverse is hatred. Other poets have made the same discovery: compare, for instance, Mr. Kipling's harrowing lines, "I 'ate you, grinnin' there. . . . Ah, Gawd, I love you so!"

It is highly likely that the only genuinely happy marriages are those in which one party is so preponderously powerful as to make a complete conquest of the other. The trouble in the case of Strindberg's marriage seems to have been that both parties, individually, were so strong that the battle between them could be neither won nor lost. In struggling vainly to merge themselves in unity, they merely violated the sanctity of each other's individuality. To say the same thing in less pedantic terms, they got upon each other's nerves.

Throughout the struggle, Strindberg, who is enormously an egoist, seems to have resented, most of all, the implied negation of his own innate superiority to his wife. Upon this point he brooded deeply, transmuting it [as is the habit of his mind] from the particular to the general, until he came to imagine life as a harrowing warfare waged upon man by woman,—a creature inferior (as he conceived) both physically and mentally and morally. Hating one woman in the concrete, he came to hate all women in the abstract. It happened that this experience of his coincided chronologically with that feminist movement in literature which had been awakened by such works as the *Doll's House* of Ibsen; and against this new suggestion of equality between

the sexes he arrayed himself in wrath. He became the arch misogynist of the modern world. It should perhaps be noted, in the present context, that in his later life he has twice been married and both times divorced. There can be no doubt, indeed, of his equipment for the discussion of domestic infelicity.

Another phase of his experience should be referred to before we turn to a critical consideration of the works before us. The genius of Strindberg is obviously of the sort that is "to madness near allied." He has displayed, throughout his life, two symptoms of insanity which alienists are fond of harping on,—namely, the "exaggerated ego" and the sense of being always persecuted. More than once his tendency to madness has manifested itself acutely, so that he has retired for a time to a private sanitarium.

These points should be borne in mind in considering *The Father*, which develops the two themes of misogyny and madness.

"The Father"

This tragedy was written in 1887, four years before the author's first divorce. It is the earliest of his plays to be conceived in the Naturalistic mood, and is the greatest dramatic product of his middle period.

The hero of this piece is a Captain of cavalry,—a man of sensitive and delicately nurtured mind, a free and original thinker, interested in scientific research, and illumined with a spark of genius. In his solitary musings, he is disturbed by the consciousness of a scarcely expressed but none the less embattled opposition from the feminine members of his household, consisting of his wife, his mother-in-law, and his sentimental old nurse. Mentally, he finds himself ill at ease in a nest of women who miscomprehend him and belittle him. With Laura, his wife, he has been long at daggers-drawn. They seldom quarrel openly; but she opposes him at every point, and the least detail of the daily round becomes evermore occasion for a silent struggle. Their smouldering enmity is fanned to a flame by the problem of the education of their only child, a daughter. The father wants her to be sent away to a city school, to be brought up in an atmosphere of free thinking; and the mother wants to keep

her at home, to bring her up in the atmosphere of her grandmother's religiosity. The husband asserts his legal rights, explaining that the law confers upon a father supreme authority over the education of his child. To this move, the wife opposes an insidious suggestion. She asks her husband how he can prove legally that he is the father of her child, and throws out a hint that she may have been unfaithful to him.

There is, in fact, no basis for this sinister supposition; but the suggestion so works upon the sensitive mind of the Captain as to drive him into a state of nervous collapse. At this point, Laura calls in a physician, of quite commonplace perceptions, to observe her husband, and suggests to the doctor that the Captain is out of his mind. The Captain, growing restive under the adverse observation of this professional intruder, says and does several things that are decidedly eccentric, and ends up by throwing a lighted lamp at his detested wife.

There can now remain no doubt, in the minds of the doctor and the women, that the Captain is insane; and the dreadful consciousness of their belief is sufficient to unseat his reason. He tries, unsuccessfully, to kill his child. Thereafter, he is wheedled by the kindly treachery of his old nurse into donning a strait-jacket. In impotent incarceration, he raves against the fiendishness of women, and then drops dead of apoplexy. Laura, having won at last an undisputed jurisdiction over her daughter, clasps the child in her arms with quiet, imperturbable satisfaction.

This tragedy—which is planned and written with extraordinary technical accomplishment—is remarkable mainly for two things:—first, its sympathetic study of incipient insanity, and second, the vehemence of its assault on womankind. Nowhere else, except in certain of the short stories of Guy de Maupassant, can there be found so subtle a delineation of a mind that hovers on the borderland between sanity and madness, and ultimately melts into insanity; and nowhere else can there be found so tremendous an arraignment of a female fiend.

For, if Iago is the most diabolical man in the entire range of drama, Laura is

assuredly the most diabolical woman. Like *Iago* she is devoid of all emotion, valuing villainy for its own sake and enjoying it as an intellectual exercise. She drives her husband to madness and death with a detached and mentally disinterested observation of the process. She is all-powerful, because she has no scruples and no conscience. She means to win her point, and calmly does so, regardless of the consequences to her less primordial and more conscientious husband. She is a supreme embodiment of woman at her worst,—a lasting idol to be pointed to by all misogynists.

To the same Naturalistic period belongs the one-act tragedy of *Countess*

"*Countess Julia*"

Julia (1888), which has recently been translated by Charles Recht.* This piece, which is unfolded

in a single lengthy scene, set in the kitchen of a castle, is very interesting from a technical standpoint. The action occupies an entire night, from mid-evening until dawn. Only three speaking characters are represented; but certain intervals of time are summarised in pantomime by these and several other people. This device of suggesting in half an hour the passage of an entire night, with which we have been made familiar in Mr. Belasco's one-act version of *Madam Butterfly*, is thus shown to be an invention of the myriad-minded Swede.

The content of this little play is very horrible. A neurotic and hysterical Countess (aged twenty-five) tantalises her father's valet (aged thirty) into seducing her. The scene leading up to this abhorrent climax is a very remarkable study of the mental pathology of sex. The subsequent situation of the Countess and the valet is a situation of abject despair. The Countess does not dare remain at home; she does not dare to run away alone; and she realises that, if she elopes with the valet, they will merely hate each other. A vivid suggestion is made of the fierce warfare that is waged between plebeians who are rising through the generations and patricians who are similarly descending. In this instance,

the rising scion of a new family and the falling scion of an old family have met, for one moment of hysterical insanity, to wreck and ruin their divided destinies. The play ends, in a moment of great terror, with a prevision that the Countess is about to cut her throat with a razor.

This play is sternly true of the mad and despicable people that it represents; but, even more than *The Father*, it stands apart, in theme and content, from the general and generous experience of humankind. It is a special, not a universal, work. It is clinical, instead of being generically representative.

Strindberg's transition from his Naturalistic to his Symbolistic period was not accomplished easily. In 1893, disgusted with his life and disillusioned with his work, he ceased writing altogether. But his restless mind, demanding unremitted occupation, applied itself to the alien endeavour of scientific research. He became obsessed with the mediæval notion of proving the transmutability of the elements, and spent three or four years trying to manufacture gold from baser substances. Toward the close of this mental *interregnum*, he succumbed to the religious influence of his great countryman, Emanuel Swedenborg, and exchanged his former materialistic scepticism for a believing mysticism. Then, in the literary firmament, the star of Mæterlinck arose; and he learned from the great Belgian the possibility of mysticism as a mood for utterance.

In 1896, Strindberg resigned himself for a couple of months to a sanitarium for the mentally unbalanced; but he emerged to embark upon a new period of extraordinary literary productivity, in a totally new vein, induced by his mental searchings of the immediately preceding years. To this latest, or Symbolistic, period, belong the plays that have been presented to us in Mr. Björkman's volume.

One of these, *The Link* (1897), is a lengthy delineation, in one act, of a psychological experience

"*The Link*"

suggested by the author's first divorce. A Baron and a Baroness have

agreed to disagree and to divorce themselves with decency. They have a child,

**Countess Julia*. A Naturalistic Tragedy by August Strindberg. Translated by Charles Recht. Philadelphia: Brown Brothers.

—the link which makes their disassociation difficult. They have agreed, for the sake of the child, not to blacken each other's characters. But the cumbersome and blundering procedure of the court forces them, in answering the necessary legal questions, to break out publicly in bitter and harrowing dissension. They are granted an harassed and losing liberty only after a tragic sacrifice of their self-respect, which has spread abroad a scandal that darkens the future of their child.

The Dance of Death (1901) is a drama in two parts, which affords a mystical expression to many of the recurrent themes remembered from the earlier experience of the author. In the first part, only three characters are represented [if we except three minor people who appear for but a moment],—a Captain, his wife, and her cousin. The piece reveals, first of all, the appalling monotony of daily life, with its ceaseless repetition of experiences already understood; secondly, the unemphatic but embittered enmity of a wife and husband who, having lived together many years, still fail to understand each other; and thirdly, the blind injustice of the ceaseless warfare of the world that is waged upon the individual. The drama develops an atmosphere of hatred, in which the numbed participants long eagerly but unemphatically for each other's deaths.

In the second part of the play, two new characters are introduced,—Judith, the daughter of the Captain, and Allan, the son of Curt, the cousin of the Captain's wife. These two young people love each other, and torture each other with that hatred which, according to Strindberg, is the inevitable concomitant of love. We perceive them proceeding, in spite of themselves, to destroy the integrity of each other's personality in the desperate and vain endeavour to link their lives in one. And, all the while, the life of their elders revolves with its recurrent monotony of love and hate, hate and love,—circular, invariable, hopeless.

This double drama offers a lengthy and appalling insistence on the disillusionment of life,—a life which wages con-

stant war upon the individual,—a war from which the only orderly retreat is in pursuance of the fiddler of the dance of death.

The Dream Play (1902) seems to me the greatest of the pieces included in Mr.

Björkman's volume. In form, it is exceedingly singular. The author has attempted to reproduce

the inconsecutive, but inexplicably satisfying, drift of a dreaming mind. As the author has stated in his prefatory note,—“Anything may happen; everything is possible and probable. Time and space do not exist. On an insignificant background of reality, imagination designs and embroiders novel patterns: a medley of memories, experiences, free fancies, absurdities, and improvisations. The characters split, double, multiply, vanish, solidify, blur, clarify. But one consciousness reigns above them all—that of the dreamer; and before it there are no secrets, no incongruities, no scruples, no laws. There is neither judgment nor exoneration, but merely narration. And as the dream is mostly painful, rarely pleasant, a note of melancholy and of pity with all living things runs right through the wabbly tale.”

In this “wabbly tale,” a daughter of the gods pays a visit to this earth and drifts aimlessly through many of the habitual scenes of human life. And the life that she drifts through is despairing, and monotonous, and motivated by that hatred which is the secondary name of love. Therefore the daughter of the gods, having looked on human life, decides that it is evil, and drifts backward to the heavens with a heavy consciousness of the injustice of the burden of mortality.

The Dream Play, like the other works we have examined, belongs to the literature of disillusionment; but every now and then it discloses a sudden, unexpected glimpse of that eternity of truth and beauty, in the faith of which the happy-starred among humanity smile and labour to do well. Thereby this drifting dream reveals itself as the work of a veritable poet, and deserves to be recorded as a positive achievement of the seeking human mind.

A glimpse at these scattered works of Strindberg's [which are all that have thus far been made easily accessible in America] can scarcely aid us to estimate the ultimate importance of this huge and brooding giant of the north. But his insistence on recurrent themes, culled mainly from his own sinister and disenchanting experience of life, may help us [from a perusal only of these chosen works] to a tentative redaction of his message. What he has to say seems, mainly, to be this:—Life is war,—in which the individual, who is usually in the right, is at the mercy of his embattled environment, which is usually preponderously powerful. The laws of human life are regulated by a stark injustice, which has been endowed artificially with the power to regulate and to command. Life is appallingly monotonous, condemning us to repeat, over and over again, an experience from which we have already derived and digested the ultimate significance. Love, which is the origin and essence of life, is an embattled opposition of two spirits destined to destroy each other in the ineffectual endeavour to be one. The phenomenon of love is necessarily accompanied by the phenomenon of hatred; and, among strong spirits, domesticity is impossible, because it implies a sacrilegious violation of the integrity of the individual. Sex is a curse, because it provokes passions inevitably destructive of the honesty and amiability of the individual human soul. There is an eternal duel between the sexes, in which the male (because he is more conscientious) is usually in the right, and the female (because she has no conscience) has usually the preponderance of might. In the warfare of life, the wrong (because it is more mighty) usually triumphs over the right, and the female (because she is more deadly) most frequently destroys the male. Life is bitter: but there is ultimate release in

death. After the tumult and the shouting dies, there may supervene the ease of tears, the illimitable lassitude of peace.

Thus, upon the basis of the handful of utterances now before us, I read the message of this Titan of the land of mid-day night. Very possibly some others of his countless untranslated volumes might alleviate this impression of the grim, gigantic Swede's displeasure with the things that are. But it would seem, from the works already set before us, that Strindberg will never attain an affluent and current popularity in America. We take our life less grimly than this morbid-minded Scandinavian. To most of us, this turgid, tremulous, tremendous world continues to appear [in the wise and laughing words of Stevenson] "a brave gymnasium, full of sea-bathing, and horse exercise, and bracing, manly virtues." And, as our happy-starred, beloved Louis added, "Our affections and beliefs are wiser than we; the best that is in us is better than we can understand; for it is grounded beyond experience, and guides us, blindfold but safe, from one age to another."

It is a fallacy to think the night more potent than the day, and to discount such a sunny affirmation of our Anglo-Saxon genius in favour of a darker-minded, though still occasionally starlit, utterance from the brooding, meditative north. For us, in America, Strindberg must remain a sinister dissenter,—showing us the cloud, of which we hold already, in our vision, the luminous and silver lining,—opposing to us only a grim but gigantic negation of what we know (because of the illumined faith within us) to be true and beautiful and good. He is a spirit that denies, an angel of the dark, a Titan hurling huge but ineffectual projectiles against a faltering but not unkindly Deity of things that ultimately are.

In the July number, Mr. Hamilton will discuss "The New Art of Stage Direction," devoting special attention to the theories of Mr. Gordon Craig.

THE COMING OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

BY AMEEN RIHANI

IN TWO PARTS. PART I

I

IN one of the most sequestered villages of Mount Lebanon, a peasant, who had never ventured beyond the confines of his own mountain-walled horizon, once told story of the Jew and the Pound of Flesh—the story of Shylock, indeed, which he related in all its details, and which was related to him by his neighbour who had travelled, he said, on the seashore of Syria. And this story, most probably, came to Syria, not through Shakespeare, but directly from its original Italian source. Likewise, much of the folklore and many of the legends of the people of Sicily and Malta are of one same Eastern provenance, the storiologists tell us, being analogous to those of the Arabs and Persians, except that they are sometimes slightly modified to suit the life and conditions of the people receiving them. But how did these Arab tales get to Sicily? By word of mouth, to be sure, even as the story of the Jew and the Pound of Flesh reached that mountain peasant. And by word of mouth, also, did the Arabian Nights Tales first circulate, not only in the East, but in the southern parts of Italy and Spain.

The professional story-teller, the reciter (*rawy*) rather, is the original author and publisher of the first tales of *The Nights*. And he is still as popular in the East as the dervishes who scorn him and his profession. In the cafés of the city, in his home in the village, in front of his tent in the desert, the *rawy* is always the central figure of a circle of people who listen enraptured to his dramatic recital of comic or tragic tales—tales which he gets from books, others from his *rawy*-ancestors, and still more which

are of his own invention. Indeed, the *rawy* is a kind of author-actor-manager in embryo; and his art has its technique and traditions, handed down from father to son, which are always meticulously observed. Too much of a tale worketh ill, is one of these traditions. So he divides his story into so many parts—the more the better—to occupy so many evenings, and thus increase his stipend, which he receives sometimes in coins and sometimes in articles of food or smoke or drink. His lust of lucre is keener, indeed, than his hunger for applause. And it is amusing to see him leaving the scene after reaching a climax, while the audience, left in suspense, eager to hear more, would try to hold him back. No; the tradition must be observed. He will come again to-morrow evening. Too much of a tale worketh ill, says the learned and eminent critic Sheikh el-Konfushari. Aye, the gravest of Mohammedan doctors deign to dissert on the *rawy's* art and profession. In one of the manuscripts of *The Nights* there is to be found this suggestion: "If your audience be of the common people," says the learned sheikh advising the *rawy*, "recite to them the fables, which are in the first part of the book; and if they are of the governing class, recite the martial adventures, the stories of chivalry and heroism, which are in the last part."

To the *rawy*, therefore, is the credit, not only of popularising *The Nights* in the East, but also of first introducing them in Europe. Lane heard him in Egypt; Galland imported him from Aleppo to Paris; and Burton travelled with him in the desert, becoming himself a *rawy* of remarkable skill. As far back as the thirteenth century, also, an Arab poet of Granada, Ibn Sa'id by name, travelled in Egypt, and in a book he wrote on that country mentions the tale-tellers of Cairo and some of the stories he heard

which resembled, he tells us, the Thousand Nights. And Ibn Sa'īd, after his return from Egypt, related some of these stories to his friends in the pleasure gardens of Granada. This, probably, is the first instance we have of the migration of *The Nights* to Europe. That they were later translated into Spanish, finding their way thence to the early French Romances, is a theory which Chauvin and other Arabists maintain. But of this presently.

First, let attention be called to the instance, remote though it be and interesting perhaps only to the scholar, of their first appearance in Italian literature. Eugenio Camerini, in the preface to his edition of the works of the erratic and erotic Doni, he who anticipated the Decadents and their School, and who translated also the Fables of Bidpai to atone for his sins and his Petrarchian sonnets, gives an Arab story, the exact analogue of the story of the Seven Sages, which was taken down by one Narcisso a Rabbat from the lips of an old Arab story-teller, who had it from the works of the Sufi-poet Al-Ghazzali. The *rawy* again on the scene. But the seeds of many more such tales were wafted over from Sicily to germinate in the work of a more popular author,—in a book which begot many more like it, and which is a classic of its kind—Boccaccio's *Decameron*.

In the first place, the mechanism of the *Decameron* and that of the *Arabian Nights* is one and the same; they both have their inception in catastrophe, or the desire to escape it, the plague of Florence in the one, the crimes of Shahriar in the other; they both have a frame, enclosing tale within tale; and the ladies of Boccaccio are mostly descendants of Shahrazad. They take refuge in the country from the appalling calamity, and entertain each other with stories which have in them much that is Eastern, while in some of the episodes the similitude to *The Nights* is most remarkable. To mention a few of these. The ingenuity of the Marchioness of Montferrat,* who cures the king of his dishonourable love, suggests an episode in the story of the Seven Sages. Fiametta and Filomena entertaining the languid company in their

Italian garden, suggest the three ladies of Baghdad and their Rabelaisian porter. Saladin disguising himself as a merchant is unmistakably Baghdadian. The story of Attaf the Generous† has its origin in one of the many remarkable deeds of Hatim Tey, famous in Arabic song and story for his generosity. The episode of the Pear Tree‡ and that of the Simpleton Husbands§ are one and the same, except that they do not end alike. Lidia orders the tree cut down, "although the axe," said she, "might be as well employed on my husband's weak noddle;" the Simpleton in the Arabian tale says to his wanton spouse, Arise, let us depart this place, for it is full of Marids and Jinn. And he goes away assured that what he beheld under his own eyes when in the tree was all "a phantasy, a fascination." Thus, instead of the naïvete which is touching, we have in Boccaccio's version a touch of sophistication which is only amusing.

In France, four centuries before Galland's translation appeared, we find traces more marked of the footprints of *The Nights*. The story of the Enchanted Horse, slightly modified, we have in two old French Romances, one, *The Cléomadès*, written in the latter part of the thirteenth century by Adenet le Roi; the other, *Méliacin*, composed a few years later by Girard of Amiens. These two poems are closely related, the poets having drawn presumably on the same Spanish source. For a Spanish romance, which was an amplification of a version in an old manuscript of the *Arabian Nights*, Chauvin and other Arabists believe, must have been the original of *Méliacin* and *The Cléomadès*, which are in the main the same as the story of the Enchanted Horse with only a few exceptions where a few episodes, purely Spanish, are introduced. The scene of *Méliacin* is laid in Asia, that of *The Cléomadès* in Spain; and where the two poems differ in a few places from each other, they agree with the Arabic version. That a Spanish translation of the *Arabian Nights* was, therefore, then ex-

*Day 10, Nov. 8.

†Day 7, Nov. 9.

‡Burton's Supplementary Nights, Vol. I, p. 239.

*Day 1, Nov. 5.

tant, but was subsequently destroyed,—many are the libraries which the Moham-medan rulers and the Christian Kings of Spain consigned to the flames,—is most probable. Not only the two Romances mentioned prove this, but the fragments of *The Nights* that came down from one generation to another became a part of the folklore of that country and finally found their way again into the pages of many a poet and romancer.

Even Washington Irving, in *The Alhambra*, gives us a few of these legends which bear the *cachét* of *The Nights*, faded in places, to be sure, through the corrosive process of many successive translations. But the reader can readily recognise the unmistakable Eastern character of such stories in *The Alhambra* as The Legend of the Beautiful Princess, The Two Discreet Statues, The Arabian Astrologer, and notably among them Ahmed el-Kamel, which is the analogue of Prince Ahmed of *The Nights*.

II

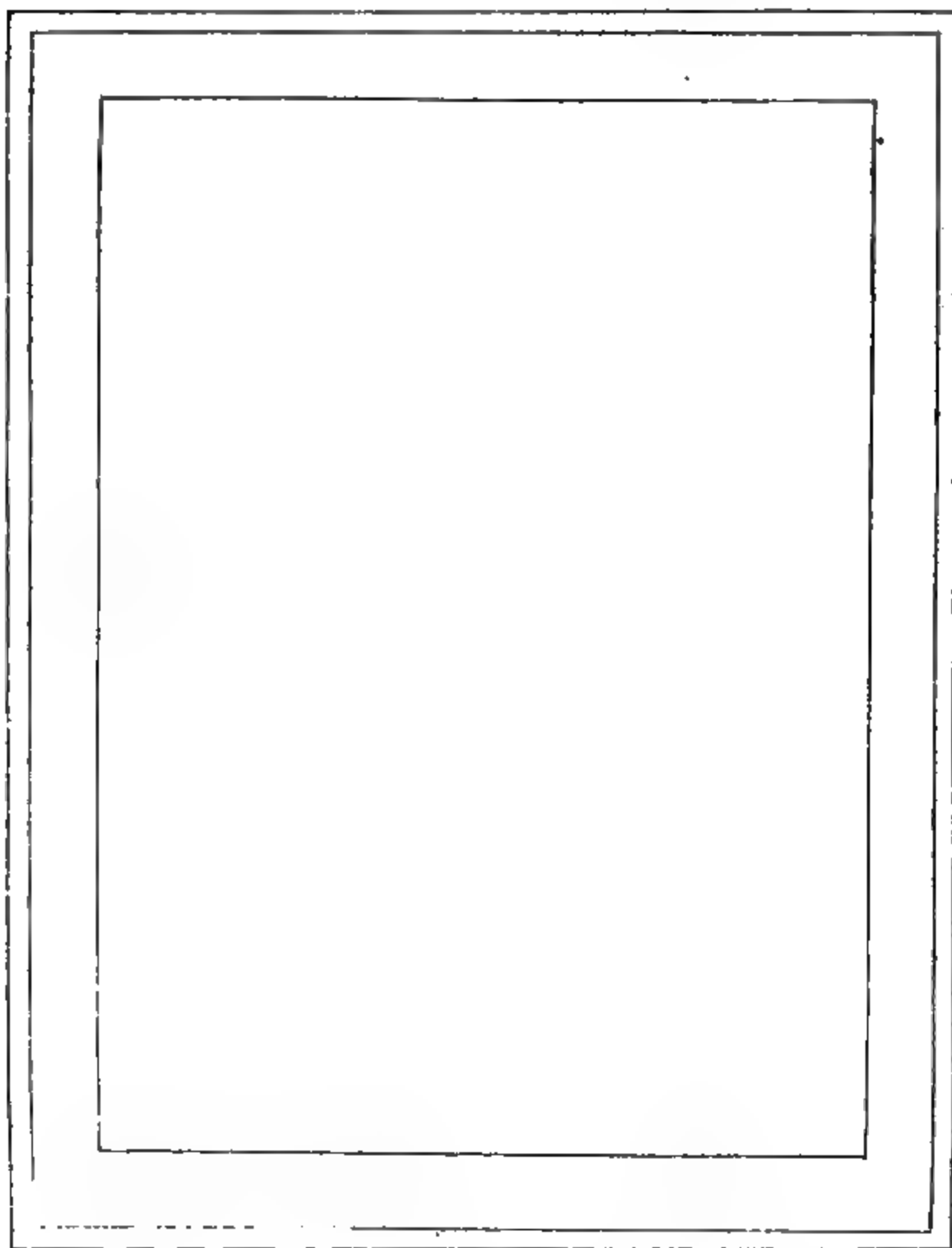
With these brief remarks on the remote and shadowy vestiges of the first appearance of this Arabic classic in Italy and Spain, let us consider what is popularly known as the first regular translation of it into a European language. And in speaking of this, we must also note what seems to be inseparable from it in the life of the translator. Antoine Galland, Orientalist, antiquarian, numismatologist, *littérateur*, was born of comparatively humble parents in Rollot, Picardy, where, after a brief schooling, he was apprenticed to a trade. But his early bookishness interfered with his work; his master was severe; and the inner voice—he felt he was made for letters—called him away. Secretly he made his Paris, where his talents attracted the attention of some influential people, among them a doctor of the Sorbonne. Thus he was enabled to pursue his studies at different institutions, and finally at the Ecole Mazarin. He was then appointed attaché-secretary to M. de Nointel, Ambassador of France at Constantinople. His special province, however, was the study of the doctrines of Orthodox Christianity, which were at that time the cause of lively disputes among French Catholics. But in

this religious mission he nursed his dream, his task of love. He frequented the *cafés* of Constantinople rather than the churches; heard the professional story-tellers; studied the superstitions, the customs, the manners of the people; and travelled with M. de Nointel through the Levant and Syria. Twice after that he visited the East, once on a numismatic mission, and the last time with the purpose of making purchases for the Library and Museum of Colbert.

But the wonderful tales, about which he had read, and some of which he heard the *raïwys* recite, these, or the manuscripts of these, were always the supreme object of his quest. Aye, and he almost lost his life in the search. For Smyrna, when he was there, was shaken and almost totally ruined by an earthquake, and the French savant was buried in the debris of his kitchen—from which, however, he was taken out alive. The amulet of his task of love, *The Nights*, must have saved him. Trebutien also tells us that Baron von Hammer once escaped drowning by the blessings of *The Nights*. What adventures, what mischances, what narrow escapes these knight-errants of romance had had, who went into and beyond the seven seas in search of literary treasures! Galland was partly rewarded, however, not for the work which was destined to fame, but for the labours, numismatic and other such, which are now forgotten. He was made Antiquary to the King in 1701, and later elected member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.

His translation of *The Nights* is a paraphrase abridged and amplified in places, and titivated withal to suit the taste of the French public. It is written in an easy and vivacious style, bearing but a shadow of the Arabic. The first volume appeared in 1704, and most of the stories were taken, after the fashion of the Original, from the mouth of an Eastern *raïwy*, whose name we find in Galland's Diary. Hanna Diab, a Maronite of Aleppo, was brought to Paris by Paul Lucas the traveller, and he related to Galland various tales,* which he gave him

*Among these were Bâhâ Abdullah, Sidi No'man, The Enchanted Horse, The Two Jealous Sisters, Prince Ahmed, and The Ten Vizirs.



ANTOINE GALLAND, WHO FIRST INTRODUCED "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS" INTO EUROPE

afterward in writing. That is probably why the numismatologist was stigmatised a forger when his translation appeared. But he had brought together some stray manuscripts which he had collected while sojourning in the East, as a basis of defence. Whether as such they served him in his lifetime is hard to say. But the fate of these wandering children of the poor Oriental scrivener is sometimes pathetic. The manuscript of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," for instance, which for a long time remained unidentified, and which puzzled even Burton, was recently found, not in the entombed de-

bris of that kitchen in Smyrna, but right across the Channel in the Bodleian Library. Professor Duncan Macdonald, himself a trusty knight-errant of *The Nights*, who had adventured forth in Syria and Egypt in quest of manuscripts, finally made this find at Oxford! And this manuscript, bought by the Bodleian in 1860 from a certain A. Franck, Libraire, Paris, is in all probabilities the very one from which Galland made his translation. It is written by a Syrian Christian too, perhaps the one mentioned in his Diary as the "Maronite of Damascus."

Galland's version of *The Nights*, as has been said, is a paraphrase; the stanzas and poetic quotations in the Original he omitted, because they interfered with the narration. And how could a French reader suffer this? Even the formula,—“O my Sister, an thou be not asleep, tell us one of thy pleasant stories”—which he first retained, was subtly ridiculed. For one cold night Monsieur Galland looked out of his window in response to a call from the street, and lo, a number of his readers were come there to beg of him, if he be not asleep, to tell them one of his pleasant stories. That was the death blow to the famous formula, which later, however, was revived by Burton.

In the dedication to the first volume, Galland says that he could not find a printed copy of *The Nights* in Syria—nor anywhere else, had he tried. For not until a century later did the three regular Arabic editions appear.* They were published about the same time in three different countries—in India, Egypt, and Europe. His version, however, which was translated into many languages,—in England it reached its tenth edition before any attempt was made at a direct translation,—seemed to satisfy the European public. But the French critics little appreciated the Tales; they were too remote, too fantastic for the literary taste of the period. Burton, too, from his own view-point, criticises Galland's translation; and Payne finds little in it to praise. His

Jinn talk like the *boulevardiers*; his women chatter like courtesans; and the absolutely French manner of the ending is quite amusing. King Shahriar, bored by the last story of Shahrazad's, orders her head cut off; but she produces her three children, pleads for them, and is pardoned. In spite of all this, Galland had a host of imitators, and his work brought with it what De Sacy terms “*une prodigieuse importation de marchandise de contrabande*.” Europe was deluged with picaresque literature.

That was Galland's success—or should one say his failure? He died, however, content, bequeathing his manuscripts to the Bibliothèque du Roi, his Numismatic Dictionary to the Académie, and his *Koran*, which he also translated from the Arabic, to the Abbé Bignon. Had this been done by Voltaire, who dismisses Galland with a few cold lines in his *Siècle de Louis XIV*, we might have suspected him of satirising with a gift the Institutions of France. But Galland, a scientist of the good old school, which, alas! is now extinct, really meant well. And if his translation did not bear the Oriental *cachet*, his generosity did.

His successors who completed his work, Gautier, Caussin de Perceval, and Trebutien, followed in his path. Nay, they even went a step further in the production of a smoothly mannerised and totally Frenchified picture of *The Nights*. And not until Mardrus accomplished his translation, which he offered “*toute nue, vierge, intacte, naïve*,” for his own delight and the pleasure of his friends, could France boast of a literal and complete version of the *Arabian Nights*. But even in this literal version of Mardrus, which is made from the Boulak Edition, we have in the literality, the supposed mould of the antique and fantastic, the unmistakable atmosphere of Paris, crystallising here and there into an anachronism which throws the whole scene out of focus. No; this modern visioning of things, this subtle shadowing of the French mind, is as alien to Arabic as the archaicism of Biblical English.

*It may surprise the reader to know that in the East, even to-day, we have not a decent complete edition of *The Nights*. The three different editions referred to, miserable recensions, miserably printed, are as follows:

The Macnaughten Edition, published in Calcutta, 1836, from a manuscript bought in England and brought to India by Major Macan, can scarcely be found outside a public library. Which is a blessing.

The Breslau Edition, published 1825-1839, by Habicht and Fleischer, is not worth the space it occupies on the library shelf.

The Boulak Edition, printed in Cairo, 1835, considered the one standard complete, but vulgarised, text of *The Nights*, is a sore to the eye.

(To be concluded)

THE MIRROR

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

Now all that I have seen, winter-white and summer-green—
(Mark! This I learned in three score years and ten)

These things will come again
As sure as summer rain,
And, as the dying daylight, go again.

I peeped into my mirror when Spring was on my head:
"Oh lovely Spring," I said, "you are not I."

And the face of a little child
That greeted me and smiled—
It faded like the violets that die.

And when I was a woman my face was Summer's own
(I know because I saw it in the glass),

But I said, "The thing I see
Is nothing like to me."
And it changed and withered like the ripening grass.

Before my fire-lit pane I sit and see the winter drifts;
My mirrored hair is bleak and white as they.

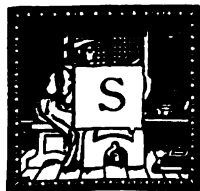
And my face upon the glass
As melting snow doth pass:
To-morrow, and my ghost will be away.

But I'm spring and summer-time, fallen leaf and winter rime,
My body is the meadow and the sea;

Yonder mountain is my breast,
With the forest I am dressed—
And the Sun and Moon hold up my glass for me.

"GEMS OF GENIUS"

BY EDNA KENTON



SAYS George Bernard Shaw in his preface to *Man and Superman*: "I am sorry to say it is a common practice with romancers to announce their hero as a man of extraordinary genius and to leave his works entirely to the reader's imagination, so that at the end of the book you whisper to yourself ruefully that but for the author's solemn preliminary assurance you should hardly have given the gentleman credit for ordinary good

sense. You cannot accuse me of this pitiable barrenness, this feeble evasion. I not only tell you that my hero wrote a revolutionists' handbook: I give you the handbook at full length for your edification if you care to read it."

Indeed Shaw does give the world the handbook, unexpurgated and unafraid, and—he may thank his fates for this!—it bears out, as most excerpts from the works of geniuses in fiction do not bear out, the preliminary touting of the extraordinary talents of his Don Juan. Ordinarily a novelist, furnishing forth

samples of his hero's genius, must go forth triple-armed in his own conceit, or be endowed with the humour of the gods who laugh at their own creations. Now and then—vide G. B. S. with his hand-book, and several other authors to be mentioned later—the devoted novelist does succeed in forcing himself to immortalise his own great lines upon the altar of his hero's greatness. More often he fails, either pitifully or ridiculously, when he steps out of the Shaw-condemned "atmosphere" into tinkling reality.

Kipling was capable of this sacrifice of his own work to his hero's devouring genius when, in "To Be Filed for Reference," he heads the tale with some stanzas "From the Unpublished Papers of McIntosh Jellaludin," that rank among the very finest of Kiplin's verse—that Song of the Stone that begins:

By the hoof of the Wild Goat uptossed
From the Cliff where She lay in the Sun,
Fell the Stone
To the Tarn where the daylight is lost;
So She fell from the light of the Sun,
And alone.

The rest of the Book of Mother Martin is left to the projecting influence of atmosphere and allusion, that book written by the former Oxonian, the drunken loafer, and undoubted ex-convict, whose proudest boast was that he "had his hand on the pulse of native life."

In "The Finest Story in the World," Kipling put into it some blank verse written by Charlie Mears the bank clerk, that avatar-driven youth who was seemingly possessed of a number of incarnations into which he could retreat. Every one remembers the way Charlie's "blank verse" begins:

We pulled for you when the wind was against
us and the sails were low.

Will you never let us go?

* * * * *

We fainted with our chins on the oars and
you did not see that were idle for we still
swung to and fro.

Will you never let us go?

Much later, after Charlie Mears has fallen in love, and, according to Grish Chundar, the gates of the Lords of Life

and Death were shutting behind him, he brought to his Mentor a love poem that Kipling seems to feel is bad indeed. "Charlie, discarding his favourite centipede metres, had launched into shorter and choppiest verse." Most of us recall that youthful poem, which is not half bad, with its glorified refrains:

Red cloud of the sunset, tell it abroad;
I am victor. Greet me, O Sun,
Dominant master and absolute lord
Over the soul of one!

In *Pendennis*, Arthur's first glittering attempt at verse is set forth in its entirety, that poem, "At the Church Gate" that, published by the eminent Mr. Bacon in his gilt *Spring Annual*, won for Pen his place as reviewer and literary contributor. Charlie Mears's love rhapsody ranks high in comparison, for while Thackeray succeeded, Kipling failed in making his sentimental youngster's poetry bad enough. Young Pendennis's very bad poem starts off after this manner:

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover.
And at the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout
And noise and humming:
They've hushed the Minster bell,
The organ 'gins to swell—
She's coming, she's coming!

Peter Homunculus, by Gilbert Cannan, is a recent study of adolescent genius whose author, after what may be held to be due deliberation, decides to set down the following doggerel as a specimen of what his young hero can produce under the strain and presence of death. "Death" runs as follows:

Coffin board!
Poor, pale corse!
Grave shall hoard
Love's remorse.

Let me win
Happiness,
Lay me in
Sad cypress.

Love the foe
Aids to death,
Ache of woe,
Sting of breath.

Death the friend
Comes too soon.
Makes the end
Sweet atune!

This is very, very bad, but hardly worse than his love poem: "He would come quivering to the pen and never read what he had written before he sent it to her." The somewhat imitatively Walt-esque verses—some of them—are these:

Ride in the air, winged horses, ride with me,
Soul leaping to the sun.

Swim in kind waters, Me in grey green arms
of the sea.

Learn all the spaciousness of Earth's humility,

Resolving two in one.

In *Trilby*, when the three Englishmen made their pilgrimage, years after, to the studio where Little Billee's old black and white and red chalk sketch of Trilby's left foot lay upon the wall, they found it, under a square of plate glass; over it was written "Souvenir de la Grande Trilby par W. B. (Litrebili)," and beneath it, that little dash of French art in verse, ascribed to no one in particular, that runs:

Pauvre Trilby—la belle et bonne et chère!
Je suis son pied. Devine qui voudra
Quel tendre ami, la cherissant naguère,
Encadra d'elle (et d'un amour sincère)
Ce souvenir charmant qu'un caprice inspira—
Qu'un souffle emportera!

And so, through all the rest of what Taffy called "a characteristic little French doggerel—a touching little symphony in ère and ra!"

Peter Ibbetson tried to write and to draw, and evolved an epitaph: "Je n'étais point. Je fus. Je ne suis plus." He wished to perish in some noble cause—and came one night upon a burning house that cried aloud for some brave man to rush in and rouse the inmates. The house turned out to be empty and the brave man was found, but it was not Peter. Then he slunk home and committed to flames a poem he had written,

without the slightest sense either of humour or irreverence, called "Der Tod als Freund." Here is a part of that adolescent rhyming of Peter's:

F, i, fi—n, i, ni!
Bon Dieu Père, j'ai fini—
Vous qui m'avez tant puni,
Dans ma triste vie,
Pour tant d'horribles forfaits
Que je ne commis jamais,
Laissez-moi jouir en paix
De mon agonie!

Peter does another poem, a little ballade in English, modelled on an old French chime, the words supposed to be sung by a mediæval prisoner who cannot sleep, and who, to beguile the tediousness of insomnia, sets any words that come into his head to the tune of the chime that marks the hours from a neighbouring belfry. The poem is too long to quote, but it is touching, delightful, and serves its purpose in the scheme of *Peter Ibbetson*.

In *Lost Illusions*, Lucien reads aloud sonnet after sonnet from *Les Marguerites*, his collection of poems. And at the end he sings his drinking song, one of ten composed for two hundred francs beside Coralie's dead body that he might have money wherewith to bury her. As all the world knows, these sonnets were given to Balzac variously by Madame de Girardin, Théophile Gautier, and Lassailly—Balzac himself not being able to do justice to his hero's merits as a poet!

A long time ago, Mary Cholmondeley published a tale called *Red Pottage* that created a good sized stir because of its story of two men and how they met and fought with their honour, both personal and as it involved a woman's—good old phrase! But there was another story in the book, of Hester Gresley, a genius at fiction, and her rector brother with whom she made her home. Hester had written *An Idyl of East London*, and went from home leaving her completed manuscript, *Husks*, behind her. This her brother sought one day, and, finding, read. Sentences from its pages are given it—it was an iconoclastic novel. "He was young enough to know better!"—Mr. Gresley frowned over this, and then, smiling fatly, substituted "old," as the correction

for Hester's carelessness. There was one odious character in the book who persisted in saying such things as: "I keep a smaller spiritual establishment than I did. I have dismissed that old friend of my childhood, the devil. I really had no further use for him."

Mr. Gresley read this passage also: "When we look back at what we were seven years ago, five years ago, and perceive the difference in ourselves, a difference amounting almost to change of identity; when we look back and see in how many characters we have lived and loved and suffered and died before we reached the character that momentarily clothes us and from which our soul is struggling out to clothe itself anew; when we feel how the sympathy even of those who love us best is always with our last expression—never with our present feeling, always with the last dead self on which our climbing feet are set——" Mr. Gresley here substituted "ladder" for "dead self," and pronounced it all "hopelessly confused." "Of course I see what she means," he says. "The different stages of life, the infant, the boy, the man, but hardly any one else will understand it."

These passages chosen by the author to show forth Hester's book serve, of course, to point the rector's mental and moral self rather than Hester's genius—perhaps they seem of better stuff that way! And they certainly serve their ultimate end, of making the tragedy of the slaughter of the book a terrible thing, when Mr. Gresley in his high calling to serve Morality burns the work of Hester's maturity.

In *Bel-Ami* Maupassant has his jibe at Georges Duroy when that young blackguard essayed his journalistic career. He was to write "*Souvenirs d'un Chasseur d'Afrique*," for Walters' journal, and, glib talker that he was in seeking the assignment, he fell into a blue funk when he first faced white paper, pen in hand. Not an idea remained. At first he wrote: "It was in 1874, about the middle of May, when France, exhausted, was resting after the catastrophes of the terrible year——" But that was not satisfactory, and he tore up that sheet and began again: "Algiers is a white

city." A long pause, a violent effort of his mind, and he added, "It is partly inhabited by Arabs." Then he threw down his pen and decided to call upon Madame Forestier.

"In the first place," said that clever lady, "we will imagine you are narrating your experiences to a friend, which will allow you to write a lot of tomfoolery, to make remarks of all kinds, to be natural and funny if you can." She began. "My dear Henry: You wish to know what Algiers is like and you shall." She questioned Duroy on Africa's topography, and dictated a little chapter of political and colonial geography. She investigated a chance remark of his about the province of Oran, a fantastic trip in which it was above all else, a question of women, Moorish, Jewish, and Spanish. "That is what interests most," said the lady. She wound up by a sojourn at Saïda, with an intrigue between Duroy and a Spanish girl at the alfa factory at Ain el Hadjar. She described their rendezvous at night in the bare stony hills, with jackals and hyenas howling among the rocks. She added gleefully: "To be continued," and rising, said, "That is how one writes an article, my dear sir. Sign it, if you please!"

James Huneker always has plenty of fun with his pet brand of geniuses. In "*The Rim of Finer Issues*," a tale in *Melomaniacs*, for Mrs. Vibert, who is convinced that the novel is overdone, that the short story ended with Maupassant, that the sonata form is dead and that Chopin sensed the new form in his Preludes, there remains nothing but the compression of the short story within a page, a distillation at once of a moment and an eternity! She remarks: "I've attempted to tell the biological history of the cosmos in a single page—I begin with the unicellular protozoa and finally reach humanity; I trace a germ cell from eternity until the now." She called it "Frustrate," and it begins as follows:

O the misty plaint of the Unconceived! O crystal incuriousness of the monad! The faint swarming toward the light and the rending of the sphere of hope, frustrate, inutile! I am the seed called Life; I am he, I am she. We walk, swim, totter and blend. Through

the ages I lay in the vast basin of time; I am called by Fate into the Now.

—And-so-forth-and-so-forth - and - so-forth—in the terminology of the rehearsal hour! But the single page stretches to two.

In another tale Mrs. Vibert writes: "The Zone of the Shadow," which her genius-(and divorced) husband feels is fine enough to inspire a great symphonic poem—and at his concert she hears it, with the "Argument" ascribed to her. It is too much like the beginning of "Frustrate," which is like the end of both, to quote from here.

In "The Corridor of Time," another of Huneker's tales, George Cintras is the great word-poet, enamoured of the English language "which he emptied into his eyes from Chaucer to Stevenson." He repeats for a group of Philistines his "The Recurring Staircase," full of "heavy, mullioned embrasures," "multi-coloured glass shot through with drunken, despairing daylight," "the melodious adagio of her footsteps,"—and most of these phrases *da capo!* His prose poems of "The Mirror of Unfaith" and "Ineluctable" are quoted in full! He was a man with a cruel break in his life, and he was at work on a masterpiece; finally:

Cintras died. Among his effects was found a bulky mass of manuscript; almost trembling with joy and anticipation Berkley carried the treasure to Merville's room. On the title page was read, "The Corridor of Time: A novel by George Cintras." Frantic with curiosity the friends found on the next page the following lines: "And the insistent clamour of her name at my heart is like the sonorous roll of the sea on a savage shore." The other pages were virginal of ink.

The latest genius to infest the pages of fiction is Upton Sinclair's Thyrsis, who, against a background of samples of his trade, stands forth in "Love's Pilgrimage," taking himself and his work no more seriously than his creator—or his prototype. Thyrsis had known for years that he was not as other men! He shrank from using the word because it had been desecrated by a world of men, but the word was Genius! "I walk down

an avenue," he said by way of citation, "and see the lines of saloons with their gleaming lights and there came a phrase to me that I wanted to cry out to the people—'The graveyards of your genius! The graveyards of your genius!'" And simple Corydon, gazing at his uplifted face, said, "That is how Jesus must have felt when He wept over Jerusalem!"

Thyrsis wrote his poem, "Caradrión," of which the reader is given four running pages, which editors praised but did not publish. It is quite true that editors do not publish a great deal of poetry that they justly praise, but this is a good example of juvenile trash. He plotted out his play, *The Genius*, a wonderful play, and the scenario is hurled at us—the curtain of the second act falls upon the young violinist in a rage that is perhaps like the wrath of Jehovah when he gazed on his recalcitrant people of the Old Testament, smashing his three thousand dollar Cremona upon the head of his concert manager! The last act is played in the consumptive environment of *Camille*, with the leading lady playing a few bars of that sonata of Beethoven's "which some music publisher has cruelly misnamed the 'Moonlight'!" After a long silence the dying man communes with his muse. A light suffuses the room, and he whispers, "Take thine own time, for the seeds of thy glories are planted in the hearts of men!" Curtain! This play was produced as it stood—the only touch of realism about this part of the book is that the play was a complete failure.

Thyrsis got another idea for a book to be called *Art and Money*. Late one night, as he sat pondering, its form came crashing out of the void into his brain! It should be the story of his life, the cry of his soul. "There had come to him an introductory statement; it was a smashing thing—a thing that would arrest and stun! 'I who write this,' he would say—'I am a failure; I am a murdered artist! I sit by the corpse of my dead dreams, I dip my pen into the heart's blood of my strangled vision!' So he would indite the forces that had murdered him, and through the rest of the book he would pursue them—he would track them to their lair, and cor-

ner them and slay them with a sharp sword!"

To remark that all this is blood-kin to penny-thrillerdom is banality.

The effect of genius may be achieved in two ways, one by open proof, the other by reserve as great as the thing itself, and both methods are hideously hard. John Galsworthy attained by the first rule when, in *Fraternity*, he made Sylvanus Stone's "Universal Brotherhood" as great as the old man, gaunt and terrible, prayed it might be when he cried: "O Great Universe, I am an old man, with no singleness of purpose. Help me to write on—help me to write a book

such as the world has never seen!" But "Universal Brotherhood" will not be quoted from here.

And Barrie chose the other method in *Sentimental Tommy* when he made the boy hand in a blank paper at the end of the examination hour because the right adjective had not presented itself, and he would not substitute. And again, when Tommy, writing the letter for the illiterate servant girl, refrained from using a joyous phrase, because the girl would not have used it. To his old schoolmaster, hushed and proud, this was divine proof of Tommy's coming greatness and his congenital artistry.

LITERARY TREASURES OF THE HUMBLE

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

IN the cosmopolitan sections of large American cities, where the varied ingredients of the melting pot are actually seething, the market for literary wares will be gly active. Here are the veritable literary treasures of the humble. The question of literary supply and demand is reduced to its simplest terms. The picturesque life of teeming thoroughfares centres about the crowded sidewalk markets. Commodities of every description are displayed for sale on continuous lines of push carts, flanked by rows of booths and stalls, forming narrow lanes, where the crowd strains through itself. By night the perambulating markets are illuminated by flaring gas jets above the carts, an endless vista, suggesting some monstrous torchlight parade suddenly halted.

Nowhere else are literary wares so urgently thrust upon one. The passer-by is importuned to buy, in many different languages. The books of several literatures are displayed on every hand. Few of these merchants can afford shops,

however small. At some points the literary vender will take advantage of an inequality in the house line to install a few narrow shelves, perhaps a counter. Others seize upon the narrow triangular space beneath the fire-escapes to set up shop. There are a score of similar expressions of ingenuity.

But it is the circulating push-cart library, so obviously suited to local conditions, which enjoys the larger share of popularity. Here an entire library is displayed at a glance. From long experience, again, the literary huckster has learned to jockey his cart amid the crush of competitors to catch a market, so that he who runs may read. A walk of a few blocks will enable one to purchase books in Russian, Hebrew, Slavonic, German, French, Italian, Swedish and other languages less familiar. Nowhere else will you find such a babel of nations so closely grouped.

The books in a score of tongues which have once been cherished in libraries or displayed in prosperous book shops gradually gravitate to the push-cart market. The prices are often pathetically small. Bargains are offered at from a penny to

THE FRANK COMMERCIALISM OF THE LITERARY
HUCKSTER COMES AS A SHOCK TO THE BOOK
LOVER. ON THESE BUSY THOROUGHFARES, HOW-
EVER, CUSTOMERS MAY ONLY BE ATTRACTED BY
LOUD AND REITERATED ARGUMENTS. THE BOOK
VENDER ANNOUNCES HIS WARES IN THE MOST
EXTRAVAGANT TERMS.

FEW OF THE BOOK VENDERS HAVE A FIXED
HABITATION. THE MORE PRETENTIOUS BOOK
SHOPS, OR RATHER BOOTHS, MAY CARRY A STOCK
OF TWO HUNDRED OR THREE HUNDRED VOLUMES.
BY ENCROACHING ON THE SIDEWALKS FAR BE-
YOND ALL RESTRICTIONS SPACE IS FOUND FOR A
NARROW COUNTER, WHICH FORCES THE DISPLAY
UPON THE ATTENTION OF THE PASSERBY. AT
NIGHT THE SHELVES ARE COVERED WITH SHUT-
TERS.

THE ACUTE ANGLE FORMED BY THE NARROW IRON STEPS OF FIRE ESCAPES
FORMS A CONVENIENT SHELTER FOR THESE SIDEWALK MERCHANTS. A FEW
ODDS AND ENDS OF OLD SHUTTERS AND DOORS ARE OFTEN FITTED RUDELY TO-
GETHER TO FORM A CRUDE "LEAN TO," THE ROOF BEING WEATHER-PROOFED WITH
BITS OF CANVAS. EVERY EXPOSED SURFACE IS THEN UTILISED FOR DISPLAY.
EVEN THE OPEN TRIANGLE IS STRUNG WITH WIRES, ON WHICH MAGAZINES AND
PAMPHLETS ARE HUNG TO INVITE ATTENTION.

A FEW OF THESE VENDERS ARE SPECIALISTS IN A HUMBLE WAY. AN ATTRACTIVE DISPLAY MAY BE MADE, FOR INSTANCE, OF PAPER-BOUND BOOKS, PAMPHLETS OR MAGAZINES. TO INCREASE THE DISPLAY THE BACK OF THE CART IS AT TIMES BUILT UP AS HIGH AS THE LAWS OF EQUILIBRIUM WILL PERMIT, AND COVERED WITH BOOKS, THE LIGHT PAPER EDITIONS ALLOWING A MUCH HIGHER BACK THAN IN THE CASE OF HEAVIER VOLUMES. TO BALANCE THESE CARTS ONE OR MORE PAVING STONES ARE THEN PLACED AT THE FRONT OF THE COUNTER AGAINST POSSIBLE ACCIDENT.

EVEN THE RESTRICTED RECTANGLE OF THE PUSH-CART COUNTER OFFERS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR BUSINESS INGENUITY AND ENTERPRISE. THE DEPARTMENT STORE IN EMBRYO, WITH A SIDE LINE OF BOOKS, SEEMS TO ENJOY GREAT SUCCESS. THE BOOKS OFTEN APPEAR IN THE MOST INCONGRUOUS COMPANY IMAGINABLE, WEDGED IN BETWEEN HARDWARE, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, DISHES AND WEARING APPAREL. ONE PARTICULARLY ENTERPRISING MERCHANT ATTRACTS CUSTOMERS BY THE ENDLESS PERFORMANCE OF A METALLIC PHONOGRAPH.

THE PUSH-CART LIBRARY MIGHT HAVE BEEN ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE DISPLAY AND SALE OF SCHOOL BOOKS, SO ADMIRABLY DOES IT SERVE THIS PURPOSE. THE STOCK AT SUCH TIMES IS MORE READILY ACCESSIBLE AND PERMITS MUCH MORE MINUTE INSPECTION THAN IN ANY BOOK SHOP. THE VENDER IS ALSO ENABLED TO OCCUPY AN ADVANTAGEOUS POSITION BEFORE THE SCHOOL ENTRANCES AT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT, WITHOUT BEING LONG ABSENT FROM HIS TRADE ON THE THOROUGHFARES WHICH ARE CONTINUALLY CROWDED.

THE PUSH-CART MARKET, WHETHER OFFERING LITERATURE OR SOME MODEST ARTICLES OF MERCHANDISE, APPEARS TO BE A VERY UNSTABLE SORT OF MERCANTILE ENTERPRISE. TO THE MOST CARELESS OBSERVER THESE COUNTERS ARE VERY PRECARIOUSLY BALANCED. A THOUGHTLESS CUSTOMER BY SHIFTING HIS WEIGHT MAY PRECIPITATE THE ENTIRE STOCK AT ANY INSTANT INTO THE GUTTER. CONSIDERABLE SKILL IS OBVIOUSLY REQUIRED, NOT ALONE TO DISPLAY THE WARES ATTRACTIVELY, BUT TO MAINTAIN AN EVEN KEEL, AS IT WERE, AND BALANCE THE HEAVY LOAD ON THE FULCRUM OF THE WHEELS.

THE LITERARY HUCKSTER IS THE MOST ACCOMMODATING OF MERCHANTS. FROM THE NATURE OF HIS SHOP AND ITS MANNER OF DISPLAY IT IS OBVIOUSLY NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. HE INVITES AN INSPECTION OF HIS WARES, AND THE POSSIBLE CUSTOMER WHO PAUSES BEFORE THE PUSH-CART FEELS UNDER NO OBLIGATION TO BUY, AS HE MIGHT ON ENTERING A SHOP, SINCE THE BOOKS, BEING AS A RULE OBVIOUSLY SECOND OR MULTIPLE HANDED, AN EXAMINATION IS LITTLE LIKELY TO INJURE THEM.

NOT ALL THE WARES DISPLAYED FOR SALE ON THE PUSH-CART LIBRARIES ARE SECOND OR MULTIPLE HANDED. ON SOME OF THE MOST PROSPEROUS OF THESE MOVABLE COUNTERS WILL BE FOUND BOOKS PRICED AS HIGH AS HALF A DOLLAR. THE STOCK CONSISTS ALMOST INVARIABLY OF BOOKS OF REFERENCE, MAINLY DICTIONARIES, WORKS OF FICTION OF A POPULAR NATURE, WITH ILLUSTRATED BOOKS INTENDED FOR CHILDREN AND OCCASIONALLY BOOKS OF VERSE. THESE WILL OFTEN BE FOUND CAREFULLY ARRANGED AND IN EXCELLENT CONDITION.

five cents, while ten cents will often enable the purchaser to make a selection of the entire stock. The valuation is in some cases proportioned to the physical bulk of the volume, so that a dictionary, for instance, which has cost actual physical effort to trundle from street to street, is naturally more highly valued than any mere classic. Upon some of these push carts, however, you will find new books, or at least volumes carefully preserved, of a serious nature.

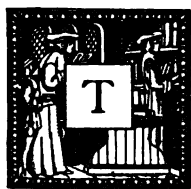
The vision of the push-cart library incidentally may well rise as a nightmare for the aspiring author. The saddest tragedy of literary hopes, according to Balzac, was the appearance of a poet's

volumes on the book stalls of the Seine, neglected of men and bespattered by the mud of passing carriages. A more commercial age has, however, conceived a new torture of disappointment. What humiliation lies in the picture of this sordid perambulating market of the literary arts and graces, admonished by the raucous voice of the police to "move on" and "step lively," driven from gutter to gutter, perhaps escaping ignominiously down some side street from actual reprisal. Compared with such a fate, the actual dissolution of unhappy editions and their reappearance as paper boxes seems a decent literary interment.

THE STORY OF THE TILE CLUB

BY LOUIS BAURY

I



HE gate gave directly off the pavement of West Tenth Street, in the heart of New York's old artistic quarter. It crouched down inconspicuously amid that quaint line of houses whose façades are "a perfect luxury of curly iron railings, wriggling up the front steps, masking the areas, and loading the balconies with spiky black flowers," while its diffidence was further accentuated by the modest number 58½ which it bore. On Wednesday evenings, three decades ago, this gate would swing back in answer to a peculiar ring and admit the applicant down a brief flight of stone steps into a mysteriously black subterranean passage, through which he would grope his way cautiously, keeping close to the clammy walls to avoid little pools that the dripping ceiling formed. Then suddenly he would be tumbled down a second flight of steps into a tiny, geranium-jewelled garden. Recovering from the abruptness of his entry, he would spring up a wooden staircase on the far side, where the ascent was rendered less

perilous by the illumination of a single rusted lantern which had done duty for periwigged travellers in posting days. A moment later and he would be doffing his coat in a vast, low-ceilinged room, while a chorus of four or five jovial voices bid him welcome.

"What's the news?" he would inquire of every one in general. "Been working so hard I've hardly seen a soul since last meeting."

"You haven't heard the news?" a deep voice would cry in shocked accents. "Your extreme ignorance of important public events appalls me. Know then that I have sold a picture."

"That's not news, man: That's scandal." And a laugh, ever waiting in this room for any sort of pleasantry, would run the rounds, the deep voice joining in more heartily than any.

It was a charming, cozy, restful room, this. Time was when it had been three rooms, but now all dividing doors and partitions had been eliminated so that the result was one huge, catholic, L-shaped interior with two windows at the front and three at the rear. These windows were masked by close drawn hangings of dull red, harmonising in perfect good-fellowship with the dark wainscoting

THE OLD PASSAGEWAY. THIS WAS THE SCENE OF THE COLONEL'S REVOLVER PRACTICE WHEN PREPARING FOR HIS DUEL WITH KLUTCHEM. F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE."

which ran half way to the smoke-misted ceiling and was so largely provocative of that air of solidity, comfort, and untrammelled friendship which was the prevailing spirit of the apartment. A pair of fireplaces still further enhanced this air—the one an "old-fashioned English grate set into the chimney with wide hobs—convenient and necessary for various brews and mixtures," the other an open wood affair in which now corpulent hickory logs crackled and laughed. In one corner sprawled a baby grand piano, while all about were easy-chairs, divans, and such irresistible paraphernalia of indolence. The light, glinting on discriminately selected etchings, sketches, and oils which adorned the walls above the panelling, and lighting up a seemingly endless collection of those sturdy pewter tankards which do so much toward ex-

plaining the solidity of the British race, came from candles set in glistening silver candelabra. The rugs, the bits of ancient armour, the bric-à-brac, and subtler touches of ornamentation which phrase a room and impart charm and character had been gathered from the four corners of the earth by men who were artists—who possessed the love for harmony and contour, for gracious lines and delicate fabrics which marks the sensitive temperament. Yet comfort had nowhere been slighted for beauty. On the mantle above the grate was a row of bottles; on the hearth below stood a pile of India blue dishes, giving as they warmed a hint of what was to follow—a hint strengthened now by vagrant aromas from below of sizzling duck, of kidney and sausage.

Presently would come a clatter on the



THE FIREPLACE OF THE TILE CLUB

slender wooden stairway without, and two new arrivals would burst into the room, to be greeted loudly in turn and in turn to find their way to chairs. A few moments, and a delegation of four would put in an appearance—then would follow another couple—after them a trio—a lull, and another lone arrival would come—then still another pair. Within half an hour the room would be filled with a collection of genial, shouting men. The cries of welcome would become more vociferous at each entry. Corks would pop and pop as the pewter tankards were made to fulfil that destiny for which they had been shaped. Pipes would be produced and long blue veins of smoke sent spurting ceilingward to curdle in and out among one another and hang in tremulous, vapour-like clouds.

Talk would become general. Jest and banter would fill the air and laughter ring out supreme. Suddenly a sable-hued attendant would push his way in, bearing the steaming duck. A roar that made the windows to rattle would be his portion. Some one would cry for frying-pan, onions, and herbs that he might demonstrate a recipe lately acquired. Plates would be whisked from hearth to centre-table. Chairs would be drawn close around. Far off across the darkness outside a tower clock would intone eight. But no one would hear; knives and forks would be rattling, culinary advice shouted on every hand, all the boisterous, hearty chatter of the atelier filling the air. . . .

Thus was the Tile Club convened.

UNDER THE TOWERS. BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

II

As an organisation the Tile Club stands unique in the annals of artistic life in America. It was at once the expression and the flower of the epoch in which it flourished. Singularly enough, its origin was more or less in the nature of a happenstance. One afternoon during the autumn of 1877 a little group of painters, among whom were F. Hopkinson Smith, Edwin A. Abbey, Swain Gifford, W. R. O'Donovan, J. H. Twachtman and Elihu Vedder, had gathered in the studio of Napoleon Sarony above Duncan's grocery store, which then stood at the juncture of Broadway and Fourteenth Street. At that time the influences of William Morris and Alma-Tadema were just arousing people on this side of the Atlantic to an intelligent interest in interior decorating as a part of the scheme of life, and among painters the subject was, naturally, being warmly discussed. On this afternoon a figure painter—it may have been Vedder—was singing the praises of the tile, declaring that upon it alone could be procured "all those qualities of ivory, velvet, changeable moth's wing, and rose petal" which go to make up the mouth of a maiden.

"As a decorative asset," he remarked, "there's nothing to compare with the tile in the way it tells on all its surroundings."

"All right," exclaimed one of the group—history has withheld his identity, "why can't we form a club and work out ideas and effects on tiles? It would do us a lot of good and might incidentally help the country out of its slough of decorative despond."

The plan was hailed delightedly, and with the men then present—and a few others who drifted in during the discussion—as charter members, the society became a fact. It was decided to hold meetings on Wednesday evenings at the studios of the members in turn, the fruits of each night's work accruing to the host of the occasion on condition that he provide the necessary tiles, together with crackers, cheese, beer, and such indispensable adjuncts of a decorative renaissance. Entrance fees and dues were deemed as superfluous as a constitution

and by-laws, and to the last day of the club's existence this order obtained, expenses being shared equally as they might arise and governing rules remaining always the caprice of the moment.

The first meeting, however, gave no promise of the success the club was destined later to attain. Of the half score

THE JEFFERSON MARKET CLOCK TOWER FROM
THE QUARTERS OF THE TILE CLUB

who had so enthusiastically entered into the scheme just two recalled the time and place of the gathering. What took place on that occasion neither could ever be persuaded to tell, but the maledictions they called down upon the delinquents may have done as much as anything else toward spurring the latter into active membership. At all events, there were no truants at the second meeting, and thereafter illness or absence from

THE MARINE

the country were the only explanations for vacant chairs.

From the beginning the Tilers withdrew unto themselves. Not once did they fling their doors wide to the public or strive to attract attention by giving exhibitions or becoming embroiled in artistic discussions. At meetings even the names by which members were known to the marts were abandoned as stilted and out of character. Men ceased to be Mr. Smith, Mr. Vedder, Mr. Gifford, or Mr. Sarony, becoming instead the Owl, the Pagan, the Griffin, the Puritan, Cadmus, the Marine, the Chestnut, the O'Donoghue, the Bone, the Grasshopper, Polyphemus, the Terrapin, Sirius, the Gaul, the Bulgarian, Briareus—a long series of fantastic appellations infinitely more distinctive and sensible than mere Misters. The introduction, too, of music as part of the regular proceedings was a powerful factor in drawing the club together and rendering constraint a word obsolete. It was the Chestnut—more widely known as Edwin A. Abbey—who was responsible for this.

At one of the early meetings in a studio where there chanced to be a piano he finished his tile before the others and, wearying of idleness with the refreshments as yet nowhere in sight, slipped to the piano and started, very gently, playing an old love song. Gradually crayons were laid aside; chin in hand, the whole room turned toward him, listening. The Gaul rose and, tip-toeing out, returned presently with a violin.

For hours the couple played on and on and, although the Chestnut's was the only completed tile turned in that evening, the meeting was proclaimed far and away the best held up to that time.

As a result it was decided to enlarge the membership. The original intent had been to admit none save painters, but now exceptions were made in favour of musicians and, soon after—although the enrollment was always limited and absolute comradeship insured by a law of the Medes and Persians that no man might be admitted unless by unanimous vote—the bars were lowered in lesser degree to sculptors, architects, and writers. This expansion was the means of bringing to the club some of its brightest ornaments. Besides those already mentioned, there were included during the decade in which it flourished, such men as Augustus St. Gaudens, Alfred Parsons, A. W. Drake, Frederick Dielman, Frank Millet, George Maynard, Gustave Kobbe, Arthur Quartley, J. Alden Weir, W. McKay Laffan, Edward Strahan, Charles S. Reinhart, A. B. Frost, Stanford White, William M. Chase, and several more no less well known.

"It's a singularly interesting thing," observed Mr. Hopkinson Smith not long ago, "that, although none of us had any

particular reputation at the time, every man who ever belonged to the Tile Club ultimately met with success." Some of them, indeed, have gone farther than this and achieved work of signal eminence which bids fair to withstand the indifference of time.

It may be that the influence which the Tilers, collectively, exerted upon one another holds a partial explanation of this. The club never passed through any theatric nor spectacular exploits, but in the large-hearted, careless joviality of its gatherings was an artistic stimulus which few men are privileged to enjoy to such an extent. It possessed, too, a spirit of cosmopolitanism which was constantly making for wider points of view and broader sympathies. For there was not a member but who was familiar with all parts of the world and could discourse with equal ease upon the sacred books of the Orient, the sunsets of the Sierras, the boulevards of Paris, or the most habitable inns of Algiers.

"When the Calmucks were spitting like cats over my pocket-book," remarked

BRIAREUS .

the Bulgarian confidentially at one meeting, "I noticed how their sheep-skins rustled in the firelight; and that's where I got the costume for my John the Baptist."

"Had an experience something like that myself once," put in the Griffin—familiarily referred to sometimes as Swain Gifford. "It was with a Chinook; he nearly swamped me in a pirogue on the Dalles of the Columbia, but I turned him into my Sindbad and sold him for more than his hide will ever fetch." And so the talk usually drifted on. Tilers would pop in wearing gloves from the Etreat, or sporting a fez acquired in Turkey, or a walking-stick bartered for in Bombay, and perhaps shoes picked up the week before in London.

In fostering its social possibilities, however, the Tile Club never forgot the serious intent with which it had been formed. Faithfully every Wednesday when dinner had been disposed of the Tilers would roll back their sleeves and assemble about the long centre-table. Then a comparative hush would fall; St. Gaudens would set to modelling one of his masterful bas-reliefs, while beside him Abbey drew an "early Tiler" in the



THE OLD ENTRANCE

Puritan garb he so loved, and Quartley worked out some marine phantasy, with Hopkinson Smith making one of his graceful sketches of the big fireplace, and beyond Chase recalling on a tile the planked fish which had just been consumed, or Vedder conjuring up slim, ethereal girls, while Stanford White builded fairy palaces of porphyry and marble, and Reinhart dashed off inimitable little caricatures of the entire company. Or perhaps the order would be wholly reversed, each man turning his hand to something remote from his accustomed style. The manner of the work was never prescribed—never even premeditated—and to that may be attributed much of the freshness and simplicity which rendered all these tiles so charming.

It is a pity that more of them have not been preserved. Designs executed in

this way should be subsequently "fired" in an oven and thus permanently glazed in. This process alters some colors entirely and largely improves the total effect by simultaneously accentuating all colour and softening the outlines. The Tilers, however, producing the plaques in such profusion, rarely thought it worth while to go to so much effort. Moreover, the colour work in a tile to be handled in this fashion must be of a delicate exactitude scarcely possible of attainment under artificial light—as the Tilers worked. Most of their tiles were, consequently, executed in monochrome, "Victoria blue" being the tint chiefly favoured. Perhaps the only complete collection still in existence is that belonging to Mrs. LeMoyne, the actress.

Occasionally visitors were permitted to participate in a club gathering. Such a mark of favour, however, was rare, be-

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CLUB COMFORTS

ing extended usually to some distinguished foreigner who happened to be the friend of a member. Sir Henry Irving was the club's guest on three occasions, and he never tired of recalling those tobacco and music haunted evenings when in later years he ran across an old Tiler. It was on one of these visits that he related how he had posed as Hamlet for Whistler.

"He insisted," said Sir Henry, referring to Whistler, "upon disregarding both Hamlet and me and treating us simply as an 'arrangement.' It seemed to me that he made the Prince even more vague than some people seem to imagine the poet has drawn him, but because the portrait was what it was—and partly, too, because it was the work of a celebrated

artist—I desired to buy it. Whistler named a price so exorbitant that I doubt if any one would have paid it. When I offered a more modest sum he became indignant. Of course, there was nothing for me to do but drop the subject. I reconciled myself to the thought that the picture was lost to me forever. Well, about four months later I happened to be poking about an out-of-the-way art shop. All of a sudden what should I come across but Whistler's portrait of me as Hamlet, lying face up on the floor. 'How much is this canvas?' I asked the dealer. He named a price that was about one-quarter what I'd offered Whistler, and—" the actor chuckled—"that portrait's hanging in my London house to-day."

Only once did a woman set foot in the Tile Club, and that single exception to the prescribed order was made in favour of a countess. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has immortalised the lady and her visit in *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn*, wherein she figures as the Russian countess. There is much of the Tile Club, too, in the Iron Mug of the same story. As the Owl, Mr. Smith was one of the leading spirits of the old Tenth Street organisa-

III

When the first summer of the Tile Club's existence arrived the idea of an organised excursion presented itself inevitably, and the direction of Long Island was selected for it because someone averred that "no one ever went there"—which in that day was very nearly so.

The trip extended over a fortnight, the first stopping place being a hostelry on Cap Tree Island rejoicing in the name of Castle Conklin, where the days were made memorable by oysters the size of hens' eggs, smoking clam pies which were culinary epics, blue fish that must have imbibed life from some enchanted sea beyond Olympus, and views such as Cuyp has taught us to enjoy. Thence the party proceeded to Ronkonkoma, purchasing on the way amazing, beribboned straw hats, in which they fatuously hoped to pass for natives. By easy stages, sometimes tramping, sometimes riding in farm wagons whose drivers they edified with ballads and recitations in every known dialect, they went on to East Hampton, once the home of John Howard Payne and quite the most captivating stop of the journey.

It was sunset when the Tilers came upon the single grassy street of this place, luminous reds and golds and deep, sorrow-fraught purples streaming across the ground and lingering caressingly among the faded lichens that tapestried the "shakes" of ancestral cottages. Forgetful of food, shelter, or rest, every man of them propped an easel and fell to painting—the Gaul choosing an owl-haunted ruin of a mansion surrounded by bewitched willows, the Chestnut selecting "that stationary sailer," the windmill, and Sirius labouring furiously to catch, ere too late, the quivering wonder of the waning sky. They sat so, blue spirals from their pipes adding a nicotine-tainted load to the twilight mists, the flat *plump* of brush on canvas the only sound, until the sun had ravelled the last loose skeins of his silken store. Then Sirius rose with an exclamation of disgust.

"Hang it, why couldn't the light have lasted an hour longer! I'd have gotten



REFLECTIONS OF AN ABSENT TILER
BY E. A. ABDEY

tion and part of the cheery memories of it are to be found scattered through many of his writings. He has utilised the club room itself—with a few necessary changes as regards furnishings—for a dining-room in Colonel Carter's Bedford Place house, and there it was that the general reconciliation with Klutchem took place while, from behind the Colonel's chair, Chad beamed ebony benevolence on all that tender Christmas company.

it then. Now that's gone forever." The Marine—Arthur Quartley—sympathised.

"You're right; it's too late," he agreed. "Everything must be painted at one sitting. If a picture isn't finished in four hours it's useless to try to do anything with it."

"Nonsense!" objected Briareus, whose medals awarding committees make out to William M. Chase. "The proper way to paint a landscape is in a studio, far away from the thing itself. You must simply look at a scene you're going to paint, observe the detail, saturate yourself with

Such discussions were the very essence of the society. For the Tilers the great events of life, the thrilling adventures, were the glint of light on leaf, the unfolding of melting wave on ribbed shingle, the droop of a crimson rose against the blue-black velvet of a passing peasant girl's hair. They put in three never-to-be-forgotten days at East Hampton, and, whereas they had come intending to hold John Howard Payne up to ridicule in the town he celebrated, they departed with a sympathy for him which was almost a reverence. For they made the acquaintance of "Rosalie,"

NEW YORK HARBOUR. BY ARTHUR QUARTLEY

it. Then you have the spirit within you and can paint it later under ideal conditions, taking plenty of time to work it up to perfection. That's the way to get results." The Marine shrugged.

"Corot and Millet and Daubigny all painted their landscapes out of doors, on the spot, my boy; and they used to be considered fairly good artists," he returned sweetly. "The way to catch the spirit of a scene's to set it down while you're looking at it—when the spirit sways you *strongest*. You mustn't be afraid of a little inconvenience and hard work. Why, Corot spent three years of his life in mastering just one effect of silver light behind grey-green foliage, and then wanted to bury himself in a self-dug hole because he hadn't reproduced all there was in it."

Payne's school-girl love, through the indefatigable prowlings of Polyphemus. (Later Mr. Laffan gave this journalistic instinct of his full play and became proprietor of the *New York Sun*.) Rosalie showed them old faded letters from Payne, reeking of all the poignant longing, the baffled ambition, and shy tenderness which went to make up the hymnist of home. And one evening in Rosalie's parlour, after they had been reading these mementoes of a shattered life, the Husk stole to the piano, the Catgut slipped his violin beneath his chin, the Baritone took his place beside them, and Rosalie heard *Home, Sweet Home* rendered as it seldom has been—with salt tears, warm as summer rain, bedewing each plaintive note. Next morning the assemblage was up early, pushing on to

Montauk Cape, listening as they went to monstrous local Indian legends and intermittently cursing Sirius, who, above Bridgehampton, had purchased a Queen Anne table at a farm-house and, refusing to let it out of his grasp, persisted in poking his fellow-travellers in the shins with its legs at every jounce in the road.

And then in the summer of 1879 there was the famous journey to Lake Cham-

tune" and pranced about as Veronese portraits, Mierevelt Lollards, brigand chiefs, or Chinese mandarins.

Whenever along the way a town appeared which took their fancy they would put ashore and make themselves completely at home, flirting with the village maids, cajoling the village matrons, and horrifying the village squires. Ever and again, too, ephemeral friendships were struck up with quaint tow-girls and loquacious tramps—one of whom vowed he had been up the Zambezi with Livingstone and narrated long, shuddering tales of African jungles which abounded in such amazing improbability that there was really nothing for it but to believe them. And there was one fleeting female virtuoso who, accompanied by her small son, wandered over the fields piping elfin melodies on a flute, "creating Arcady beneath her bare brown feet as she tramped," and between whiles babbling of "the green" and storied castles in Ireland, all in the most approved Celtic manner.

Under the direction of the Owl the dusty saloon of the boat had been converted into a splendid salon. Velasquezes and Titians adorned the walls, with here and there a pale-faced tapestry interspersed. A Renaissance mirror hung near the hatchway. Soft textured rugs from Persia and gleaming, glossy tiger-skins rendered walking a sensuous privilege. Divans which could be converted into beds at night were plentifully strewn about, piled high with cushions upholstered in rich stuffs. One dim corner, styled "the chapel," was draped with a tapestry representing "Nebuchadnezzar among the beasts" and adorned with several pendant Italian lamps and a large Spanish crucifix, flanked on one side by a gilded St. Roch in his pilgrim garb and on the other by a corresponding St. Joseph. Here also hung a Madonna with a swinging thurible before it—which was supposed to be kept burning always with incense, but never was because the task had been entrusted to "Deuteronomy." Then, of course, there was the piano, the army of easy-chairs, the wide centre-table, and the violins. Altogether it was a room in which to grow expansive—a room to compensate for wasted days and

"AND THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM"

plain in a canal boat, whereon Daniel, a "Baltimore darky," presided wondrously in the kitchen, and "Deuteronomy," his assistant, proved to be the laziest, most shiftless, and altogether useless black who ever disobeyed orders and was therefore appointed body-servant to the O'Donoghue, and a stop made at West Troy to secure "Priam," his exemplary successor. A delicious, languid trip, this, full of rambling discussions and dreams by day and revelry by night, when the Tilers caparisoned themselves "in cos-

bitter griefs. In it, with music and anecdote and not too much work to beguile the time, the days glided by as gently and easily as the boat wherein they were passed, and before the club realised it the waters of Champlain were stretching out before them.

The return voyage was made in the same leisurely fashion, past the little chain of forts which had grown to be towns—Fort Ann, Fort Edward, Fort Miller, and Fort Hardy—and so back

denly burst dahlias of the night. Nearer and nearer they blew as, laughing and talking, the Tilers bent over the steaming dishes.

"Laws!" old Daniel used to exclaim a dozen years later when, as major-domo in the studio of one of his charges on that occasion, he washed out oil-clogged brushes, "how the gemmen did pitch in-ter dat 'ere chicken brile that night! 'Peared like they wa'n't never gwine git 'nough, nor of de waffles, neither!"

A BIT OF SCHUYLERVILLE. BY ARTHUR QUARTLEY

into the Hudson, frequent sketching and painting trips being made ashore and friendships begun on the passage up renewed. Perhaps, in one way, it was not a remarkably eventful journey, but it frothed with merriment and youth and in it was the unalloyed gold of that friendship which demands nothing and is, possibly, the most wholesome relationship to which humans ever can attain. It is worth dwelling upon and considering deeply, too, in so far as it gave us an art which is graceful and leisurely as it is uncommercial and unstandardised.

One evening as they were sitting down to dinner, quite unexpectedly, the lights of New York leaped into view like sud-

IV

It was the Oriental splendour achieved aboard the canal boat that generated in the Tilers the desire for a club house entirely their own. Not long after their return an opportunity presented to rent the cloistered retreat at 58½ West Tenth Street, and then it was that they moved their choicest possessions down the damp underground passageway. Stanford White executed the decorative details, and in that wide lounging-room, where "the atmosphere was almost close, almost hot, and smelt savoury," the Tilers lived and recalled the most exquisite moments of life.

Here it was that one evening Elihu Vedder—the Pagan—waxed sentimental and, lying back among the cushions, purred forth confidences of Capri and a “dark-eyed girl who filled his heart and emptied his purse in student days.”

“And what became of her?” queried Cadmius.

“Oh, she exists—fresh and lovely as the day I left her. You know my painting of *The Sibyl*?—Well, that’s the lady.”

And here Briareus admitted how in a garden in Holland he met, loved, and painted his “*Girl in the Hammock*,” about whom all the critics were so enthusiastic. And the Owl told of how one afternoon he had come out of Harper’s office in Franklin Square and beheld Brooklyn Bridge, then building, as it towered majestically above the squat, sordid tenements of the river-front, and how that contrasting vision had emblazoned itself upon his mind as the genius of the nineteenth century rising supreme above the squalid tangle of the eighteenth; how the thought had driven him before it until it forced him to set to work on his “*Brooklyn Bridge*,” out of doors, with sleet-streaked December blasts chilling his hands, and how at the end of eight days he went home with the completed picture and a violent attack of *la grippe*. The club never wearied of dwelling thus upon the romance which underlies the execution of every canvas ever wrought.

Each Tiler upon his entry into the room was greeted with some particular cry, chanted at him by the entire company in unison. Whenever Frederick Dielman appeared, for instance, he was greeted with: “O, poor Terrapin; O, poor Terrapin—FISH!”—the last word a long-drawn bellow. The significance of these salutations no one ever could explain; they simply existed, a very essential and typical part of the fraternity’s happy-go-lucky intimacy. One Wednesday when Edwin A. Abbey dropped in unexpectedly, fresh from London triumphs, the roar of “*Chestnut!*” which welcomed him is said to have rocked the tower of Jefferson Market across the way.

“Just came over,” he explained as they helped him with his coat, “to tell you

boys of a real Cavalier saddle I happened to pick up the other day. You’d like it; it’s a beauty—hogskin, wooden pummels, stirrups like those in Vandyke’s Charles II. It’s modelled after one of Prince Rupert’s.” And without more ado he took his old place in the circle, regaling them with the latest gossip of Du Maurier, Burne-Jones, Alma-Tadema and Sargent.

The Griffin rose and approached the hearth, to do honour to the prodigal with a preparation of Kibobs.

“Something new—your cooking, isn’t it?” asked the Chestnut.

“This is a dish I learned to prepare this summer,” returned the Griffin. “Rather curious how I came by the recipe, too.—My wife and I were doing some painting on the Desert of Sahara. I noticed a particular prospect that appealed to me and started toward it. Well, you know how deceptive distances are on the desert. When I’d made my sketch and turned around Mrs. Gifford was nowhere in sight. I was wild. For hours I ran around looking for her, but I seemed to have lost my way completely. It was dusk before I finally did sight her, and then the situation she was in turned my blood cold. An Arab with a long dirk in his hand was bent threateningly over her! I motioned to her to be quiet and crept up on the man. I had to be careful, because he had a flock of sheep with him, and I was afraid that if they started to bleat he might look around before I could get to him. They didn’t, though, and I reached him just as he started to sweep the knife downwards. With one blow back of the ear I sent him spinning. I was going to follow up that advantage, wrestle the dirk away from him, and finish him on the spot, when my wife threw herself at my neck.” He turned the spits with dramatic deliberation. “It seemed,” he continued presently, “that she’d stopped the fellow to ask if he’d seen anything of me, had made friends with him, and happened to mention the fact that she was ravenous. Being a chivalrous soul he insisted upon killing one of his own sheep to furnish food for her. It was that murder which my blow had interrupted. But after matters had been explained, the Arab did

kill a sheep, and all three of us ate dinner by the light of a bonfire there on the verge of the desert.—We had Kibobs that night, and the Arab taught me how to prepare them.”

When the sizzling skewersful had been handed about and the whole room was munching in delicious informality, the Chestnut asked news of the local art world. The Owl, always to be depended upon for the latest gossip, unfolded for his benefit the tale of a very mediocre

perception of what is true and beautiful in art to believe any such bosh. Why, that chap's just like a huckster peddling suspenders. The pursuit of the ideal in art absorbs a man's life. The hard study and grinding work he goes through to enable him to produce something really worth while are wearing and exhausting. This I know to my cost. But the stupidity of the public and its neglect to understand and appreciate a piece of good work after it's finished—these are the

•COMING HOME

portrait painter who had hired a cottage at Newport that summer and, by clever chicanery, managed to clear all his expenses and sail for Paris with a clear eight thousand dollars profit for his three months' sojourn.

“Terrible,” commented the Chestnut. “I can't understand how such things can be.”

“Oh, I don't know as it's so terrible.” The Owl became judicial. “If people are silly enough to be roped in in that way some one might as well have their money.”

The Saint roused indignantly from his normal taciturnity.

“You don't think anything of the kind,” he cried. “You have too fine a

severest disappointments an artist experiences. I am poor and suppose I always shall be. I love my work for the good it does *me*. It is three-fourths of my existence, nine-tenths of my happiness, and all of my ambition; and I would see your chuckle-headed moneybags in Hades before I would move out of my studio six inches to get a commission for a monument a mile high unless I got something else out of it besides the sum of money set down in the contract.”

This was said before St. Gaudens had attained to any fame; it was a statement from obscurity of the creed which is stamped in every strong, sinewy curve of his modelling, of the creed through adherence to which he caused mankind

to "wear a pathway to his door" and left the world a better, nobler place in which to dwell. And as he recited it that evening the Tilers raised a mighty shout of approbation and, filling one of the pewter tankards to the brim, forced him to drink his own health while they clapped him roughly on the back to distract attention from the deep, inner chords he had made to vibrate.

Then the evening was brought to its close. All those gatherings terminated more or less alike. The Catgut would unroll his violin, the Husk would seat himself at the piano, the others refilling their pipes and settling back luxuriously, and Beethoven's *Pathétique*, Schumann's sonata in A minor, or Chopin's symphony in B minor would fill the room like celestial sighs. After a space the baritone would join those at the piano and, in a voice as rich and tenderly warm as an Italian sky, pour forth old Bedouin love songs until romance, wreathed in rosemary, crept from the cave of dreams and, far over the rooftops, dawn trailed slim, pale fingers across the eastern sky. . . .

The old house in West Tenth Street is a private dwelling now and twentieth century commerce jostles it with an ugly, unsympathetic apartment house. No more do eager feet splash through the dim passageway, nor loud yelps of welcome echo through the infinitesimal, geranium-studded garden. The piano is stilled and the "old-fashioned English grate set into the chimney with wide hobs" will never again leap into quicker flame at the demand of impromptu broils.

Many of the Tilers have finally laid aside their brushes—prematurely cut down in their very primes. Those who

are left are for the most part widely scattered; and no "re-unions" are held. Often, however, they meet in the New York clubs which artists frequent. About them the younger generation resents even the application of the term "artist" to itself. If their occupation must be designated these younger painters prefer the less æsthetic word "painter." They sally forth not to low-ceilinged, smoky apartments remote from the glare of throngs where viols reawake the exquisite sorrows of Schumann and Chopin, but to the gilded caravansaries of Broadway, in which the orchestra accommodates with the latest musical comedy tunes. Other times—other manners! Perhaps the change may be for the better—it is difficult to live in an age and appraise it correctly at the same time—but the old Tiler, with the advantage of a quarter century's perspective, feels out of place in this atmosphere of superficialities and bank-notes.

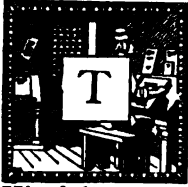
He wends his way out of the garish rush to a quiet studio where the light falls softly, and there draws out the "Book of the Tile Club"—an ample tome whose covers are of ivory and gold, satisfying to the touch. And as he turns the pages, while shadows gather in deeper purples about the corners of the room, the old figures, glad with the youth of 1880, cluster close around, the old cries rend the night, the Griffin bends to the preparation of Kibobs, the Catgut strings his violin, and a dozen pipes are kindled.

Iram indeed is gone with all his rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-Ring'd Cup where no
one knows,

But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a garden by the water blows.

H. C. BUNNER AND HIS CIRCLE

BY HENRY GALLUP PAINE



I

HE writer first met H. C. Bunner in the spring of 1881, at the house of Brander Matthews, who then lived at No. 330 East Seventeenth Street, on Stuyvesant Square. His full name was Henry Cuyler Bunner; but in spite of a long intimacy and close association, his middle name remained a mystery until after his death. He always signed himself "H. C. Bunner," and preferred to be known, even by his most intimate friends, as "Bunner." Even his wife spoke of him as "Bunner," and generally so addressed him. The fact that his mother and his brother Rudolph, the artist, called him "Harry," was the only clew to what the H. stood for.

Puck was founded in 1877; and Bunner, who had joined the staff almost immediately, had been editor for four years. He was then twenty-five years old; but to a youngster, fresh from college and just breaking into the magazine game as a clerk in the business office of Scribner and Company (now the Century Company), he appeared considerably older. Of medium height and slight of frame, with a smooth upper lip and dark, close-cropped side-whiskers, he looked, when his face was in repose, more like a clergyman than the editor of a comic weekly. This impression was heightened by the style of silk hat he then affected—one of the stove-pipe variety, with narrow brim. But it was only in externals that he conveyed an impression of dignified seriousness. Yet that is not quite the way to put it, after all; for he took his work seriously and felt the responsibility of his position as editor of a journal that, in spite of its humorous dress and contents, he was making editorially a political force in the country. And he was, above all, a man of dignity. He was not a man with whom one would be likely to take liberties. But he simply bubbled over with spontaneous humour.

He was one of the few men who are as brilliant in conversation as in their writings. Wit sparkled at the end of his tongue as gaily as at the point of his pen. Moreover, he was as appreciative as he was clever; and in repeating a good story or witty speech that he had heard, he was always careful to give due credit for it. He was one of the most companionable of men. He was sympathy personified, and was ever ready to adapt his own mood to that of his friend. If there was anything he could do for you, he did not content himself with offering to do it. He did it. He was as honest and open in his likes and dislikes as a child. If he liked you, you knew it; and if he disliked you, he did not cover up his feelings with any pretence. So, when he showed a liking for you, you knew that he meant it, and were glad and proud of it.

He lived at that time in lodgings in East Twentieth Street, near Fourth Avenue. There, after the writer had come to know him through frequent meetings at Brander Matthews', he had the pleasure of spending two or three evenings with him and some of his associates of those days. Among these were James L. Ford, William J. Henderson, John Moran, B. B. Vallentine, R. K. Munkittrick, George Edgar Montgomery, George Parsons Lathrop, Benjamin Ellis Martin, Edgar Fawcett, William Henry Bishop, A. E. Watrous, and "Peleg Arkwright" Proudfit. There were among the others, a few who, if not quite so companionable, were never allowed to feel they were not just as welcome.

In the meantime, the writer had become an editorial assistant on *St. Nicholas*, but did not feel that he was fully initiated into the "literary life" until after he had received his first invitation to Bunner's rooms, and had lunched with him and the *Puck* staff at Koster and Bial's downtown restaurant, at the corner of Warren and Church Streets. *Puck* had, by that time, moved to No. 23 Warren Street, from its quarters in

North William Street—the land having been taken for the New York approach to the Brooklyn Bridge.

It was in the nature of an exciting adventure to slip away at noon-time from the cloister-like hush of the editorial rooms of the Century Company, then as now on the north side of Union Square, to the gayer and less formal atmosphere of the *Puck* office. With increasing prosperity, the men who made *Puck* had given over sending out for cheese sandwiches and beer to be consumed at desk and drawing table, cutting, so legend has it, the ponderous sandwiches with the office shears. Around the table regularly reserved for the staff at "Koster's" gathered daily Bunner, Munkittrick, William Curtis Gibson, Frederick Burr Oppen, Charles J. Taylor, Arthur Gillam, Ned Wales, and other fellow-workers and friends, a bright and joyous company. During that mid-day hour all reference to "shop" was taboo. Did any one attempt to suggest an idea for a cartoon, to criticise a drawing, to comment on an editorial, or a joke, Bunner would frown, raise a protesting hand, and say: "Let this hallowed hour with better thoughts be spent!" He held that luncheon was a time for refreshment of the mind as well as the body. Accustomed always to concentrate on the task at hand, he felt the need of relaxation after the morning's work to prepare for that of the afternoon. But he was equally intolerant of "shop" talk at all meals.

In those days, he usually dined at the Westmoreland Hotel, on the southeast corner of Seventeenth Street and Fourth Avenue. Laurence Hutton, before his marriage in 1885, dined there frequently with him; and the round table by the window was nightly filled with a slightly varying company, recruited from the fifty-cent (or cheaper) *table d'hotes* nearer Sixth Avenue, when prosperity or recklessness impelled to indulgence in the luxury of an *à la carte* meal, flavoured with Bunner's and Hutton's discourse.

The Authors Club was founded in 1882. Bunner was one of the early members, and through the benevolent connivance of Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton, the writer, too, was smug-

gled in shortly after, on the strength of his humble editorial job and the printed libretto of an operetta that never advanced beyond the indignity of a performance by church choir amateurs. In this company, of which the writer was the youngest member, were many greybeards who, from their heights of wisdom, looked down on such youngsters as Bunner and his contemporaries. This gave a younger man courage to meet the literary hero on a more equal footing than had ever been attempted before.

The Authors at that time occupied the second floor at No. 19 West Twenty-fourth Street, the first floor and basement being given over to the Fencers Club—a wedding of mind and muscle that received additional sanction through the ministrations of Captain Hippolyte Nicholas, the *maitre d'armes*, who was as doughty with the skillet as the rapier. His attacks upon the digestion of the Authors, at their fortnightly suppers, were as grateful and as innocuous as his daily assaults upon the external anatomy of the Fencers; while his persuasive eloquence on the value of physical exercise as a spur to mental activity won to the Fencers many recruits from the Authors. Bunner was among those who joined the awkward squad, from which he never emerged. He had not taken many lessons before he expressed the opinion that our *maitre d'armes* was better at a *sauté* than an *assaut*. And he was right, as was afterward demonstrated when Nicholas's graduates found themselves everywhere outpointed in their encounters with members of other clubs, and had to begin all over again. *Pax Hippolyto*. He was a good cook.

II

Bunner was never the man to break up a party, and he was always one of the last to leave the regular meetings of the Authors Club; and, as the writer lodged in the house, there was no thought of going to bed while any one remained. Thus there grew a very intimate association with Bunner in those after midnight hours when men's souls expand and friendships ripen. No matter how late it might be when we parted, there

Deed of Gift

I, Braider Matthews of New York, now
for the time being in London, in considera-
tion of a certain promise of marriage
and of the sum of one dollar then in
hand paid, receipt of which is hereby ac-
knowledged do, by these presents, assign
make over, transfer absolutely and
wholly surrender to Miss Alice Deane
of New London, Conn, my estate, property
and interest in H. C. Deane of New York,
professional poet, storyteller and friend,
together with any share I may have in his
wit, humor and intelligence, to the same
more or less and I adjure hereto my best
wishes for her future happiness in the
possession and enjoyment of the said
H. C. Deane.

In witness whereof I have hereto
set my hand and seal this twenty
first day of July in the year of our
lord, eighteen hundred and eighty nine
in the presence of the subscribing wit-
nesses.

Braider Matthews 

Signed, sealed and delivered
in our presence.

Austin Boston

Salomon Hutor

Eleanor V. Hutor.

Ida Matthews

was always something left unsaid, some topic to be further discussed; and so the writer formed the habit of spending, first one, then two, and later often three evenings, or latter parts of evenings, with Bunner in his cozy bachelor apartment in East Seventeenth Street, near Fifth Avenue.

This place was perhaps less of a club room than his old lodgings in Twentieth Street. A few of the less worthy of his early associates had abused a hospitality that was always unstinted; and, with the tactful aid of John the janitor, the company at Seventeenth Street became more select and more congenial.

In those days it was always a mystery to his friends how Bunner ever found time to write his stories and verses, other than those that appeared in *Puck*, most of which he wrote at the office. You hardly ever caught him at it; and when you did, he always seemed to welcome the interruption. But write he did, in such odd solitary moments as his friends, more by accident than design, granted him.

It was different with *The Midge*, which, for various and sufficient reasons, he desired to complete before his marriage. There were times, then, when Bunner would actually deny himself to his friends in order to work on this story; moving for that purpose, prematurely and without publicity, into the apartment at No. 330 East Seventeenth Street, where he later brought his bride, who was Miss Alice Learned, of New London.

This and every book he published afterward was dedicated to A. L. B.; and even his first book, *Airs From Arcady*, published before he was engaged, although it bore a formal dedication to Brander Matthews, contained on its last page those beautiful verses, "To Her."

III

Bunner wrote very rapidly in those days; because he had cultivated the habit of thinking out, before he sat down to write, the exact construction and even the phraseology of his stories. Ideas came to him quickly, too. For a hundred years New York celebrated with an

annual parade the evacuation of the city by the British in 1783. The last celebration of this nature took place in 1883, and on the afternoon of that day, as Bunner and Brander Matthews were standing on the steps of the latter's house in East Eighteenth Street, a little detachment of Zouaves marched by, bearing their tattered and bullet-riddled regimental colours. Instinctively, as all men do whose recollection goes back to the days of the Civil War, the two men raised their hats to the Stars and Stripes. Just after dinner that evening, Bunner brought to Matthews his beautiful poem, "Off With Your Hat as the Flag Goes By." On another occasion, when Matthews expressed surprise that Bunner could have found time among all his multifarious duties and engagements to write two of his best poems within a week, Bunner exclaimed: "Oh, spring makes poetry just ooze out of me!"

In later years, when he lived in Nutley, New Jersey, Bunner dictated everything he wrote, even verse. He would walk up and down, usually in the hall, choosing his words and framing his sentences, until he had a paragraph or two completely formulated; then he would pop into the room and repeat them to his secretary, who took them down on the typewriter. His work, even when done in this way, required very little polishing. Once, in the middle of the night, he suddenly found himself wide awake with an idea for a sonnet running in his head. He thereupon in bed slowly composed the poem to his satisfaction, and then turned over and went to sleep, sure that he could write it out in the morning—which he did.

He had a very large vocabulary and a remarkable command of it, and seemed with little effort always to select the word to express his exact thought. This was doubtless due to his wide reading and to his wonderfully retentive memory. He was one of the most rapid readers, if not the most rapid reader, that the writer has ever encountered. He seemed to be able to visualise a page at a glance; and he would turn the leaves of a book almost as fast as he could slip his forefinger between them. And whatever he read, he remembered. It was a

sort of game among his friends to put him to the test—to take from his book-case some dusty volume, and after reading it, to draw him into a discussion of it. He might not have looked at it for years; but it was always as fresh in his memory as if he had just finished it, and more often than not, he would be able to quote entire passages from it.

He not only read everything that was worth reading, or that other people were reading, but he had a great fondness for the queer and unusual in literature. In this way he picked up an enormous amount of bizarre and unfamiliar information, that was ever at his tongue's end in quotation or allusion when occasion served. In fact, he had such a fund of curious and forgotten lore, and such a habit of drawing on it, that he often gave one an eerie impression of knowing everything. As a matter of fact, he did appear to know something about everything; and it never took him longer than the time to give a nervous little cough, to recall it to memory.

There was something lightning-like in the activity of his mind. Every impression that he had ever received seemed equally at his command, and to have direct and instantaneous connection with every other impression. And he never allowed these mental telegraph wires to grow rusty through disuse. This was very useful to him in argument, into which he was frequently led; for he formed his judgments quickly, and was very tenacious of them. If you happened to disagree with him on a subject about which you felt yourself particularly well informed, just as you thought you had driven him into a corner from which there was no escape, he would reach back into his mind and produce, to sustain his position, some unfamiliar fact or authority that would leave him in possession of the field. He might afterward recede from his position, and acknowledge himself convinced; but he could rarely deny himself the satisfaction of the verbal victory.

A year or so after his marriage Bunner removed with his family to Nutley, New Jersey, and about the same time, the writer became associate editor of *Puck*. This was in the fall of 1887,

when the offices were in the new Puck Building, No. 39 East Houston Street, at the southwest corner of Mulberry Street, on the block below old Police Headquarters.

What impressed the writer most on becoming a member of the staff, was the business-like way in which the paper was conducted. He had always supposed that *Puck* was edited, illustrated and published in a careless, haphazard sort of way—that the whole enterprise was a huge joke that was successful because people loved to laugh. As a matter of fact, there are few offices where the system was so thorough and so good. For this Adolph Schwarzmenn, the publisher, was responsible; and he had in the editorial office an able adjutant in W. C. Gibson, the art editor, and an enthusiastic advocate in his editor-in-chief. Bunner approved of system, but he also approved of letting others carry it out. He did whatever it was essential for him to do—and a great deal more—but mere executive details had no interest for him, and, in the steady pressure of more important work, he had no time for them. That was why he desired an associate editor.

His desk was piled so high with letters, manuscripts, newspapers, proofs, and what-not, that there was no room for him to write, so he had transferred his inkstand to a table in the corner; and that, in turn, had accumulated its own mountain of paper, with only a little valley at the foot hardly large enough to hold a piece of copy paper. It was the work of some months to clear this all away, and to write letters of explanation to unanswered correspondents.

Bunner was not to blame for this. The calls upon him were so constant and insistent, that it was simply impossible for him to write personal letters unless he neglected the more imperative duty of making *Puck* the power it was in those days. The whole weight of the paper was on his shoulders. He suggested many of the cartoons, and was consulted about all the others; he directed the editorial policy, and wrote all the editorials; he passed upon all the contributions, and scrutinised the proofs with particular care; and there was not

a number of the paper issued that did not contain columns of his own composition—articles, stories, sketches, jokes, verses, captions for “comics” (illustrated dialogues), and whatever goes to make up the contents of a humorous magazine with a serious purpose. It was simply because he put the interests of the paper before his own that he neglected his personal correspondents.

Although *Puck* for many years conspicuously displayed the following couplet:

“Rejected manuscripts *Puck* ne’er returns,
In summer tears them and in winter burns,”

all unavailable contributions that contained return postage were scrupulously mailed back to the writers. Unfortunately, many of these contributions came in envelopes addressed to Bunner personally, and not a few were overlooked. If any old contributor to *Puck* or any old friend of Bunner’s still holds himself aggrieved on this account, he should instantly forgive him. There was never a more loyal friend than H. C. B., never an editor who strove harder to do his whole duty to his paper.

IV

It was entirely owing to Bunner’s influence that *Puck*, which had always before been Republican in politics, allied itself with the Mugwumps in 1884 and supported Grover Cleveland for the presidency. Mr. Schwarzmann, the publisher, who held the same political views as Bunner, was at first doubtful of the expediency, from a business standpoint, of taking so radical a step; but he was a man of too high principle, too sincere a lover of the truth as he saw it, too honest, straightforward and courageous, to hesitate when it came to the moment of definite decision. Although he felt that the change of base spelt ruin for *Puck*, he stood behind his editor like a rock in the face of no little inside opposition.

There can be no doubt that *Puck* was an important factor in the campaign, and that its representation of Blaine as the “Tattooed Man” was an important element in the defeat of the Republican

candidate. There is a little inside story in regard to the evolution of the “Tattooed Man.” Some time before the national conventions were held, it occurred to Bunner to represent in a cartoon the various candidates for nomination in the guise of “freaks” in a dime museum; and the idea was entrusted to Arthur Gillam, the artist, to execute. When Gillam had made his first outline sketch, he came to Bunner for suggestions for designs with which to embellish the caricature of David Davis, whom he had selected to represent the tattooed man, presumably because his obese personality presented the largest area for decorative purposes. Like a flash, Bunner saw the greater possibilities for cartoon effect in substituting the man who afterward became the Republican nominee, and representing him as tattooed with the points in his record that afforded the most vulnerable targets to his enemies. In the published cartoon David Davis appeared as the fat woman.

The new associate editor soon found that his most valuable function was in relieving Bunner of all office details, so that he could give his entire time to creative work, doing his writing at home and coming into town at first three times, then twice, and, after the associate editor went to live in Nutley, only once a week for a general conference. In consequence, he was able to give more care and thought to his own contributions to *Puck*, and these established a higher standard for the entire contents.

He was writing, at this time, a great deal for the monthly magazines—*The Century*, *Scribner’s*, *Harper’s*—and his stories and poems had won him a high reputation among contemporary men of letters. His associates on *Puck* encouraged him in this, because they recognised that every increase in Bunner’s fame as an author reflected favourably upon the paper that he edited. Bunner, however, was not content with any such indirect benefits, and he planned and wrote several series of very short stories to be printed in *Puck*. The first were his famous *Short Sixes*; *Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns*. He had, perhaps, been led to see the possibility of writing complete stories in so short a

compass from having read, the year before, all of Guy de Maupassant's tales that he could lay his hands on. So convinced was he of his indebtedness to Maupassant for the method of his *Short Sixes*, that it was with the utmost difficulty he was prevailed upon not to print some such line as "with acknowledgments to Guy de Maupassant" under the general title. He was told that his own personality and style so permeated *Short Sixes* that no one would believe that they owed anything to Maupassant, even if he said so; and, while perhaps he might not have written exactly those stories in exactly that way if he had not read Maupassant, he was no more influenced by the method of the French author than he was by that of any other author he had read and admired.

Bunner yielded, but under protest; and his literary conscience was so sensitive that he could not rest until he had devised a way by which he could give credit to Maupassant for what he felt he owed him. He took eleven stories of Maupassant's and did them into American. They were in no sense translations, merely the Maupassant plots retold in the American environment with which Bunner was familiar, and following, more or less closely, Maupassant's method. These stories were first published in *Puck*, and then in book form under the title *Made in France*, with due acknowledgments to their source. And Bunner was happy. But the book contained twelve stories; for Bunner could not refrain from playing a literary joke upon the public. The story that most closely resembled Maupassant, that seemed most nearly a translation, was Bunner's original contribution to the volume. And it is impossible to guess how many admirers of the Frenchman have tried to identify that story and to discover the original of "The Joke on M. Piptoneau" in Maupassant's published work.

No man who ever wrote was better able to perform a feat of this sort than Bunner. With a mind as absolutely original as that of any other man who ever wrote, he could with wonderful facility adopt, not only the style of another author (as in his clever renderings of

"Home, Sweet Home," in the several manners of Swinburne, Dobson, Pope, Bret Harte and Whitman, but, if the fancy seized him, the other's point of view and mental processes.

One year, Bunner had set his heart on having Frank R. Stockton contribute an original story to the Mid-summer *Puck*, an elaborate issue, printed in colours, and sold at fifty cents. Stockton more than half agreed to write the story—at any rate, Bunner understood that he was to write it, and planned the number accordingly. But when the time came for Stockton to deliver the copy, it was not ready. Bunner, half in fun and half in earnest, threatened to write the story himself if Stockton did not come to time with it. Stockton, probably half in fun and half in earnest, told him to go ahead—and Bunner went. It was as good a story as Frank Stockton ever wrote. Indeed, it was so good that it caused a slight coolness to spring up between the two friends—one that lasted nearly a year. The trouble was that Bunner's fertile imagination had conceived three distinct Stocktonian ideas; and for good measure he wove them all into one story, so that, to the careful reader, they unconsciously betrayed the Stockton formula.

On another occasion Bunner employed his skill at imitative writing to convey a hint to a friend. A man, who might have been known as Bill, if his name had been William, and who was a frequent contributor to *Puck*, was very close to Bunner. He had worked on a little weekly paper, and had subsisted largely on promises until the proprietor owed him so much money that it was cheaper to give him the paper than to pay him his arrears of salary. This left the young man even poorer than he was before; and what he got from *Puck* was a welcome addition to his income. *Puck* paid on publication; and Bill was usually on hand on the afternoon of the day we went to press to see if his name was on the "horoscope," which was the office term for the weekly editorial expense sheet. Whether his name was there or not, he would always anxiously scan the proofs of standing matter that hung on a hook near Gibson's desk; and, if he found

anything of his in type, would quietly move it to the front, where it would be sure to catch the art editor's eye when he made up the next issue.

At the stroke of four in the afternoon work ceased in the editorial and art departments; and it was the custom for the members of the staff, and any of their friends who happened to be present, to meet for a few minutes at an adjacent hostelry before dispersing to their homes. Bill's circumstances conspired to make him more often a guest than a host on such occasions—often enough to excite comment among those who did not fully appreciate the circumstances. Bunner, sensitive for the reputation of his friend, sought to convey to him a suggestion of the situation without speaking to him directly on so delicate a subject. So he wrote a half column skit in Bill's exact style, bearing some such title as "Bully Bill Nevertreat's Bad Day," had it put in type, hung a proof of it on the hook in the editorial room, and ordered the type distributed.

Next press day, Bill dropped in, as usual, and, as usual, made a bee line for the proof hook. His eye was instantly caught by a title that was as imitative of his style as the story that followed. Naturally, he read it, to see who was poaching on his preserves. And that afternoon at the line up, it was the voice of Bill that first uttered the magic words: "Well, boys, what will you have?"

V

Like most good New Yorkers, Bunner was born somewhere else, in his case, Oswego, New York; but his family were of the city, and to it he removed at an early age and made it particularly his own. He loved it and found in it all the romance and colour that the unseeing proclaim they miss. His *Story of a New York House*, "The Red Box at Vesey Street," and *Ballads of Broadway*, are instances of the inspiration the city was to him. He loved to roam through Greenwich Village, Chelsea, the French quarter, the Italian quarter, and wherever immigrants from any country had gathered in sufficient numbers to establish a colony and to give a distinctive char-

acter to a neighbourhood. He knew every lane, alley, court and by-way in the metropolis; and if he ever heard of one that he had missed, he made it the object of an early pilgrimage. If he had to go from one part of the city to another, he would preferably not take the direct way, but would follow a round-about route that led him through some picturesque quarter. He knew an amazing number of queer little restaurants and queer little shops where they sold queer little things.

On one occasion he criticised one of *Puck's* artists for his drawing of a sabot. The man defended himself by saying he had been unable to get a model. "You can't buy wooden shoes in New York," he declared.

"Can't you?" retorted Bunner, and rushed out at noon-time and came back with a pair of sabots under his arm. He knew where they made them—on a side street just off West Broadway—for the use of workers in dye houses.

The copy of *The Story of a New York House* that Bunner gave to Brander Matthews contains, in the author's handwriting, the following inscription in verse, which probably has never been printed.

TO BRANDER MATTHEWS

To you, who know our motley town,
And love to write her stories down;
And whom no fancy for far lands

Lures from the work sent to your hands,
Comes this, and, falter as it may,
You will know what it meant to say.

Neighbourliness was developed in Bunner to its highest degree, and he always delighted in identifying himself with his environment. The windows of *Puck's* editorial rooms looked out on Mulberry Street, and Bunner was as interested in the tenants of the four-story brick tenements opposite and in their doings as if they were all old friends. He rejoiced at their weddings and births, grieved at their funerals, and was as excited as anyone on the block when a whole ton of coal was dumped at the front door of the only householder who could afford so wholesale an investment. He had a name for every one; and if it was not the right name, it was at least appropriate.

If nothing interesting was happening on Mulberry Street, he would go and look out of the back windows on Jersey Street, one side of the entire length of which thoroughfare was occupied by the Puck Building. And what he saw there will be found in his volume entitled *Jersey Street and Jersey Lane*; for his neighbourhood quality demonstrated itself just

emergency in the daytime, when husbands and fathers were in the city; and he was always ready and eager to help, while he was almost inexhaustible in resource. Nothing was too much trouble for him to do in the service of a neighbour—and everybody was his neighbour.

He was as interested in township politics as he was in the great national ques-

TO

H. C. BUNNER

Among my best I place your Book
O Poet of the breeze and brook!
(That breeze and brook that blows and falls
More softly 'neath a city's walls!)
Among my best:—and keep it still,
Till down the fair green-girdled hill,
Where slopes my garden-slip, there goes
The wandering wind that wakes the rose,
Or fans the cohort that explore
The blind-faced sunflowers o'er and o'er,
Or starts the leaguer bees that ply
Deep in the dwarf-convolvuli.

Then I shall take 'your Book and dream
I lie beside some haunted stream,
And watch the leaves that fall and pass,
And watch the flicker in the grass,
And wait—and wait—and wait, to see
The Nymph that never comes to me!

Austin Dobson.

as truly in his New Jersey home as in New York, and he took opportunity in this book, with its contrasting views of country and city life, to testify to his love and appreciation of both.

In Nutley from 1890 to 1893, the writer had ample chance to see and to experience what a good neighbour Bunner could be and was. In a town made up principally of the families of commuters, he was often almost the only available man in the place in case of

tions of the day. He attended his party primaries like the good citizen he was, voted early, and spent the rest of election day in getting out the lukewarm voters, and, if necessary, driving with them to the polls. He was active in organising the village improvement society, and was an enthusiastic promoter of every local enterprise. His home life was ideal and idyllic. To know him was a liberal education. He was the best friend of almost every friend he ever had.

A NEW NOVELIST OF OLD IRELAND

BY WILLIAM ASPINWALL BRADLEY



THE novel, once more prolific and popular than any other literary form save, perhaps, the sentimental lyric, has suffered considerable neglect at the hands of the Irish writers of to-day. This may seem strange, but it is in reality easily explicable. The function of the novel is to describe life rather than to interpret it, and is the product of observation and humour more than of moral seriousness and emotional intensity. The Irish novel, in particular, has always displayed a peculiar buoyancy and has carried comic characterisation to the point of caricature—a fact now resented by those Irishmen who claim that the novels of Charles Lever and Samuel Lover are gross libels on the race. For the modern Irishman is nothing if not serious, and the Irish genius, newly awakened to a sense of beauty and of spiritual significance, is at present passing through a crisis of acute self-consciousness, accompanied by a state of lyric exaltation and tragic insight. For it, therefore, poetry affords the appropriate modes of expression, and in prose it turns instinctively to those briefer forms, the short story and the one-act play, in which poetic effects can be achieved through a rigid selection of material and a careful economy of style.

Doubtless this is but a passing phase and will be followed in due course by a period of relaxing tension when the novel, with its broad scope for the development of plot, portrayal of character, and description of manners, will reassert its claim both as a vehicle of art and a medium of rational amusement. Already, in the stories of Mr. G. A. Birmingham, five in number, which have recently been published here in all the dignity of a uniform edition, we have what may prove to be the first symptom of a general reaction. Though they deal with life in Ireland to-day, and more specifically with those very places of life developed dramatically by Synge, these

stories, both in temper and in method, bear no relation to any recent tendencies in Irish literature. Indeed, they seem rather to renew the elder tradition of high spirits and horseplay humour. There is in them, it is true, none of that hard hunting and still harder drinking among the upper classes that we associate with Irish fiction; and the life of the people in a remote parish is less picturesque, more humdrum and commonplace, than we were accustomed to find it. Times have changed, even in Ireland. Manners have become modified there, as elsewhere. Land laws, a greater material prosperity, a more paternal government, and growing contact with the world through railroad and telegraph, have changed the face of society. But beneath the surface the spirit remains much the same, and the Irishman of to-day, as portrayed by Mr. Birmingham, is nearly identical with the Irishman as we have always known him—the same volatile and imaginative temperament, the same ingenious mind and convenient code of morality, the same attitude toward constituted authorities, the same sense of religious awe at once touched with poetic fancy and tempered by a kind of humorous scepticism.

Of course the lighter touches predominate in Mr. Birmingham's portrayal, which aims at nothing more than the momentary amusement of the reader. At the same time it must not be thought, that, so far as it goes, this portrayal is any less truthful than that of Synge, or that the author himself is any less familiar with the people whom he describes. Like his own eccentric hero, the Rev. J. J. Meldon, who plays so important a part in three of the stories, *Spanish Gold*, *The Simpkins Plot*, and *The Major's Niece*, Mr. Birmingham, whose real name is Hannay, has long lived as a curate among these people, and doubtless Ballymov is a faithful transcription, under a fictitious name, of the very hamlet on the west coast which is still the scene of his clerical labours. The minor char-

GEORGE BIRMINGHAM

acters, such as Doyle, the hotel-keeper, Doctor O'Donoghue, Patsy Devlin, the blackguardly blacksmith, the three constables in *The Search Party*, and all the slatternly female servants, Sabina, Bridgy, and the rest, have the air of having been closely studied from life both in their psychology and in their manner of speech. There are pages of dialogue—and very clever dialogue it is, too, full of inimitable drollery, natural ease, and quaint turns of expression—that read like scenes from *The Playboy*. Indeed, Synge and Birmingham closely corroborate each other in their dual representation of these west of Ireland folk, and there is even a touch of the former's sympathy and poetic insight in the novelist's description of the isolated islanders of Ineshglowan, in *Spanish Gold*.

Of the non-Irish characters and of those who, whether Irish or not, are of the place, but not of the people, it is not

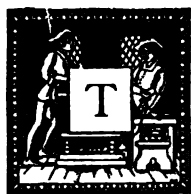
always possible to say so much, since many of them are too obviously devised to meet the requirements of farcical situations. Even the Rev. J. J. Meldon, although we suppose he may be meant to embody a certain type of Irish character,—a refinement of the wild harum scarum type of the older fiction, with a fondness for pranks and practical jokes, and with a sophisticated wit and a ready, persuasive tongue,—seems rather a comic abstraction than a real person, in spite of the insistence laid upon certain unpleasant personal attributes. He seems less like a veritable portrayal than an invention of the author, albeit an ingenious and often amusing invention, for the purpose of developing a certain burlesque style of action or plot. It is here that Mr. Birmingham seems at his weakest. We understand that he began his career as a writer with several very serious novels about Ireland which failed and which have not

been reprinted. It would seem as if in his later work, he had deliberately gone to the other extreme, and in the desire for success had intentionally adopted a style of comic complication such as those who are familiar with an inferior type of contemporary British fiction will at once recognise. The most that one can say for him here, leaving to one side *Spanish Gold*, which is a capital take-off on the buried treasure motive, and *Lalage's Lovers*, which has no plot properly speaking, and is full of whimsical humour, is that, as far as possible, he redeems inferior material by most expert workmanship,—by speed, high spirits, and sheer story-telling virtuosity. He has a feeling for his genre that never forsakes him, and he never fails within its limits as Arnold Bennett does, for example, in *Helen with the High Hand*, a somewhat analogous work of farcical fiction. Indeed it may be said that Birmingham's novels are better than those of Bennett's which are based upon the same inherent unrealities. They are redeemed and raised to a higher level as fiction by what is soundly and pungently local in them, and by their more dexterous mingling of what is true and false in their representation of life so as to preserve a certain resemblance throughout.

Still, one would like to see this author do better and worthier work, farcical if he prefers, but with motives of farce drawn more directly from real life. A turn for philosophical satire which he displays, coupled with his talent for breezy burlesque and eccentric characterisation, suggests that he might indirectly gain some of those very ends for which he strove without success in his earlier work. The way has already been blazed by Mr. George Moore in the first volume of his *Ave atque Vale*. Certainly a Peacock could find material for a whole new series of *Headlong Halls* and *Nightmare Abbeys* in the romantic ideas and still more romantic personalities of the Irish literary revival, and in the activities of the Gaelic League. The stories mentioned have more than one good-natured gibe at Celtic sentimentalism. Mr. Birmingham might make himself immortal if, ceasing to satirise modern educational ideas, as in *The Major's Niece*, and the Stevensonian style of fiction, as in *Spanish Gold*, and the methods of modern politics, as in *Lalage's Lovers*—all of them time-honoured subjects for the satirist—he should seek to crystallise, under its comic aspect, the Irish interpretation of that transcendentalism which, wherever it breaks out, is always so rich in literary phosphates.

MANKIND IN THE MASS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



THE title to the present article represents a sort of forlorn hope, a makeshift, a futile attempt to sum up in four words something which cannot be adequately conveyed in less than a paragraph. It concerns the difficulty which modern realistic fiction, and more especially the fiction which deals with the life of our big cities, must face and overcome, if it is to represent the truth. The earlier gen-

erations of novelists, the pioneers in their craft, whether they laid their scenes in rural seclusion or in the busy, jostling centres of trade, blandly ignored the existence of the big, outside world, whenever it suited their purpose to do so. The small handful of human beings who made up the central interest of a story possessed a sort of enchanted power of moving from place to place without encountering any strangers on their way. If you recall the pages of Miss Austen's novels, you will realise that in her day

English highways and byways must have been singularly solitary, and English villages strangely destitute of dwellings. In his occasional and reluctant drives from his own comfortable home, to assure himself of the continued welfare and happiness of "poor Miss Taylor," Mr. Woodhouse seems never to have passed any other human habitation than that of garrulous Miss Bates; and with the single exception of Harriet Smith's encounter with the gypsies, not a character in *Emma* ever seems to have found outsiders trespassing on his special prerogative of enjoying the public thoroughfares in privacy.

It would be a simple matter to multiply illustrations of this particular sort of lack of actuality in the earlier novelists. It was the natural consequence of that traditional and purely imaginative method of story-telling, the "Once-upon-a-Time type of narration," which conceived of all kinds of wonderful and thrilling events as happening in a sort of Never-never-Land, where the realities of a work-a-day world could not, by any possibility, intrude and interrupt. The romantic creed, which aimed at making the characters do what author and reader wanted them to do, rather than what they logically would have done, perpetrated a host of unconscious absurdities, and showed us the most intimate sort of domestic dramas enacted in the most public places, and apparently with no more fear of interruption than if in the seclusion of the heroine's boudoir. The present writer recalls a crowning instance of this sort, in a novel brought out by a New York publishing house barely a decade ago, a sentimental and somewhat melodramatic love story, the culminating scene of which takes place in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel at four o'clock in the afternoon, when hero and heroine "paused beneath the large clock, and having satisfied themselves, by a hasty glance, that there was no living being in sight, their lips met in a long kiss." It is a pity that the names of book and author have both passed into oblivion; any one capable of converting the centre of metropolitan life into a deserted village deserves at least the recognition of a fools-cap or a booby-prize.

It is not unlikely that the art of photography has done a good deal toward greater actuality of street scenes in fiction. The repeated experience of every possessor of a "snap-shot" camera, in finding that a carefully planned view has unwittingly included a number of undesired details, has made the intrusion of the outside world a familiar and accepted fact. More than that, the modern novelist has come to recognise that, if intelligently used, such intrusion, instead of being a detriment, is a valuable asset. Perhaps no one feature of latter-day fiction differentiates it so sharply from that of the early Victorian period than the sharp contrasts attained by seeing individual griefs and joys sharply silhouetted against the noisy indifference of the jostling, thronging surge of city life, the resistless floodtide of mankind in the mass. The ability to picture a crowd, so that the reader shall see as a crowd and not as an assemblage of individuals, is distinctly a modern achievement. An author who attempts, for instance, to give some idea of the endless procession of traffic, the army of workers and of pleasure-seekers, moving and eddying up and down Broadway, will waste his time if he contents himself with patiently and minutely describing a dozen carriages, a score of motor-cars, a hundred faces. The very leisureliness, the mere time consumed in making us see these separate individuals and conveyances, gives the lie direct to all idea of haste, confusion and countless numbers. The essence of the crowd is an impression of indistinguishable rapidity and complexity, of blurring vision, and discordant noise. And the first principle which the verbal painter of city streets must learn is that of painting impressions, rather than details, making us see the orderly ranks of a marching column, as a succession of gleams of sunlight on steel, a blur of proud and gallant colors, a swift, alternate stride in unison,—rather than a given number of polished bayonets, bright-buttoned uniforms, and trouser-encased human legs.

Now, the greatest drawback that a novelist can have, for the purposes of painting crowds, is what, for lack of better term, may be called a microscopic

eye, an eye that insists upon observing details too small and remote for the unaided vision to recognise. We all know that the ugly green scum on a stagnant pool is made up of minute vegetation, containing forms of great beauty, when revealed under a powerful lens; but to the landscape painter, it is a splotch of yellow-green and nothing more. To the novelist, taking his stand beside a general watching a battle in progress a mile or two away, that distant, moving panorama, that confused patch of dust and smoke and fitful flare must be, first of all, nothing more nor less than what he sees, a titanic struggle of human force and heroism in the aggregate, and not so many broken bodies of anguished souls. It is a simple law of perspective that the human eye must always focus itself for some particular distance, and that all beyond that distance will become less and less distinct because smaller and smaller, and all this side of that distance will lack distinctness because out of focus. In fiction this principle has a still wider application; it is extended, and rightly so, from the mere descriptive portions of a story to its very structure and framework. The central idea, the leading characters are, so to speak, always in the centre of focus, and consequently most distinct; while the minor characters, the subordinate episodes, are quite rightly done more sketchily, even with a certain degree of blurring and shadowy indistinctness. And there are a few things that more unerringly show the born artist in fiction than that rare instinct that tells him just what portion of his personages and his narrative belongs in the central focus and what portions do not.

This quality of depicting crowds, not of any one kind, but of all sorts and conditions, is one of the most striking features of Margaret Böhme's recent novel, *W. A. G. M. U. S.*, just translated from the German under the less mysterious title of *The Department Store*.

The Department Store. By Margaret Böhme. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Blinds Down. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: Doran Company.

The Lure. By E. S. Stevens. New York: John Lane Company.

ment Store. The simplest and briefest way to define this book is to say that it is a sort of German replica of Zola's *Au Bonheur des Dames*, a chronicle of the birth and growth of a colossal modern emporium, in the heart of Berlin, reaching out, octopus-like, to grasp and draw in, one after another, the adjoining business sites, and ruthlessly slaughtering the smaller competitors by systematically underselling them. In this respect the theme of the book is not new. The despair and animosity of the independent tradesmen, who in middle age see their source of livelihood wrested from them, the stubborn refusal of some to compromise and accept a salary in the hated department store, the enforced surrender of others to a titan whose growth is not to be checked, the jealousy and rivalry among the employees, the corruption and vice that breed secretly within its walls,—all this and much more like it has been done by Zola, and in some respects done better. Nevertheless, *The Department Store* is a distinctly remarkable book, a very readable book, and, to the average Anglo-Saxon reader, a far cleaner and pleasanter book than its French prototype. The surprising thing is that a woman should have written a book on this theme, with such a thoroughly virile grasp of the theme, and strong, bold, unflinching portrayal of its dramatic elements. You are not merely made to see the surge and rush of bargain day, the disciplined army of clerks working, like the separate cogs and wheels in some monster machine, driven at full pressure, the eager crowds, pushing, jostling, laughing, frowning, catching the contagion of the hour, yielding to the shopping craze,—you not only see all this, but you become actually part of it; you feel yourself caught and drawn along, gasping and breathless, in the very thick of the press, you almost start to take out your own pocket-book and buy recklessly of things that you in no wise want! This

The Chink in the Armour. By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Position of Peggy. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Oliver's Kind Women. By Philip Gibbs. Boston: Dana, Estes and Company.

The Night of Fires. By Anatole Le Braz. Translated by Frances M. Gostling. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

sort of power is, in itself, deserving of cordial praise; but there is another and more unusual quality about this book which makes it worthy of careful study for the sake of its technique. A distinctive feature of German social life is that it is strongly gregarious. The family takes its pleasures and its sorrows in unison. Father and mother, grandparents and grandchildren, flock together for their Sunday outings, doubly contented in the sense of union. Now this sort of social life cannot be treated in the sweeping, impressionistic manner of crowds; we must become acquainted with the individuals, get a sense of the friendly clash of opinions, family debates, the varying influence and authority of different degrees of relationship, marriage connections, cousinships to the third and fourth degree. This gift Margarete Böhme possesses to a very unusual degree. Whether it is an afternoon reception, to meet the future bride of the eldest son, a formal business meeting of the officers of a corporation, an impromptu gathering on a Sunday evening, turned on the spur of the moment into an impromptu dance,—in one and all of such occasions where people, anywhere from a half dozen to a score and upwards, are presented to the reader, they are shown to us each distinctly labelled by just one telling phrase, a single salient epithet, that stamps them beyond the danger of confusion. To go into the details of the main story underlying *The Department Store* would be of little purpose here. It is too complex, too crowded, to lend itself to a brief epitome. It contains the life history of a dozen families, in all the various social strata of the Prussian capital, a sweeping and comprehensive bird's-eye view of German manners and customs, in the social world and half-world alike. More specifically, it narrates the rise into eminence and commanding wealth of Joshua Manassa, later Joshua Müllenburg, founder of "Emporium Limited, Müllenburg and Sons;" and the private history of the elder son, Friedrich, destined eventually to be the controlling power in the firm, and to learn to love little Karen Nickelson, who works her way up from shop-girl to the head of the art department,—and in this respect the book once again is

reminiscent of Octave Mouret and Denise, in *Au Bonheur des Dames*. But well done though they are, the individuals in *The Department Store* take a secondary place. The store itself unquestionably plays the leading rôle, a triumphant, juggernaut rôle over crushed and broken lives. The author does not take sides; she shows the facts, and leaves the reader to do his own thinking in regard to modern business methods.

Blinds Down, by Horace Annesley Vachell, is a study of the devastation wrought in a few human lives by the mistaken policy of ignoring the existence of the crowd, the persistent practice of pulling down the blinds upon the outside world, and ignoring the unsavoury facts of life. This was the fixed and unalterable policy of the honourable Misses Mauleverer, social arbiters of the small English village of Charminster. The physical symbol of their attitude was the actual spectacle of blinds perpetually lowered on one side of their home, the side that faced Hog Alley. This alley was a disgraceful rookery, where disease and drunkenness flourished; and although it had the impudence to flaunt itself almost up to their very door, the Mauleverer sisters closed their eyes to its existence. Now, there was a third sister, Rosetta, daughter of their father's second wife,—and strive as they would, they could never inculcate in her that exaggerated delicacy of mind, that calm ignorance of everything savouring of ill-breeding, that rose-leaf refinement which was a hereditary stamp of the Mauleverers. Rosetta was, in consequence, a perpetual thorn in the flesh of her adoring, yet perplexed sisters and mentors, and never more so than when it became evident that she had fallen in love with Septimus Lovibond, son of the rector of Charminster. Not only did the Misses Mauleverer have more ambitious plans for Rosetta, but young Lovibond was suspected of possessing unorthodox views and sitting in judgment upon his own father. So, with the connivance of an influential relative, they succeeded in having a tempting offer made to Septimus of a position in India, with every hope of

rapid advancement. Seeing in this offer a chance to win the fame and fortune which would bring him within reach of Rosetta, Septimus gladly accepted, and the lovers parted, vowing constancy, and looking forward to a speedy reunion. But a few months later, the news came that Septimus had been badly mauled by a tiger, was still dangerously weak, and minus an arm, was slowly struggling back to life, a mere broken wreck of a man. Later he wrote from New Zealand, offering to release her, and enclosing a photograph of himself which, more plainly than his letter, told of his shattered physique. Under pressure from her sisters, and in the face of Septimus's own wishes, Rosetta yielded and did what was expected of a Mauleverer, marrying for wealth and position a man old enough to be her father and wicked enough to deserve hanging. After a few years of silent misery, a time came when Rosetta forgot she was a Mauleverer. Fate amused itself by taking her and her husband to Africa just at the time when Septimus, at last fairly convalescent, drifted there also. Some extra brutality on the part of the husband resulted in Rosetta's elopement with Septimus, and the sending of a brief message from the enraged husband to the Misses Mauleverer, with whom their one child had been left, "Rosetta is dead. Her child may remain in your care." At this point the first half of the book ends. The sisters, because they are Mauleverers, are spared the knowledge, which is common property of the rest of the world, that Rosetta is not dead, but disgraced, and for nearly another generation the blinds remain down upon the truth. The second half of the book relates how the sisters, not realising their failure in their first attempt at education, try to bring up Rose, the daughter of Rosetta, on the same "sheltered life" principle, and how this time they find the younger generation to be of stancher stuff, and not to be shaped at their will, to the destruction of her individuality and her happiness. The book is full of kindly wisdom and subtle insight. One cannot help exclaiming from time to time, "how well this author understands human nature!" The book is an eloquent plea for flinging the blinds open to the truths of

life, and giving the younger generation a fair opportunity to solve their problems understandingly.

The Lure, by E. S. Stevens, is frankly a disappointment, coming from the pen that wrote that distinctly able story of Northern Africa, *The Veil*. The trouble with *The Lure* is that it is uneven, a piece of structure that breaks in the middle, a discordant mixture of realism and melodrama, in which the characters, if they do not actually belie themselves, at least give not the slightest hint in the earlier half of the book, of the extraordinary temperamental possibilities that they possess. The first half is really worth while. Anna Moorhouse, "a tall, thin, coltish girl of twenty-two," is well portrayed, and her character and predicament grip the attention at once with a force out of all proportion to their very moderate importance. There is nothing unusual in a young girl with a fair modicum of brains, who is forced to earn her own living. Still less is it extraordinary for such a girl to think of journalism as a happy solution of her troubles. The element of the unusual in *The Lure* is a certain magic touch of personality in just a few of the characters, a touch that, despite all the crudity of this book, promises well for the future. Huntly Goss, the Great Huntly Goss, editor of *The Orb*, is a creation to be proud of,—at least he would have been, if the author had been content to let him remain the delightful charlatan and humbug that he so obviously is throughout the first half of the story, instead of translating him into a sort of sublimated "Desperate Desmond." The whole of the first half is a thoroughly enjoyable satire on unscrupulous journalistic methods, and the way in which a clever and suave charlatan cajoles social luminaries into parting with their money, for the pleasure of seeing themselves exalted in print. Anne Moorhouse's little flirtation with the Great Goss was not half as desperate or as compromising as she, herself, imagined it to be,—in fact, her simplicity must have bored him rather sadly when it ceased to amuse him; and after she had found somebody she really loved, she might have forgotten the whole affair with a clear conscience. But, in-

stead, the author asks us to believe that Anne and her husband happened, later on, to meet Goss and his wife, the faded, middle-aged wife, whose existence he carefully concealed during his brief, meteoric career in London,—on a trip up the Nile; that Goss made most insulting and unwarranted advances to his former star reporter, and that he amuses himself between-times in slowly poisoning his wife and devising ingenious plans for doing away with a second encumbrance, a half-witted son. It is phenomenal that an author capable of such clever work as was contained in *The Veil* and in the earlier chapters of the present volume should be so lacking in the power of self-criticism as to perpetrate such a tissue of absurdities as comprise its second half.

The Chink in the Armour, by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, is another of those stories of mystery and crime to which she so unexpectedly turned her considerable literary talent a couple of years ago. The setting of the story is a miniature Monte Carlo, which we are asked to accept as existing in close proximity to Paris. The central event is the disappearance of a young Polish lady, a confirmed gambler, who on the eve of her mysterious vanishing is known to have won enviable sums at baccarat. And the story is seen chiefly through the eyes of a young Englishwoman, who has come to this gambling resort out of friendship for Anna Wolsky, whose disappearance keenly distresses her, and the mystery of which she solves, almost at the cost of her own life. The trouble with the book is chiefly the fault of too great transparency. It would take a rather dull-witted person not to see through the transparent friendliness of the mysterious cosmopolitan couple, the Wachners, to whom we are introduced early in the story, the man with an unnatural engrossment in his "system," the woman too incredibly good-natured, with her perpetual guttural laugh, that echoes through the book, like an ill-omened *leitmotiv*. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has a theory, and a rather unfortunate one, that all the characters in a story, regardless of their relative importance, should be drawn with equal care and minute-

ness. She has a curious and illogical idea that this method represents our experiences in real life, failing to realise that the people we meet are never seen with uniform clearness, but always in a steadily diminishing perspective, until the least important of them melt away into the indistinguishable ranks of the unknown crowd. It is interesting to glance over the various reviews of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's several volumes. Over and over again, one finds the same criticism advanced by reviewers of all sorts and conditions, namely, that her central characters do not stand out as they should,—and here and there a critic more perspicuous than the rest suggests that it is because she has obscured her canvas by devoting a disproportionate space to the personages of secondary importance. All this is pathetically true; and her besetting sin is again in evidence in the present volume. Her portrait painting is always admirable; but she will never produce a novel of the first magnitude until she learns to practise a more rigid scheme of proportion.

The Position of Peggy, by Leonard Merrick, adds one more volume of fiction devoted to the joys and sorrows of the footlights and of dramatic authorship. Peggy herself is just an average little person, possessed of no big ideals, but quite docile, complacently sure of herself, and capable, under adequate tuition, of developing enough talent to star successfully in parts carefully cut to her measure. Also, she is the sort of young woman with whom past favours, old acquaintance, the patient devotion of years, would all count for nothing if they stood in the way of her advancement. As one looks back upon the book, one realises how extremely clever its title is. Peggy's position, whether at the bottom or the top rung of the theatrical ladder, is of small importance, so far as our interest in her takes us; she is, first, last and all the time, a selfish little beast, amply able to take care of herself. But Peggy's position, through the inevitable network of intricate relationships with which fate all the time insists upon enmeshing every human life, vitally affects many others,

besides herself; and it is for their sakes that we are forced to feel concern as we watch her upward career. The volume is not especially important, save for its clear-eyed understanding of life.

Oliver's Kind Women, by Philip Gibbs, is an unpretentious little volume which ought to bring a keen joy to the exceptional reader who appreciates independence in theme and in method. Mr. Gibbs's hero is not a pleasing personality. In fact, if he were not so completely self-deceived as to his importance in the universe and his duties toward his fellow-man, he would be an insufferable cad. Indeed, he comes very near being so as it is. Here briefly are the facts: Oliver Lumley is the younger brother in a family of three. His father, slowly driving himself to death in the endless grind of a humble clerkship, is nevertheless possessed of just enough pardonable pride to think himself very fortunate in having begotten a son capable of breaking in to the field of literature. So, when Oliver achieves the proud distinction of getting two or three of his short stories into the magazines, and decides that the free development of his talent needs the atmosphere of Bohemian London,—which, in prosaic terms of pounds, shillings and pence, required parental aid,—the poor, over-driven father found himself cajoled into pledging a sovereign a week for the experimental first year. One of Oliver's first stories dealt with certain distressing conditions in London slums. It so far appealed to a certain wealthy young woman living in the country, that in a charitable impulse she wrote the author an enthusiastic letter, enclosing a ten pound cheque to be spent, as he saw fit, upon deserving charity. In Oliver's eyes there was no more deserving charity than his own immediate needs, and his acknowledgment of the cheque was proportionately enthusiastic. It is not necessary to pursue this analysis in greater detail. The volume is a delightfully ironical portrayal of the masterly manner in which a young man, handicapped by colossal egotism and a lack of all finer instincts, manages to feather his own nest delightfully, at the expense of every woman who has the

misfortune to love him,—and there are many of them,—until he finally meets an exceptional woman whose combination of vast tenderness with iron-clad adherence to duty utterly routs his carefully laid plan and brings about a salutary humiliation. The book deserves a success far beyond anything which, under existing conditions, it is likely to achieve.

In conclusion, it seems well to devote a brief paragraph to calling attention to

"The Night of Fires" a volume of very exceptional quality which has just been given to the

English-speaking public from the French of Anatole Le Braz,—*The Night of Fires*. It is not a volume that fits into the scheme of the present article; it is only a collection of Breton tales and sketches, done with a sympathetic understanding such as hardly any other than Anatole Le Braz could do them. With *Mankind in the Mass* it has nothing to do, save in a purely negative way; it is essentially and consistently individualistic,—just as all folk stories and fables deal with individuals,—individuals that stand as types, symbols more or less universal of human needs and desires, thus completing the circle. For the Æsop's fable, or the story of Cinderella, although it concerns itself with an isolated wolf and lamb, or a single neglected damsel in a chimney corner, nevertheless gets back, by the universality of its application, to the general public, to *Mankind in the Mass*. *The Night of Fires* is not, strictly speaking, fiction; it has the value of historical documents. Although these tales reveal to us the spirit of Brittany as she is to-day, one feels, not merely the curious clash or compromise, call it what you will, between the Church of Rome and Paganism, but infinitely more than this: a survival, such as has few parallels, of customs, and beliefs, and rituals, infinitely remote, which, although blending with marvellous adroitness into the requirements of modern Christianity, nevertheless bear the hall marks of an origin antedating recorded history. It would be unfair to close this brief mention without paying tribute to the faithful and painstaking translation of Frances M. Gostling.

TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

WILLIAM ARCHER'S "PLAY MAKING: A MANUAL OF CRAFTSMANSHIP"*

This book has long been desired, and there is no man in the world better equipped to write it. Illuminating and accomplished, it follows a golden path between the theatrical theatre just perfected and the untheatrical theatre just beginning in revolt. Students of the drama who are bewildered with the confused shouts of the opposing camps may derive from this treatise a sane reckoning of where the truth of dramatic art lies. Further, it is admirably what its title claims for it and should be of genuine value to the playwright. Not often may one find a subject so well and comprehensively discussed.

There are no rules for writing a play—begins Mr. Archer persuasively—and the "don'ts" which are not obvious are apt to be questionable. All you can profitably do is to call attention to some of the play's problems and possibilities.

The first step is to choose either the subject or the story; or rather—if your work is to be in any sense vital—to let either choose you. If the subject or theme chooses you, be careful lest it obtrusively predominate over the human and concrete factors of the story. This latter is of small weight as a work of art unless character at a very early point conditions its development. A play can exist without anything which can be called character, however, but not without some sort of action; and thus plot is its fundamental element though not that by which its value must be measured.

The definition of drama as a struggle is neither inclusive nor differentiating. Most fiction deals with struggle, while neither *Othello* nor *Ghosts* can be said to depict a struggle except in the most quibbling sense. A stand-up fight of will to will may be the intensest form of drama, but it is the rarest. Hence it is not necessary to reject a theme or story as

undramatic because it involves no clash of wills. Yet Mr. Archer goes on to say that if we change "struggle" to "obstacle," the theory has certain practical usefulness. When one feels that the curtain might as well have fallen in the middle of the first act, the play is as futile as when an obstacle is manufactured out of some trumpery misunderstanding which dispenses with common sense. Even in *The Great Divide* one feels that the happy ending is only being postponed with a violent effort. The real essence of drama is crisis: and the drama is the art of crisis as fiction is the art of gradual developments. The dramatist deals in rapid and startling changes, the outcome, perhaps, of slow processes but actually occurring in brief spaces of time. The kind of crisis which is fit material for drama is one that can be made to develop through a series of minor crises involving emotional excitement. Many crises in life, like illnesses and law-suits, do not thus develop and hence are not stuff for plays. The dramatic way of treating incidents is staccato rather than legato. To give what has been for some time expected a sudden thrill of novelty and unexpectedness is the quintessence of the dramatic. Yet the reaction against the traditional dramatic is not wholly mistaken, for it is a valuable corrective of conventional theatricalism.

Though a scenario should be made early in the game, vital characters have a way of developing themselves and demanding constant readjustments. Thus the scheme should be kept fluid and plastic as long as possible. Never visualise the stage so much as the real locality. The name of a character must be characteristic but it need not be a label and should not be eccentric. The playwright must assume that the audience has no previous knowledge of his story.

Not even the most rebellious playwright has tried to diminish the importance of his beginning. Where this is depends chiefly on the nature of his crisis and on the desired impression. Under modern conditions it is difficult to get the whole crisis within the frame of the

*Play Making: A Manual of Craftsmanship. By William Archer. New York: Small, Maynard and Company.

picture, and recourse must be had to exposition. When this cannot be thoroughly dramatised—wrung out in the stress of action from the characters concerned—it may be dismissed rapidly and even conventionally by any not too improbable device. When the audience is required to attend to an exposition of some length, some attempt ought to be made to awaken beforehand an interest in the characters concerned; they should desire the information being conveyed.

Acts mark the time stages in the development of a given crisis; and each act ought to embody a minor crisis. The prime essential of the first act is that it carry us clearly some way toward the germination of the main crisis. For the conduct of the entire play one must remember that the fostering of expectation is of prime importance. To engender, suspend, heighten, and resolve a state of tension is the aim of the playwright. The main tension once installed must never be relaxed, but it may be suspended temporarily to advantage. The respite, however, must be deliberate and purposeful and brief. Again, the playwright must place finger-posts on the road he would have us follow. Retrospective elucidations are valueless and often irritating, and besides we may appear to ourselves to be wandering when we really are making progress if we only knew it.

On the stage every bullet should have its billet. The due proportion between preparation and result is of great moment; and even when the result is remarkable we may feel that we have paid too dearly for it. Over preparation is the characteristic vice of the "well-made play." The obligatory scene is the one which the audience more or less consciously foresees and desires, for logical or dramatic or structural or psychological or historic reasons. Mr. Archer's illustrations of these various reasons are exceedingly interesting. A scene may appear obligatory, however, when only its repercussion is necessary. As a scene of extreme vividness is generally found to be one wherein tables are turned, the playwright should ask himself if his theme will naturally or probably admit an experience of this kind. The sudden

collapse of security or resurrection from despair is a concentrated crisis.

Plausibility is of more importance than demonstrable probability, because the stage is the realm of appearances not realities. A playwright is justifiable in letting chance play its normal part in his story, but we immediately balk at coincidence except in farce. Logic in the "well-made play" is too often forced on the attention, but the spectator should never be baffled and disturbed by its absence. The familiar maxim that the playwright must never keep a secret from the audience requires much qualification—the true art lies in telling it just at the right time. But a secret that is kept at all must be adjudged by the audience worth keeping.

If good last acts were as easy as good first acts, our masterpieces would be trebled. They are more difficult because crises have a definite beginning but not often a definite end. In life they generally come to some petty compromise or simply subside. It should thus be recognised that an unemphatic last act is often a natural development; and that thus there are many justified and artistic anticlimaxes. But an unemphatic ending need not be blurred and without point. It sometimes seems as if Mr. Galsworthy would rather die than drop his curtain on an effective line. The spectator should feel that the moment for the curtain is rightly chosen. Endings brought about by changes of volition not rendered plausible by new facts or motives are obviously theatrical; those depending on changes of sentiment must be convincingly externalised. Death on the stage confers a sort of distinction which should not be accorded without sufficient cause; and no one ought merely to escape from a difficulty by it. Suicide should be the artist's last resort, and he must make sure that he has probed deep enough to make the august intervention of death seem other than an incongruity. The playwright cannot too soon make sure whether the only possible outcome of his play will satisfy the something in us that demands satisfaction. *Measure for Measure* and *Monna Vanna* take us into situations no amount of tact can make satisfactory; we merely wish we

had not been called upon to contemplate them.

Algernon Tassin.

II

JOHN LAFARGE'S "MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING"*

This work is published uniform in style with the author's previous volume, *Great Masters*, and as in the case of that book, the essays which comprise the new volume were originally prepared for periodical publication in a magazine. They were admirably adapted for that purpose, but they appear to even better advantage in collected form. For example, several of the longer articles in the magazine were broken into two, three, and even four parts; and while the actual, physical division is here retained, the pieces now fit together in continuous sequence, and overcome the impression of fragmentariness and desultoriness of treatment unavoidable in the original method of presentation.

The scheme which Mr. Lafarge adopted for his *Hundred Masterpieces* is precisely the opposite of that employed in *Great Masters*, and is naturally more interesting from the personal or autobiographical point of view, since it involves a far more complicated process of selection. These essays, constituting, as they do, a cross-section of art through the ages, are, in reality, a series of very intimate and penetrating meditations upon the nature and means of artistic expression, and, on the whole, they contain less criticism than emotion and reverie. These reach their deepest note in such essays as "Dreams of Happiness" and "The Sadness of Certain Portraits," though they pervade all the chapters, taking on a special and very charming tenderness in "Portraits of Children," and in the exquisitely playful description of Titian's "Story of Fertility" in *Allegories—Part Two*:

Most of these little loves are winged, and those who are not, if any, would soon see them sprout, if needed. So they fly about,

*One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting. By John Lafarge. Illustrated. Cloth. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1912.

those that like, and gather fruit from trees above: the wish that every child must have before the days of climbing is answered at once for them. And others cry, "Come down, come back; there's plenty here, and we have basketsful." So they have and are cramming for dear life. But the fruit still drops down; some catch it cleverly; one big ball has fallen on an astonished baby's head; in that land of allegory fruit is always ripe and soft, and cannot hurt the softest baby. And others cry, "We have found a rabbit"; whereupon they tumble over one another for proper or undivided possession. You can see one winged one plunging from the trees right down on the frightened beast and its little circle of admiring owners. One baby protests at all this selfishness; his little face puts on the only mark of discontent, which would leave it if he too could get into the ring of fine proprietors. No, there is another: he is being choked by another from pure affection or because some one wants his apple as much as he. Two in our near foreground kiss each other—baby boy, perhaps, and baby girl—in that sudden affection we have so often seen. We can even, I think, make out which kisses and which lets itself be kissed. And there will be a fight soon; a youngster in the foreground is aiming an arrow at another's apple—as in the story of William Tell.

Meanwhile, in all the big tumble, one has had enough, and is down on his back and is soon fast asleep.

Meanwhile, one of Mamma's girls—on the right there—calls to the winged ones above, with an empty basket held far out. Is it a request to fill it or a ruse to get them down out of mischief? Far off a little circle of cupids dance in a ring with one long scarf to trip them.

On all this picture of baby bliss, of cheerful plenty, the statue of their Divine Mother looks down.

Thus, with much more than mere literary grace and skill, Mr. Lafarge divines and responds to what is deeply and humanly felt by Titian himself—perhaps, with a note of modern sentiment which suggests Swinburne and Maeterlinck, develops the mood even beyond the painter's playful intention—in this gaily innocent Anacreontic conceit. At the same time he misses none of the allegorical implications—the general idea embodied in a particular scene, to adopt his own

definition,—which makes of this picture, as it were, a miniature and embryonic foreshadowing of the great world of humanity with all its principles of action, and all its motives of passionate desire, clearly imprinted in the design.

It is this quality of sympathy and insight, this power to perceive and to prolong the meaning of a picture, that, in spite of his rare technical knowledge and understanding, constitute Mr. Lafarge's major claim to rank as a critic, and that makes him, even more, a charming poet and a profound philosopher of life.

Cleveland Palmer.

III

MARY ANTIN'S "THE PROMISED LAND"*

With the air full of muck-raking and a sober self-questioning possessing our people; with our political institutions failing adequately to record the conscious needs of all the classes and new forms of expression boisterously endeavouring to meet those demands, a book such as Mary Antin has written will do much to dissolve the gentle cynicism we take toward our so-called democracy. To the author of this very remarkable autobiography the United States is the fulfilment of a dream measured by the conditions she left behind her in a Russian village. To those of us who feel we have never had an ideal democracy in this country and that it is yet to be achieved, the sharp contrasts presented in *The Promised Land* will be a reminder of our growth in government and an encouragement as to our inherent possibilities. Yet full as this volume is of sociological significance, it is mainly important as a human document. While it reveals intimate phases of the immigrant problem, and vividly pictures the transplantation of a Jewish family from the poverty-stricken districts of Russia to the slums of an American city, with all the collateral difficulties of adjustment, it still leaves the impression of a psychological study of a very unusual and far from typical immigrant. In fact, in spite of the glorification of the opportunities which lay awaiting her

here, in educational and external advantages, we feel the success of Mary Antin's experiment with our democracy lay in herself rather than in what was offered her. There would be fewer problems troubling us if all the vast hordes of immigrants who flood our shores were such as she. The test is how we meet the average, not the prodigy; and therein lies most of our failure in grappling with the situation. While our slums, in which the immigrant must live, remain, problems of mal-adjustment, crime and disease persist—and we have many slums. With this reservation in mind we can follow her eloquent pages, unique in observation and voicing as they do much that would otherwise be silent. So intimately, too, do her own reactions shade to her environments that the two are inseparable.

She, however, feels there is nothing unusual in writing her story, since she is endowed with expression.

It is because I understand my history, in its larger outlines, to be typical of many, that I consider it worth recording. My life is a concrete illustration of a multitude of statistical facts. Although I have written a genuine personal memoir, I believe that its chief interest lies in the fact that it is illustrative of scores of unwritten lives. I am only one of many whose fate it has been to live a page of modern history.—I began life in the Middle Ages, as I shall prove, and here am I still, your contemporary in the twentieth century, thrilling with your latest thought.

This is a tale of immortal life. Should I be sitting here, chattering of my infantile adventures, if I did not know that I was speaking for thousands? Would you be sitting there, attending to my chatter, while the world's work waits, if you did not know that I spoke also for you? I might say "you" or "he" instead of "I." Or I might be silent, while you spoke for me and the rest, but for the accident that I was born with a pen in my hand, and you without. We love to read the lives of the great, yet what a broken history of mankind they give, unless supplemented by the lives of the humble! But while the great can speak for themselves, or by the tongues of their admirers, the humble are apt to live inarticulate and die unheard. It is well that now and then one is born among the simple with a taste for self-revelation. The man or

*The Promised Land. By Mary Antin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

woman thus endowed must speak, will speak, though there are only the grasses in the field to hear, and none but the wind to carry the tale.—We are not born all at once, but by bits. The body first, and the spirit later.

By the Middle Ages she means Polotzk, Russia, within the "Pale of Settlement," where the Czar commanded the Jews to stay. Early in life she found the world divided into Jews and Gentiles. At first a shock to her, she gradually grew familiar with the shackles imposed upon her race.

The first time Vanka threw mud at me, I ran home and complained to my mother, who brushed off my dress and said, quite resignedly, "How can I help you, my poor child? Vanka is a Gentile. The Gentiles do as they like with us poor Jews." The next time Vanka abused me, I did not cry, but ran for shelter, saying to myself, "Vanka is a Gentile." The third time when Vanka spat on me, I wiped my face and thought nothing at all. I accepted ill-usage from the Gentiles as one accepts the weather. The world was made in a certain way, and I had to live in it.

With this grew a fear of the Cross which resulted in a strict observance of all the ritual of her belief; for oppression intensified a love of the one thing that was free in her heart. She saw about her, too, a horror at military service and all the self-inflicted mutilations many of the Jews practised in order to escape it. It is a vivid series of incidents she remembers of those early years to afford a background of her newer life here: The superstitions, and limited schooling—more restricted, of course, for the girls, since "woman was for no other purpose than to be a wife"—the wedding customs and all ritual peculiarities, and the struggles against legal discriminations which made of life a long uncertainty. The indomitable spirit of the author, however, was not stifled in this atmosphere; indeed at times she seemed very happy, since she knew nothing of better conditions in the outside world. Many pretty incidents are remembered that show the light as well as shadow which may rest solely in the spirit.

I remember once standing on the river bank with a little boy, when a quantity of lumber

was floating down on its way to the distant saw-mill. A log and a board crowded each other near where we stood. The board slipped by first, but presently it swerved and swung partly around. Then it righted itself with the stream and kept straight on, the lazy log following behind. Said Zalmen to me, interpreting: "The board looks back and says, 'Log, log, you will not go with me? Then I will go on by myself.'" That boy was called simple, on account of such speeches as this. I wonder in what language he is writing poetry now.

But her thirst for learning soon manifested itself, and with it came, quite naturally, a questioning. She began to test the superstitions to find them ridiculous; the "blind flowers" did not blind her eyes nor did Jehovah thunder when she deliberately walked out beyond the house limits on the Sabbath with her handkerchief in her pocket. Here was seed for the doubter she finally became—but the questioning was temperamental. Character bits such as these could be multiplied, yet they were only indications of tendencies which the greater mental freedom of her transplantation were to bring to full time. This new life began when her father finally sent for his family and they entered the tenements of Boston.

During his three years probation, my father had made a number of false starts in business. His history for that period is the history of thousands who come to America, like him, with pockets empty, hands untrained to the use of tools, minds cramped by centuries of repression in their native land. Dozens of these men pass under your eyes every day, my American friend, too absorbed in their honest affairs to notice the looks of suspicion which you cast at them, the repugnance with which you shrink from their touch. You see them shuffle from door to door with a basket of spools and buttons, or bending over the sizzling irons in a basement tailor shop, or rummaging in your ash can, or moving a pushcart from curb to curb, at the command of the burly policeman. "The Jew peddler" you say, and dismiss him from your premises and your thoughts, never dreaming that the sordid drama of his days may have a moral that concerns you. What if the creature with the untidy beard carries in his bosom his citizenship papers? What if the cross-legged tailor is supporting a boy in college who is one day going to mend your

State Constitution for you? What if the rag-picker's daughters are hastening over the ocean to teach your children in the public schools? Think, every time you pass the greasy alien on the street, that he was born thousands of years before the oldest native American; and he may have something to communicate to you, when you two shall have learned a common language. Remember that his very physiognomy is a cipher, the key to which it behooves you to search for most diligently.

For the first time Mary Antin knew the meaning of patriotism; she felt America belonged to her. In spite of all the poverty of her surroundings, the sordidness of the little tenements in which she was destined to live for some years, her own spirit continued to reach out to embrace all the opportunities at hand. In many ways it is an unusual story she tells, of rare friendships and unexpected rewards; most of all at the start was that which came to the parents at her phenomenal success at school. Her father had not gained the living he had expected for his family, but he could have the freedom of his thoughts, could test his own fate, and give his children an education. Yet the family did not escape the problems inevitable in any such violent change of environment when the new speaks to the old.

The price that all of us paid for this disorganisation of our family life has been levied on every immigrant Jewish household where the first generation clings to the traditions of the Old World, while the second generation leads the life of the New. Nothing more pitiful could be written in the annals of the Jews; nothing more inevitable; nothing more hopeful.

With the release, that came to the children from the rigidity of the old belief which the father had renounced, the children were thrown upon the freedom of the streets. Chaos came naturally to the little family, and through it the parents themselves must needs learn what was "American." Normal family relations were consequently inverted.

This sad process of disintegration of home life may be observed in almost any immigrant family of our class and with our traditions and aspirations. It is part of the process of

Americanisation; an upheaval preceding the state of repose. It is the cross that the first and second generations must bear.

Even these brief extracts will give some idea of the vision with which the author interprets the facts of her life. But no phrasing could catch her naïve and pleasant egotism, nor the peculiar and subtle reactions one meets at every page. Her capacity for sheer physical joy at all the new things which are brought her and her interpretation of them as examples of our democracy, if not always convincing as to verity, are certainly sincere. It is easy to see that her personality must have been as unusual as her mind, by the way in which the gates were opened for her. And she is not ungrateful for all the help of teachers and friends; she merely felt that what she would become would be the justification. If she contributes nothing else than *The Promised Land* she will have repaid.

George Middleton.

IV

WILLIAM HARD'S "THE WOMEN OF TO-MORROW"

The effects of the industrial revolution on man and his labours have formed the basis of most of our modern economic and sociological dissertations. But in the consideration of woman and her changing relation to the work of the community there has been, until recently, a persistent predisposition to explain the entire phenomenon on a psychological basis. Economists and near-economists have examined the statistics with horror, lamented the postponement of marriage and the decline of the birth-rate as compared with Colonial days, placing the blame for changed conditions largely on some mental revolution taking place in the feminine mind. They frequently close their not over-thoughtful remarks with an emotional appeal to women to leave the hideous industrial world and return to the beautiful Colonial country homes of their grandmothers, who are supposed to have reared healthy families of no less

*The Women of To-Morrow. By William Hard. New York: Baker and Taylor, 1912.

than twelve children each. Now comes Mr. Hard's *Women of To-Morrow* approaching in an easy readable fashion this whole question from a totally different angle. He has observed this change which is taking place in the lives of most women and he has phrased in popular form this new attitude. He has recognised, too, that so general a world-wide change cannot be interpreted on a psychological basis, but must be explained by a deeper economic cause. Mr. Hard is not the discoverer of this new angle of vision—several pioneer thinkers have been persecuted for the expression of this point of view—but his book, though based on sound thought and careful investigation, is written in a graphic popular style, easily read and grasped. The author shows quite clearly that whereas in Colonial days nearly all women worked in their fathers' or husbands' homes, the industrial revolution has created a great margin of leisure for humanity; it has divided women into those who work in centralised industry—the economically independent—and those who inherit this margin of leisure. This second group is subdivided into those whom he calls The Wasters, "who enjoy without service rendered and without fatigue endured," and those others—The Mothers of the World—who dedicate their leisure to useful civic activity.

He points out in the first chapter, called *Love Deferred*, that man as well as woman is responsible for the modern postponement of marriage. Yet, in the last analysis, not they are to be blamed, but the modern highly specialised industrial system which has lengthened the period of preparation for service, and, also, the further financial freedom necessary to establish a family. Indicating the economic burden which the modern wife imposes on the man who feels he must support her according to the standard of living she enjoys in her father's house, Mr. Hard shows the social problem that must arise from an extensive delay of marriage unless the modern woman is not bound by the traditional belief that a wife should be supported by her husband. As the Colonial wife contributed the service of domestic labour—weaving and the like—to her husband's home, so the modern

wife contributes money. She pools her economic interest with her husband's, thus making marriage possible and bridging the period of financial difficulty till she is free to be a mother. The modern families may be smaller than the Colonial, but, as reliable statistics reveal, the women of that generation married earlier and died earlier, and their children were usually reared by second and third wives of the same father. Each wife, therefore, bore only an average of 3.89 children—this suggesting, in all probability, that the modern wife's productivity compares favourably.

Mr. Hard shows that just as the industrial revolution has brought a change in the work of women, there has resulted a corollary change in their education. He classifies these two new educational needs of women under the suggestive chapter heads: "Learning for Earning," and "Learning for Spending." The gap between school and marriage which the modern industrial system imposes upon girls becomes with many a period when they must be self-supporting. This necessity for economic independence demands specialised preparation. In response to this need for technical training, trade schools are being established in the great industrial centres and "vocational training" for women is being introduced in many of the colleges. During the period of a woman's life after marriage, she usually becomes the manager of the home; and here, too, she is finding need of special training, in order to "choose and use the world's resources intelligently on behalf of family and community." This is the field the new science of Home Economics is endeavouring to meet.

In his chapter on *The Wasters*, Mr. Hard, with his faculty for keen observation and his capacity for humanising statistics, gives us a remarkable picture of the type of woman who inherits this margin of human leisure, but who does not realise that all leisure is the product of others' work. She is the virtuous parasite whom few people regard as a parasite because she is such a "nice girl." In fact, her whole life-job is "Being Nice." She shirks all the struggle of life, shirks the struggle of economic independence, the struggle of returning her

leisure in civic service, and ultimately the struggle and pain of motherhood. She isn't bad; she is just a waster of the leisure others toil to give her.

In discussing *Mothers of the World*, the author considers the group of women who return their leisure to the community in valuable service. He enumerates a mass of remarkable contributions which they have made. Many of his illustrations are drawn from the work of the Chicago Woman's Club, which he regards as a typical example of the evolution from the cultural study club to the club of practical community service. Institution after institution, which to-day we find accepted and maintained by the public, had its initial impetus in the private means and public service of these groups of leisure women. The Public Kindergarten, the Juvenile Court, the Probation Officer, the Vacation Open Air School are among the institutions we owe to this source. The author renders no direct argument for woman suffrage, but he does say of these *Mothers of the World* that "they are militant citizens now with the rank of non-combatants," and asks the question, "Would they make good citizens?" He answers this through one of his hypothetical characters:—"I told you that women cannot give their leisure to useful activity without verging toward citizenship . . . either their public spirit will grow, or their private character will decline. Because they carry along with that leisure of theirs not only its blessing but also its curse. They must sanctify it or perish by it."

Fola La Follette.

V

RUTH K. WOOD'S "THE TOURIST'S RUSSIA"*

Considered merely as a guide-book—its acknowledged purpose in life—this little volume is wholly adequate. It opens up to the enterprising tourist who prefers the unusual routes a vast territory not yet overrun with his kind. It gives him information which is really useful. The thousand and one things that every traveller has to learn for him-

self are explained to us here by one who evidently made many blunders which she wants to help us to avoid. Many valuable hints appeal particularly to American travellers accustomed to the more Americanised portions of Europe. The sights one has to see, and many more that the true traveller will want to see, are pointed out. Charming bits of landscape painting are drawn in by a sympathetic pen, and the fascination of the East and the West meeting and mingling, as Russia shows it, is brought home vividly to the reader.

As a guide-book the volume is satisfactory. And as good guide-books to Russia are rare, it will prove useful. Judged as a piece of literature—and a guide-book *can* be a piece of literature—it falls far short of the author's previous book, *Honeymooning in Russia*. The exquisite charm of personal intimacy is lacking, and the keen glance that sees below the surface. The point of view in the second volume, while full of sympathy for the subject and rich in knowledge, is so entirely superficial that it hardly seems possible the two books could have been written by the same person. Surely a little of the wonderful insight could have been used to sharpen the eye of even the ordinary tourist, to whom this second volume comes with its utilitarian offering! It would have enlivened the unavoidable Baedekerian (if one may coin the word) tabling of routes and places.

Possibly Mrs. Wood did not wish to obtrude her own point of view about a country so discussed and disputed as Russia, on the mere tourist. But that individual couldn't be hurt by having a little hint as to how he should think about things. And in her former book, Mrs. Wood has proved that any hints she might give are of value. Also, her insight into conditions would have tempered the unvarying and therefore at times cloying praise of things in this book.

What attracts the reader particularly in this book is the author's description of the beautiful and true hospitality with which the traveller is met in Russia. The passport difficulties we are apt to make so much of, and the bureaucratic red

*The Tourist's Russia. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

tape in the border railway stations fade into innocuousness under her skilful advice as to the best way to handle them.

Mrs. Wood's knowledge of all corners of the great empire of the Tsar is remarkable, and many a pretty and odd bit of history or legend enliven the chapters. The story of the Siege of Bala-klava by the Anchovies is a most amusing bit of information about this historic spot.

Mrs. Wood gives us some valuable information about Finland, a paradise for the traveller which is almost unknown to Americans. It is strange, however, when one remembers her keenness of vision regarding Russian tyranny in the former book, that she should have treated the matter so very superficially where Finland is concerned. Her point of view is so very Russian that she speaks of things as "odd and very Finnish" which are merely Scandinavian, peculiar to all Scandinavian countries. However, these are minor flaws in a volume so entertaining and of such eminent usefulness that it deserves a better fate than that meted out to most unofficial guide-books.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VI

"HOW TO VISIT EUROPE ON NEXT TO NOTHING"*

While the best thing about this little book is its brilliant title, it will serve an excellent purpose in assuring many people that three hundred dollars is quite sufficient for a somewhat extended European trip. The author unwisely wanders far from her text and has merely injected into a poor travel-book the barest details of her expenditure, but she has at least given us her budget in entirety—and in this respect the book is convincing. The more light we can have on this subject the better, for to Americans as a class the idea strangely persists that a trip to Europe is the extravagance of a lifetime. It is an idea left over from the brave days when we pinched the eagle to make him scream. In reality,

*How to Visit Europe on Next to Nothing. By ——. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

but for the passage itself, it is cheaper to spend your vacation in Europe than in any summer hotel at home, whatever be your rate of living.

The author's itinerary was London—with excursions to the environs and the Thames places and to Stratford and Oxford—Brighton, Ostend, Bruges, Brussels, the Ardennes district, and back to London; Rouen, Paris, Monte Carlo—with excursions in the Riviera—and back to London again; then Norway with its usual boat-tourists' round and again back to London. This is a trip by no means carefully planned, and with much retracing of steps. Consequently the reader should be all the more assured to hear that the average daily expenditure was two dollars and eighty-two cents. The secret of it is simple—live in lodgings and "eat round." This is also the secret of getting a real taste of the country.

Her boat-fare was thirty-eight dollars (seventy-five dollars both ways) by a line from Montreal. Her tips on the boat—a dollar each to steward and to waiter—were perhaps less than will make the average economical person feel easy. But this economy is counterbalanced by the great extravagance of her first night in London, when she stopped at the Cecil for one dollar and twenty-five cents and paid sixty cents for breakfast. Afterward her lodgings cost her eight shillings a week, her breakfasts eight pence, her lunches one shilling, and her dinners alternated one and six and two shillings. For two shillings she could get an eight-course dinner at several attractive places. At Brighton, since sight-seeing did not compel irregular hours, she boarded and lodged in the same house—for seven dollars and fifty cents a week. Ostend is like Brighton, and both are like our own Atlantic City, in that you may live there on any scale of expenditure you please. The worst of Brussels from a lodger's point of view, is that the Belgians expect you to stay two weeks in it. But she succeeded in getting a tiny flat for one week at fourteen francs, with service at a franc extra and running water on the landing. (Ah, those dear little Brussels flats!) Here, though in walking distance of the Royal Gardens,

they were not too aristocratic; for they bought a jug full of milk out of the original package on the street, and one photographed the milkman as he milked the goat straight into the jug of the other. There, as in Paris, it is a few cents cheaper to order beer or wine with dinner than to go without it.

In Paris they had a suite of three tiny chambers for three francs apiece the night. This was at Passy; and rooms in the Latin Quarter would have been much cheaper and more amusing. Three to five dollars a month is all one need pay, and be surrounded with odd little restaurants of marvellous prices and marvellous goodness. When you eat *à la carte* in Paris always add up the bill yourself, for the French are rather strong on figures. Do not venture underground unless you have unlimited patience and daring, since the more changes a Frenchman can get for his money the more pleased he seems to be. Tipping is universal, but a dime is a great deal and a copper is rarely disdained. To tip little and often is the wise plan. But if you tip on the American or English scale, it is treble or double the market rate; and the beneficiary may be tempted into thinking lightly of you or even into rudeness. For even when it comes to tips the average Frenchman thinks anything un-Parisian is slightly un-civil. The extras, fares, entrances, tips in Paris for one week amounted to six dollars and thirty-six cents.

In Monte Carlo, as in almost every other place, you can spend as little as you like. Living in rooms, ten dollars a week could be made to cover all expenses easily; seven or five would suffice with strict economy. The author paid three dollars and fifty cents for fifteen days' room-rent and for her meals—including some confessed extravagances—as high as twenty dollars. From Monte Carlo as headquarters, they took many delightful excursions. With the end of their European stay at hand and their return to London and America prepaid, they found they had still twenty dollars left of their three hundred; and one hundred and nine glorious days to their credit. A sudden windfall of an extra month and an extra hundred sent them scampering to Norway. They took the "cruise"

from England—thirteen days by boat in and out of fiords and overland by carriage from fiord to fiord for eighty-two dollars and fifty cents, including everything. This is by no means an inexpensive way to see the country; and (though convenient to hurried travellers) it can be done far more enjoyably for much less.

The anxious reader who can muster perhaps a similar sum will discover in this book no suggestion of hardship, of pleasures foregone, or any feeling of shabbiness and makeshift. There is not the slightest reason why there should be any; for the sum would have been sufficient for a longer journey and stay. The present reviewer spent fourteen weeks in England and Scotland with a dash to Paris for one hundred and seventy-five dollars inclusive of everything. Nor should an economist be deprived of those occasional romantic adventures and whimsical extravagances which are the zest of travel; and any but the most rigid economy can make room for them. He remembers with glee, for instance, that at his two dollar a week lodging in London (a "sitting bed-room"), where his landlady cooked him his breakfasts and dinners (butcher and green-grocer at the corner on his way home from sight-seeing), he once triumphantly fed four friends from the Cecil for one dollar. Compared to his budget, that of the author of this book was prodigal indeed.

Graham Berry.

VII

MAX BEERBOHM'S "ZULEIKA DOBSON"*

We learn from recent commentators on Max Beerbohm that he is the possessor of a wondrous fancy and a matchless style, that he has become a classic in his own lifetime, and that—*ut perhibent qui de magnis majora loquuntur*—he fully equals if he does not surpass Charles Lamb in quaintness of humour, wit, variety, and charm. Now we, too, have often been beguiled by him and shall not soon forget our pleasure and gratitude and above all, our surprise on finding Max Beerbohm every week

*Zuleika Dobson. By Max Beerbohm. New York: John Lane Company.

among those prigs and Podsnaps of the London *Saturday Review*. Nevertheless, it is better to leave the classics and Charles Lamb out of the question. It is well enough to raise a mortal to the literary skies, but why draw the angels down? Such language merely means that Max Beerbohm has become in certain quarters a literary pet. Reviewers with a pet genius find new marvels in him every day.

It will be remembered how they once suffocated Kipling with their caresses. Of that, by the way, we have preserved a curious instance. A propos of Kipling's familiar couplet in *Bobs*—

'E's a terror for 'is size,
An' 'e does not advertise,

a thick and thin admirer wrote a serious paper once to prove the poet's marvellous acquaintance with school slang. He argued that that use of the word "advertise" was peculiar to a certain school that Kipling had never attended. It did not occur to him any more than it would occur to most people with a pet genius that "advertise" in the usual, everyday sense fitted into the text pretty well and that the word might naturally pop into the most untechnical and insignificant head, if it were struggling with the same idea. He preferred the theory that by divine intuition Kipling had grasped firmly in his mind every kind of slang that was used in all the boys' schools up and down the land. A pet genius cannot sneeze without exposing his divinity.

So it may be with Max Beerbohm unless he is rescued from them in time. Even now they cite his use of a bit of Greek or a line or two of Latin verse as proof of an astounding erudition, and they hail this latest book, *Zuleika Dobson*, not only as transcendent among books generally, but as quite the masterpiece of their own "inimitable Max." As a matter of fact that is very unfair to the latter's previous writings. Any discerning admirer of his could patch together out of his papers in the *Saturday Review* a more characteristic book, and one of greater vitality. *Zuleika Dobson* is a literary burlesque of nothing in particular. It is an ironical

novel of Oxford life telling how a young woman who, through her beauty, has brought the whole world to her feet by merely appearing on the stage as a conjuror, so entrances the Oxford youth that in their hopeless passion and with one accord they all drown themselves in the river. The irony is sustained without either a bend or a break from cover to cover. Sometimes it consists in describing a person in the grandiose terms which that person, in a fatuous moment, might privately employ in describing himself. Its usual form is mock heroics, garnished cleverly with literary allusion. Often, however, it is irony for its own sake alone, as if the author thought he did it rather well, or had formed the habit of it and could not stop, or somehow or other felt a little superior to every subject he wrote about. Max Beerbohm is the kind of writer who would probably turn a door knob with an elaborate mock gravity, lest some one might think it really mattered to him whether he opened the door or not.

That, by the way, suggests a subject for serious critical disquisition, perhaps for a doctor's dissertation in the Department of English Literature. Why among certain English writers is adherence to irony so conscientious and unremitting? Their fear of dropping it when once it is begun seems at times almost morbid. There are ironies of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, for instance, cast-ironies, they have been called, which read like enormous practical jokes, so prolonged are they and so British. Yet he is esteemed a light writer, rather gay and careless. Why, after initiating the reader once and for all into the great joke that the writer does not really mean what he says, is it necessary to wink at him laboriously with the left eye through two hundred pages? A good deal of current British literary iron-work is of that indomitable and thorough quality. What starts out as a comic motive, to be followed lightly, casually, and at will, ends by becoming a rather grim religion. It is not uncommon to find an Englishman who has actually nailed himself to the cross of his own fixed humorous purpose. Perhaps it is part of that staunch single-mindedness that has made England what she is,

but if they only would apply it to Empire-building and keep it out of light literature!

Not to imply that Max Beerbohm's irony is quite so severe as that. He merely likes the sport of writing about people and things as they are not, without caring in the least either about what they are or about what they ought to be. He does not wish to reduce anybody or anything to an absurdity. He loves an absurdity as a pretty thing on its own account. He is a blower of literary soap bubbles, and why ask whether a soap bubble has a meaning or a point? His suds are made with warm water and out of many excellent writings of the past. Sometimes he reminds us of the *Rape of the Lock*, sometimes of Dick Steele, sometimes of Sterne or Charles Lamb or Meredith, but he always reminds us of some one, and never by any chance gives himself away. If he could be cut open it would probably be found that, as Emerson unjustly said of Hawthorne, he had no insides. His soul, if he has one, is entirely composed of successive literary layers.

From those pedestals which intersperse the railing of the Sheldonian, the high grim busts of the Roman Emperors stared down at the fair stranger in the equipage. Zuleika returned their stare with but a casual glance. The inanimate had little charm for her.

A moment later, a certain old don emerged from Blackwell's, where he had been buying books. Looking across the road he saw, to his amazement, great beads of perspiration glistening on the brows of those Emperors. He trembled, and hurried away. That evening, in Common Room, he told what he had seen; and no amount of polite scepticism would convince him that it was but the hallucination of one who had been reading too much Mommsen. He persisted that he had seen what he described. It was not until two days had elapsed that some credence was accorded him.

Yes, as the landau rolled by, sweat started from the brow of the Emperors. They, at least, foresaw the peril that was overhanging Oxford, and they gave such warning as they could. Let that be remembered to their credit. Let that incline us to think more gently of them. In their lives we know they were in-

famous, some of them—"nihil non commiserunt stupri, sævitæ, impietatis." But are they too little punished after all? Here in Oxford exposed eternally and inexorably to heat and frost, to the four winds that lash them and the rains that wear them away, they are expiating in effigy the abominations of their pride and cruelty and lust. Who were lechers, they are without bodies; who were tyrants, they are crowned never but with crowns of snow; who made themselves even with the gods, they are by American visitors frequently mistaken for the Twelve Apostles.

With such courteous and agreeable fooleries he fills many a page.

The hero, and the first in Oxford to declare his love to Zuleika, is the proud and beautiful youth, the Duke of Dorset, a paragon, a cynosure, the envy of all the undergraduates, a figure "orgulous and splendent." But Zuleika, satiated with men's love, cannot love any one who feels a passion for her. The Duke tells her his heart was a bright gem proof against any die, but that Cupid came with his arrow-points and graved on its surface lines that can never be effaced.

"There, deeply and forever, your image is intagliated. No years, nor fires, nor cataclysms of total Nature, can efface from that great gem your image."

"My dear Duke," said Zuleika, "don't be so silly. Look at the matter sensibly. I know that lovers don't try to regulate their emotions according to logic; but they do nevertheless conform with some sort of logical system. I left off loving you when I found that you loved me. There is the premiss. Very well! Is it likely that I shall begin to love you again because you can't leave off loving me?"

Rejected as a lover, the Duke urged marriage nevertheless, arguing its social advantages—

"I, John, Albert, Edward, Claude, Orde, Angus, Tankerton (pronounced Tacton, Tenville-Tankerton (pronounced Tavvle-Tacton), fourteenth Duke of Dorset, Marquis of Dorset, Earl of Grove, Earl of Chastermaine, Viscount Brewsby, Baron Grove, Baron Petstrap, and Baron Wolock, in the Peerage of England, offer you my hand. . . . I offer you, Miss Dobson, a refuge more glorious and more augustly gilded than you, in your airiest flights

of fancy, can ever have hoped for or imagined. I own about 340,000 acres. My town-residence is in St. James's Square. Tankerton, of which you may have seen photographs, is the chief of my country-seats. It is a Tudor house, set in the ridge of a valley. The valley, its park, is halved by a stream so narrow that the deer leap across. The gardens are estraded upon the slope. Round the house runs a wide paven terrace. There are always two or three peacocks trailing their sheathed feathers along the balustrade, and stepping how stiffly! as though they had just been unharnessed from Juno's chariot. . . . Between the ends of two pleached alleys, under a dome of branches, is a little lake, with a Triton of black marble, and with water lilies. Hither and thither under the archipelago of water lilies dart gold-fish—tongues of flame in the dark water. There is also a long strait alley of clipped yew. It ends in a pagoda for painted porcelain which the Prince Regent—peace be to his ashes!—presented to my great-grandfather. There are many twisting paths, and sudden aspects, and devious, fantastic arbours. Are you fond of horses? In my stables of pinewood and plated silver seventy are installed. Not all of them together could vie in power with the meanest of my motor-cars."

"Oh, I never go in motors," said Zuleika. "They make one look like nothing on earth, and like everybody else."

"I myself," said the Duke, "use them little for that very reason."

The Duke, who, as the reader will soon find, is faithfully modelled after Sir Willoughby Patterne of *The Egoist*, presses his suit in vain, and scorning in his lofty soul a life tainted by the ignominy of a rejection, resolves on suicide. At a dinner of the Junta, a famous and exclusive Oxford club, he discloses his purpose to his guests, among whom is Mr. Abimelech V. Oover, the American Rhodes Scholar. The Duke was invariably courteous to Rhodes Scholars, though he found them rather oppressive.

They had not—how could they have?—the undergraduate's virtue of taking Oxford as a matter of course. The Germans loved it too little, the Colonials too much. The Americans were to a sensitive observer the most troublesome—as being the most troubled—of the whole lot. The Duke was not one of those

Englishmen who fling, or care to hear flung, cheap sneers at America. Whenever any one in his presence said that America was not large in area, he would firmly maintain that it was. He held, too, in his enlightened way, that they have a perfect right to exist. But he did often find himself wishing Mr. Rhodes had not enabled them to exercise that right in Oxford. They were so awfully afraid of having their strenuous native characters undermined by their delight in the place.

. . . Also if he be selected by his country as a specimen of the best moral, physical, and intellectual type that she can produce for the astounding of the effete foreigner, and incidentally for raising that foreigner's tone, he must—mustn't he?—do his best to astound, to exalt. But then comes in this difficulty. Young men don't like to astound and exalt their fellows. And Americans, individually, are of all people the most anxious to please. That they talk overmuch is often taken as a sign of self-satisfaction. It is merely a mannerism. Rhetoric is a thing inbred in them. They are quite unconscious of it. It is as natural to them as breathing. And while they talk on, they really do believe that they are a quick, businesslike people, by whom things are "put through" with an almost brutal abruptness. This notion of theirs is rather confusing to the patient English auditor.

On learning the Duke's resolve to die, Mr. Oover announces in flowing periods his own determination to do likewise. The other guests declare the same intention, and as the rumour spreads throughout the colleges every undergraduate prepares to take his life for the love of Zuleika. After the boat race the undergraduate body drowns itself *en masse*.

Here and there are clever parodies, excellent specimens of eighteenth century magniloquence, and good bits of satire on the high-flown love passages of novels, but read continuously it becomes monotonous. It is merely a piece of literary bric-à-brac and it ought not to have been made so large. It affords, to be sure, a certain relief from the strenuousities of the dead in earnest, but it goes a little too far. It is too steadily loyal to the author's delicate belief that to feel is vulgar and to think is rather coarse.

C. M. Francis.

VIII

VAUGHAN KESTER'S "THE JUST AND THE UNJUST"*

If Vaughan Kester's posthumous novel does not maintain the high level of *The Prodigal Judge*, it reveals him once again as a very good story-teller. Here are all the ingredients of a successful "seller," touched, however, with a distinction of style, a power of minute observation and a capacity for character drawing which never lets it descend to the low level of a mere murder tale. Distinct illusion is nearly always present even though the characters lack the freedom of Judge Slocum Price or the unusual Mahaffy, and do not move the story by their own inevitability. That which gave such quality to *The Prodigal Judge* was the feeling that all the people in it were in themselves the expression of their epoch, and also a certain bond they had with forces at work in the subjection of the Middle West: they were reflections as well as illuminations.

The Just and the Unjust offers no such opportunity, since it is essentially and deliberately a plot novel, which the skill and tendency of the author, almost in spite of the theme, has endowed with streaks of vivid verisimilitude. One is justified, perhaps, in slightly overstating this because of the two minor characters: Shrimplin, the bragging coward with a courageous imagination, and Joe Montgomery, the village sot, in whose hands the author, with a delicious irony, has placed the key to the solution. He is quite an agreeable *deus ex machina* in spite of a whiskey throat and an intermittent family. The episode, for example, in which Shrimplin is forced to reveal his true nature to his credulous son is one of high comedy; the fact that the boy's disillusion suggests a like reaction in *Harry Richmond* is merely another proof of the vitality of certain forces in our comic scheme. It is a bit such as this that tends to deaden the muscular exertions of the long arm of coincidence, which, of necessity, has plenty of exercise. However, the structural skill of the au-

thor has not deserted him, for the situations and scenes are developed to their fullest value. There is not so much suspense as to what will work out as interest in how the dénouement will be reached. Though it is not a mystery story, there are plenty of thrills. The author has not chosen to keep the reader in the dark, but rather, following the method of the dramatist, has taken him into his confidence, leaving the characters themselves to be puzzled. If Mr. Kester has lost in mystery he has avoided the commonplace; nor could he scarcely have done otherwise, since the characters are generally revealed from within, with considerable introspection and analysis. The reader knows who killed McBride, that North is falsely accused and that Gilmore and Langham have pasts and no futures. Motives, as in plays, are not explained afterward, but are shown in the working. The reason for this apparently is that the author had some intention of making this novel a criticism of our legal forms and the possibility, through them, of the legal miscarriage of justice so frequently inevitable when human feelings touch the hands of those who must administer it. The Judge knows his own son is guilty, yet lets the innocent be convicted; and the whole group of people concerned either speaks or is silent for personal motives. Thus justice can only be an abstract thing when humans must interpret it. There are certain internal evidences that, as originally planned, the author, no doubt, considered the proposition of having North pay the extreme penalty for another's crime; but this has very wisely been avoided; for, after all, it takes more than a novel plot to suggest that Fate was responsible. The ending is very cleverly devised as it is, and a happy conclusion achieved without wrenching the inherent possibilities of the structure. But when the reader has followed the story through various phases of a triangular situation, the murder and the desperate efforts of the guilty to foist the crime on another, the successive steps in which Gilmore, who knows Langham's guilt, tries to blackmail him, and the final fight on the trestle, leading to the dissolution of the

*The Just and the Unjust. By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

conspiracy, there remains the vivid recollection of Shrimplin, the lamp-lighter, who deserved a book all to himself.

It is with great regret that one realises this story-teller, who possessed such a refined gift and such a wholesome appreciation of American types, did not live to further the achievement of *The Prodigal Judge*, which gave promise of even greater novels to come.

Griffin Mace.

IX

. CORRA HARRIS'S "THE RECORDING ANGEL"*

It is a misfortune of the South that too much which is written about it as fiction is accepted as fact. To novelists is largely due the idea prevalent in the North that the South is inhabited exclusively by aristocrats, "poor whites" and "niggers," and that the typical Southerner lives in a house of stately dimensions but dilapidated details, wears a goatee, and is characterised by an air of imperturbable leisure and an aroma of mint juleps. So readily does the public absorb the picturesque and the bizarre in connection with life below Mason and Dixon's line that were *The Recording Angel* to become very popular indeed, the impression might easily take root and grow that the modern South is a very shabby, down-at-heel, listless and forlorn sort of place. Such an impression would be decidedly unjust.

This does not imply that in her description of Ruckersville, Georgia, Mrs. Harris has drawn a distorted picture. Ruckersville is typical of many a small town in the South of ten or fifteen years ago. And Mrs. Harris reveals with an unrelenting spirit and unsparing details the whole shabby, shiftless little community,—the sun-baked, dusty square with its immovable loungers, the straggling streets, the straddling houses, all steeped in an atmosphere of idleness, hopelessness and decay. Figuratively, she even takes the blinds from some of the houses and shows us the fair inmates despondently powdering and "primping" in the hope, well-nigh abandoned, of at-

tracting a husband; while most of the men, both those who are husbands and those who decline to be, divide their time between an ennuied leisure and rather dreary dissipation.

The renaissance of Ruckersville is brought about by the combination of two forces. There arrives one day a certain Jim Bone, long a prodigal son of Ruckersville, who had departed years before in haste and under a cloud. He returns, bringing, however, his own fatted calves with him, for in the auriferous West he has found a bonanza mine and sold it for a fortune. Intending a stay of a few hours, he remains months; and the moving impulse, or rather the impulse that keeps him from moving, is prompted by an attractive person of the opposite sex.

As Jim Bone dallies in Ruckersville from day to day, it is borne in upon him, through impersonal and coldly critical observation, that what the town of his birth needs is a thorough waking up. The method and the manner of the awakening are suggested curiously enough by one of the town's elect, its dearest and most innocent old lady. Stone blind, altogether lovable and everybody's friend, she is moved, as a bit of mental occupation, to draw some verbal portraits of her neighbours. With a gentle touch, but with the awful veracity of complete understanding, she dictates the little sketches to her scapegrace of a husband, and he in turn sells them without her knowledge for money to supply himself with drink. With mingled emotions the leading citizens see in print the dear old Recording Angel's true and unvarnished pen portraits of themselves. And when Jim Bone entices the whole town to a play that is based on the Recording Angel's minutes, there is a tremendous sensation, and Ruckersville awakes and reforms.

The Recording Angel is a series of episodes strung together on a thread of narrative, and not a compact novel. The episodes are well handled, however, with the spirit and dash of a born story-teller.

If one must criticise, one would criticise not the method of this story, but its spirit. For, as one finishes the book, after reading the last of all the episodes, in which the Recording Angel, having recovered her sight, sees her derelict hus-

*The Recording Angel. By Corra Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

band not as he is, but as her love of a lifetime makes him seem to be, one wishes that there could have been more of such gentle and sympathetic touches. If Jim Bone and his lady love had been allowed by the author to occupy, even to some degree, the traditional positions of hero and heroine; if their lovemaking had been described less as if it were a demonstration in biology; if Ruckersville had been less ruthlessly dragged up by the roots and exposed to the public gaze, then *The Recording Angel* would have been even a better story.

Arthur M. Chase.

X

AMELIE RIVES'S "HIDDEN HOUSE"*

It is more than twenty years since Amelie Rives burst upon the world with *The Quick or the Dead*. One recalls with amusement the clamour with which that youthful production was greeted. In twenty years much water has flowed under the Brooklyn Bridge, bearing out to sea some of the cherished illusions of an earlier day. *The Quick or the Dead* undeniably scored a scandalous success; it was greeted with more shocked raisings of eyebrows and hands, more horrified whispers, than have followed the trail of some of its latter-day successors beside which it is as a Sunday-school tract to a dime novel. Since then we have outgrown some of our provincialism. We have measured our literature here and there by that of Continental Europe, and have grown comfortably tolerant of what would once have been intolerable. It is scarcely conceivable that Miss Rives's first youthful venture would to-day stir a solitary moralist to protest. It was, to be sure, a somewhat emotional, colourful performance—Youth riding its Pegasus without bridle or halter; but in comparison with certain more recent productions of dull, unimaginative physical grossness it was a highly spiritual effort. And at least it had the virtue of a fresh vigour, a fundamental honesty to set it apart and make it, in its own way, a memorable book. A powerful if unripe intellect was discerned behind it.

**Hidden House*. By Amelie Rives. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Miss Rives has retained her disposition to deal with large matters in her fiction. She has not produced a great number of books, but she has touched more significant subjects than many a writer with a longer row of volumes to show. Not many years ago she put forth a little story of an Italian girl and an Englishman which for direct simplicity and the expression of elemental passion almost rivalled the tales of the Italian Verga. In her latest story she essays a subject which every novelist is bound to attempt sooner or later if he is in earnest and is granted a sufficiently long life. If she has not altogether succeeded in making *Hidden House* a masterpiece, she has failed in the company of many illustrious ones. A curious fascination exists for the novelist in the idea of dual personality. There is, one supposes, drama ready made to one's hand in the mere suggestion. Perhaps it is because the possibilities are too great, because the material is too plastic, that it so seldom retains the semblance of reality. The modern scientific study of hysteria has directed attention anew to the phenomena of divided personality and stimulated the imagination of more than one romancer; it has not, however, brought forth a story to make us forget *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact concerning *Hidden House* is that it reaches its climax in a lyrical outburst couched in Scotch dialect of a peculiarly esoteric quality. It is evidently a most grewsome poem, this of "The Ghaist that Wun Hame"; but the reader not completely familiar with his braid Scots will scarcely attempt to read it without the help of the appended lexicon—which does not conduce to the effect of grisly horror. To the untrained eye this poem stands as a rare example of mastery of a dialect. Here, then, is an achievement that should give Miss Rives high rank as a scholar of sorts, as well as a novelist. It is well known that she has produced some admirable examples of the Virginia negro's dialect, and to be master of two dialects is a rare distinction than to have at one's tongue's end a dozen languages.

Burton Bancroft.

THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Book I

CHAPTER VII

AND the spring came round again to Dicky's waiting. The chorus of birds was almost deafening from the hedgerows; bread and cheese grew thick on all the hawthorne. Wilfrid and Dicky munched it as they walked across the fields.

Nothing had been said to stop their excursions in the early mornings; they kept them secret nevertheless. With parents you never know. Sometimes it seems they claim authority for the mere pleasure of its exertion. Dicky was never certain when his father might not lay down a law and then only for the simple gratification of seeing it obeyed. So they kept their journeys to themselves. Only Anne knew at the mill, and Anne was staunch. In the worst of tempers there was no fear that Anne would ever tell. As for the gentle Dorothy, she would sooner have given up her life.

But something had gone out of the joy of these excursions for Dicky. A sense of fear had entered his heart, a fear of dark places, an unconquerable repugnance to the things he could not see. With the cleverest of excuses; he avoided the woods; kept to the open fields, and many a time came to the verge of a quarrel with Wilfrid.

One early morning in the spring of that year, their quarrel came in earnest. They had traced a whitethroat to a spinney near the river. Dicky refused to crawl into the undergrowth to find her nest. Wilfrid stared at him amazed.

"Well—I don't expect she's laid yet," said Dicky.

"Why of course she has, you silly ass. Look at that robin hatched out last week."

"Better not call me a silly ass," said Dicky, who was only too conscious that he was.

"Well, why do you funk going into the wood?"

"Who said I funk?" asked Dicky dangerously.

"Well—you do," said Wilfrid.

There is no accusation more cruel than the truth. It stung Dicky to blindness. Before he knew what he had done his fist shot out and Wilfrid was tumbling backwards from a blow on the chest.

No word was said then as Wilfrid came back with fists ready to his former position. Dicky knew it was to be a fight. But whereas last year he had fought fights with many odds, his back against a wall, laughing at every one of them, he now found his legs trembling, his thumping heart accusing him of folly.

He was afraid. But why? Because he could see the blows in his imagination, one after another. He could see the red blotches on Wilfrid's face, the little trickles of red from a bleeding lip. He could feel the hot blood streaming down his own face and it seemed a barbarous thing to do. Besides which, it hurt. He felt the sting of each blow as it would fall and, as he squared up before Wilfrid's dancing body, he knew that he was a coward, devoutly wishing he had never struck the challenge blow.

But there was no escape from it now. This Wilfrid, who had always been afraid of him, must never realise how it had become Dicky's turn to fear. It was not the fear of Wilfrid himself; it was the fear of the fight. Still, he had entered upon it now. There was no drawing back.

In expectation of a rain of blows, Wilfrid waited with pumping fists in such attitude as he had seen the pictures of many a boxer. But the blows never came. Dicky stood there before him with thin lips and white nostrils, his eyes burning as he watched the galvanic movements of Wilfrid's arms. In time Wilfrid had had enough of suspense, with a

violent lunge, he struck out with his right. A great grunt came from him as Dicky parried the blow. Again he struck, again, right, left and yet again. The last blow grazed by Dicky's cheek and at the pain of it, he answered back. But the aim was not at Wilfrid's face. Full on his chest the blow fell like a hammer. He toppled backwards and found himself sitting ignominiously on the ground.

"Had enough?" said Dicky as casually as he could between his breathing, fervently hoping that Wilfrid would give in. But in matters such as these young Leggatt was hard to convince. There was nothing horrible to him in a bleeding nose; nothing there he need be afraid of. In a second he was on his feet again and straight at Dicky like a wind mill in a storm. It was he who rained the blows now, and yet through the rush and excitement of it all Dicky never lost the felt that he was looking on and could sense of spectatorship. All the time he not let his anger carry him into the blind rage which sees and feels nothing. One more sharp interchange of blows and Wilfrid spun again from off his feet.

These blows on his chest were fast taking the wind out of him. But he was not hurt at all, and the sight of Dicky's bleeding mouth gave him renewed energy. Again and again he came up to the point and then at last, sent spinning backwards, lay in a bed of nettles by the spinney's edge exhausted in defeat.

"Well—am I a coward?" asked Dicky as he stood over him.

Wilfrid shook his head. He had no breath to speak. But in his heart Dicky knew well the fear that he had felt and, turning toward home, walked silently back to breakfast.

Anne sponged his face for him, but at the breakfast table Christina noticed the cut upon his lip.

"How did you hurt your lip, Dicky?" she asked.

"I fell," said he, and she knew he was not telling the truth. She looked at Anne, but Anne was very busy eating porridge.

There was a long silence then; full of dread to Dicky, who knew quite well that his mother had not believed him. At

last Mr. Furlong looked up from his plate and gazed out of the window.

"We're going to have a thunderstorm in a few minutes," said he.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Dicky—"my mustard and cress!" and swiftly left the room to go into his garden.

CHAPTER VIII

In the spring of that same year there was food for gossip, sufficient to last them many a long day in Eckington. In one of those wild moments of madness which may overtake the gentlest of women, Mrs. Leggatt, wife of the schoolmaster, bought her own sorrow.

There lived in the house with them a young man named Allen, the organist at Pershore, teaching music in Mr. Leggatt's school. For many weeks, it transpired, Mr. Leggatt had felt suspicious. From doubt, ungenerously he let it grow into conviction and all with that secretive silence of a man who waits the proper moment for revenge.

It never occurred to him to save that gentle wife of his from the abyss on whose very verge she stood. It never entered his head to protect Wilfrid and Dorothy from their mother's folly. It was enough for him that the wretched woman had allowed the tide to catch her so far. To him all shame was then complete. He needed only the moment to trap them in their sin and, for that moment, waited with eyes that smiled benignly upon all they did, yet watched with an alertness only men of cunning can possess.

Unconsciously, no doubt, he contributed toward her downfall, omitting those little attentions—the few, slight thoughts of her which are more than straws to a woman caught in such a tide as this—omitting them intentionally and smiling, always smiling when the young man did them in his stead.

With conviction growing stronger every day, at last he moved his room from hers, and for long hours into the night stood listening at his own door. For a week he heard nothing, yet still the miserable man was convinced.

"I have to go away," he said one morning at breakfast—"I have to go up to London," and with a bitter exaltation in

his heart he saw the dropping of his wife's eyes, the swift look from young Allen.

Then, all jealousy realised and the white heat of anger burning in his blood, he smiled upon them and smiled again.

"You can take my classes, Allen," he said cheerfully. "Keep an eye on that young Furlong. He's not so wild as he used to be somehow or other, but he needs looking after."

Mrs. Leggatt packed his things. He found her crying as she struggled with the straps upon his trunk.

"What's the matter?" he asked, and there was half a fear in his heart that she was going to tell him all while as yet there was not all to tell.

"My head aches," said she. "Why can't you get back again to-day?"

"What, from London? All that distance? Besides—I must stay a couple of days."

As he left the house, she put up her face to be kissed and shuddered when he kissed her.

"It's cold," she said and he was gone.

* * * *

And so next morning Eckington and all the neighbourhood, even beyond Pershore knew of Mrs. Leggatt's shame and whispered their pity for the poor school-master.

Anne was alive with curiosity when she heard it. She knew—yet knew nothing—could understand, with all that quivering instinct of a woman, but did not know what she understood. With a mind torn by impatience and curiosity, she came to Christina.

It is needless to say what she asked.

"But mayn't I know?" she concluded. Anne was twelve. Christina looked at her thoughtfully.

"What's the good, Anne?" said she. "I shall tell you soon. You'll know quick enough."

"But Dicky knows," said Anne.

"Dicky knows?" Christina echoed.

"Yes; one of the boys at the school told him."

"Did Dicky tell you?"

"No; he said it wasn't a sort of thing for girls to know. But he's only ten."

Christina felt her heart shudder within her. Dicky knew. Dicky had taken the

first step out of childhood. She could no longer look in his eyes and feel that she was looking into the clear waters of a running brook. The water was clear no longer, and she wondered, with a heart that ached, if it were going to make any difference in her love for Dicky, but more—was it going to make any difference in his love for her? Dicky knew, and for one moment it was she who felt ashamed.

That evening, when Anne and Dicky had gone to bed, Christina opened the door of the sitting-room, sat down to the piano and began to play Beethoven.

After a few moments, Mr. Furlong rose from his chair and closed the door.

"Oh—why?" she said, as she took her hands from the keys.

"Those children won't get to sleep," said he.

"Oh, yes they will," said Christina, and she opened the door again.

"But, my dear Christina, they'll stay awake and then they'll begin to think—"

"They'll think anyway," said she, "and I want Dicky to think of the music. That'll send him to sleep."

Mr. Furlong shrugged his shoulders and returned to his reading of wild flowers.

"It's always best," he thought, "to be lenient with women. After all, Dicky's a healthy boy; he'll get to sleep presently."

When she had finished her playing, Christina closed the door.

"Joseph," she said after a pause, "do you ever talk to Dicky about things at all?"

Mr. Furlong laid down his book and took off his spectacles. Curiosity just saved him from being annoyed at the interruption to his reading.

"About what things?" he asked.

"Well—," she smiled—she frowned. He might have known. "I mean there are boys older than him at the school. It was only I feel afraid sometimes that he might get a wrong idea of things and—and I thought you might have spoken to him—might—just—have helped him to understand."

"But Dicky's only ten, Christina!"

"Yes—I know."

"Well, when I was his age, I knew nothing about things—as you call them,

My mind was clean and fresh without a thought in it beyond my games or my work."

"I know," repeated Christina, "but then Dicky's not quite the same—you surely see that, better even than I do."

"I suppose you mean he's a Tennant and not a Furlong," said her husband, and putting on his spectacles again, he picked up his book. It meant that the discussion was closed.

"You don't think it is advisable to say anything then?" said Christina.

"Certainly not," he replied. "I hope I shall know my duty when it comes to me," and in his prayers that night he asked that his duty might be shown him. In the morning it had passed out of his mind.

But Christina had not forgotten. Long into the night she had lain awake, thinking of Dick, thinking of Anne, thinking of Mrs. Leggatt. When the morning came, she woke early.

She, too, just saw the poplar-tree that reached the window catch and, with her head thrown back upon the pillow could gaze at those shimmering golden leaves which trembled against the blue.

At seven o'clock Mr. Furlong rose and dressed as was his custom.

"I hear that Leggatt's forgiven his wife," said he presently when he saw her eyes were open.

"Forgiven her!" exclaimed Christina.

"A very noble thing to do," said Mr. Furlong in surprise.

"Forgiven her!" she repeated. "Oh, I think I never heard anything so cruel in all my life!"

"Cruel!" Mr. Furlong was amazed.

"Cruel, yes! Now I suppose she stays on at Eckington to face the terrible forgiveness of everybody else. Oh, I think it is too brutal for anything! Why did he go and call the Vicar; why did he let the whole village know?"

"I suppose at the time," said Mr. Furlong, "he intended to pursue a different course. No doubt she begged his forgiveness. Young Allen of course has been sent away. It appears, Leggatt had been afraid of it for some time."

"Who said that?"

"Well, I believe he told the Vicar so.

Mrs. Fastiff heard it from the Vicar's wife."

Christina's lip curled.

"If he suspected, why didn't he send young Allen away before?"

"I think it would have been better," Mr. Furlong agreed, "but of course that's a difficult thing to do. He couldn't have turned him out of Eckington. He couldn't have made him give up his post of organist at Pershore."

"Yes, but the horrible immorality of it! To stand by and watch it all—to trap her—to show her caught in the trap and then—to forgive her! Oh, if I were that wretched woman, what miles I'd put between myself and Eckington!"

Mr. Furlong looked at her in pain.

"My dear Christina," said he, "I hope you never will be like her."

The thought of it hurt him to the quick. He came across to the bedside, thinking suddenly that perhaps he was not so affectionate to her as he might be.

"Christina," he whispered—and bending over the bed he kissed her. She clenched her hands beneath the bed-clothes as she returned the kiss.

That afternoon, when Dicky returned from school, she called him.

"We haven't been for a walk," said she, "since you were getting better."

"Well, come on," he answered eagerly. "Let's go to the hill. You haven't seen the place where the snake bit me."

The prospect of that had no pleasure for her; but they would get their walk.

It was one of those spring evenings that long has bid farewell to winter. In every ditch, in every hedge, the primroses were bringing forth the last clusters of their blossoms, a myriad candles leaping up in flame before they died away. In every bush, in every spinney, the birds were chattering in song, adding those last touches to their houses with all the care as if they should last forever. In and out of the may-trees, the blackbirds flew in low and noisy flights, and high on an elm tree a thrush sat singing—singing to the dropping sun.

"Well, it's spring again, Dicky," said Christina as they walked. "Do you remember last autumn—that day when you first got up—you said how ripping it would be?"

"Yes, I remember," he replied. "Well, it is, isn't it? You see me jump that hurdle?"

"Dicky! You'll hurt yourself!"

But Dicky had gone. She closed her eyes.

"There you are," said Dicky from the other side.

"Splendid," said Christina, "but it looked so high."

"I can jump higher than that," said he. Pilgrim, who had tried to jump as well and failed, was quite ready to assure her that this was true. He could not keep his feet still.

"Don't try now," Christina begged. "Let's walk along together. Tell me about the birds' nests you found this year."

This kept him at her side—on wires, but still beside her. For a long, long while she listened with patient interest while he told her everything he knew of Nature. They were garbled ideas, no doubt, of the laws of God; but she was unable to improve upon them. They sounded full of knowledge and observation to her. She found herself listening without hearing, all the while wondering what Dicky would really be when he came to man's estate.

"Shall you like going into the mill when you grow up, Dicky?" she asked presently.

Dicky dug his hands deep into his pockets and felt a great sense of importance.

"I haven't decided yet," said he, after some consideration. "Of course the mill's jolly fine. I could afford to get a box of water-colours then, couldn't I?"

Christina smiled, but the smile died away when she thought of that piece of paper covered with roses—the first thing that Dicky had made for her.

"Shall I give you a box of water-colours next birthday?" she asked.

In a moment he was hanging to her hand. In the belief that they were about to start running, Pilgrim was dancing at their side.

"Will you?" exclaimed Dicky. "Will you really?" Don't say you'll make no rash promises, like father does. Say you will or you won't."

"I will," said she; "I promise."

He covered the hand he held with kisses.

"I'll paint a picture one day," he said, "that'll make you cry."

How little he knew it, but he had done it then. Her eyes filled and were glitteringly bright. She had seen a vision of Dicky painting a great picture and he had brought the vision to her mind.

But all this time there was hanging about her thoughts the remembrance of what Anne had said. To speak to him about this had been her express purpose for their walk. Yet now that they were alone together, she found the words all dry and clinging in her throat. Supposing to speak of it were only to raise more curiosity in his mind? He was so terribly young. Joseph no doubt was quite right when he said that at Dicky's age such things had never entered his mind. Was she quite right when she believed that Dicky was a different sort of being altogether?

It seemed to her then that she was on the verge of a great experiment. Should she attempt it, or should she not? Her heart felt sick, for ever since they had started on their walk she had heard herself say the words, yet knew she could withhold them still. In a sudden moment then she let her instinct carry her away—heard the words in the distance as they left her lips.

"Dicky," said she, "Anne told me you knew everything about Mrs. Leggatt."

Now they were said and her heart stood still. She could hardly believe that she had done it. For some moments she dared not look at Dicky. They walked in silence side by side along the road. At last she could bear the suspense of it no longer. Her eyes cast down to Dicky's face. His cap was pushed back upon his head. His cheeks were scarlet. Christina wished the earth would open where she stood.

"Anne's a sneak," said Dicky presently.

Christina was swift to defend her.

"It was nothing to sneak about," said she. "I'm not angry. Anne wouldn't have told me if she'd thought it would make me that."

"Then what's the matter about it?" asked Dicky evasively. "They all know at the school."

"All of them?"

"All the bigger chaps."

"Yes; but, Dicky, some of the boys are fifteen; you're only ten."

"Well, I bet I know as much as they do."

Again they walked in silence. Christina's mind was so confused by this, she knew not what to say.

"Would you tell me what you know, Dicky?" she asked at last, and in her voice there was the gentleness of all the mothers in the world.

With hesitating words then Dicky began his garbled tale, and as she heard it Christina hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. He knew nothing. It was a fairy tale he told her. And yet, behind it all, she knew that life in Dicky had begun the turning of its tide. Something had awakened in him, just as it had awakened in Anne; something that she would never be able to set at rest, not with all the Beethoven Sonatas in the world.

She might have taken her chance then. The sleeping man had been awakened in Dicky; she might have taken him firmly by the hand and shown him the road in which he should walk. But that garbled fairy tale of Dicky's had deceived her. Really he knew nothing, and in her joy at the thought of that she put her arms around his neck and hugged him to her.

"They didn't tell me right then," thought Dicky, "I don't know after all."

In all unconsciousness, Christina had brought the real turning point in the tide of Dicky's mind.

CHAPTER IX

Even before his next birthday Dicky had received the box of water-colours. These things will not wait. Openly at tea one day, he had said how ripping it would be to carry on the mill and, hearing this, Mr. Furlong was no longer afraid that Dicky would become an artist. Now, if Dicky knew what he meant by that statement, his father certainly did not. To a boy, the glory of manhood and its added glory of independence make matter almost for dreams. To Dicky, retaining in his imagination all the interests of his childhood, to carry on the mill implied the free pursuit of all his heart's desires.

For the mill, he cared nothing. For what it brought, he cared all. When then he declared how splendid such a prospect would be, this, and no more than this, was what he meant.

With the free permission, therefore, to use his box of water-colours, he acquired a new interest in life. The banks of the Avon are beautiful in those parts. Many an artist comes there, and one half holiday that spring Dicky found a man seated down by the river, painting a picture of the mill, half hidden in the wealth of apple blossoms where the orchards stepped down the sloping banks to meet the water's edge.

For half an hour Dicky had stood behind him, deaf to Anne's endeavours to lead him away. Not even her ultimate departure could stir him. He still remained behind the artist's stool, watching with growing interest every movement of the brush, every mixing of the colour.

"Do you learn drawing at school?" asked the artist presently, without looking round.

"Freehand," said Dicky.

"Dry stuff, isn't it?" said the artist.

"Rotten," Dicky agreed. "But I've got a box of water-colours now." The artist went on painting. "Anne's going to give me a sketch book," Dicky continued presently, "then I'm going to paint things—pictures."

The artist washed his brush and stood his picture against the trunk of a tree, regarding it with half-closed eyes.

"Better pictures than this, I hope," said he.

"I hope so," said Dicky simply, meaning no criticism thereby, for he thought the picture wonderful.

The artist looked round at him quickly. Up to that moment he had not given Dicky a thought.

"Oh, you think you'll do better than this," he remarked, for that half closure of his eyes had brought him satisfaction with his work.

"I wish I could," replied Dicky; "I wish I could do a billionth part as well."

"But you think you will one day?"

"I want to," said he ingenuously. "I told mother I was going to paint a picture one day that 'ud make her cry."

"P'raps you will," said the artist, and

was so pleased with his reply that he enlarged upon it—"quite a lot of people paint pictures like that. Young ladies do. I have a sketching class in the summer, and a lot of the girls who come round paint pictures that make me cry."

"They must be very good," said Dicky, whose firm belief in the highest power of art was to make somebody weep.

"That's how I mean to paint, anyhow," he added.

"You'll probably succeed," said the artist, and, packing up his things, he walked away, generously sorry to find conceit in so young a boy.

But Dicky hugged this to his heart. The artist had said that he would probably succeed. The very next day he persuaded Anne to turn out the contents of her money box, and a sketching book was purchased in Pershore. On the next half holiday he went out with his book and his box of paints alone.

In its first conception, all art is imitative. The young man breaks his heart and writes a poem. It is not so much to ease his pain as because some great men before him have laid their broken hearts upon a sheet of paper. His only qualification to be a poet then is that trend of mind in him which makes him seek to imitate the poets that have been. When Dicky sat down with his box of water-colours in the same place where he had talked to the artist, his only claim to art was that he chose to imitate it. The result had not one quality contained therein to commend it to the most far-seeing critic in the world. He knew that it was bad. He knew it meant nothing—nothing that he had seen and, in a fit of anger, tore it up. Had any critic seen those ragged pieces of paper lying scattered on the ground, he might have had hope of Dicky then; but Dicky had none of himself.

He was cross all that evening, and would not talk even to Christina.

"What is it, Dicky?" she begged of him as he was going to bed. But he was in the very first of those moods when the artist realises that God has made the world before him, and only by the greatest suffering can he hope to create one millionth part of it anew. In the mere submission to that mood, Dicky had made

the first step upon his journey, that mad adventure which men will make as ever the ages go by, that wild pursuit of the unattainable which ever retreats as they advance until all power of following it be gone, and they fall by the wayside to watch the others in pursuit pass by.

"You must have eaten something, Dicky, to disagree with you," said Mr. Furlong, "what was it?"

In a vague knowledge that a definite answer would please his father better than doubt, with a touch of devilment beside, he said, "Some of Pilgrim's biscuits."

"Well, of course," exclaimed Mr. Furlong, "I should have thought at your age you'd have known better. You'd better go to bed and be thankful if you don't have nightmares."

And when Dicky had gone, Christina bent close over her work to smile. She wondered, nevertheless, what it could be.

Notwithstanding his disappointment, however, Dicky persevered, and to Wilfrid's disgust spent every spare moment until the summer holidays making pictures, the majority of which he destroyed before he ever brought them home. A few there were he kept, and these, locked away within a drawer, were shown only to Anne, who criticised them freely from a standpoint of her own.

When the holidays came, Dicky was sent away to stay with his uncle, Mr. Herbert Furlong, in Buckinghamshire. Anne went with him. Here was a farm, in the farmhouse of which the Furlongs lived. In the delight of the place Dicky forgot all his painting.

There is romance in a farm, as there is romance in everything. With a boat and a stream you can find all the romance of battles by sea, of far discoveries. With a wooden sword and a cardboard helmet you can experience all the stirring romance of war. The romance of the world's traffic can live out for you in a tin engine and a piece of string; and in a farm—let it be but just one acre and one cow—there is the whole romance of the world's providing. To find two eggs new laid in the early morning is as good as finding the whole supply of a great market. To milk six cows in a stall, to send off one can of milk, to bring

in one load of corn, one cart of hay, to make one pound of butter or one jug of cream is as good—if you are young enough to know it—as feeding the whole world in its hunger.

Dicky and Anne were young enough to know all this. For the first two weeks of their visit they lived in a paradise of romance. Cumber Farm became the world in little, and Trafford Mill for the time was almost forgotten.

Yet it was here, in the joy of these surroundings that Dicky passed through the most painful, possibly the most potent influence in his life. There lived at Cumber Farm with them a sister of Mrs. Herbert Furlong. Bertha Geddes was a strange woman—tall, of dark countenance, a pale face in which the eyes set deeply.

Whenever in after years those weeks at Cumber came back to Dicky's mind, ransack his memory how he might, he could not recall anything of Bertha Geddes during that first fortnight while he and Anne were at the farm. For she was a silent woman, given to the reading of her Bible in the morning, taking long and lonely walks in the afternoon. They saw but little of her in those first few days at Cumber.

It was when their visit was drawing to its close that Dicky one day fell ill. He had been fishing for eels in the early morning, fishing for his breakfast—no breakfast can be so good. A hammock upon the bank on which he was standing gave away. Dicky found himself above waist in the water. These accidents will happen, but seemingly when they happen to children, there is a penalty attached. Dicky knew that it was a culpable offence, and accordingly said nothing. The clothes were half dry on him by the time he returned to breakfast; by taking a hasty seat at the table and concealing his wrinkled garments, he managed to evade detection. In two days he was in bed and the doctor spoke of congestion of the lungs.

"I don't think you need worry," said he, "there's nothing serious about it. Keep him to his bed, that's all."

Therefore, when Anne returned to Eckington, Christina had already received a letter to say that Dicky had caught a

cold and would have to be kept in bed for a few days.

"You needn't worry," wrote Mrs. Furlong, "he's a very good patient. I'll send him back directly he's well."

Christina fretted at heart when she thought of Dicky in any one's hands but her own. She tried to persuade her husband to let her go to Cumber, but he quoted the letter from his sister-in-law.

"I think it would only be waste of money," said he, "he's being well looked after."

So Dicky remained behind at the farm, and Bertha Geddes undertook to nurse him. At some period of her life she had joined a hospital and spoke of remedies for such complaints as Dicky's, which even the doctor had not mentioned. In that silent figure then that moved about his room, Dicky at last became conscious of a personality which occupied his thoughts even to the exclusion of his mother.

After five days there came a letter from Mr. Furlong, inquiring of Dicky's health. When the answer was sent back reporting upon his rapid improvement, Bertha Geddes enclosed a letter to Mr. Furlong from herself.

"I am nursing Dicky," she wrote, "and want to tell you what a wonderful boy I think he is. God has assuredly marked him out for something great in this world. We read the Bible together every morning and I try in my poor way to instill the example of Christ into his mind. One of these days these quiet little mornings of ours will bear fruit. One never knows the seeds that fall on good ground. You can rest perfectly contented that he is safe and well in my hands."

Mr. Furlong handed the letter across the breakfast table to his wife.

"That type of woman," said he, "is very difficult to find nowadays. An influence like that will do Dicky a world of good."

Christina read the letter through and then in silence passed it back to her husband.

"We must ask her to stay here one of these days," said Mr. Furlong. And still Christina said nothing. But having got

that idea into his head, Mr. Furlong embodied it in a short note to Dicky.

"When you come back," he wrote, "perhaps you would like to bring Miss Geddes with you."

But Dicky was not coming back just then. One night the servant negligently left open the window of his bedroom. The next morning he was in a high fever and the doctor was sent for once more.

Unless it's serious," said Mrs. Furlong to her husband, "we'd better not let Joseph know. They'll think we aren't taking proper care of him."

So they knew nothing of this at Traford Mill. A little more care was all the doctor commanded, and Bertha Geddes was always by his bedside.

One night Bertha Geddes heard a stifled sobbing from Dicky's bed.

In a moment she was beside him.

"Dicky," she whispered, "why are you crying? What's the matter?"

"I don't know," he muttered, and with both his arms he clung to her wildly in a fresh passion of tears.

"Won't you tell me?" she begged again presently, "tell me what it is."

"I love you," whispered Dicky, "I love you better than anybody in the world."

"Better than your mother?" she murmured.

"Oh, better than any one in the world," he cried, but he could not bring himself to say in actual words that he loved her better than Christina. Yet it seemed a great and magnificent thing, this love that had come into his life.

It came at length to the day of his return. They were to go up to London together, and there Christina had persuaded her husband to let her meet them.

"You're going to come and stay, you

know," said Dicky to Bertha Geddes. "Father said in his letter that I might ask you. I couldn't do without you now."

She smiled and patted his cheek, and together they went up to London to meet Christina. As the train steamed into Paddington station, Dicky leant out of the window with eyes dancing for the sight of his mother. It was the great longing in his heart then that these two should meet. He knew that the one must love the other. He loved them both. At last, among the crowd upon the platform, he saw Christina. His handkerchief was ready in his hand. He waved it wildly about his head and, at the instant of the train's stopping, had opened the door, descended from the carriage and was running along the platform to meet her. At some little distance behind him followed Bertha Geddes.

"Oh, mother!" he exclaimed, "I do want you to meet her so. She's been so good."

Now, what it was that stirred within Christina, not even Christina knew. Her eyes met the eyes of Bertha Geddes, and though jealousy was bitter in her heart, it was not jealousy that nerved her then. When once their eyes had met, she caught Dicky almost roughly by the hand, and, before he had had time to realise it, had led him away to a cab. The door had closed, they were driving out of the station before he realised what had been done.

The moment he understood, he made a rush for the window. With fingers of steel Christina held him back. But he had seen his last glimpse of Bertha Geddes as she stood alone upon the platform.

(To be continued)



THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.30.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

FICTION

1. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
3. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Carnival. MacKenzie. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet. Stevenson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
6. Joseph in Jeopardy. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. China Under the Empress Dowager. Bland and Backhouse. (Lippincott.) \$4.00.
3. Cesar Borgia. Sabatini. (Brentano.) \$4.00.
4. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) \$6.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Glenlock Girls Series. Remick. (Penn.) \$1.25.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

3. Pleasures and Palaces. Tompkins. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.20.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Jennie Gerhardt. Dreiser. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. In Desert and Wilderness. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. Traveller's Tales. The Princess. (Putnam.) \$2.00.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
4. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.20.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

3. Told by Uncle Remus. Harris. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
2. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.20.
6. Pleasures and Palaces. Tompkins. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
4. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
5. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
2. Amateur Gardencraft. Rexford. (Lippincott.) \$1.75.
3. The Life and Times of Cavour. Thayer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$7.50.
4. Socialism. Spargo. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Boys' Life of Edison. Meadowcraft. (Harper.) \$1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. The Last Try. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Why Should We Change Our Form of Government? Butler. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
4. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Molly MacDonald. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. Increasing Human Efficiency. Scott. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. Physiology of Faith and Fear. Sadler. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Young Alaskans on the Trail. Hough. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Boy Scouts of Birchbark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Cliff Sterling. Stroke of the Crew. Patten. (McKay.) \$1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
4. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. When Tragedy Grins. White. (Watt.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

5. Prince and Betty. Wodehouse. (Watt.) \$1.25.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.
2. The Quiet Courage and Other Songs of the Unafraid. Appleton. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.00.
3. George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$5.00.
4. American Government. Haskin. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Patty Series. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. First Jungle Book. Kipling. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. One of Us. Brudno. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. The Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. He Comes up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Stokes.) \$2.50.
2. Quatrains of Christ. Creel. (Elder.) 50 cents.

3. Man's Birthright. Brown. (FitzGerald.) \$1.50.
4. Idas and Marpessa. Sutherland. (FitzGerald.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Rolfe in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Flower of the North. Curwood. (Harper.) \$1.30.
2. The Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
3. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.25.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Ground. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.
2. Woman's Part in Government. Allen. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
4. George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Peeps in Many Lands Series. (Macmillan.) 55 cents.
3. The Forest Castaways. Bartlett. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
2. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys on a Farm. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Patty's Motor Car. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
3. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A B C of Taxation. Shearman. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. Love and Marriage. Keys. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. Progress and Poverty. George. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Joseph in Jeopardy. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
4. The Position of Peggy. Merrick. (Kernerley.) \$1.20.
5. The Joyous Wayfarer. Jordan. (Putnam.) \$1.30.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
2. Irish Folk History Plays. Lady Gregory. (Putnam.) \$3.00.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
4. The Morality of Women. Key. (Seymour.) \$1.00.

No report.

JUVENILES

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

3. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. The Last Try. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.

No report.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. The Squirrel Cage. Canfield. (Holt.) \$1.35.

No report.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
2. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
3. The Everlasting Mercy. Masfield. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. New Gardens of Canada. Talbot. (Cassell.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolfe in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Further Adventures of Nils. Lagerlof. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35

NON-FICTION

1. The Cable Game. Washburn. (Sherman, French.) \$1.25.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
4. A Garden of Paris. Wallace. (McClurg.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Jonathan Papers. Woodbridge. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. The Shrub and Vine. Kirkegaard. (Bullard.) \$2.50.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. Qued. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. The Master of the Inn. Herrick. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
4. Life of Cardinal Gibbons. Will. (Murphy.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Faries. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

2. The Glittering Festival. Harrison. (McClurg.) \$1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Five Thousand an Hour. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. Her Weight in Gold. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.
6. The Brentons. Ray. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Road to Joy. Willcox. (Harper.) 50 cents.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. Bridge Abridged. Shelby. (Duffield.) \$1.00.
4. Lee the American. Bradford. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Travelers Five. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Boys' Book of Warships. Howden. (Stokes.) \$2.00.
3. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Captain Martha Mary. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Aunt Jane's Nieces. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
6. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Child of the Dawn. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Banner Boy Scouts. Warren. (Cupples & Leon.) \$1.00.
2. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Joseph in Jeopardy. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. Peter and Jane. MacNaughton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. Spanish Gold. Birmingham. (Doran.) \$1.20.
6. Manalive. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. George the Third and Charles Fox. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.00.
2. The Panama Canal. Edwards. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman. Ward. (Longmans, Green.) \$9.00.
4. Intimacies of Court and Society. Anon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) \$2.75.
2. Human Efficiency. Dresser. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Why I am a Socialist. Russell. (Doran.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
3. He Comes up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Brute. Kummer. (Watt.) \$1.25.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Wilson Bungalow. Wilson. (Wilson.) \$1.00.
2. The Garden Primer. Taber. (McBride, Nast.) \$1.00.
3. Home Vegetable Gardening. Rockwell. (McBride, Nast.) \$1.00.
4. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) \$2.10.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. Rolfe in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. The Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
6. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Other Sheep. Begbie. (Doran.) \$1.25.
4. The Counsel Assigned. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Clif Sterling, Stroke of the Crew. Patten. (McKay.) \$1.25.
3. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. The Old Nest. Hughes. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. In Desert and Wilderness. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Living Corpse. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
2. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Hero and the Man. Morton. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
4. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.35.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
2. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Classroom and Campus. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. The Burgomaster. Angelotti. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Modern English Books of Power. Fitch. (Elder.) \$1.50.
2. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) \$2.00.
3. Do They Really Respect Us? Graham. (Robertson.) \$1.50.
4. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Robert E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Francke. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
3. The Wilderness of Upper Yukon. Sheldon. (Scribner.) \$3.00.
4. The Western Gate. Ross. (Dodd, Mead.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. The Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Five Thousand an Hour. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. Barse & Hopkins.) \$1.50.
2. The Adventure of Life. Grenfell. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
3. American Government. Haskin. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
4. How to Speak in Public. Kleiser. (Funk & Wagnalls.) \$1.40.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Briggs.) \$1.50.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) \$1.50.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Briggs.) \$1.35.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (McLeod.) \$1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
2. Songs of a Prairie. Stead. (Briggs.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Squirrel Cage. Canfield. (Holt.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Tennyson and His Friends. (Macmillan.) \$3.00.
2. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
3. Secrets of Strength. Ingram. (Young Churchman.) \$1.00.
4. Self Measurement. Hyde. (Huebsch.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Flower Children. Gordon. (Volland.) \$1.00.
2. The Boy Scout Series. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
3. Famous Scouts. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. The Adjustment. Bryant. (Duffield.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. Through the Mill. Priddy. (Pilgrim Press.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " " 2d	"	"	"	8
" " " 3d	"	"	"	7
" " " 4th	"	"	"	6
" " " 5th	"	"	"	5
" " " 6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25...	210
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.....	178
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35	119
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.....	114
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00	112
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.	100

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

From all sides comes testimony to the impotence of the literary critic in determining the fate of books. Publishers snap their fingers at him and authors thrive in his despite. No Byron of these days could complain that any rising author's soul, that very fiery particle, has let itself be snuffed out by an article. Authors have died and worms have eaten them, but not of literary criticism—not at least within the memory of men now living. It is said that the chance conversation of the dinner table has more to do with the fate of a book than a dozen signed reviews. Hence the absurdity of the suspicion that crops out now and again that reviewers are corrupt. They are not corrupt, even when corruptible, for the simple reason that they are not worth bribing. A plain oral expression of like or dislike, no reasons given, a cheerful ejaculation, a groan, an oath, has more effect on a book's material success than the unanimous decision of a world's parliament of critics. So at least we gather from the experts. Now, such being the state of affairs, there would seem to be a field for a new and very important order of workers. If the offhand comments of one's acquaintances have so much to do with the success of a book, why not engage gentlemanly persons of social tastes to say a good word for it in a casual way and aid in its introduction? Every one knows how well this method used to work in the case of certain champagnes. The agent, a very good fellow indeed, was a member of

many convivial groups, and somehow that particular wine was ordered by each group without any one's suspecting why. As applied to books, it seems even more practicable. It would bring much unused talent into play, creating a new class which could readily be recruited from reviewers on the one hand and salesmen on the other. Most reviewers would do better as salesmen; many salesmen would do better as reviewers. On this intermediate ground of polite though mercenary enthusiasm, who can doubt that the natures of both would expand? They would require, of course, a title of some dignity. We suggest that they be termed literary permeators.

No one would suspect a tactful literary permeator of any sordid ulterior purpose. In the most natural way in the world he would refer to what he had been reading and say how much he liked it. By unobtrusive but persistent references he could easily stamp a hundred minds with the impression not only that it was a good book to read, but that everybody was reading it. Indeed, there seems no limit to the possibilities of organised, well-trained, determined literary permeation, provided only that the duties of it are assigned in accordance with the special aptitudes of the respective permeators. That, of course, is very important. The bluff and breezy permeator who would carry all before him in Texas might, for example, fail completely in Boston. It is a profession that would give scope to a great

diversity of talent and lead to amazing feats of skill. To take an utterly undesired book, for example, and make it sell in spite of all the obstacles interposed by education, birth, breeding, natural desire, or the exigencies of the human intellect, would be no small triumph. To be sure, something of that sort happens now occasionally, but under a more systematic and specialised arrangement with new methods of industrial efficiency, new devices for the elimination of waste, such wonders might be of almost daily occurrence. And what of the literary critics? No doubt here and there a pelican in the wilderness; but by that time the function of the critic generally would have passed from the Matthew Arnold to the Samuel of Posen type of man.

Now that American authors are solidifying into a guild or league or phalanstery or whatever the thing may be called, it seems proper to ask if some sort of special labour organisation cannot be found for those pen-workers of a lower grade who are actually sweated.

**Sweated
Writers**

We refer to the hackwriters, especially to the reference-book hacks, a class about whom little is known in this country and in whom no public philanthropic body has ever shown any interest. The authors who took that momentous step in May toward the formation of a serried phalanx in defence of a prompt and living wage, comprised chiefly the rich and powerful. They have our good will, but not our pity. It is impossible to regard Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Jack London, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, Mr. George Ade, Mr. Augustus Thomas, Kate Douglas Wiggin or any others on that illustrious roll as among those whose faces society with its iron heel is grinding. On the other hand, a proposal for a hackwriters' union or lexicographers' Holy League or even for a hackwriters' Vehmgericht or Black Hand confraternity would have appealed very strongly to our emotions. Nobody who knows how encyclopædias are made or dictionaries happen, no one who has ever seen a Compendium of the World's Best Literature exude, could blame the hackwriter for any sort of reprisal. An

uprising of hackwriters, however bloody, would seem, after all, only natural.

Society's occasional sympathy with the under dog has never been extended to the hackwriter. There are types of him in our large cities that would be exceedingly pathetic, did we not, all of us, regulate our feelings with great precision, and blame the under dog for being under. And what would you have? We should find other people's sufferings altogether disagreeable, if we could not blame the sufferers themselves. And when a hackwriter is in all other respects blameless there is one blot on his character that always can be found. He has no economic sense, whatever. He will not study how to meet demand. He waits for demand to come his way. He is content with only occasional tangency to a public need. He is, therefore, never to be found comfortably and permanently on the inside of it, safely hedged like a concentric circle, or like some thrifty and romantic novelist whose thoughts are sweetly bounded by the public appetite. In these commercial days it looks like carelessness. He is in and out and off and on. What becomes of him in those long intervals when he is not wanted, no man can surely tell. Some say he dries up like a rotifer only to come to life again when a new reference work is in the wind. Publishers believe that throughout these unemployed periods he lives in a cocoon. However that may be, he reappears after each interval, a little thinner indeed and more leathery, but eager and fecund as before. And the brilliant bargains that can be made with him!—better and better as the intervals increase; for, like the banana, he cheapens as he grows more wizened and yet he may be none the worse inside. Now the chief element in these bargains is that the scholarly hackwriter—and that is the type most successfully sweated—actually loves his work. This gives the commercial person a chance to say, Verily, in his work then hath he his reward; and, as in the case of certain country parsons, his salary is drawn mainly from on high, thus leaving the commercial person a comparatively small cash balance to remit. Spiritually subsidised labour

may be always had on easy market terms. Besides, the creature's prehensile fingers are fairly quivering for the pen, and so long as you supply its simple need of nutriment it will produce for you.

Nevertheless, society has an interest in these bargains. The hackwriter has more power than is commonly supposed. All the nameless common jobs of compilation in our works of reference are done by him. He has a great many of us at his mercy and he holds the young mind in the hollow of his hand. From the cradle to the grave thousands throughout the world are believing what he says. That is the measure of the damage he can do. His faults and his misfortunes are so mixed up that it is easiest to assume that he gets what he deserves. This, however, is often unjust, and the hackwriter knows it. So, once in a while, he retaliates on society with a string of plausible and insidious lies or by intentional stupidities in the works of reference about which he hovers. When you encounter these things, it is not safe always to assume that the writer knows no better. It may be that some downtrodden hack has turned at last. The most splendid encyclopædic pretensions cannot protect you against his wrath, when once he realises his wrongs. There are ample traces of his vengeful hand in the last *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He has worked on every encyclopædia since Diderot's time, and he will go on working so long as there is a letter in the alphabet. He cannot be killed by heat or cold or pestilence or hunger. The attempt may only nerve him to bide his time and avenge himself by misleading all mankind which he has come to regard as his enemy. It is a far more dangerous class than that of successful novelists, and society has a deeper interest in its living wage.

In the reminiscences of his long association with the house of Harper, Mr.

Howells recalls the six years' warfare that he waged in the "Editor's Study" against romanticism and the romantic writers. Hating the "sentimental and the romantic in fic-

tion" he determined to free his mind on the subject, and to use "The Study" for that purpose. He turned it into a battleground from the first, sparing no romanticist great or little, alive or dead. He was so sure he was right, he says, that he did not mind much the abuse that was showered upon him, although he soon had every lover of romance down upon him in a fury not merely æsthetic, but often personal. He adds, however, that now he is not so sure he was right. After giving up the "Study" he talked the matter over with Mr. Harper.

I owned that it had been a rigorous experience which I was very willing to have end. I had felt that I had something to say in behalf of the truth, and I had conscientiously said it. I believe that we agreed the effect had been injurious to my books, which had not been so well liked or so much bought as they had been before I began my long fight. The worst of it—I did not then perceive, or know that my long fight had been a losing fight; I perceive now that the monstrous rag-baby of romanticism is as firmly in the saddle as it was before the fight began, and that it always will be as long as the children of men are childish.

There is sage benevolence in that last remark. Many who remember Mr. Howells as an æsthetic warrior of those days, will recall their devout wish during this rag-baby contest that he were as far as possible away from the shouting of the captains and the tumult. He seemed too good a man to waste on criticism. Nor was he an especially good fighter. He had not the gaiety of battle in him, and he was often wounded by a kind of missile that he should not have allowed himself to feel. There were plenty of champions of this school or that school—thousands who could tell just how a novel ought to be written. There was, however, hardly any one in this country who could write a novel but himself. What was the use of his doing work that could be done as well or better by Professor Junk, of Cambridge, Massachusetts? Was there the slightest chance that Professor Junk would ever write *The Kentons*? To assail Mr. Howells as a critic, bitterly, indecently, was therefore both reasonable and complimentary. It was a tribute to his prowess as a novelist.

Moreover, as a critic he displayed the very qualities that he attacked. He was both "sentimental" and "romantic" as many a reader could testify, who, thanks to his advice, was constantly reading the wrong thing, lured by Mr. Howells's chivalrous praises of this or that bothersome young realist merely because the realist's heart was, artistically speaking, in the right place. He did good, no doubt, in turning American fiction toward Continental instead of English models. But he also inspired a great many inadmissible young writers to do their worst. He became a sort of kingfisher in announcing literary promise, and a rainbow to the deservedly unsuccessful. It was impossible for a reader to follow him with any comfort at that time. His censure was for books like *Vanity Fair* and *Ivanhoe*, and his praise for almost any one who presented a fairly accurate picture of a potato patch. The pathway of his praises was strewn with the blasted hopes of those who read as he advised, and many of them made up their minds not to read any more American realistic fiction unless Mr. Howells wrote it himself. When he did begin writing novels again, then of course one could feel the force of his argument for realism, and everybody who knew what was what preferred to go and buy a bonnet with Mr. Howells any day than to follow most romanticists through a dozen deadly combats. From which phenomena we have always inferred that Mr. Howells had a great talent for doing the thing and none whatever for telling how to do it—and surely in his case the one was enough.

It is not without profit occasionally to glance back through the fast fleeting

Ten Years Ago years, to realise how quickly we forget, and how ephemeral are many books and reputations.

Ten years ago, and in turning over the old familiar pages it seems like yesterday! In the corresponding months of 1902 we were chronicling many deaths, and some of them of literary figures of genuine importance. Francis Bret Harte had just died, thirty-four years after the appearance of "The Luck of Roaring

Camp." Frank R. Stockton had died without answering the riddle of "The Lady or the Tiger." The tragic death of Paul Leicester Ford had just taken place. The death of Thomas Dunn English recalled vividly the revival of the poem "Ben Bolt" in the pages of George Du Maurier's *Trilby*, published eight years before. In England Sir Walter Besant and Etha Carberry, the Irish writer and the wife of Seumas McManus, had died, and in France Xavier de Montépin, who, while in no sense a literary artist, numbered his readers by the hundreds of thousands.

It was the death of Frank Stockton that led to the printing of columns of anecdote, and this anecdote inevitably related to "The Lady or the Tiger." There was the story of Rudyard Kipling's tilt with Stockton on the subject in the Authors Club, of New York, and the Anglo-Indian's humorous threat to extort the secret by the application of a highly refined form of Oriental torture. There were the innumerable tales of ambitious young men who had invaded the magazine offices with propositions to supply every month narratives just like the Stockton story. There were accounts of tricks resorted to by hostesses in the hope of wresting from the author some kind of a clue, as for example, that lady who served the novelist two blocks of ice cream, one made in the form of a lady and the other in the form of a tiger, and asking him which he would take; Mr. Stockton, of course, retorting like a flash: "A little of both."

The death of Bret Harte brought to light the fact known to very few that he had once written an opera libretto. This was based on the story of "Alkali Dick," and was undertaken at the suggestion of Emanuel Moór, a Hungarian composer. Although the opera apparently never had any great success the lines and verses were said to be admirable. This was the plot

The hero of the opera is a gentleman who, in search of a lark, has joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show as a cowboy. Grown tired of the life, he leaves the show in Paris and

H. G. WELLS. FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT

rides across country to take passage for home. He loses his way in a forest adjacent to an old château, and creates a great sensation which he can in no way understand, among some young maids who are preparing for the fête of their mistress. He does not know that in his cowboy costume, which curiously resembles that of a cavalier painted in the time of Vandyke—an observation which Bret Harte said was the cause of his writing the story of "Alkali Dick"—he is taken for the ghost of a Count Armand, an ancestor of the present occupants of the château, who, condemned on account of sacrilege, is obliged to wander forever through the forest. The young mistress of the House of Fontenelle, who has always

been mysteriously attracted by the face and fate of Count Armand, on beholding the American, falls into the same error, which leads to strange complications. The mother represents the old *régime*, the Abbé is the humorous character, and the *deus ex machina*, a young cavalry officer, who arrives from Paris at the proper moment to vouch for the respectability of the supposed Count, now unmasked as a circus rider, who in the meantime has of course fallen in love with the young Countess.

The fact that July, 1902, marked the centenary of the elder Dumas naturally was not neglected. The affair of Mad-

ame Humbert and the mythical millions was then a celebrated case and it was recalled that the gigantic scheme of fraud had been inspired by the reading of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. The Dumas centenary was responsible for the presentation to English and American readers for the following typical story:

When M. de Villemessant was founding *Le Grand Journal* he wrote to Dumas asking for his assistance. Dumas at once prepared a romance in six volumes. In the meantime the editor asked him for some articles or causeries which were to be published immediately. "I have the very thing!" cried Dumas. "I was just about to start on a whole series about snakes." "On snakes?" "Yes. I have the entire subject at my fingers' ends. I spent half my life studying them. There's not a soul who knows anything about the dear, interesting little creatures. You will find it will be a great success—this article." The editor, half-convinced, agreed to accept this article "on snakes," saying to himself: "After all, Dumas is very likely to hit on something effective." "If you want a little cash in advance you can draw on me." "I have plenty," said Dumas, "for the first time in my life, I confess; but still, I really have enough." They parted, and the editor returned to his office. On arriving there he found Alexandre's secretary waiting for him with the following paper ready signed: "Received the sum of fifteen napoleons on account of my story. A hearty squeeze of the hand. A. D." The next day the secretary arrived with the first *feuilleton*, and a letter which ran: "My dear friend: Be kind enough to hand the bearer the sum of nine napoleons. A. D." The very same evening came a despatch from Havre: "On receipt of this please send twenty napoleons to my lodging at Frascati. A thousand thanks. A. D." An hour later came another: "My Dear Boy: I should have said thirty, not twenty, naps. You are my best friend. The *feuilleton* is on the road. A Dumas." The finale of this capital story is no less characteristic. The *feuilleton* arrived by post the following day, and was found to contain exactly four lines of Dumas's composition—two at the beginning and two at the end of the paper. Thus it ran: "I copy from my good friend, Dr. Revoil, the following particulars about snakes." Then came a long essay on that subject, all copied out in his own neat handwriting, and closed by this original remark: "In my next I will deal with the

boa constrictor, the most curious of all the snakes."

It was, we think, before Dr. Osler had propounded his famous theory, but in England they were discussing vigorously the subject of man's achievement after he had passed the age of fifty. It was pointed out that Samuel Richardson was beyond that age when he produced *Pamela*, his first novel; that Boswell had passed fifty when his *Life of Johnson* appeared; that Cervantes was fifty-eight before he found the opportunity of finishing the first part of *Don Quixote*; that Defoe was the same age when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, and Milton one year older when *Paradise Lost* was published. The number of great men who have died in the fifties was a phase of the matter that was brought up. At fifty-one Tasso, Sir Humphry Davy, Henry Fawcett and Walter Bagehot, Madame de Staël and Cavour; at fifty-two Shakespeare and the great Napoleon, Thackeray, Eugène Sue, William Hazlitt, Alfred the Great and Lessing; at fifty-four Descartes, who in his early days had planned the restoration of the patriarchal period of life, on the ground that he could not accomplish his work in a shorter term of years. Hugh Miller's brave heart cracked, to use Carlyle's words, at the same period. Dante died at fifty-six, and so did Francis Drake, Captain Marryat, Philip Massinger, George Whitefield, Pope and Paganini. Blackstone died at fifty-seven, and so did Canning, Heine, Charles J. Fox and Vanbrugh. At fifty-eight Defoe, Charles Dickens, Andrew Marvel, John Donne, Richard Steele and Ann Radcliffe passed from this world. Montaigne, Oliver Cromwell and Lord Macaulay were among many who died at the threshold of sixty.

These books were the best sellers of ten years ago: Charles Major's *Dorothy Vernon*, Emerson Hough's *The Mississippi Bubble*, Conan Doyle's *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Henry Harland's *The Lady Paramount*, Miss Hegan's (or was it then Mrs. Rice?) *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, and Thomas Dixon's *The Leopard's Spots*.

THE ROLLING STONE

THE PRIMARY CLASS.

See Tom and the dog.
Will Tom hurt the dog?
Oh, no! Tom will not hurt
the dog.
Tom will give the dog a bite
to eat.

Here we have Kate and John.
Will Kate fight John or rail
at him?
Oh, no! for Kate loves John.
He bought her a nice ring.

See him do it.
Can John find the ball?
Is it in the cup?
No, it is not in it:
Neither is John.

Can the horse run?
Yes, the horse can run.
I don't think.

Did he go up?
Oh, yes! he did go up.

Will you go in?
Oh, yes! I will go in.

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF "THE ROLLING STONE" WHEN IT WAS UNDER O. HENRY'S EDITORSHIP.
THE INFLUENCE OF EUGENE FIELD'S "TRIBUNE PRIMER" IS MARKED

Rolling Stones will be the title of the new book of O. Henry material which has recently been brought to light from the old attics and store-rooms where it had been forgotten for many years. Most of this material is taken from copies of O. Henry's little magazine, *The Rolling Stone*, which was edited by him in Austin, Texas, early in his career. Also, there will be a number of letters written

by the author of *The Four Million* and several short stories hitherto unknown. Besides this, *Rolling Stones* will contain several early photographs of O. Henry and several examples of his cartoons and caricatures which were published in his magazine. The volume is intended by the publishers, Doubleday, Page and Company, to round out the existing O. Henry collection and complete the picture of his work.

THE PLUNKVILLE PATRIOT.

"THE PLUNKVILLE PATRIOT" AS PRESENTED BY O. HENRY IN "THE ROLLING STONE"

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, whose latest volume, *Manalive*, is reviewed in another column, has recently contrasted British and American methods of dealing with a public scandal. *A propos* of the Titanic disaster he remarked in *The Illustrated London News*:

It is perfectly true, as English papers are saying, that some American papers are what we should call both vulgar and vindictive; that

they set the pack in full cry upon a particular man; that they are impatient of delay and eager for savage decisions; and that the flags under which they march are often the rags of a reckless and unscrupulous journalism. All this is true; but if these be the American faults, it is all the more necessary to emphasise the opposite English faults. Our national evil is exactly the other way: it is to damp everything down; it is to leave every great affair unfinished, to leave every enormous question unanswered.

THE ONLY KNOWN CARICATURE THAT O. HENRY EVER DREW OF HIMSELF

On the one hand he conceives of the British critic as saying that Americans would, if they could, hunt Mr. Ismay from court to court, "as if he were the only man that was saved," just as they hunted Gorki from hotel to hotel, "as if he were the only man not living with his wife."

On the other hand, he conceives of the Americans as retorting on the Mersey Commission that it will shirk the facts just as the facts were shirked in the inquiry under Lord Mersey into the Jamestown Raid.

"You will ignore plain questions and suppress existing telegrams to save the face of some rich man, just as you did it to save the face of the African millionaires. We are not so careful of millionaires. We are hounding on the pack, and we think a pack of dogs, even if it is a pack of mongrels, is not so bad a thing for dealing with wolves—or foxes."

Such cross-criticism is, he says, altogether unjust. In the British desire to hush things up there is an element of sportsmanship and generosity, and Americans do wrong in imputing it solely

to calculated servility or snobbish deference to class. But Englishmen will be even further in the wrong if they set down the American outcry over the *Titanic* merely to demagoguery and sensational journalism.

If there is an element of real clemency in our desire to conceal things, there is an element of real and righteous indignation in their desire to reveal them. I confess that in a case like this I am in sympathy with that element.

As to the Mersey Commission Mr. Chesterton did not agree with the writers for influential British journals, who spoke of it as a serious authority entitled to pass judgment. On Lord Mersey's refusal to admit evidence that might lead to a charge of manslaughter, he printed a satirical skit describing an inquiry by royal commission into the death of Hamlet's father. Horatio is on the stand and the questions are put by Fortinbras, who excludes from the answers any remarks that might bring about a charge of manslaughter.

Captain Alfred Dreyfus from Devil's Island at a time when it seemed that the appeals for a revision would be denied. A party of wealthy French Jews had raised a fund of one million dollars and sent an agent to O'Brien asking him to plan and command the rescue. The idea was to convey Dreyfus to the United States, where he could live in some quiet place until the efforts to secure his vindication were successful. The agent who approached O'Brien was supplied with a detailed map of Devil's Island and full information concerning the condition of the captain's confinement; the number and habits of his guards; the hours at which the men who were supposed to keep their eyes on him, day and night, were changed; the paths patrolled by the sentries, and the location of all the buildings, and the character of the ground around them. The detachment of troops on the Island at that time numbered less than fifty men, and it was considered in Paris that even that small force was larger than was really necessary.

G. K. CHESTERTON AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN

FORTINBRAS. We cannot go into that. It would be most improper to go into that. That is a criminal allegation, and should be tried before a criminal court. We cannot have anything about crime or the causes of death.

HORATIO. But the whole story is death and crime, I tell you—the whole, blessed beautiful yarn. What are we playing at?

FORTINBRAS. We are investigating the dynastic calamity of the House of Hamlet, but we cannot go into these individual deaths.

HORATIO. But all deaths are individual deaths.

FORTINBRAS (angrily). If you think a court of justice is a place to be clever in——

HORATIO (with a deep groan). No, my lord, I can see it isn't.

In *A Captain Unafraid*, Mr. Horace Smith has undertaken to chronicle the strange adventures of "Dynamite Johnny" O'Brien just as he chronicled the exploits of Captain George B. Boynton in *The Warmaker*, which was published a year or so ago. There is one chapter in the later book which records a very celebrated case. It tells of a plan to rescue

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT AND HIS CHILDREN

HORACE SMITH AND "DYNAMITE JOHNNY" O'BRIEN

The newspapers had said that Dreyfus was to be shot if an attempt was made to rescue him. The conspirators ignored this, believing that the report was circulated only to discourage any such attempt. However, the plan was to strike so suddenly and decisively that Dreyfus's safety would be insured. It was to be a quick and unexpected blow, delivered by a force large enough to take command of the situation in a moment—a plan involving throwing seventy-five or one hundred heavily armed men ashore at night and overwhelming the guards by sheer force of numbers. Two Gatling guns were to cover the retreat. O'Brien found a suitable vessel for the expedition in a private yacht at Charleston, South Carolina. She belonged to a New York man who had tired of her, and was open for charter or sale. She was a beautiful craft, two hundred feet over all, and with a draught of a little less than fifteen feet, and could do nineteen knots an hour or better, which was fast enough to keep clear of any French warships then stationed at Cayenne, French Guiana, or Martinique. As an auxiliary ship O'Brien planned to charter a Norwegian tramp steamer that was lying at New York. She was to meet the yacht one hundred miles north of Devil's Is-

land with a fresh supply of coal, the landing party, and the two Gatling guns. After her cargo had been transferred to a ship painted a different colour and bearing a different name from that with which she left Charleston the tramp was to go on her way, while the yacht proceeded, after dark, to Devil's Island. This plan was all worked out in detail, and O'Brien was just preparing to put it into execution, when the cruiser *Sfax* visited the island and took Dreyfus back to France.

The interest in England manifested in Madame Steinheil's *My Memoirs*, which is published in this country by the Sturgis and Walton Company, has led a writer in the *Yorkshire Observer* to call attention to a curious work, recently published in Paris, entitled *Les Criminels peints par eux-Mêmes*. In such a collection Madame Steinheil could not figure, for she was acquitted, whereas in this book only those are allowed to "paint themselves" who are convicted. The most remarkable fact displayed in the various diaries and confessions is the way in which these murderers and murderesses regarded their crimes as misfortunes over which

The Apologists

SAMUEL MERWIN

they had very little control: "the day I met with my bad luck;" "that unfortunate episode in my life;" "my moment of folly;"—in this way they described the most deliberate and infamous crimes.

The French Academy recently awarded its new prize of ten thousand francs to

The Academy Prize a story called *L'Elève Gilles*, by André Lafon. M. Lafon is, it seems, twenty-five years of age, an usher in school, and this is only his second book.

Samuel Merwin, whose new novel of political life is reviewed elsewhere in

Samuel Merwin this issue, was born at Evanston, Illinois, October 6, 1874. As a boy he devoted so much of

his time and activity to the fortunes of a semi-professional fortnightly publication known as *The Boys Herald* that he

failed to finish High School. Later he took a special course at Northwestern University, where he wrote college plays and comic opera librettos. His first real newspaper work was with the *Evanston Index*. While with that newspaper he was the assistant local correspondent for the *Chicago Evening Post*, and contributed verse to the *Youth's Companion*. His career as a novelist began when he wrote *The Short Line War* (with Henry Ketchell Webster). He borrowed two hundred dollars from an uncle, went to New York with Webster, and sold the book to The Macmillan Company in three days.

He lived for a year in France, writing *Calumet K* and *Comrade John* with Webster. Alone he wrote *His Little World*, *The Road to Frontenac*, *The Merry Anne*, *The Road Builders*, and various other romances. In 1902 he went to China for the *Success Magazine*

to study the Opium Problem and spent several months travelling. He visited Northwestern Provinces with an interpreter, a cook, two mule men, two soldiers, four mules, two horses, two jackasses and one impressive mule litter covered with red and blue cloth and embellished with bells. Was bitten in the knee by a camel in a mixup in a sunken road, and was arrested in the capital city, Tai Yuan Fu. The result of the journey was a book called *Drugging a Nation*. Then he spent three years as a "muck-raker," travelling all over the United States. For four years edited the *Success Magazine*. As correspondent and editor he was close to the fight to pass the Pure Food Law; and tried to found a "People's Lobby" at Washington. He was active throughout the fight on Speaker Cannon and in the Insurgent Movement generally at Washington during the past three or four years. He tried to start a new magazine—of insurgent and strongly progressive tendencies generally—called *The National Post*, in 1910-11.

E. R. LIPSETT, THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND WELCOMES," DRESSED AS A TRAMP TO GO THROUGH THE WORKHOUSE

This was a failure. During the downhill period he wrote *The Citadel*.

M. Georges Cain, who has written so many delightful books about the ancient city of Lutetia, adds another to the list in *By-Ways of Paris*, which, in its English form, has just come from the press of Messrs. Duffield and Company. Wandering through the Rue Raynouard, in what was formerly a suburb, he stops at Number 47 before an old mansion of very simple aspect. In this house Balzac shut himself up for six of the most productive years of his life. From 1842 to 1848 it was not always easy to gain access to this retreat. The great writer used to hide in order to work in peace, and escape his creditors. To carry this refuge required a stiff assault. Most complicated pass words were exchanged. To whisper to the porter that "the season of

Balzac in
Seclusion

GEORGE PATULLO, THE AUTHOR OF "THE SHERIFF OF BADGER"

BALZAC'S HOUSE IN PASSY

plums had come," enabled one to make the first stage of the journey. Then, however, the visitor was checked by a portress until he whispered a message about the bringing of Bruges laces. Once beyond this point, it became necessary to impart to a trusty Cerberus "the best news of Mme. Bertrand's health;" and then at last one was admitted to the presence of Mme. de Brignols, the master's housekeeper, "a lady of some forty years, stout, quiet, nun-like, a convent portress, the last word of the domiciliary enigma." Mme. de Brignols alone was empowered to open to the initiated the door of Balzac's study.

Owing to certain complications there is not likely to be an American edition of the Wessex edition of the works of Thomas Hardy, which is now in course of issue in England. The Wessex edition is to consist of twenty volumes in all, seventeen of the novels and three of the poems, and to each the author has written an introduction. For the first time chronology is ignored and the novels are classified: (1)

Novels of Character Environment, (2) Romances and Fantasies, (3) Novels of Ingenuity. In a general preface Mr. Hardy declares that he has restricted himself to one part of England for his romances because "the domestic emotions have throbbed in Wessex nooks with as much intensity as in the palaces of Europe, and that anyhow there was quite enough human nature in Wessex for one man's literary purpose." The series opens with *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and there are a few pages in the story that were not in any previous edition.

Mr. Arnold Bennett has taken a cottage near Brighton and expects to reside there permanently. This information is more than a mere literary personal, because for the last ten years Mr. Bennett has been practically an expatriate. He has been living in various French towns and has visited England only when it has been positively necessary.

There died recently in England a man who, four years ago, calculated that he had reviewed forty thousand books. This was the Rev. Alfred John Church, whose work was to be found in the *Spectator* and the *Westminster Gazette*. He became a member of the staff of the former paper in 1868 and remained with it until his death. In view of this long service the number of books reviewed is not so astonishing as it first appears.

Edmund Gosse in his *Two Visits to Denmark*, recently published by E. P. Dutton and Company, gives an account of his first meeting with George Brandes. At the time the latter was a tall, thin young man of thirty-two, looking less, pale, with a great thatch of hair arched over a wide forehead. But when he began to talk he was the soul of impatience. This probably had something to do with the atmosphere of suspicion and anger which he created around him in Copenhagen. He not merely did not hear fools gladly,

**The Return
of Bennett**

**The Arch
Reviewer**

**Brandes at
Thirty-two**

THOMAS HARDY'S COUNTRY—THE KITCHEN IN WHICH TESS AND HER HUSBAND SUPPED.
"TESS OF THE D'URBEVILLES"

TALBOTHAYS, WHERE JESS MET ANGEL CLARE

EDMUND GOSSE, THE LIBRARIAN OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS

but he was easily driven to distraction, by those who were less mentally active than himself. Thus Gosse fell under the ban because he spoke Danish so slowly. The Englishman's broken utterances worried the Dane, and the latter did not hesitate to say so. The result was that Gosse became tongue-tied with embarrassment while Brandes paced the room, infuriated, and snapping his long fingers.

Finally, we hit upon a plan which I have often recurred to in similar conditions. When it is not a case of civility or compliment, but of a genuine desire to get exact information or an interchange of accurately expressed opinion, if each speaker is fairly acquainted with

the written language of the other, it is best that each should speak in his own tongue. This is not very easy to do, because the lips instinctively imitate the ear, and the tendency to repeat the words in the identical language of the first speaker is often almost irresistible. Brandes had a good knowledge of literary English, and was accustomed to the pronunciation, but he did not trust himself to talk. I had by this time made more progress in understanding others in Danish than in speaking it myself. It was now no difficulty for me to follow any one with a clear voice who spoke at the average speed, and I was on the high road to enjoying a general conversation where five or six people sat round a table.

MARIA THOMPSON DAVIES AND A YOUTHFUL ADMIRER

From Professor Christian Molbech Mr. Gosse heard of the antagonism between Ibsen and Björn-
Ibsen and sen in the younger days
Björnsen in Rome. Ibsen, about
 1865, was exceedingly
 poor and smarting under obscurity and obloquy. Instead of flaunting it in a velvet coat with a row of orders across the buttonhole and neatly shaved as he was doing ten years later, Ibsen then wore a long black beard and had a single coat of shabby leek-green cloth. He used to stalk sullenly up and down the Scandinavian Club in Rome, not speaking a word to any one until supper time, when he would empty a flask of thin red wine, and slowly brighten up, not into geniality exactly, but into loquacity, and dart the scathing bolts of his sarcasm recklessly in all directions. According to Molbech, things were at their worst when Björnsen joined the party. "Oh!" said Molbech, "to be in Rome with Ib-

sen and Björnsen together, my dear young friend, it was a weary, weary thing! They could not keep apart; they were like two tom-cats parading and snarling and swearing at each other, yet each bored to death if the other were not present. They collected their adherents behind them; there were two well-defined parties. I assure you, if it amused the Norwegians, it was death to us, easy-going Danes and Swedes. At last Björnsen took himself off. Oh! what a sigh of relief we gave. And Ibsen came into the club, glanced around, and snarled, and there was no one to snarl back at him. Then followed the publication of *Brand*, and money came in, and Ibsen grew to be a celebrated character; so he smiled and stretched out his legs and was quiet. But agreeable? Oh, no! Let us use words in their true sense. Ibsen has never been an agreeable man, and he never will be. But he is a great genius, and a very honest person."

BRAND WHITLOCK

We hope that in drawing attention to an historical error in the New York *Times* we shall not be accused of pedantry. We hope still harder that it will not be set down to what is known in American politics as "animus." We defy "animus," though not quite certain what it means. Nor have we any desire to weaken the force of the *Times* writer's objection to bestowing on Colonel Roosevelt all the powers of England's earlier kings. Had

the writer been arguing on behalf of Colonel Roosevelt as an Angevin prince instead of against him, we should have felt it equally our duty to point out his mistake.

It can no longer escape anybody's attention that Mr. Roosevelt is unfit to be President because he is a candidate upon conditions which would prevent any King of England from sitting on the throne

Before Magna Charta Edward III. could imprison subjects who would not work at old

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

wages when offered by any man. The King can no longer command this.

Out of the ruins of our school learning we are able to produce with no small pride a rather stout conviction that Magna Charta was signed in 1215 at Runnymede by one King John, and a sort of feeling that Edward III "flourished" in the fourteenth century and harassed the workingman in that manner by a Statute of Labourers, which was passed about 1350, after the Black Death, and by other measures, and that Richard did the same after him, and that the workingman indulged in what was known as a Peasants' Revolt, and even then was

not happy. After that we are a little hazy about the Richards, Edwards and Henrys, aided only by an occasional snatch of song down to the time

In Harry's reign, when red Lancastrian roses
O'er York's pale bossoms had prevailed in
fight,

As wine drives nature out of drunkards' noses
And red triumphantly prevails o'er white.

But however oppressed the workingman may have been throughout that period, and later, we are quite certain that no English king of the fourteenth century ever succeeded in imprisoning a workingman of the thirteenth.

there would remain scarcely a trace. At such a time the mind strips for action. After all, its needs on those occasions are but slight and have to do mainly with terminology. "Blatant demagogue," "insatiable ambition," "insane agitator" are by themselves often sufficient when once there is agreement as to the identity of the person by whom they are deserved. Political editorials are not meant to convert the doubtful, but to reassure those who are already perfectly assured. It is a family affair. When the opinion is safe and the heart is loyal, the loss of the head is seldom noticed by one's political friends.

In the *British Weekly* "Claudius Clear" has been conducting a competition dealing with Unfulfilled Prophecies. Of the unfulfilled literary prophecies he quotes: Shelley wrote about Keats: "In spite of his transcendent genius, Keats never was, nor ever will be, a popular poet." It might be maintained that this prophecy has been fulfilled in a sense, for Keats

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This is not put forth in a spirit of intellectual superiority. It is not even intended as a basis for an attack on the teaching of history in our public schools. It is presented merely because it illustrates picturesquely what happens to editorial writers in the flurry of political campaigning. And we freely admit that if we were labouring under the same strain as that *Times* writer, the outer pressure, the inner agitation, it would happen to ourselves. Our historical knowledge, shattered already, would be sure to go utterly to pieces in the awful emotional crisis through which the majority of New York editorial writers have been passing. We might retain in mind a few great turning points of history, a few mighty and dramatic figures at the crises of their lives, Ajax defying the lightning, Washington crossing the Rubicon, Luther hurling his ink-bottle at the Referendum in the Castle of Wartburg, Moses receiving the draft of the American Constitution on Mount Sinai, such things perhaps, but of minor matters, Magna Charta, French Revolutions,

ENTRANCE TO THE NEW BOBBS-MERRILL BUILDING

THE WORK OF THE NATIVE SONS

Some time ago an organisation, known as the Home Industry League of California, requested the San Francisco merchants to display in their windows for one week articles of California makers only. A San Francisco bookseller elaborated the idea by giving his entire establishment to books, paintings, engravings, cards, posters and so forth, of California design. Only the glass in the windows and show cases was not home-made. The exhibition attracted much attention, as it was the first of such a nature ever given west of the Rocky Mountains.

cannot be said to be a popular poet as Tennyson and Longfellow are popular poets.

The *Quarterly Review* wrote about Dickens in the time of his first fame: "We are inclined to predict of works of this style, both in England and France (where the manufacture is flourishing on a very extensive and profligate scale), that an ephemeral popularity will be followed by an early oblivion." This is a very inadequate list. For example, we venture to add Andrew Lang's prophecy to the effect that Rudyard Kipling's work, while having a few discriminating admirers, would never enjoy any general popularity. This was about a year before the fame of the Man from Nowhere had reached every corner of the Seven Seas.

When the news was sent over the world that the city of San Francisco had been destroyed by an earthquake, Mr. Will Lawrence Beeseley, then a reporter on the *New York Sun*, sat down and wrote a description of the San Francisco that he had known and could never know again, that was so vigorous and graphic that it was discussed in every large newspaper office in the country. As a little book it was reprinted under the title *The City That Was*. The incident is recalled by the narrative of Mr. Lawrence Beeseley, one of the survivors of the *Titanic*, whose story of the disaster, published by the Associated Press, stood out very vividly. A later and more carefully considered narrative by Mr. Beeseley, entitled *The Loss of the SS. Titanic: Its Story and Its Lessons*,

ago from Cambridge, taking first class honours in the natural Science Tripos.

As a writer of short stories Mr. Melville Davisson Post has manifested his ability to achieve atmosphere and a certain grim terror. We have always taken up a tale by him with a feeling that it would prove just a little bit out of the usual. And the result has seldom been disappointing. Assuming that his new book, *The Nameless Thing*, is a novel, which it purports to be, but is not, we can commend him for a fine sense of literary economy, and for a certain preposterous kind of ingenuity. The method that he has followed in the construction of this book is substantially the method adopted by the late O. Henry when he put together his stories of Central American life to make *Cabbages and Kings*. There the comparison ends, for in *Cabbages and Kings* the end fully justified the means, whereas *The Nameless Thing* is just one more exhibit in the museum of literary curiosities.

LAWRENCE BEESELEY

has just appeared from the press of Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company. In it Mr. Beeseley tells of the voyage of the *Titanic*, the wreck, the experiences of the survivors, the aftermath of inquiry and the lessons to be drawn from the disaster. Mr. Beeseley was graduated eight years

SOME REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH STORY TELLERS

III—ROBERT HICHENS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

IT is almost a score of years since Mr. Robert Hichens first sprang into local notoriety through *The Green Carnation*, which set all London buzzing hotly anent the bold literary and social lampoons. It was just ten years later that he obtained at last an international recognition, with *The Garden of Allah*, in which for the first time, and perhaps for the last, the inherent bigness of his theme and the titanic majesty of his setting shook him out of his studied pose of aloofness and sardonic cynicism, and

raised him to unexpected heights. And almost at the close of a second decade, Mr. Hichens visited America, to find himself, for the passing hour, one of the most widely discussed of modern novelists, with his latest novel giving promise of becoming a "best seller," his earlier triumph, *The Garden of Allah*, demanding a second recognition in dramatic form, and he himself receiving the doubtful tribute of full-page interviews in the Sunday supplements. Accordingly, Mr. Hichens seems to be one of the contemporary British story-tellers about whom it is distinctly worth while to ask: How much of this popular acclaim is merited

ROBERT HICHENS

on sound literary grounds, and how much of it is not?

Before attempting to answer specifically this natural and legitimate question, it seems profitable to call attention to the treatment which Mr. Hichens has received at the hands of his critics during the past eighteen years as an illuminating example of the average professional reviewer's shortness of memory and lack of prophetic intuition. A glance over the files of the leading English literary reviews leaves the reader amazed at the suavity with which the critics of Mr. Hichens's more recent popular triumphs ignore the many harsh aspersions

they cast upon his earlier volumes, and the completeness with which most of them seem to have forgotten their one-time aversion to certain salient features of his style, his technique and his attitude toward life, all of which are just as marked and most of them just as offensive to-day as in the days when he was trying to startle a sated public into attention, by eccentricities like *Flames*, *The Londoners* and *The Slave*.

For, if we examine Mr. Hichens with dispassionate frankness, refusing to be dazzled by those physical and moral mirages of the desert, of which he possesses the incomparable and magic trick,

we must realise that, although he has gained immensely in sheer craftsmanship, and although his instinct for the unerring right word has become surer with practice, his verbal colour more brilliantly lavish, his style more fluent and less epigrammatically crystalline, his development has, nevertheless, been peculiarly homogeneous and consistent. That he has grown, it would be idle to deny; but the growth has been logical, and on certain definite and predestined lines. His gifts, and some of his faults as well, have attained ampler dimensions with the passage of years; but gifts and faults alike there is scarcely one of them, the seeds of which might not have been found already germinating and taking vigorous root in the now almost forgotten *Green Carnation*. It is worth while, as a bit of pertinent literary history, to call to mind the terms in which Mr. Arthur Waugh first brought this volume to the attention of American readers, in his monthly London letter to the *New York Critic*:

At last London has a sensation. The quiet of the early autumn is broken by the explosion of a genuine bombshell, and every one is rushing to read *The Green Carnation*. . . . It is a satire, brilliant and scintillating, upon the literary and social affectations of the hour; and a more daring, impertinent, and altogether clever piece of work has not been produced for many years. . . . The writer remains anonymous and his preference for secrecy is not surprising, for if it is possible for good-humoured satire to make enemies, he would scarcely find a friend left. Nobody is spared. Mr. Oscar Wilde is, as the title implies, the principal butt of the brochure, but almost every conspicuous writer and personage is touched to the quick.

From the very nature of its naked and unashamed personalities, this first volume was handled rather gingerly by the reviewers, most of whom were fain to dismiss it, after the euphemistic manner of the *Academy*, as a mere "caricature of an affectation in life and literature, an abnormality, a worship of abstract and scarlet sin, which must by its very nature pass away with the personality that first flaunted it before a wondering, half-attracted, half-revolted world." To-day

the unwholesome interest of its theme has passed away like a whiff of foul gas; and in its place remains the interest of the human document, for it shows that the author was even then, just as he is to-day, concerned primarily with the abnormalities of life, seeking by preference the tainted mind, the stunted soul, the pathological body. In spite of a life-long straining after startling effects, Mr. Hichens has no great original fertility of plot. Many another novelist before him has built stories upon the themes of metempsychosis; of a woman's slavery to the glitter of jewels or to the fool's paradise of opium; of hereditary fires of passion, that betray the bridegroom on his honeymoon into forgetting the marriage service, or a renegade monk into breaking his vows. Mr. Hichens's distinction lies rather in his special gift for taking world-old problems and modernising them, warming them over to suit a jaded palate, with a dash of the decadent spirit and a garniture of *Fleurs de Mal*. Any one who has read Henry James's *Ambassadors* must remember the sensations of the mild and scholarly Mr. Strethers during his first afternoon in Chad Newsome's Paris apartment, while he listens to the conversation going on blithely and carelessly around him, and wonders helplessly whether all those well-dressed, well-mannered guests really mean all the unspeakable things that they seem to be uttering, or whether his own mind has suddenly become strangely perverted and is playing him tricks. The episode inevitably comes to mind in connection with Mr. Hichens's novels, for it precisely portrays the impression that, with malice aforethought, he contrives to leave upon the mind of his readers. He seems to delight in bringing them to a sudden full stop, with a gasping protest, "surely, he never could mean that!"—and then, at the turn of the page, leaving them with a bewildered and shamefaced wonderment how they could have entertained, even for a moment, such outrageously indecent thoughts!

That this is no arbitrary and one-sided view of Robert Hichens, any one may readily convince himself by merely taking the trouble to glance over the contem-

porary reviews of his several books. These reviews, with few exceptions, and quite regardless of their favourable or unfavourable tone, form a rich thesaurus of the various English synonyms—and sometimes the French synonyms as well, when the Anglo-Saxon resources run low,—of such words as morbid, neurotic, pathological, decadent, salacious, and unclean. It is true that since the appearance of *The Garden of Allah*, less emphasis has been laid upon the unwholesomeness of Mr. Hichens's themes, and more upon the vivid colour and scintillating brilliance of his style. It may even be conceded that there is justice in this change, and that, on the whole, his later books are more normal, more human, than his earlier. Nevertheless, the taint persists. There is no escaping the obvious fact that his interest is always in the exceptional, rather than in the average, type. Strange people, bizarre customs, alien skies, men and women vainly struggling against some overmastering obsession, physical disability or mental lesion, a long nightmare procession of the socially and morally unfit,—such, as they mentally file before us, is the impression left by the leading characters of Mr. Hichens's novels.

Now the fault with Mr. Hichens is not too great a frankness about life. It is not that he looks upon the world without illusions, recognising the plague-spots of human nature and ruthlessly stripping them bare. A bold, uncompromising handling of hypocrisy and avarice, frailty, and vice is one of the canons of the realistic creed. There is more disease and degradation in Zola's *Lourdes* than in all the pages ever penned by the author of *The Black Spaniel*. And the reason why *The Black Spaniel* is an unwholesome book, while *Lourdes* is not, is simply this: That when he has occasion to expose the ugliness of life, Mr. Hichens, unlike Zola, either cannot or will not emulate the purely scientific zeal of the surgeon, dissecting away a diseased tissue. Underneath the surface impersonality of the realist, one discerns a spirit of prying and unwholesome curiosity, gloating over the forbidden and the unclean. "When I am what is called wicked, it is my mood to be

evil," are the words that Mr. Hichens puts into the mouth of Reggie Hastings, in *The Green Carnation*, "I must drink absinthe, and hang the night hours with scarlet embroideries; I must have music and the sins that march to music." And, if we are content not to stretch the comparison unduly, these phrases are not a bad characterisation of the salient qualities of much of Mr. Hichens's fiction. He, too, is fond of hanging the night hours with scarlet embroideries, of showing us sins that keep pace to sensuous rhythms. Like the French artist, Fromentin, one of Mr. Hichens's forerunners in discovering and interpreting Algeria, he has suffered from an innate tendency to see what is picturesque, spectacular, even pretty, rather than what is truly great; and, as with Fromentin, Algeria taught him how to do the bigger thing. It was not until he replaced his "scarlet embroideries" with the vast monochrome of the African sky, the tinkle of drawing-room music with the sublimity of desert silence and solitude, that he attained, for once at least, an epic amplitude of canvas and of theme.

As a bold and effective colourist, Mr. Hichens deserves cordial commendation. His skill in vivid pictorial description is beyond dispute; whether it be a glimpse of a crowded London street, the turquoise blue of Italian sea and sky, or the burning reach of sun-ravished sands, his printed words seem to open up a vista of light and warmth, a moving picture wrought of dissolving and opalescent hues. His colours lack the riotous romanticism of a Théophile Gautier, the wistful melancholy of Pierre Loti, the frankly pagan sensuousness of a d'Annunzio,—yet he owes something of its varied richness to each of these. It is obvious that he loves colour for its own sake,—much as his heroine in *The Slave* loves the gleam of jewels,—and flings it on lavishly, just as he flings on other forms of ornamentation, purely decorative in purpose, with the result that his backgrounds are often crowded with superfluous and confusing detail. This tendency has grown upon him year by year; it is only in his shorter stories that he has learned the value of restraint. *The Garden of Allah*, *Bella Donna*, *The*

Fruitful Vine, one and all would have gained much by a well-advised and ruthless pruning.

There is a popular impression that Mr. Hichens is a writer of uncommon versatility; and when we consider that his themes range from the morphine habit to the transmigration of souls, and his stage settings from a London drawing-room to the Sahara desert, and from the Nile to the Italian lakes, this impression seems at least superficially justified. But when we begin carefully to sift them over and mentally slip each plot into its respective pigeon-hole, we find that, underneath all his shifting scenes and varied topics, Mr. Hichens's interest in life narrows down to just one form of obsession—namely, the study of human imperfection, the analysis of those various lesions in body, mind or soul which, like a flaw in the heart of a gem, brand certain men and women as unfit,—at best, to be classed as eccentrics, and at worst as monstrosities. Viewed from this point, his themes fall naturally under three heads: first, his social satires, or studies of the passing fads, foibles, petty vices and hypocrisies on which the world of fashion smiles indulgently; secondly, certain mental delusions, occult phenomena, psychopathic hallucinations, such as form the underlying idea of stories of *The Black Spaniel* type,—in which each reader must decide for himself whether he is reading an allegory, a diagnosis of a curious form of insanity, or a report to the Society for Psychic Research; and thirdly,—and to this class belong practically all of Mr. Hichens's later serious novels,—studies in moral depravity, chronic and often incurable maladies of the human soul.

Because of this three-fold classification of his stories, it is impracticable to survey Mr. Hichens's writings in anything approaching chronological order. His sardonic enjoyment of the social extravagances of the passing hour is more or less apparent in every book that he writes, and lends sharp characterisation to many an unforgettable minor character. Yet the only volume since *The Green Carnation* in which it would be fair to say that social satire is first, last

and all the time the main issue is *The Londoners*, in which the pretensions of smart society, the pomps and vanities of Mayfair, are, as Mr. Hichens's own subtitle implies, reduced to an absurdity. Of the second class of plots, or those dealing with occultism and pseudo-psychic phenomena of the Jekyll-Hyde order, we have, besides the *Black Spaniel*, a number of weird and fantastic short tales and two novels, *Flames: A London Phantasy*, one of his earliest efforts, and *The Dweller on the Threshold*, which is one of his most recent. This group of stories represent various degrees of cleverness; but they one and all leave the impression that the author has not put the best of himself into them. They simply are the embodiment of certain fantastic ideas which in hours of perversity happened to riot through his brain, and which later he could not bring himself wholly to reject. There is a loathsome and uncanny horror about a theme like that of *The Black Spaniel*, that obviously fastened, leech-like, upon the abnormal side of Mr. Hichens's nature and refused to let go its hold. Yet, even in this instance, the strongest of all his occult horror tales, the thing is not quite achieved. By over-insistence upon obvious details, by under-estimating the intelligence of his readers, and explaining his meaning in words of one syllable, as though to an audience of little children, he defeats his purpose, and destroys the last vestige of plausibility. Mr. Hichens savours too much of the earth; he is far too interested in the frailties and perversions of the flesh, to gain credence when writing of the transmigration of souls or the vagaries of disembodied spirits. Consequently, it is with his third class of stories, serious studies of human delinquency, that we must mainly concern ourselves, in order to take a fair measure of Mr. Hichens, as artist and as student of human nature.

Neither is it worth while to linger over his shorter stories, in any of the three subdivisions. What has so often been said in regard to the collection of Egyptian and Algerian tales that swell the volume containing *The Black Spaniel* to its required three hundred and odd

pages, namely, that they were fugitive pages from his note-book for *The Garden of Allah*, applies in the main to most of his shorter efforts. He is essentially a writer of the sustained effort type; and it is consequently only fair to judge him by his full-length volumes. If evidence were needed to support the contention that, other things being equal, he ministers by preference to a mind diseased, then such a collection of tales as *Tongues of Conscience* would furnish fertile illustrations. There is, for instance, the story of the famous painter whose peace of mind is destroyed because he holds himself responsible for having inspired a street urchin with a passion for the sea, and the boy subsequently was drowned; or again, in "The Cry of the Child," we have a young doctor, in whose ears there rings ceaselessly the dying cry of his own child, whom he had cruelly neglected in its last hours; and still again, in "How Love Came to Professor Guildea," we are told how a materialistic man of science becomes subject to the obsession of a degraded spirit,—a hideous bit of morbidity, which might pass for a study in insanity, if the author had not precluded that explanation by showing us the Professor's parrot offering its crest to the caresses of unseen fingers, and mimicking the endearments of the invisible and loathsome visitant.

But, as it happens, the longer stories are even more to our purpose than the short tales. Already in 1895, his second published volume, *An Imaginative Man*, clearly reveals the author's natural bent. Briefly, it is the story of an intellectual and highly cultivated man who is destitute of natural affections:

He (Denison) had never loved his kind, and never even followed the humane fashion of pretending to love them. . . . It amused him to observe them under circumstances of excitement, terror or pain, in a climax of passion or despair. . . . He liked people when they lost their heads, when they became abnormal. Anything bizarre attracted him abnormally.

This curiously unnatural personage marries a charming and devoted wife, because he chooses to suspect something enigmatic about her. Later, when he is

forced to recognise that she is normal and simple and true-hearted, his interest turns to a dislike akin to hatred. Accordingly, he leaves her and, after amusing himself for a time in Egypt, watching the impotent rebellion of a boy in the last stages of consumption, he ends his useless career by dashing out his brains against the Sphinx, with which he has perversely become enamoured. Among the press-clippings of that period there is one opinion upon which it would be presumptuous to try to improve:

It is a story to remain a splendid monument to unwholesome fancy, a thesaurus of morbid suggestion, which exalts mere vulgar suicide into an intellectual resource of the weary-minded, and degrades the humanity of virtue into mere animal instinct.

As a companion picture to this unnatural man, Mr. Hichens shortly afterward gave us an equally unnatural woman, in the person of Lady Caryll Alabruth, the heroine of *The Slave*. Lady Caryll is obsessed by one consuming passion, jewels,—by which, of course, Mr. Hichens wishes to symbolise all the futile luxuries for which women, from time immemorial, have sold themselves. She is fortunate in meeting, while still quite young, an Anglicised oriental of great wealth, who can lavish upon her diamonds, pearls and rubies, who understands her through and through, withstands her through and through, without one remnant of flattering illusion, and who actually wins her by the dazzling splendour of one huge and matchless emerald. It is her own husband who, in the course of the story, sums her up as follows:

She was born to live in a harem, petted, as an animal is petted, adorned with jewels as a sultan's favourite is adorned. Such a life would have satisfied her nature. Her soul shines like a jewel and is as hard. . . . A certain class of women has breathed through so long a chain of years a fetid atmosphere, of intellectual selfishness, has sold itself, body, mind and soul, so repeatedly for hard things that glitter, for gold, for diamonds, for the petted slave-girl's joys, that humanity has absolutely dwindled in the race, just as size might dwindle in a race breeding in and in with dwarfs. In Caryll, that dwindling light of humanity has gone out. My wife is not human.

Now, it is extremely convenient for a woman who happens not to be human to have a husband who, although aware of the fact, does not seem to mind; so it was rather unfortunate for Caryll Alabruth that her husband died, ruined by her monomania for jewels. In her poverty, however, Lady Caryll managed to retain the one matchless emerald with which he had won her. This emerald is subsequently stolen; and, since it is the one thing left in life for which she cares, and all other means of recovering it fail, Lady Caryll consents to become the burglar's bride, in order that the emerald's green fires may once more burn upon her breast. All of which, in spite of its melodramatic extravagance, rests upon a foundation of perverse and sardonic logic that is eminently characteristic.

The next two volumes, in point of time, while unmistakably expressing the same outlook upon life, show a distinct gain in the direction of sobriety and self-restraint. *Felix* and *The Woman with the Fan*, although neither of them books of real importance in themselves, at least revealed Mr. Hichens as a novelist worth watching for better reasons than merely because he could attract attention with a flow of epigram, as insistent as the cracking of a whip. Moreover, although he had not learned to draw sympathetic characters,—and it is seriously to be questioned whether he ever will learn,—he at least began to get rather nearer the average human level of understanding than in the case of Denison or Lady Caryll. The heroine of *Felix* is not naturally inhuman; she is simply a victim of the drug habit, and unfortunately common and pitiable human weakness, although repulsive and rather nauseating when forced in intimate detail upon our notice. If Mr. Hichens's purpose was to do for the opium habit what Zola did for alcohol in *L'Assommoir*, it is a pity that his misunderstanding of the realistic method has resulted in defeating his object. Zola got his effects by tireless and uncompromising accumulation of facts, flung at us almost defiantly, with no attempt to palliate or to obscure. What his characters made of these facts, whether they understood them, believed

them, acted upon them or not, was all of secondary importance: facts, as nearly as he could get them, were the be-all and the end-all of his novels, their excuse and apology for existence. Mr. Hichens, on the contrary, cannot be frank, even if he wants to be; he always proceeds by indirection. It is so much easier to suggest than to tell plainly an unsavoury fact, and then trust the reader's mind to go to greater lengths than the printed page would dare to go! In *Felix* we have probably the best and most extreme case of this method to be found in the whole range of its author's writings. Felix himself is in no wise abnormal; on the contrary, he is just the plain, ordinary variety of young fool, the Kipling type of fool, whose rag and bone happens, to his more complete undoing, to be further complicated with a hypodermic needle. Felix pays a brief visit to Paris, where fate wills it that he shall meet a certain little tailor who in youth had the honour to make Balzac a "pair of trousers without feet," and who initiates Felix into the endless delights of the *Comédie Humaine*. This whole episode of the little tailor stands out luminously against a background of human slime. It is the sort of thing that Mr. W. J. Locke can do so supremely well, a page that might have fluttered loose from *The Beloved Vagabond*. When the final reckoning of Mr. Hichens's achievements is to be cast up, this little masterpiece of Balzac's tailor ought to count heavily on the credit side.

As for the story of Felix as a whole, it is undeniably strong,—as strong as escaping sewer gas. Having read the *Comédie Humaine*, Felix flatters himself that human nature holds no secrets from him; he plunges, hot-headed, into the turbulence of London's fast set, men drugged with ambition, women drugged with vanity, with avarice, with opium. There is an all-pervading sense of something unexplained and inexplicable. Felix's inexperience hangs like a heavy veil before our eyes, and we are forced to grope with him, to piece fragments of evidence together, just as he does and, like him, often to piece it wrong. Especially, out of the other loathsome and unclean horrors, there looms up, as

nauseously offensive as some putrescent fungoid growth, a certain corpulent, bloated, blear-eyed little dog, symbolic of human bestiality. The present writer can recall no episode in modern fiction, not even in the audacities of Catulle Mendès, which after a lapse of some years still brings back the same sickening qualm of physical illness.

The Woman with the Fan, although not by any means lacking in audacities, came as a welcome contrast to its predecessor. In addition to its odd title, it had a somewhat startling cover design, the nude figure of a woman apparently going through some sort of a drill with an open fan. This figure, which proves to be a marble statuette known as *Une Danseuse de Tunisie*, plays a rather important part in the development of the story. It is the fan which makes the statuette wicked, one of the characters repeatedly insists; and the thought which is symbolised by the statue is that of the Eternal Feminine degraded by the artificial and the tarnish of mundane life. In applying the symbolism of this statuette to his heroine, Lady Holme, Mr. Hichens seems to have taken a perverse pleasure in confusing right and wrong, idealism and sensuality. Lady Holme's friends constantly identify her with the statuette, and beg her to "throw away her fan," meaning that there is a taint of wickedness about her, and that she is capable of higher things. The facts in the case, however, hardly fit in with this theory. Stripped of its symbolism, the book is a study of the two elements which go to make up human love, the physical attraction and the psychological. Viola Holme is a woman in whom the finer elements of character lie dormant. She is married to a man of the big, athletic, primitive sort, "a slave to every impulse born of passing physical sensations." She knows that of poetry, music, and all the finer things of life, he has not, and never will have, the slightest comprehension. She knows, too, that he loves her only for the surface beauty of her hair, her eyes, her symmetry of face and form, and that if she lost that beauty on the morrow, his love would go with it. And yet she loves him, in spite of his crudeness and his

many infidelities, because he satisfies the demands of that side of her nature which is the strongest,—the side which "holds the fan." Other men, the men who urge her to "throw the fan away," offer her a different kind of love, because there are times when they see in her eyes and hear in her voice, when she sings morbid little verses from d'Annunzio, the promise of deeper emotions than her husband ever dreamed her capable of. Now, a woman of Viola Holme's temperament would never voluntarily "throw aside her fan," and Mr. Hichens is a sufficiently keen judge of women to be aware of it. Nothing short of an accident in which the statuette is broken will accomplish this miracle. So fate is invoked, in the shape of an overturned automobile, and Lady Holme struggles back to consciousness, to find her famous beauty gone forever. In its place is a mere caricature of a human face, a spectacle so repellent that, of all the men who formerly professed to worship the "inner beauty of her soul," only one has the courage to renew his vows, and he a poor, broken-down inebriate, as sad a wreck as herself. Such, in bare outline, is the story of *The Woman with the Fan*, and each reader may apply the symbolism to suit himself. A hasty, snap-shot interpretation would be that Lady Holme would have become a better woman, mentally and morally, if she had discarded her coarse-minded husband and replaced him with a lover of more artistic temperament. But such an interpretation would do scant justice to Mr. Hichens's subtlety. The physical and spiritual elements of love, he seems to say, are too curiously intermeshed to be readily separated; there is no love so earthly that it does not get a glimmer of higher things, no love so pure and idyllic that it does not crave some slight concession of the flesh. If she would hold love, the modern woman must be content to remain a little lower than the angels, she must hold to her fan.

In spite of the implied confession of weakness in solving a rather big problem with the unsatisfactory makeshift of an accident, *The Woman with the Fan* is obviously, even now as we look back at it in the light of his later achievements,

so much bigger and stronger and more vital than all that went before it, that *The Garden of Allah*, when it followed shortly afterward, ought not to have the surprise that it actually was. Of this book, the one really big and enduring contribution that Mr. Hichens has made to modern fiction, there is really absurdly little to say. It is so simple, so elemental, so inevitable in all its parts. It may be epitomised with more brevity than many a short story. There is a certain Trapist monk, Androvsky, who, after twenty years of silent obedience to his order, breaks his vows, escapes from bondage, and meeting Domini Enfielden, an independent English girl with a lawless strain of gypsy blood in her veins, woos her with a gauche and timid ardour, and carries her off for a mad, fantastic honeymoon into the heart of the African desert. The desert, so says a Moorish proverb, is the Garden of Allah; and here the renegade monk, fleeing from his conscience, with confession ever hovering on his lips, and doubly punished through dread of the anguish awaiting his innocent bride when enlightenment comes to her, finds the solitude too vast, the isolation too terrifying, the imminence of divine wrath too overwhelming to be borne. It drives him back to the haunts of men, even in the face of a premonition that amounts to certainty, that his secret will be laid bare and his short-lived and forbidden joy be ended. Now the theme of a man breaking the holiest vows for the unlawful love of a woman is one of the commonplaces in the history of fiction. It is the majestic simplicity of his materials, the isolation of his man and his woman, the sublimity of his remote, unfathomable background that combine to raise this exceptional book almost to the epic dignity of the First Fall of Man. As has already been insisted, in connection with each succeeding book, Mr. Hichens does not possess the faculty of frankness. That Boris Androvsky is a sinner, bearing the burden of an unpardonable and nameless misdeed, is a fact that we grasp almost at the outset; but Mr. Hichens would have been false to his own nature if he had not, before revealing the secret, forced us to suspect his hero of every known crime against

man, nature and God. But suddenly his theme seems to have taken possession of him, to have raised him against his will, perhaps without his knowledge, out of the pettiness and subterfuge that have dwarfed so much of his work, into the full light of truth and sympathy and understanding. In a certain sense, the book seems to have written itself; it is a fantastic piece of word-painting, done with a tropical luxuriance of colour, a carnival of Algerian pageantry and African sunshine; and everywhere and all the time is an all-pervading sense of the mystery, the langour, the thousand blending sights and sounds and scents of the Orient. Long after the final page is turned, you cannot shut out from your eyes the memory of the desert, "with its pale sands and desolate cities, its ethereal mysteries of mirage, its tragic splendours of colour, of tempest and of heat;" you cannot forget the throbbing pulsations of burning air, the vast endless monochrome of earth and sky, the primeval tragedy of an erring man and woman, helpless motes in the glare of universal sunshine, impotently fleeing from an avenging God. It is this one book which entitles Mr. Hichens to a serious consideration among the novelists of to-day. Without it, he could have safely been passed over in silence.

It follows that, in various degrees, all the books that Mr. Hichens has given us since *The Garden of Allah* are in the nature of an anticlimax; and for that reason they may be somewhat briefly and summarily dismissed. One recalls with a certain amount of cordial appreciation another and briefer story of Algeria called *Barbarv Sheep*,—a book that owes its charm chiefly to its delicate and almost flawless artistry, and its lack of any pretension to be more than it actually is. Just a bit of idle playing with fire, a young English couple gaining their first glimpse of African life and African temperament; and while the husband spends his days, and sometimes the nights, tirelessly hunting *Barbarv Sheep*, the young wife, restless, unsatisfied, craving excitement, is drifting rashly into an extremely dangerous intimacy with a cultured and suave young Arab, an officer in one of the native regiments. What might so

easily have become a tragedy is brought to a safe and final solution by the removal of the Arab from further participation through his death at the hands of a fanatical dervish. And to the end we have the delicious irony of the utter unconsciousness of the phlegmatic English husband, so intent on Barbary Sheep that he passes his wife, where she crouches among the rocks, in the desert moonlight, equally unsuspecting, as he passes, the menace of her Arab lover, and the death-blow that an instant later removes that menace.

Then we have the much over-praised Sicilian story, *The Call of the Blood*, and its stronger and more sanely appraised sequel, *A Spirit in Prison*. Aside from an almost pagan frankness in their unashamed recognition of physical passion, these are conspicuously clean volumes, with little if anything of the author's earlier perversity. The chief weakness in *The Call of the Blood* lies in the difficulty of crediting a leading episode and one upon which the whole structure of the story hinges: namely, the fact that Hermione, the young English wife of Maurice Delarey, feels herself compelled to leave him before their honeymoon in Sicily is half over, in order to hasten to the bedside of Emile Artois, the Frenchman who has long been in love with her, and who is said to be dying. During the brief weeks of her absence, her husband, who has inherited through his grandmother a strain of Sicilian blood, yields to the call of this remote strain and falls under the spell of a young peasant girl's transient beauty, promptly paying the penalty for his infidelity at the hands of the peasant girl's kinsmen. Of the true facts of this tragedy Hermione is never told; she knows only that her husband was drowned, and that she lost some precious weeks of happiness by her absence at the bedside of the Frenchman, whom she did not love and who has lived, while the Englishman, whom she did love, has died. So believing him to be the perfect type of honour and fidelity, she consecrates herself to lifelong widowhood.

It is at this point that *The Call of the Blood* breaks off, with a young and still beautiful woman wasting her best years

in mourning for an unworthy man, while the right man, who knows the truth and might easily win her if he chose to speak, feels that his lips are sealed by his unwillingness to destroy her ideal. *A Spirit in Prison* takes up the story some seventeen years later. The scene is no longer Sicily, but a tiny island in the Bay of Naples, to which the widowed bride retired at the time of her bereavement, to await the birth of her child, and in which she and Vere, the daughter, now a girl of sixteen, still have their home. The Sicilian peasant girl, for whom Hermione's husband proved false to her, also had a child, who is now a sturdy young fisher lad, with eyes that are strangely reminiscent of some one whom Hermione has known, some one in the distant past whom she either cannot or will not name even to herself. Her attention is first called to the fisher lad by the interest that he awakens in her daughter, Vere; for the girl, by some curious instinct, has recognised the ties of kinship and has made the boy her protégé and comrade. It takes very little time for Artois, who still loves Hermione with patient hopelessness, and for Gaspare, her faithful old servant, to learn the truth about the boy's parentage; and these two men instinctively conspire to keep Hermione in ignorance. But by doing so they unconsciously prolong her suffering; because her spirit is struggling in the prison of delusion, and can win freedom, and with it love and happiness, only through full knowledge of the truth. Altogether, these two volumes make up a strong, clean, tender human story, admirably handled to bring out all the values that the plot contains. It revealed Mr. Hichens as an interpreter of Italian life somewhere midway between Richard Bagot and Marion Crawford, less pedantic than the former, yet lacking the geniality of the creator of *Saracinesca*.

Mr. Hichens might, had he chosen, gone on indefinitely from this point, doing the fairly innocuous, fairly entertaining sort of story, and letting us little by little forget the days when a new volume from his pen meant an alternate gasp and shudder at the turn of each page. But it is not in his nature to be content with

doing the innocuous thing. He insists upon being conspicuous; and if the only way of being conspicuous is to shock a startled world into attention, he stands ready to do so. Just two more novels demand a passing word: *Bella Donna* and *The Fruitful Vine*. Of these two, the former is of no special importance, either in theme or in detail,—although in its heroine he has created one more unwholesome and abnormal type that lingers in the memory. At the opening of the story, Mrs. Chepstow is summed up as “A great beauty in decline”:

Her day of glory had been fairly long, but now it seemed to be over. She was past forty. She said she was thirty-eight, but she was over forty. Goodness, some say, keeps women fresh. Mrs. Chepstow had tried a great many means of keeping fresh, but she had omitted that.

The facts about Mrs. Chepstow, which Mr. Hichens regards as of moment, are that in the zenith of her youth and beauty she was divorced by her husband; that, having made a failure of one life, she resolved that she would make a success of another; that for a long time she kept men at her feet, ministering to her desires,—and then suddenly, as she approached forty, “the roseate hue faded from her life, and a greyness began to fall over it.” In other words, to catalogue the book roughly, it is one more of the many studies devoted to *L'Autômte d'une Femme*. And so, at the opening of the volume, we meet Mrs. Chepstow in the consulting room of a famous specialist, Dr. Meyer Isaacson, confiding to him certain facts about herself, physical, mental and moral facts, which the reader is not allowed to overhear, which the woman herself never alludes to again, but which Mr. Hichens has no intention of allowing the reader to cease for one moment to ponder over, with a more or less prurient curiosity. Incidentally, and to this extent alone is her confession justified structurally,—it is the memory of what she confided to him that at a crucial hour hurries Dr. Isaacson on a desperate, headlong Odyssey to the Nile, in order to save a friend and keep Mr. Chepstow from the sin of murder. But all of this is, frankly, rather cheap stuff, and quite

unworthy of the author of *The Garden of Allah*. It makes a normal-minded reader somewhat exasperated to see a rare talent so misused.

The Fruitful Vine has been too recently and too extensively discussed to need a lengthy analysis at this time and place. Of the inherent bigness of the theme there can be no more question than there can be of the fact that the author has unwittingly done his utmost to debase it. The pathos of barrenness, the tragedy of a woman who sees her husband's love alienated because she fails to give him sons and daughters, the whole multiplex problem of race suicide on the one hand, and the impoverishment of too great prolificness on the other,—what these themes may give us in fiction, when handled sincerely and from deep-rooted conviction, we have only to look to *Fécondité*, one of the most honest and most daring novels ever written, in order to realise. But Mr. Hichens gives his theme certain twists that put it on a level even lower than Elinor Glyn's much discussed *Three Weeks*. There, at least, was a temptation worthy of the crime,—an heir to the throne, to be supplied by fraud, to be sure, but fraud matched against fraud, the trickery of rival political factions, to be met with subtler craft,—and a woman's life paying the penalty of success. It was not an unworthy theme, but cheap workmanship that made *Three Weeks* the ephemeral, negligible book it was. But in *The Fruitful Vine* we are asked to believe that a delicately nurtured, refined and cultivated Englishwoman, who worships her husband, is willing to do him the ultimate, crowning wrong that any wife can do,—and then plan to foist upon him, as his son and heir, to carry on his proud old name and hand down the imposition to unnumbered generations of spurious Englishmen, an interloper, that has not the redeeming grace of being a child of love, but one more basely begotten, more purely meretricious than half the nameless waifs that crowd the asylums. A belated sense of fitness makes Mr. Hichens apportion a punishment that in a measure fits the crime. But, oh! the pity and the futility of the book, taken as a whole!

To sum him up in a few words, we have in Mr. Hichens a man who has covered much paper to small purpose, who has given us a few books that are fairly innocuous, and one book that deserves to live. And the great danger in according

the full measure of praise to *The Garden of Allah* lies in this: that by granting its greatness, we seem to put the stamp of approval upon the other works of its author, so many of which, unfortunately, are mentally and morally unclean.

THE NEW ART OF STAGE DIRECTION

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I



HE acted drama is a compound work of art, exhibiting a coördination of the labours of several different artists, each of whom employs his own distinct medium of expression. Thus, in this multifarious modern age, a single acted play may call into conjunction the diverse arts of writing, acting, dancing, painting, sculpture, decoration, music, and illustrative illumination; and the artist who supplies any of these separate elements to the general and finished fabric may be ignorant of the methods of his fellow-labourers. No one man, unaided, can accomplish the entire work; and yet, if the final product is to be worthy of the name of art, some individual among these many and diverse collaborators must be singled out and made finally responsible for the appeal of the acted drama as a whole.

The drama has altered its complexion from age to age, according as one or another of these associated artists has been set in supreme command, to the subordination of his fellow-craftsmen. Until the present age, the captaincy has always fallen either to the author or to the actor, and the other artists have always been subservient to these. In reviewing the history of the drama from the earliest times until our own, we might easily divide it into literary periods and histrionic periods, according as the author or the actor has, for the moment, assumed dominion over it. A curious and interesting point is that the periods of great au-

thors and the periods of great actors have never coincided. Whenever the artist of one type has been supreme, the artist of the other type has been [necessarily, it would seem in retrospect] merely a contributory functionary.

History, which has engraved on granite the names of the authors of the great Greek tragedies, has told us next to nothing of their actors. The two actors employed by Æschylus, the three employed by Sophocles, were granted very little opportunity for the exploitation of themselves. Their masks robbed them of the personal appeal of facial expression; their stilted boots inhibited any movements except those which were conventionally plastic; and all that was left to them was to give voice to the commentary of the poet on a national and familiar fable. The evolutions of the chorus must have offered scope for the contributions of a master of the allied arts of sculpture and the dance; but the primary and all-important appeal of the drama was invested in the lines. If the verse were spoken audibly and read with dignity, the play would have its chance; and its success or failure depended almost solely on the prowess of the author. Sophocles and Euripides could win prizes by themselves, without any indispensable assistance from a collaborating actor.

Again, in the Elizabethan period, the appeal of the acted drama depended mainly on the author. History has recorded reverently the names of innumerable writers of that spacious age, but has deleted from recollection the names of all but the very foremost actors. Alleyn and Burbage are remembered; but, with the fullest data bequeathed to us by con-

temporary commentators, it is impossible for us to publish the entire cast of any play of Shakespeare's. The reason is that, in the Elizabethan period, the lines themselves were immeasurably more important than any speaker of them, and the actor was regarded only as a secondary, and comparatively unimportant, artist.

But when, a little later in history, we turn our attention to the records of great actors, we perceive [with a little wonderment at first] that they have flourished only in periods when dramatic authorship has been at a very low ebb. Betterton is the first great tragic actor of whom we read in the records of the English stage; and he ruled the theatre at a time when [if we except the two masterpieces of Otway] the authorship of tragedy had sunk beneath contempt. Garrick, the greatest actor that the English stage remembers, flourished in an age when tragedy was absolutely sterile and when comedy had paused to catch its breath in mid-transition from Congreve to Sheridan. He played *King Lear* with a fabricated happy ending, and made his last appearance on the stage in a comedy by the now forgotten Mrs. Centlivre. Later, when Sheridan begins to write, we hear a great deal of him and very little of his actors; and still later, in the early nineteenth century, when dramatic authorship dived downward to the lowest point that it has ever touched in England, we observe [in reminiscence] a great galaxy of actors.—Kean, and the Kembles, and Mrs. Siddons, and Macready.

The obvious deduction from this summary historical review appears to be that the theatre-going public will pay its money for only one thing at a time,—either to hear what an author has to say, or to see an actor act; and that it has never supported the theatre to receive both of these distinct impressions simultaneously and equally. Thus, in a retrospective view of history, we perceive a subsistent antagonism between the author and the actor which has always been contrary to the highest theory of the acted drama.

This unfortunate antagonism may be observed, at nearer view, in the records

of the nineteenth century. Throughout the first three-quarters of that most recent of completed cycles, the actor reigned supreme; but, [somewhat suddenly] in the last quarter, he resigned his supremacy to some other of his collaborative artists. The period that the veteran critic, Mr. William Winter, remembers with such pathetic eloquence in his backward-looking books was a period of memorable actors; and this [according to our logic] is only another way of saying that, at that time, there were no authors of any consequence. The public was equally interested in the art of Edwin Booth, whether he was presenting a supreme play like *Othello* or a rhetorical and imitative play like *Richelieu*, whether he was acting a great part like Hamlet or an artificial part like Bertuccio. Shakespeare, Bulwer-Lytton, Tom Taylor, looked alike to the admirers of this matchless actor. But, in studying a later and more literary age, we reread *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and forget Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and we perceive that *Mrs. Dane's Defence* is a very well-made play without recalling that Miss Lena Ashwell is an artificial actress.

The most recent shift of emphasis from the drama of the actor to the drama of the author has occurred within the recollection of theatre-goers only thirty years of age; and the greatest British actor and the greatest American actor of recent times belonged to the age that now is past and finished, instead of to the age that now seems blossoming around us. There can scarcely be a doubt that Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Richard Mansfield were the greatest actors of recent times in England and America; and yet neither of them did anything at all to further what Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has aptly termed the "Renaissance of the English Drama" in our days. They made their great successes, for the most part, in inconsiderable plays, like *The Bells* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Irving never presented a play by Pinero or Jones,—the foremost authors among his contemporary countrymen; and Mansfield never presented a play by any considerable American author,—if we except *Beau Brummel*, by the youthful Clyde Fitch, a piece in which its author's

special gifts could scarcely be made manifest. Irving rejected *Michael and His Lost Angel* [by far the greatest play that Mr. Jones has written, and one of the best plays of this modern age], although it contained two admirable parts precisely suited to himself and to Miss Terry,—for the reason, apparently, that he could endure, in his immediate vicinity, no playwright who really counted as an author. Mansfield followed out a similar career,—giving great performances in bad plays by secondary writers, and centring attention always on himself.

But, most recently of all, the drama has taken a new turning, as a result of which the prime responsibility is shouldered no longer either on the actor or on the author, but on a new and very interesting functionary,—the stage-director. This functionary, who has appeared only lately in the history of the theatre, has already, in many instances, assumed dominion over both the author and the actor, and bids fair, in the age that is immediately to come, to be the supreme leader of the acted drama. To this new artist—the stage-director—and to his special art, we must therefore devote particular attention in the present context.

II

The importance of the stage-director in the drama of to-day is rarely appreciated by the uninitiated theatre-goer. The actor appeals immediately to the eyes of the public, the author appeals immediately to their ears; but the stage-director, whose work has been completed in the period of rehearsal, is never seen in the theatre, and seldom even talked about, after his finished fabric has been offered to the audience. Yet nearly all that is shown upon the stage is the result of his selection and arrangement, and the credit for a satisfactory performance is often due less to the actors than to him.

It is the business of the stage-director to coördinate the work of the author, the actors, the pictorial artists who design the scenery and costumes, the electrician, the musicians, into a single and self-consistent whole. He decides upon the setting and the lighting of each act, selects

and arranges the furniture and properties, and works out what is called the "business" of the play. He rehearses the associated actors, and patterns their individual contributions into a balanced and harmonious performance.

His work is analogous to that of the conductor of a modern orchestra,—who, although he plays no instrument himself, coördinates the contributions of a hundred individual performers into an artistic whole, regulating the *tempo* and commanding every variation in the emphasis. Or perhaps [since we are now conversing in the summer season] we may call attention to a still closer analogy that exists between the stage-director and the manager of a professional baseball team. It is a well-known fact that baseball pennants are won not so much because of the prowess of individual players as because of the crafty handling of a team by the directing manager. The World's Championship of 1911 was not won by Bender, Plank, or Coombs, or Eddie Collins, or even "Home-Run" Baker: it was won by that astute and taciturn director of their strategy, the non-combatant Connie Mack. The base-running tactics of the Giants were adopted not merely on account of the sprinting speed of several of the members of the team, but even more on account of a theory of the game that was worked out in imagination by Manager McGraw, who never plays.

In some instances the manager of a baseball team may be himself one of the participants in the game, as was the case, till very recently, with Frank Chance of Chicago. In other instances he may be an ex-player, who has retired from actual exercise, like McGraw. Or, as in the case of Hank O'Day, of Cincinnati, he may be a student of the game who was never noted as a player on his own account. To return to our analogy—the stage-director may be the author of the play, as in the case of Sir Arthur Pinero or the late Clyde Fitch; he may be the leading actor, as in the case of Sir Henry Irving or Mrs. Fiske; he may be both of these, as in the case of Mr. Granville Barker; he may be a retired actor, like Mr. Henry Miller when he produces a piece in which he plays no part; or he

may be some student of the stage who is not known to the public as an individual performer, like Mr. George Foster Platt. The ideal situation is indubitably that in which the functions of author, leading actor, and stage-director are combined in one person, as in the classic case of Molière or in the modern instance of Mr. William Gillette; for the greater the measure of the compound imagining that is concentrated in a single mind, the greater the likelihood of a harmonious result. But in cases where the labour is divided among different people, the final and supreme responsibility, in the contemporary theatre, is vested in the stage-director. At the present time, the actor and the author can escape the domination of the stage-director only by assuming his special functions in addition to their own.

Thus, though in reviewing the history of former ages we may divide it into periods of the author's dominance, and must define the present age as a period of the dominance of the stage-director. This all-important functionary has only recently been evolved, to cope with the complexity of our modern Drama of Illusion. We are told by historians of music that in the seventeenth century there was no such thing as a conductor for an orchestra: one of the associated players, while performing on an instrument himself, merely set the *tempi* for his fellow-artists. Similarly, in the early history of baseball, the conduct of games depended almost entirely on the physical skill of individual contestants: it was only later in the evolution of the sport that such managerial expedients as the sacrifice hit, the hit and run, the squeeze play, and the double steal, came to be ordered, by hidden signals, from the bench. The problem of the contemporary theatre, for the first time in the history of the drama, is a problem of team-play, in which the contributions of the individual artists must be studiously subordinated to the directing will of a manager, or conductor, of the stage.

In their own periods people went to hear Shakespeare or went to see Garrick; and neither at the Globe Theatre nor at Drury Lane was a stage-director

thought of. But in New York, at the present day, people often flock to the theatre, not so much to listen to the author or to observe the actors, as to enjoy [to single out our most emphatic instance] the stage-direction of Mr. David Belasco,—who rarely writes any of his plays and never acts in them.

The reason for the predominance of the stage-director in the present period is that the drama has recently become [for the first time in its history] more visual than auditory in its method of appeal, and that the visual aspect of any acted play can be estimated and adjudicated rightly only by an advisory artist who sits in front of the production. The actors cannot see how the entire stage looks at any moment; and the writer of the lines [unless he be himself a stage-director] is likely not to work out in detail the visual rendition of his thought.

III

The specialised function of the stage-director was evolved into existence at a period when realism was rampant in all the arts, and when the theatre [for the only time in its history] had become adequately equipped, in its mechanical aperturances, for an approximate imitation of actuality. It is, therefore, not surprising that the history of stage-direction in the last thirty years has been the history of a return to nature. Never before has the theatre approached our present-day success in holding up the mirror to contemporary life. The plays of Mr. Granville Barker, who stage-directs his own productions as author and as actor, reflect the very look of daily life; and it seems safe to assert that the New Art of Stage-Direction has carried realism to its ultimate achievement in the art of drama.

But the very merits of our current stage-direction at its best carry with them certain concomitant defects. Our pursuit of actuality has lured us aloof from that eternal race wherein the greatest athletes among artists pass onward, in relays, the torch of truth. Our eagerness to record the temporary fact has blinded us a little to the vision of the perennial, recurrent generality. We set

forth plays that have the very look of here and now, instead of revealing intimations of immortality.

The most obvious errors of our contemporary art of stage-direction [and each of these, of course, is closely related to a merit and a triumph] are three in number. First, by its insistence on details, it disperses and distracts the attention of the audience; secondly; it imposes an unnecessary and unfortunate expense upon the business-manager of the production; and thirdly, it is, in the highest sense, inartistic, because it is unimaginative. Each of these objections may be illustrated in detail.

Our stage-direction is meritorious mainly because of the carefulness and thoroughness with which we reproduce the facts of nature; and it is erroneous mainly because of our too sedulous insistence on details. Mr. David Belasco may be selected, in America, as an exponent of the current art of stage-direction at its best. It takes him nearly two years to work up the scenical investiture of each of his productions; and, when at last he lifts his curtain, he lifts it on a glimpse of life. His only error is a tendency to diseconomise attention by forcing the spectator to look at several hundred interesting details, instead of summarising these details in an impressionistic picture that should suggest at once, and in a single glance, the mood of the action that is to be exhibited. The one room in which the entire story of *The Return of Peter Grimm* is unfolded is extremely beautiful and aptly suited to the story; but the setting is too crowded with details, and the effect of the narrative would be made more simple, and therefore more emphatic, if half a hundred interesting objects were deleted from the picture. When, for instance, an entrance door (right forward) is opened to admit an actor, it reveals a vista of a fully furnished dining-room (off-stage) that is decorated with innumerable objects that attract the eye. Hence the attention of the spectator enters the dining-room at once, and stays there, even though some necessary business of the play is being enacted in the main room on the stage.

Our present avidity for the agglomer-

ation of innumerable accurate details has increased, beyond any reasonable necessity, the expense of the average theatrical production; and this is a very unfortunate thing for the art of the drama, because it tends to make our managers more tremulous in considering the possible production of a meritorious work that may not appeal to great numbers of the public. About a year ago, Mr. George C. Tyler published a magazine article in which he complained that, whereas in 1897 the public was satisfied with a production that cost only one thousand dollars, it demanded in 1911 a production that cost seventy-five thousand dollars,—a new insistence that made the career of the producing manager exceedingly precarious at the present day. The answer is that this insistence has not been made spontaneously by the theatre-going public, but has been stimulated artificially by the managers themselves. The particular production that Mr. Tyler had in mind, at the time he wrote this article, was his own recent production of *The Garden of Allah*. At the present date it is unnecessary to insist that *The Garden of Allah*, considered as a dramatic composition, was not worthy of the expenditure of even fifty dollars; for all the real camels and imported Arabs and mechanical sandstorms in the world could not lift it into living. In other words—to look at the matter from the standpoint of art—Mr. Tyler wantonly wasted seventy-five thousand dollars in working out, in careful and complete detail, an investiture for a dramatic fabric that was worthless in itself.

Yet it cannot be denied that the success of many genuine and worthy plays is jeopardised by the fact that, under the conditions that exist at present, it costs too much to put them on the stage. In recent years Mr. Belasco has required his playwrights to unfold their stories in a single set whenever possible, and at the utmost to shift the scene of the action only once. Thus, for merely economic reasons, he now imposes on the drama an observance of the so-called Unity of Place, which the efforts of the best practitioners of other ages have proved to be an undesirable ideal.

It is obvious that, if the art of the

drama is to be allowed to develop freely, our stage-directors must devise some method of decreasing the expense of the average production. And evidently the only thing that can be done is to lessen our present insistence on accurate details, and to invent some summary and more imaginative method for projecting our stories on the stage.

For, finally, the main demerit of our current art of stage-direction is the fact that, though admirably photographic, it is utterly unimaginative. It costs a great deal to make the moon rise on the modern stage, because we invent an artifice that is a marvel of mechanical dexterity; but it cost Shakespeare nothing to make his audience imagine a moon-rise at the opening of the last act of *The Merchant of Venice*. And Shakespeare's method, even for the modern theatre, remains the better of the two. The most enjoyable experience in life is the easy exercise of one's own mind; and the spectators in the theatre will enjoy themselves in proportion as their minds are called easily into activity by the spectacle that is presented to them. The stage-director should therefore study not so much how he may accomplish the creative work himself as how he may contrive to make the audience accomplish it during the two hours' traffic of the stage. There is no advantage in setting half of Rome upon the boards to listen to Marc Antony's oration, if, with a mere handful of supernumeraries, the stage-director can make the audience imagine that half of Rome is present. We have carried the contemporary photographic method to its uttermost development: a change is obviously needed: and it is apparent that the next turn that the art of the theatre must take is a turn toward more imaginative stage-direction.

IV

The stage-direction of the immediate future has already cast its light before it. Already three thoroughly practicable remedies have been suggested for the three evils that have been enumerated. Professor Max Reinhardt, of Berlin, has shown us how we may obtain relief from the insistence on details; the Irish Players have shown us how to save money wisely

in the preparation of productions; and Mr. Gordon Craig has shown us in his practice (and endeavoured, somewhat vainly, to teach us in his theory) how we may turn the theatre to more imaginative uses.

It was very instructive, during the recent season, to compare the production of *Kismet*—which was put on, according to our customary photographic method, by one of our best American stage-directors, Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske—with Professor Reinhardt's production of *Sumurûn*. Both of these plays told phantastic Oriental stories imitated from the *Arabian Nights*; but the methods of production were diametrically dissimilar. *Kismet* was made beautiful by the elaboration of details; but *Sumurûn* was made beautiful by the suppression of details. Mr. Fiske's method was to multiply effects; but Professor Reinhardt's method was to simplify them. His scenery was exceedingly simple. He employed bare, blank backgrounds of some single, unobtrusive colour—backgrounds that stopped the eye instead of luring it onward by perspective lines; and by this means he contrived to fling full emphasis upon the costumes of his actors, which became the leading factors in his picture. Much of his scenery was deliberately crude. There was, for instance, a pink palace with wobbly little windows that looked as if a child had painted it playfully in a picture-book. *Kismet* was localised, with archaeological accuracy, in the Baghdad of a thousand years ago, and was consistently Arabian; but *Sumurûn* displayed a careful lack of localisation in either place or time. Some of the costumes suggested Turkey, others Persia or Arabia, others China or Japan; and there was no possible means of guessing at any definite date for the story. The architecture belonged to no country and to no age; it was merely phantastically Oriental. Throughout the whole production the truth was impressed upon the eye that the Orient of *Sumurûn* was an Orient of dream; and the setting had no anchorage in actuality. The lighting was similarly simple. There were only two light-values in the striking picture of the bed-chamber of the Sheik; and the scene inside the theatre

of the Hunchback was also a marvel of economy in lighting.

The second problem—the problem of expense—has been coped with practically by the Irish Players. These associated lovers of the drama carry with them an extensive repertory, and they cannot afford to spend any considerable sum of money on the investiture of any of their plays; but they have successfully surmounted this economic difficulty by casting emphasis, not on the scenery and properties, but on the reading of the lines and on the lighting of the stage. When they present a play of Synge's, they let the author do the work, by reading with undisrupted fluency the long roll of his rhythm. At other times they contrive to decorate a scarcely furnished stage by a deft manipulation of their lighting. *Birthright*, for instance, is set in a homely cottage, with only a few necessary bits of furniture and scarcely any properties. There is a fireplace (left forward), and a staircase leading off-stage to the right. The set is very shallow. The back discloses a blank, bare wall, interrupted only by a window and a door. Not a single picture is hung upon this surface of dingy plaster. But the footlights are suppressed. The stage is lighted only by the firelight, a candle on the table, and some unindicated illumination in the flies. The result is that the actors, as they move about, cast huge and varying shadows over the bare surface of the wall and decorate it continuously with fluctuating and impressive designs. Again, in *The Rising of the Moon*, the footlights are suppressed, and the stage is lighted only by two streams of apparent moonlight which come to a focus at a large barrel in the centre, on which the two most important actors seat themselves,—while the wharf and the water in the background are merely imagined in a darkness that is inscrutable and alluringly mysterious. In these two instances, the Irish Players contrived to set their stage with rare imaginative effectiveness, without any expenditure of money whatsoever.

V

One of the leaders of the new movement toward a more imaginative hand-

ling of the stage is Mr. Gordon Craig. Mr. Craig has toiled for many years as a designer of costumes, scenery, and properties; he has tried experiments in the delicate art of lighting the stage; and he has made a few productions, in various European capitals, which have been favourably received. He has been regarded by many critics as a salutary idealist, and has been hailed by a few as the prophet of a new era in the theatre. Meanwhile, he has exhibited his designs—all of which are odd and many of which are interesting—and has talked a great deal, in those rapt, ecstatic, and indecipherable terms that impress the uninitiated.

Mr. Craig has recently published in America a volume *On the Art of the Theatre*.* This volume is a bewildering production. It indicates that, however able Mr. Craig may be as a designer of scenery and costumes, he is utterly incapable of any exercise of the literary art. His book is inconsecutive and incoherent. He splashes about in a splurge of words, like a baby in a bath-tub. Several of his reviewers have hailed him as a genius—by which they mean, apparently, that he is incapable of intelligent analysis or orderly exposition. His book is an extremely messy work. He begins by damning the entire contemporary theatre—a theatre, let us remember, that is illustrated by the labours of such artists as Pinero, Maeterlinck, and Brieux—and by announcing with prophetic solemnity that he, and he alone, can reform and rehabilitate it; and then he talks and talks, for page after page, without offering any explanation of the method by which he intends to proceed to this accomplishment. Whatever ideas he may have in his head are obscured by his futile efforts to express them. His volume is therefore an exasperating work. The reader feels that he knows less about the author's principles after he has read it than he thought he knew before he began to turn the pages. This noisy and amorphous publication actually subtracts from the reader's knowledge, not only of the general art of the

* *On the Art of the Theatre*. By Edward Gordon Craig. Chicago: Browne's Bookstore.

theatre, but of Mr. Craig's particular ideas. If Mr. Craig sincerely desires to contribute to the progress of the stage, he should first gag himself, and then permit some trained and skilful writer to study his designs and explain their purpose lucidly and sanely to the public.

Yet, beneath the raving of this pre-tentious and preposterous indigestion of ideas, the patient reader may perceive the recurrence of certain principles which are more sane than this rabid writer's exposition of them. Mr. Craig, for instance, refuses to regard the drama either as a department of literature or as a department of pictorial art. He regards it as a distinct and independent artistic evocation, of which the elements are action, words, line, colour, and rhythm. He considers the stage-director as inevitably the ultimate, supreme commander of the collaboration required by this compound art. All of this is sane enough; but he then proceeds to deify the stage-director. He even goes so far as to express a desire to abolish both the author and the actor in order that the stage-director may not be hampered by any intermediary artists in the expression of his imaginative ideas. Mr. Craig would supplant the actor by a perfect, but involuntary, puppet, which he calls by the hybrid and horrific term of *Uber-Marionette*; and by a company of these puppets he would have the drama acted without words. Thereby he would cast preponderant emphasis upon the scenery and lighting, and would make the drama only an exercise in stage-direction. It is hardly necessary to remark that this idea is mad.

Mr. Craig has recently made a production of *Hamlet* in the Art Theatre of Moscow; and the accounts of this production are much more worthy of studious consideration than any of his own remarks in the volume now before us. Let us consider the following passage from a report in the *London Times* for January 12, 1912:

Every scene in the *Hamlet* has for its foundation an arrangement of screens which rise

to the full height of the proscenium, and consist of plain panels devoid of any decoration. Only two colours are used—a neutral cream shade and gold. A complete change of scene is created simply by the rearrangement of these screens, whose value lies, of course, not so much in themselves, as in their formation and the lighting. Mr. Craig has the singular power of carrying the spiritual significance of words and dramatic situations beyond the actor to the scene in which he moves. By the simplest of means he is able, in some mysterious way, to evoke almost any sensation of time or space, the scenes even in themselves suggesting variation of human emotion.

Take, for example, the Queen's chamber in the Castle of Elsinore. Like all the other scenes, it is simply an arrangement of the screens already mentioned. There is nothing which definitely represents a castle, still less the locality or period; and yet no one would hesitate as to its significance—and why? Because it is the spiritual symbol of such a room. A symbol, moreover, whose form is wholly dependent upon the action which it surrounds; every line, every space of light and shadow, going directly to heighten and amplify the significance of that action, and becoming thereby something more than its mere setting—a vital and component part no longer separable from the whole.

All of this is extremely interesting—though we may wish that the correspondent of the *Times* had been a little more explicit in elucidating precisely how Mr. Craig's arrangement of monochromatic screens became the "spiritual symbol of a room." One point is clear: and that is that Mr. Craig has apparently succeeded in suppressing all superfluous details, in diminishing considerably the expenditure of the producing manager, and in forcing the audience to create in imagination the most telling features of the investiture of the play. In doing this he has pointed the way toward a new manipulation of the exercise of stage-direction, which is more laudatory than the manifestations of this difficult art which are commonly current in the theatre of to-day.

THE MISSION PAGEANT AT SAN GABRIEL

BY WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

On the twenty-ninth of April there was produced at San Gabriel (near one of the oldest missions in California) a mission pageant play—a presentation unique in the annals of American dramatic history. The establishment of this mission play, which is to be an annual institution, is unquestionably an important and significant dramatic event. A special theatre was built, and the actual cost of the first production, exclusive of salaries, was over fifty thousand dollars. Three hundred people, led by the Princess Lazarovich-Hrebreljanovich (Eleanor Calhoun), took part in the performance. The play was produced by Henry Kabierske, who produced the Queen's Jubilee Pageant in England and the Pageant of American History at Philadelphia.

HENRY KABIERSKE, WHO PRODUCED THE "MISSION PLAY." MR. KABIERSKE IS A PAGEANT MASTER OF WIDE REPUTE. HE WAS THE DIRECTOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA HISTORICAL PAGEANT, AND THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE PAGEANT IN ENGLAND.

JOHN STEVEN MCGROARTY, THE AUTHOR OF THE "MISSION PLAY," A SIGNIFICANT DRAMATIC PAGEANT FOUNDED ON THE EARLY FRANCISCAN HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA.

THE FIRST CHRISTENING OF AN INDIAN IN CALIFORNIA. A SCENE IN ACT I OF THE THEATRE AT SAN GABRIEL, CALIFORNIA. THIS EDUCATIONAL COMMUNITY PLAY IS THE NUMEROUS REQUIREMENTS OF PAGEANTRY, BUT FOLLOWING CLOSELY THE LINES UNIFIED, CAREFULLY BUILT TRAGEDY, ARE ALL HISTORICAL FIGURES; AND THE NARRATIVE THAT PART OF EARLY CALIFORNIA HISTORY FROM THE FIRST WHITE SETTLEMENT ON THE END OF SPAIN'S DOMINANCE, SIXTY-FIVE YEARS LATER. IN THE PRESENT AND DON GASPAR DE PORTOLA, THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION. THE BAPTISMAL OCCURS THE DISCOVERY AND NAMING OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

THE CLIMAX OF ACT I OF THE "MISSION PLAY." JUST AS PORTOLA AND HIS LITTLE ASCENDS PRESIDIO HILL AND PRAYS FOR DON GALVEZ'S RELIEF SHIP, WHICH FOR POINT LOMA -AN EVENT WHICH MARKS THE BEGINNING OF CALIFORNIA HISTORY. HAS BEEN IN SEARCH OF MONTEREY; THE SUPPLIES HAVE DWINDLED; STARVATION OF CIVILISING CALIFORNIA IS TO BE ABANDONED AT THE TURNING OF THE TIDE. GREAT AN INFLUENCE DOES HE WIELD, THAT FOR THE LAST HALF OF THE ACT THE FORCE OF THE PERSONALITIES OF ITS CHARACTERS, THE EPIC ROMANCE OF THIS BIT FORM OF PAGEANT COULD REVEAL IT, NO MATTER HOW STUPENDOUS OR IMPRESSIVE

"MISSION PLAY," A HISTORICAL PAGEANT-DRAMA RECENTLY PRESENTED IN ITS OWN UNLIKE ANYTHING OF ITS KIND EVER ATTEMPTED IN AMERICA, MEETING NOT ONLY OF DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION. THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY, WHICH IS A TIVE ITSELF DOES NOT DEVIATE FROM ACTUAL HISTORIC EVENTS. THE PLAY COVERS THE SHORES OF SAN DIEGO BAY, TO THE INVASION OF THE GRINGOS, WHICH MARKED SCENE ARE FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA, THE FRANCISCAN PADRES WHO CAME WITH HIM, EVENT HERE DEPICTED IS TAKEN DIRECT FROM THE ANNALS OF HISTORY. IN THIS ACT

BAND OF SOLDIERS AND MONKS ARE ABOUT TO ABANDON CALIFORNIA, FATHER SERRA MONTHS HAS BEEN EXPECTED. DURING HIS PRAYER THE FRIGATE APPEARS AROUND THE SCENE IS ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC IN THE PLAY. DON GASPAR FOR MONTHS AND SICKNESS HAVE SET IN, THE SOLDIERS DEMAND TO BE RETURNED, AND THE WORK FATHER JUNIPERO ALONE HOLDS BACK, AND SO POWERFUL A FIGURE IS HE, AND SO ENTIRE CONFLICT IS CENTRED ABOUT HIM. THROUGH ITS DRAMATIC ACTION AND THE OF PIONEER HISTORY IS MORE INTIMATELY REVEALED TO THE SPECTATOR THAN ANY THE SPECTACLE.

AN INDIAN FOLK-DANCE IN ACT II OF THE "MISSION PLAY." THE MISSIONS HAVE TROL OF THE PACIFIC. CASTILIAN CIVILIZATION IS AT ITS HEIGHT. THE SCENE IS AT THIS ACT THERE PASSES BEFORE THE SPECTATOR A COMPLETE PAGEANT OF SPANISH HERE THE TABLEAUX ARE FUSED WITH THE PERSONALITIES OF HISTORIC PERSON-SEQUENCE OF DRAMATIC EVENTS WHICH RUNS THROUGHOUT THE PLAY. THE PADRES WHOSE HEADQUARTERS WERE AT MONTEREY, AND THE SPANISH POPULACE HAVE GATH THE INDIAN CRAFTS AND THE PERFORMANCE OF THE EARLY SPANISH DANCES. THE AND THE "PROPERTIES" ARE ALL GENUINE HISTORICAL RELICS.

THE DENUNCIATION OF CAPTAIN RIVERA Y MONCADA IN ACT II OF THE "MISSION OF THE KING'S TROOPS. IN THE SCENE SHOWN HERE HE HAS COME WITH HIS SOL-FRANCISCAN NEOPHYTE. THEY ARE SEEN KNEELING AT THE FEET OF FATHER JUNI-BUT IS DISARMED BY FATHER SITJER, A PRIEST KNOWN IN HISTORY AS "THE FIGHTING FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACT. RIVERA WAS EVENTUALLY EXCOMMUNICATED FROM WAS A FOUNDER OF ONE OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS, AND THE MONKS ARE REPRO-AGAIN, BY REDUCING HISTORY TO DRAMATIC CONCRETENESS, AND BY INVESTING THE OF HISTORY ARE INDELIBLY IMPRESSED UPON THE MINDS OF THE SPECTATORS.

NOW BEEN BUILT. FATHER JUNIPERO IS APPROACHING THE END. SPAIN IS IN CON-
THE MISSION SAN CARLOS IN MONTEREY, DURING ONE OF THE ANNUAL FETES. IN
CIVILISATION AND THE FRANCISCAN ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN THE WEST. BUT EVEN
AGES. THERE IS CONTINUOUS DIALOGUE AND NO SPECTACLE IS DETACHED FROM THE
FROM ALL THE MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA, THE OFFICERS OF THE KING'S SOLDIERY,
ERED IN THE PATIO OF THE CARMEL MISSION. IN THIS ACT OCCURS THE EXHIBIT OF
INCIDENTAL MUSIC IS WRITTEN BY A CALIFORNIAN FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE PLAY.

PLAY." IN 1784 RIVERA WAS THE GUBERNADO OF CALIFORNIA AND THE COMMANDANTE
DIERS TO TAKE AWAY ANITA, A YOUNG HALF-BREED GIRL WHO LOVES PABLO, A SAN
PERO, WHO HAS JUST MARRIED THEM. THE GUBERNADO ATTEMPTS TO STRIKE SERRA,
PADRE OF SAN ANTONIO." THE CLASH BETWEEN SERRA AND RIVERA IS A SITUATION
THE CHURCH. EACH FRANCISCAN MONK REPRESENTED ON THE STAGE IN THIS SCENE
DUCED IN THE "MISSION PLAY" NOT ONLY IN CHARACTER BUT IN APPEARANCE. HERE
CHARACTERS WITH DRAMATIC PERSONALITY, NOT ONLY THE EVENTS BUT THE IDEALS

ACT II OF THE "MISSION PLAY." THIS SCENE IS THE MOST IMPRESSIVE OF THE WHOLE EARLY HISTORY. TO HIS INDOMITABLE COURAGE WAS DUE THE MISSION REGIME. HE WAS KNOWN AS THE FATHER PRESIDENTE AND WAS LOVED BY ALL. WITH HIS WELL SPEECH TO THE ASSEMBLED PADRES WHO CAME EACH YEAR TO MAKE THEIR THE PRESAGE THAT HE WOULD NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN, HE CALLED THEM TOGETHER FIRST EXPEDITION, AND MADE THEM GOOD-BYE. THE ROLE OF SERRA IS HERE POR-CHARACTER OF THIS GREAT STRIKING FIGURE OF FRANCISCAN HISTORY THAT SERRA

ARE IN RUINS; THE INDIANS HAVE DETERIORATED; THE GRINGOS HAVE DESECRATED OF HISTORY. HAS BEEN ACCIDENTALLY SHOT BY ONE OF THE INDIANS, JUST AS HER ACTION HERE IS SYMBOLIC, BUT THE DRAMATIC INTEREST IS NOT ABATED. IN LIKE THE DEATH OF SENORA JOSEFA, IS A SYMBOL OF THE TRAGIC FADING OUT OF THE LAID FORTY YEARS AFTER ACT II. ONE CHARACTER REMAINS, THE DODDERING AND SERRA. EACH ACT OF THE "MISSION PLAY" REPRESENTS AN IMPORTANT PHASE OF STRUGGLES OF THE EARLY PIONEERS; (2) THE ZENITH OF SPANISH POWER, (3) THE

THE EXTERIOR OF THE MISSION PLAYHOUSE AT SAN GABRIEL, CALIFORNIA, SHOWING A SECTION OF A REPRODUCTION OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY, AND THE EARLY CALIFORNIA MISSIONS IN MINIATURE. THE PLAYHOUSE IS CONSTRUCTED IN MISSION ARCHITECTURE. IT IS FURNISHED AND DECORATED BY HISTORICAL RELICS, ALL OF WHICH HAVE BEEN LOANED FOR THE PURPOSE. THE STAGE IS NEARLY A HUNDRED FEET ACROSS, AND IN THE CAST OF THE "MISSION PLAY" ARE OVER THREE HUNDRED PERSONS. THE PLAYHOUSE IS SITUATED ON HISTORIC GROUND OPPOSITE ONE OF THE OLDEST MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA, IN THE SHADOW OF CENTURY OLD PEPPER TREES PLANTED BY THE EARLY FRANCISCAN FATHERS. THE "MISSION PLAY" IS TO BE AN ANNUAL INSTITUTION RUNNING DURING THE LATE WINTER AND EARLY SPRING MONTHS. THE ENTERPRISE IS UNIQUE IN THE ANNALS OF AMERICAN DRAMATIC HISTORY. THE COMMUNITY, EDUCATIONAL AND HISTORICAL PAGEANT HAS BEEN COMBINED WITH DRAMATIC NARRATIVE WITHOUT LOSING ANY OF THE FUNDAMENTAL ELEMENTS OF PAGEANTRY. THE PARTICIPANTS ARE ALL CALIFORNIANS, THE INDIANS ARE OF THE NATIVE TRIBES, AND MANY OF THE COSTUMES ARE GENUINE HISTORICAL RAIMENT. THE STAGE "PROPERTIES" ARE ALL ANTIQUES, AND THE SCENERY AND MURAL DECORATIONS ARE PAINTED BY LOCAL ARTISTS. THE "MISSION PLAY" IS A RADICAL DEPARTURE FROM THE FORMALITIES OF THE USUAL HISTORICAL PAGEANT, AND MARKS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT STEPS EVER TAKEN IN COMMUNITY PAGEANTRY IN AMERICA.

THE LAST HOME

BY AGNES LEE

Apart I lie, below the pulsing crowd,
In the last home at last.
Ah well, in the old days I have been proud!
Now meekness holds me fast.

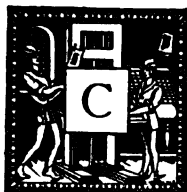
I have been friend to potency and fame.
Fair coins my face enring.
Once to my hearth a lordly prætor came,
And once an Orient king.

They left their pearls upon my brow elate,
Their opals on my breast.
But now in my humility I wait
To house a meaner guest.

Then, little worm, come in, ere time dispraise
The perfect flower it bore.
Ah yes, I have been proud in the old days!
But I am proud no more.

THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

BY FLORENCE MINARD



CONTRAST makes the world exist. Without it life would be as invisible a thing as a black cat on a dark night, a white house in a dense fog. A flash of light, a dash of colour,—on such revealing forces reality depends.

A young girl's reply, when asked what finishing school she is going to choose, has in itself little interest, but when viewed against a contrasting background, the careless answer, "Oh, I am not bothering to think about it; mother says perhaps I won't have to go anywhere," springs at once into vital significance.

No opposing point of view could offer a more striking contrast to this lethargic indifference than the fever of eagerness which everywhere pervades the public evening schools of this country.

The power of physical force stimulated by enthusiasm which is met in the night classes is astonishing. Every

pupil to a man has done a day's work, has toiled for the earning of his wage. Their day begins at six o'clock in the morning, with the sound of the mill whistle, the musical instrument to which their lives are attuned. To the factories, foundries, shops and offices they hurry. They do not need to read Arnold Bennett to know how to keep busy. They are not paid to sit with idle hands. Yet each night at half past seven o'clock they are waiting as eagerly for the big doors to open as did Alla Baba wait to gain entrance into the cave of hidden treasure. Somewhere in Rose Morrissey's rushing hours behind the glove counter she has found time for stenography and English grammar. Patrick Flynn, grocer's delivery boy, can hardly wait for the laboratory cases to be unlocked to go on with his electrical experiments. Each personality differs from the next, but all alike are infused with will to do and to know, all coming with outstretched hands to receive the gift of power through

knowledge, the hunger for self-expression, long repressed through generations, burning in their eyes.

Among no class is found so great a degree of eagerness as that shown by the

students from the immigrant population. At once upon landing to find the opportunity to learn "free to all" is a most convincing verification of the wonderful messages which have drawn them across seas.

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"AT NIGHT HE CARES ONLY TO DRAW"

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and an eloquent sweep of the hand recalls the legend of the master's perfect circle drawn with one stroke as a sign for the satisfaction of the Pope's messenger. Yet Giotto was only a poor sheep herder who was given a chance, so why may not the dream come true. The world would welcome another such.

But how do they know these things? How is it that out of a perfectly clear sky, with complete simplicity, Ricetelli lingers after class to ask if he may be taught architectural drawing too, because it is well to understand about it even as did Michael Angelo? How can it be that these untrained members of society, these children from the masses, should take great names upon their lips with as perfect familiarity as though converse with them were a matter of daily habit? Has the news come to them that these are things about which one should know? Is it the ambition to be well-informed that is actuating them, the determination to leave no stone unturned along the high road to success?

Perfectly unconscious of any effect they may be producing on others, one has only to look into their faces to see and wonder at the rare quality of their earnestness to feel how much is their unaffected choice of hero the product of centuries of natural intimacy with the works of the illustrious.

Of thoroughgoing Americans there are many who would scorn to be "dagos," yet whose artistic taste is bounded on the north by the cartoons of the Sunday Supplement, on the south by the Pretty Girl Pictures, and on the east and west by desert wastes of utter ignorance. Their creed of pictured beauty is established, their judgment unwavering. They loudly resent any intrusion into the narrow limits where they abide, knowing just what they like.

But such as these are not in the evening classes, rather such types as Aquitelus, the Armenian, who speaks English with an exquisiteness of pronunciation delightful to the ear. Graduated from two Armenian universities, working for an American degree, he wishes to be taught drawing that he may understand its underlying principles. "English, I read perfectly, and speak correctly, I

think, but I can never get the accent. Everywhere I hear 'ry up,' 'ry up' so fast. I say 'hurry up,' but no, it is as one word, 'ry up' that it is said. Then, too, I say, 'up stairs'" (with careful enunciation of the consonant in up). "They laugh and say that I pronounce it 'uppa stairs.' I do not pronounce it 'uppa stairs,' but I can never say it so rapidly, like one word; it is not so written." He speaks four languages besides his own, "French and German better than English," this quite simply said, without a shadow of boasting or complacency. "The world is so very old, is it not, and there is so much to know. It is too interesting, I think, sometimes, one life is so short and one can learn so little."

The class is as cosmopolitan as art herself and is formed from all nations of the earth. Fleeing from the bondage of Russia, across a continent and a sea, they have found their way at last here, where they answer "present" at roll call in company with Greek and Roman, Jew and Gentile, each one as simply and naturally as though he were indigenous to the soil.

Aquitelus, Luigi, Pasquale, Ricetelli and all the rest, how America should welcome you with widespread arms. If she gives you your heart's desire, shall you not indeed repay her a hundred-fold with the development of your splendid vitality, the richness of your ancient heritage.

"Poor devils," some one says as the immigrants pour up from the docks, struggling with ungainly burdens, bewildered and awkward before the oppressive strangeness of this new shore. But rather these are they of whom we should say, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." This very America to which they have so newly come was discovered, let us not forget, by one of these same eager foreigners, that it might stand through the years a shelter to the oppressed, a place where the downtrodden of the earth, released from tyranny, should grow into their birthright of power and become the sinews of the race of men. Perhaps it was to prepare a place for these, bearing within them the seeds of a finer sensibility, an old world simplicity; in their

"FROM THE FIRST MOMENT HE WAS CAPTIVATED"

eyes the vision of an ancient art ; in their voices the soft tones of forgotten cadences. Perhaps it was to clear the soil, break the stones, hew the timbers and build the walls of this new world habitation ready for their adorning, that the

Mayflower fathers, austere and rigid, came first, begetting generations of thrift and industry that the land should be full of plenty and prosperity for their coming.

How thorough and culminative seems

"TO HIS EYES A PLACE OF WONDER"

this age and its accomplishments. Yet, one wonders, centuries after if it will not be regarded substantial and commonplace as a square of honest stone half

sunk in earth, while all eyes turn with wonder and delight to the figure of beauty these same immigrants have builded upon it.

THE COMING OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

BY AMEEN RIHANI

IN TWO PARTS. PART II

III



N German, Christian Maximilian Habicht is responsible for the first translation of *The Nights* as for the European Arabic Edition. It is certain that De Sacy, under whom Habicht studied a little Arabic, when he was Secretary to the Prussian Legation at Paris, had little or nothing to do with the work. But there are three others, natives to the Arabic tongue, with whom Habicht had considerable literary and linguistic commerce; namely, Father Raphael of Cairo, then teaching Arabic in Paris; Mordecai ibn en-Najjar, of Tunis, who lived with him in the same house; and Antoun Dubbanah Bey, of Cairo, who loaned him his manuscript of *The Nights*. But Dubbanah Bey's manuscript was not considered authentic; Ibn en-Najjar, who transcribed for him many stories from a Tunisian manuscript, was a sorry scribe, a mercenary one; and Father Raphael, though knowing more Arabic than De Sacy, did not succeed in imparting his knowledge to his Austrian student. Hence the garbled text of that execrable patchwork known as Habicht's *Recension of the Arabian Nights*, which was published at Breslau about the time Edward Lane's English translation appeared.

Habicht was an enterprising Orientalist who thought nothing of borrowing or stealing or mangling a manuscript so it fit in the general frame of his work. And this is true of his *Recension* as well as his German translation, which was made both from the French and the Arabic. He translated from Gautier and Caussin de Perceval, who expanded Galland's, and added what was needed to complete the work from his own fragmentary tales which he collected when in

Paris. Even that Tunisian manuscript, with which he hoodwinked even the scholars, was nothing more than the tales he received from the Jewish scribe, Ibn en-Najjar. That much of the success of Habicht's work—if success it be—is due to the industry and friendship of this Tunisian Jew, is undoubted. It seems that he was a professional scrivener, this Mordecai, for he copied stories for others besides Habicht, who, nevertheless, liked him well. On the title page of Volume II of the Arabic Edition is this note: "Following is the story of Seif el Moluk which is copied by my dear Brother Mordecai ibn en-Najjar of Tunis." And as these were received from his "dear Brother" then in Tunis, written on different kinds of paper, they were bound together, without correction or revision, except that here and there, with lead pencil, Habicht would make the (his arbitrary) divisions into Nights. Other scribes there were, it seems, besides Ibn en-Najjar. For a colophon to one of the volumes says, Written by Herbin of Paris. An enterprising and surprising scholar was Habicht; and any one, indeed, that came his way, and was in any way familiar with Arabic or *The Nights*, had to contribute toward the success of the great enterprise. Even De Sacy was not spared. For one of his manuscripts was called into requisition that some excerpts from it might serve to fill a few gaps in his own. And thus, he numbered *The Nights* and renumbered them to suit his purpose, and printed them without the slightest qualm of conscience, giving grammar, sense, and style a *grand congé*. But Baron Von Hammer and Gustave Weil (the latter's translation is the best and most complete, I am told) made amends for the literary and linguistic enormities of Christian Maximilian Habicht.

IV

We now come to England. Early in the eighteenth century a pinch of *The Nights* was sown in Grub Street, but it did not take root. In his essay on Temperance, Addison gives an epitome of the story of the Physician and the King from the *Arabian Nights Tales*. He also translated and published in another number of *The Spectator* the story of Alnachar (en-Nashshar, the Sawyer), which is that of the Fifth Brother of the Barber in the "Adventures of the Hunchback." But this Grub Street specimen of *The Nights* did not germinate. The seeds that were wafted across the Channel with

the down of Galland's thistle were frosted in the pages of *The Spectator*. Historically speaking, however, that was the real first English translation from *The Nights*, excepting, of course, Forster's rendering of Galland's Version.

Then Jonathan Scott tried his hand at the task and failed. He started to translate, inaccurately enough, with a sense of decency undisguised, filling his ellipses with "modesty will not permit, nor is it necessary to relate what happened between the twain"; and ending by copying from Galland. Apparently Scott did not think it necessary to follow his initial purpose, since Galland's translation was, as he admitted, as good as any-

SIR RICHARD BURTON

For twenty years, in all his travels the book of "The Nights" was Burton's only source of solace and joy.

thing he could do. So he falls to copying from the French author, altering little except the spelling of the names, and repeatedly telling himself and his public that Galland's version was in the main so correct! that it was useless to go over the work afresh. It is strange, indeed, that the first English translation of *The Nights* should have an Habicht-like parentage. But Scott, whose incuriousness was as phenomenal as Habicht's, whose Arabic and Arabism were as bad also, was not as bold, exigent, and laborious as the Austrian translator-editor-publisher. Nor was he desirous of swelling the work into a dozen volumes, lacking, probably, the commercial instinct of Habicht. He struck out at his pleasure many of the Tales, "both immoral and indecent in construction," and others in which "the incidents are too meagre and puerile to interest a European reader of any taste!"

To give one instance of Scott's method: Sindbad the Sailor, reflecting on the time he had lost and the profligacy of his past life, calls to mind the saying of Solomon that three things are better than three things: the day of death than the day of birth; a living dog than a dead lion; the grave than the palace. Which Scott translates: "I remember the saying of the great Solomon, which I had frequently from my father, that death is preferable to poverty." Eminently journalistic!

About the time that Scott was botching it in England, however, a more serious attempt was being made in India. Henry Torrens, Irishman, poet, dilettante Orientalist, was already engaged on a translation which had peculiar and singular merits. But though he felt the glamour of *The Nights* and seemed to have lived and dreamed in them like Mardrus, he was not fully equipped for the task. That he was the most brilliant luminary of an Indian circle, is undoubted. But he knew little Arabic and not as much of the dialects of Egypt and Syria. Nevertheless, he published one volume of his translation. And had it been completed, Payne said, he would not have undertaken his.

He who followed Scott and Torrens accomplished his task, and for forty years his literal translation, which is as

unreadable as Sale's *Koran*, stood alone as the then complete and popular edition of *The Nights*. Edward Lane, an eminent scholar, a fine Arabist, an Egyptomaniac, must have been horrified by the methods of both his predecessors. But, like Scott, without the amusing apology, however, he, too, omitted the indecent portions in the text; and unlike Torrens, he tried to impart to the literal the saving tone and flavour of a style which, though dignified, was more suited for the essay than the romance. His work has a few points of advantage, especially in the study of customs and manners. For he lived a long time in Egypt, and he acknowledges the assistance of two natives, Sheikh Mohammed Eyiad and M. Salamé. But how insipid, how jejune, how hideous and hag-like is a literal translation, when the translator lacks the imaginative quality and the Oriental poetic fervour! Lane's work reminds one of the modern expurgated Arabic editions of *The Nights*, made classical and dry by the Christian scholar or the European missionary.

It is curious to notice how one translator seems to react, as it were, on the one preceding him. Scott, for instance, comes out with an undisguised Puritanic version; Torrens with a version of the tavern. Then comes Lane to rebuke both, and with a deference to Mrs. Grundy and Mr. Addison, succeeds only in producing a cold, dry, unimaginative version of the drawing room. It has neither the advantage of being English literature nor a true living picture of the Arabic. Like a too Occidental paraphrase, a servilely literal translation must always prove a failure. In both methods, the grandiose and infantile of Oriental folklore seem ridiculous. And to miss them entirely, as we do in Scott, is better than beholding them cold and dry, as in the pages of Lane. But is there not another medium—the magic medium which no language lacks—through which the picturesqueness, the simplicity, the naïvete, the terseness, the plain childish directness of Arabic, can be made to breathe, not artificially or asthmatically, as in that single volume of Torrens, but naturally, unconsciously, unassumingly, as in the Original? Can the Arabic turn

of expression retain all its force and beauty in the elegant but sometimes uncongenial disguise of modern idiom? This is the problem. And we shall see how the two succeeding translators have grappled with it. That they both did their best and were more equipped for the great task than any of their predecessors, is beyond doubt.

V

Richard Burton, soldier, explorer, scholar, author, ethnologist, and *rawy*, knew, it is said, thirty-five languages and dialects, especially that of pornography. He served his country in the Bombay Army Corps, and as British Consul, for twenty years, in Asia, Africa, Europe and Brazil. He left a literary baggage of thirty-seven volumes, chief among which are the seventeen volumes of *The Thousand Nights and One Night*, which are now diligently sought only by the curious lecher or the serious scholar. Learned and erratic, Burton was a singular disparate duality of East and West, the Mohammedan *alem* in him locking with the English taverner of Elizabethan days. As remarkable himself as any character in *The Nights*, he attempted a pilgrimage to Mecca, disguised as an Afghan Muslem, under the name of Hajj Abdullah. But that he never entered the sacred precincts of that city is certain.

For twenty years, in all his travels, the book of *The Nights* was Burton's only source of solace and joy. The whole spirit of it flowed into his own, forming a distinct Oriental atmosphere which was more pronounced in his life than in his work. Indeed, the Oriental fancy, making the spiritual and supernatural as common as the natural and material, never extinguished its light in the pinacothek of his brain, to borrow his own term, which was exclusively a picture gallery of the wonderful Tales. Familiarity with the Arabic dialects gave him an advantage over the scholars who might have been more learned in Arabic than himself. And he could as well surprise the native *alem* as entertain the native peasant. In that happy circle before the tent in the desert, he himself would be the central figure, the *rawy*; he

would recite to the Arabs in their own dialect the wonderful tales of *The Nights*, and his hearers, exclaiming, Allah, Allah! would roll on the sands with laughter.

Burton's was a real genuine avocation, which he followed with delight for many years under all sorts of conditions;—whether travelling with the Bedu in the desert, or searching for hidden lakes in the wilds of Africa, or exploring the mysterious land of Midian and its gold mines, or excavating ancient ruins, places of enchantment, vanished scenes, perhaps, of the Tales, he still pursued his great task, and never ceased to dream his great dream of putting in the shade all his predecessors, the translators of *The Nights*. But in another part of the world, and perhaps under more favourable conditions, another English Arabist, fired with the same ambition, was then engaged on a similar task. John Payne, too, would startle the English-speaking world, in whose gilding of refinement innocence of the word is more desired than innocence of the thought or the deed, with the bald realism—the naked, unsophisticated, naïve spirit—of a Work which had been distorted into Family Editions, Drawing Room Editions, and such like. Both Payne and Burton were dreaming the same dream, wooing the same task, looking forward to the same laurels. And although Payne was first to bid for them, they were reserved for Burton, who, nevertheless, shared them with his friend. But the great achievement was in a certain sense a failure. Alas, O Hajj Abdullah! even *thy* great work was tamed down to a "Ladies of England" Edition,—eunuchated, as it were, by the hand of thine own faithful spouse. And she burned what remained of the Satodean stuff, Allah be praised! which was to be made a Supplement to the Supplementary Nights.

But why, it will be asked, if Burton was so imbued with the Oriental spirit, so deep withal in *The Nights'* secret of illusion, was his work in a sense a failure? His medium, first of all, failed him. And his literary eccentricities did not serve him well. True, the plain and naïve in the Original are rich and beautiful on many a page of the Translation: the Arabesque decoration, too, marvel-

lous as it is, though losing its form, seldom loses its flavour; but how often they are marred, alas, by a fatal something which has in it the suddenness of the tavern whoop or the outlandishness of an African barracoon. And that racy terseness, that naturalness, in which, now and then, an Oriental quaint conceit peeps coquettishly out of Elizabethan prose,—how often it is defeated by the heavy dragging semi-Biblical gear which is made to represent the whole mechanical structure of Arabic rhetoric. For Burton retained it all, unwieldy as it is. The rhymed prose, however, the cadence, the balance of sentence, the alliteration,—he coined a word when necessary for the purpose,—the assonants and dissonants,—these are often grotesque, sometimes amusing, and rarely agreeable in an Anglo-Saxon dress.

As for the anthropological notes and notelets, gleaned from the Satodean literature of Arabia, India, Greece and Rome—Burton's pornographic Arabic library alone must have made a few camel loads—and supplemented with observations and studies made in the wilds and jungles of primitive tribes,—these footnotes, often dragged by the feet into the book, and cried up by him as the most important feature of it, are instructive, to be sure, and entertaining. But why cumber *The Nights*, which is neither a pathological nor a theological treatise, with all this? Why, indeed, try to fetter romance and illusion with scientific and anthropological dissertations? It is a mistake to believe that no complete translation of *The Nights* can ever be complete without a marginal lumber of some kind. It may seem unjust to speak of an enlightening commentary as "lumber," but what place, I ask, has a three-page footnote on eunuchs in a fairy tale?

And yet, an Occidental reader, become slavishly intellectual and analytical, might prefer these to the poetry interspersed in *The Nights*, which in a translation does seem extraneous. But it is certainly an indispensable portion of the original. Carried by the illusion, than which to an Oriental there is nothing more real, the intensity of his emotions is given a breathing spell in the interruption of the bard. His songs are the

pauses in the story, the resting-places on the wayside to the palace of enchantment, to the Kaf hills of dreams. But these pauses, these interruptions are irritating to an Occidental audience, because the illusion to them is not alive, not real. Even if they were done into real English verse, these odes and elegies in *The Nights* would still be as cumbersome as the marginal lumber of the scholar.

But what have we instead of real poetry in all the complete translations? Alas, something which is neither prose nor verse. The literal rendering of either Mardrus or Lane is execrable; while that of Payne is better by far than Burton's. Payne himself was a poet, whatever his "Master Villon," whom he translated into English, might say to the contrary. But the Arabic bard has a right to say more; he and Villon can not share the same satisfaction in their translator.

Both Payne and Burton wrote learnedly and exhaustively on Arabic prosody; the subtle mechanism and the elusive spirit of it, they both perceived and appreciated; but they could not give in a translation the magic and music, the spirit-stirring lyricism of the original. The Arabic rhythm, do what we may, cannot be produced in English, because—and this vital point must have escaped both Payne and Burton—the shortest vowel-wave in the shortest meter has not the minimum pause of a dactyl or an anapest. And this almost continuous flow, with so many unaccented syllables forming an undertone, soft but heady, is the innate lyric charm of Arabic poetry, the secret of its magic power. The translator, therefore, must content himself with the spirit, and let the form, the outward mechanism, go. For the physiognomy of Arabic is quite another than that of any European language. So, too, its genius. Burton tried to find a vernacular suited to the turn of phrase or idea, but he failed miserably. Payne, in preserving the rhyme-scheme and sometimes a mere shadow of the rhythm, succeeded only in raising his lines from the level of prose; but he could not raise them high enough, shackled as they are in their native poetic tradition, to the height of poetry. This can be accom-

plished, not in a translation, but only in what might be called a transmigration.

And what is true of the poetry is partly true of the prose of *The Nights*. All the translators here discussed have only succeeded in giving us either a kind of "punch" in an Occidental bowl, or a peculiarly insipid something in an Oriental jar. The tone, the flavour, the spirit is

either too weak or too turbid. The transmigration of *The Nights*, therefore, in their migration to the West, even like an Arabic poem, seems inevitable. And in the hands of a true literary genius, now that it has gone through the hands of the Arabist and scholar, either Payne's translation or Burton's can be made an English classic.

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THE COMING

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

NOTE: *This poem was written by Mr. Howells when he was less than twenty-three years of age. At the time he was one of the editors of "The Ohio State Journal." The poem was written either in the offices of that newspaper or at his rooms in Columbus, as he had spent almost all of the year preceding the reading of the poem in that city. The poem was read before the Editorial Convention Ohio, at Tiffin, on January 18, 1860, and was printed in the columns of "The Ohio State Journal" on the twenty-third of the same month. Two or three days before the original publication, there appeared in the columns of the Journal, evidently from the pen of Mr. Howells, a prose account of the meeting at which the poem was read. Last year "The Ohio State Journal" celebrated its centenary. Naturally the present staff of the paper is proud of the part that Mr. Howells has taken in its history and part of the work in preparing the centennial edition was an attempt to discover any one who had a personal recollection of Mr. Howells in his offices. So far as was discovered there is no such person living to-day. But the files of "The Ohio State Journal" of the years when the author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham" was in its service contained much interesting matter so clearly from his hand that it requires little skill to pick it out. There are a number of poems, some signed, others unsigned. There are columns upon columns of contemporaneous literary criticism—an occasional eulogy, as upon the death of Bulwer-Lytton—some art and dramatic criticism and many editorials upon the subjects uppermost in the public mind just before the outbreak of the War of Secession. About that time Mr. Howells was beginning to be something of a figure in local circles. Poems by him had been published in the "Atlantic Monthly," and in the year of the publication of "The Coming" he wrote a campaign "Life of Lincoln," in recognition of which he received the Venetian Consulate, which he held from 1861 to 1865.*

I

As in some morning twilight dim,
Men see a wide, disordered train
Move vague and large along the plain,
Like a procession of a dream.

Till shining through the sombre pines
That frown beneath the mountain-brows
Hoar with the world-old, eternal snows,
The sun strikes wide in crimson lines.

And, here and there, amid the stir,—
Unlitten, men of meaner frame,—
Smites the steel warrior into flame,
From burning helm to gleaming spur;

We see, in all the dawns of Time,
The unknown many of the past,
Obscurely noisy, darkly vast;—
And shining out of these sublime,

The men whose great souls caught the sun
On mails of proof and arms of might,
Riding to battle from the night
Of years where nothing has been done:

The Martyrs, that in heathen-lands
Have wrestled with all shapes of death,
(The quick soul strength to wasting breath,)
And won the victory from his hands;

The Prophets, that in speech have stood,
And preached the Right, and shown the Truth,
Launching rebuke, and sparing ruth,
Amid the furious multitude;

The Champions, that with sword and lance,
And iron hands and mighty blows,
Have struggled with the people's foes,
And conquered, in forlorn advance.

The Men that make the vanished past
So brave, the present time so base,
And people, with their glorious race,
The golden future, far and vast!

All ages have been dark to these;
The true Knights-Errant! who have done
Their high achievements not alone
In the remoter centuries;

But ever to their dawn's dim eye,
Blinded with nightlong sorcery.
Warring with Shadows seemed to be,—
In victory, seemed to fail and die!

Noons glowed. The poet held each name
In hushless music to the ear—
Low for the thinking few to hear,
Loud for the noisy world's acclaim;

And pondering, one that turns the page
Whereon their story hath been writ,
Gathers a purer lore from it,
Than all the wisdom of the sage;—

A simple lore of trust and faith
For Life's fierce days of dust and heat.
To keep the heart of boyhood sweet
Through every passion, unto death—

To love and reverence his time,
Not for its surface-growth of weeds,
But for its goodly buried seeds,—
To hope, and weave a hopeful rhyme.

II

In these, the later years, must be
 The man to mirror in his soul,
 Gentle, and brave, and true, and whole,
 Young dreams of olden chivalry:

A soul of warm and catholic creed,
 Striking in man its roots abroad,
 And lifting up its head to God—
 Blossoming thought, and ripening deed;

The friend of all that have no friend—
 Close-clasping to a father-breast
 The orphanhood of the oppressed—
 Quick to redress, strong to defend;

The succour of all helplessness
 Widowed by wrongs beyond the laws,
 The champion of the righteous cause
 Of innocence, in false duress;

Foe of the cruel and the base—
 The servile cheat, the subtle rogue,
 The cantling priest, the demagogue—
 That trick for gain, and mouse for place!

When such a man shall be, his day
 Shall find him, not where former suns
 Have shone upon their mighty ones,
 Far-beaming in the early rays;

Not on the field where battle blooms
 To crimson garlands, and the flowers
 Leap red and rank, through all the hours
 Of after-summers out of tombs;

Not on the bench where judgment frowns
 On Justice, with the ermine-snow
 Folding in colder heart below
 Laws, not for men, but wigs and gowns;

Not in the Senate where the slow
 Result of party cripples all,
 Where fettered act and speech are thrall
 To puerile threat and ruffian blow;

Not in those meadows, where the round
 Sleek, velvet-handed pastor feeds
 His flocks with wisps of musty creeds,
 And pipes old songs of pleasant sound;—

Not there! but where the Press's heart
 Beats life through all the veins of thought!
 There shall the day's great work be wrought.
 There shall the worker have his part!

There shall the man be found. "The still,
 Strong man"—the perfect type,
 The fruit of knighthood's flower ripe—
 Firm hand, clear head, warm heart, swift will!

And, haply, as in old romance,
 By the enchanter's magic spell
 Gifted to be invisible—
 Unhurt by any foeman's lance.

The good knight strikes amid the host,
 Till all the giant foes in flight
 Draw, trembling, to their caves of night,
 And victory hath been won and lost;

So, of the latest chivalry,
 The knight shall be—impersonal.
 A mind, an individual,
 Invulnerable, secret, free!

Invisible to many—known
 In every brain and every heart—
 Achieving mighty things apart,
 In all the embattled throngs alone.

Content to live without a name
 (If so the higher good demand,)
 Dying, to haunt the grateful land,
 A fragrant mystery of fame!

III

O not of us, but after us,
 That talk to-day, and jest and dine,
 And view the future through our wine
 Red with the dawn and glorious—

Shall come the man. For us the toil,
 To fell the trees, to clear the land,
 With steadfast heart and willing hand,
 To plough the field, and sow the soil.

Slow moves the work. Our hands are fast
 In manacles of Prejudice:
 We will not that, we date not this,
 We doubt and falter to the last.

On tongues that else would speak in sooth,
 The palsying touch of Fear is placed—
 On many opening lips is pressed—
 To lock within the rising truth—

Want's bony hand. The sepulchre
Of Custom many a living heart
Holds in its narrow dark apart,—
To vainly beat, and dumbly stir.

Envy, and Avarice, and Wrong
Betray us in ourselves; and Doubt
Fills all the unknown place about
With phantom shapes—and ponders long

Whether the golden grain will be
Of greater value than the mast
Shaken to swineherds by the blast
That rocks the moss-grown, dark'ning tree.

The work is great. Ah! clasping hand,
• Be here the ancient trust renewed,
Be here the ancient hate subdued,
Here strengthened all fraternal bands!

Still striving forward, let us land
Our avocation with our deed—
Not perfect words, but actions plead
Of good intents to man and God!

Remembering, while the dollar flames,
And ever up the nightly skies
The calm and patient stars arise—
To look above with loftier aims;

Remembering, when we fear to move,
Our way is safe to onward tread—
Behind us quake the sands we dread—
The rock is firm we shrink to prove;

Remembering, in sore need and pain
The struggle is the victory—
For none that struggles to be free
Deals any lightest blow in vain!

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

G. K. CHESTERTON'S "MANALIVE"*

Mr. Chesterton seems to have a good deal more sympathy with the academic mind than the academic mind has with him. He shows this in a passage of his new volume entitled *Manalive*, on the subject of puddles:

A puddle reflects infinity, and is full of light; nevertheless, if analysed objectively, a puddle is a piece of dirty water spread very thin on mud. The two great historic universities of England have all this large and reflective brilliance. They repeat infinity. They are full of light. Nevertheless, or rather on the other hand, they are puddles. . . . The academic mind reflects infinity and is full of light by the simple process of being shallow and standing still.

Rather a handsome thing to say of a type of mind that commonly dismisses Mr. Chesterton as trivial. To a great many highly educated persons, if we may judge from the most ponderous of the literary periodicals, Mr. Chesterton is and must always be merely a buffoon. Some call him a "master of the monstrous." Others complain of his turn for paradox which, they say, arises merely from a desire to cause astonishment and consists chiefly in the assertion of the opposite of what is commonly believed. To a great many well-schooled minds there is too much flash and noise about him. Academic reviewers seem flustered when they write about him and somewhat indignant, as if a large Newfoundland puppy had jumped into their laps. Not to imply that scholars necessarily dislike Mr. Chesterton. On the contrary among scholars both here and in England will be found his warmest admirers. The late William James, for example, was a loyal Chestertonian. But these numerous exceptions have not the qualities which we associate with the academic type. The typical academic mind is not inquisitive about any new aspects of persons and things; its vitality is

wholly absorbed in holding fast to old, accepted aspects. Nor are the best examples of the academic mind by any means to be found in the colleges and universities. Newspapers often furnish the most perfect specimens. A stand-pat Republican editorial writer shaping the destinies of this nation by the simple process of imagining what Alexander Hamilton might have said has never been surpassed in scholarly circles. It is true that in the old days a scholar once cited the authority of Beza for the doctrine that water is wet; but at present a New York editorial writer would almost accept the word of Thomas Jefferson as proof that it isn't. At least he would not wish rashly to decide that or any other question without first ascertaining what was in the minds of the framers of the Constitution.

Now it is not strange that this class of minds reject Mr. Chesterton; it is even commendable. They are designed by nature as repositories, or, as he says, puddles, and not as instruments for the discovery of any new thing. It is no more essential to human variety that some minds should be open than that others should be shut. And there is often a pleasing trimness about a tightly closed mind that is not to be found in an open one, like the round finality of a shining bald head, secure forever from the disarray of any growing thing. But while Mr. Chesterton has never quarrelled with these people for standing still, they, on the other hand, have assailed him with great bitterness merely because he hops about. We have read many sneers at Mr. Chesterton that were directed solely at the rapidity of his movements, implying that this of itself was matter for reproach. They read like the malign whisper of an old maid that somebody is rather fast. It comes, of course, from that intolerance of diversity in which critics contrast so unfavourably with other forms of animal life. Cut off as completely by nature from a certain writer as a cow is from a cat, they nevertheless condemn that writer for his exaggerated activity. It is as if the cow,

**Manalive*. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company, 1912.

instead of quietly refusing to climb a tree herself, should curse the cat for doing so. There is no doubt that a good deal of the academic criticism of Mr. Chesterton springs from a sort of injured bovinity. One London reviewer wound up what was meant for a savage attack on Mr. Chesterton by saying that he was like the young Greek gentleman who stood on his head on the table and waved his legs in the air. He led carefully up to that point which he evidently regarded as conclusive. One might have supposed that that was where the interest in the situation began. He did not say whether Mr. Chesterton and the young Greek gentleman gave pleasure to themselves and others by standing on their heads. He did not even answer the natural question whether he himself and many other literary critics would not, after all, be making a better use of their heads if they stood on them.

Manalive is another of Mr. Chesterton's fairy tales for grown up people, successor to *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, *The Man Who Was Thursday*, and *The Ball and the Cross*. Now you cannot surprise a grown up person by making a toad turn into a princess or exhibiting a giant with three heads. So Mr. Chesterton's fairy tales do not turn on what is physically impossible. They turn only on what is socially improbable, which to a grown up person is a far wilder thing. They represent men as acting logically upon some natural impulse which, though innocent and even praiseworthy, it is customary to repress. He delights in the startling effects produced by this simple expedient. Leap-frog is, for example, an innocent sport. The desire to play it is inherent in the human breast and may endure for aught we know in middle age. Yet the bare thought of the president of a large insurance company joining the United States Commissioner of Education in this genial game on the lawn of the Capitol at Washington is more startling to the adult mind than the wildest visions of romance. It is in just these situations that Mr. Chesterton delights. He brings them logically to pass and points a moral with them. He shows that they have come about not from madness, but from

a higher and more courageous form of sanity. In this instance, probably, he would not only prove that the Commissioner of Education was perfectly reasonable in playing leap-frog. He would end by convincing the reader that if the Commissioner of Education had not played leap-frog he would have sinned against his higher nature. He would somehow or other create a strong presumption that playing leap-frog was the only way open to a Commissioner of Education for praising God, the alternative being a lapse into the horrid pessimism and inhumanity of a soul constrained forever to express itself only in black bound volumes of Biennial Reports on the statistics of American education. This, we admit, sounds very foolish as we put it. But as Mr. Chesterton would put it, it would have about it the force of commonsense and the charm of a dream come true. For Mr. Chesterton has excelled the poet's wish—"so might I standing on this pleasant lea, have glimpses that would make me less forlorn." He can get such poetic glimpses in situations carefully avoided by poets hitherto—not standing on any pleasant lea, but standing beside a high hat, standing beside a Commissioner of Education. It seems a more difficult feat to perform and in view of the unavoidable contacts of civilised life more useful.

In *Manalive* the hero applies himself to the task of learning how to do everything with the same zest as if he were doing it for the first time. By incessant and varied activities he contrives to preserve this early and innocent relish—

For Smith was really, so far as human psychology can be, innocent. He had the sensualities of innocence; he lov'd the stickiness of gum and he cut white wood greedily as if he were cutting a cake. To this man wine was not a doubtful thing to be defended or denounced; it was a quaintly coloured syrup, such as a child sees in a shop window. He talked dominantly and rushed the social situation; but he was not asserting himself, like a superman in a modern play. He was simply forgetting himself, like a little boy at a party. He had somehow made a giant stride from babyhood, and missed the crisis in youth where most of us grow old.

His antics were attributed to madness, and naturally enough, as they often took the form of violent practical jokes on other people, but it gradually appeared that through them all ran the single purpose of breaking up these other people's uncomfortable mental habits.

The sun seemed to set each object alight with a different coloured flame, like a man lighting fireworks; and even Innocent's hair, which was of a rather colourless fairness, seemed to have a flame of pagan gold on it as he strode across the lawn toward the one tall ridge of rockery.

"What would be the good of gold," he was saying, "if it did not glitter? Why should we care for a black sovereign any more than for a black sun at noon? A black button would do just as well. Don't you see that everything in this yard looks like a jewel? And will you kindly tell me what the deuce is the good of a jewel except that it looks like a jewel? Leave off buying and selling and start looking! Open your eyes and you'll wake up in the New Jerusalem."

"All is gold that glitters,
Tree and tower of brass
Rolls the golden evening air
Down the golden grass;
Kick the cry to Jericho,
How yellow mud is sold;
All is gold that glitters,
For the glitter is the gold."

"And who wrote that?" asked Rosamund, amused.

"No one will ever write it," answered Smith, and cleared the rockery with a flying leap.

"Really," said Rosamund to Michael Moon, "he ought to be sent to an asylum. Don't you think so?"

"I beg your pardon," inquired Michael, rather sombrely; his long swarthy head was dark against the sunset; and either by accident or mood he had the look of something isolated and even hostile amid the social extravagance of the garden.

"I only said Mr. Smith ought to go to an asylum," repeated the lady.

The lean face seemed to grow longer and longer, for Moon was unmistakably sneering. "No," he said; "I don't think it's at all necessary."

"What do you mean," asked Rosamund quickly. "Why not?"

"Because he is in one now," answered Mich-

ael Moon in a quiet but ugly voice. "Why, didn't you know?"

"What," cried the girl, and there was a break in her voice; for the Irishman's face and voice were really almost creepy. With his dark figure and dark sayings in all that sunshine he looked like the devil in paradise.

"I'm sorry," he continued, with a sort of harsh humility. "Of course we don't talk about it much . . . but I thought we all really knew."

"Knew what?"

"Well," answered Moon, "that Beacon House is a certain rather singular sort of house. A house with the tiles loose, shall we say? Innocent Smith is only the doctor that visits us; hadn't you come when he called before? As most of our maladies are melancholic, of course he has to be extra cheery. Sanity, of course, seems a very bumptious, eccentric thing to us. Jumping over a wall—climbing a tree—that's his bedside manner."

"You daren't say such a thing," cried Rosamund in a rage. "You daren't suggest that I—"

"Not more than I am," said Michael soothingly; "not more than the rest of us. Haven't you ever noticed that Miss Duke never sits still—a notorious sign? Haven't you ever observed that Inglewood is always washing his hands—a known mark of mental disease? I, of course, am a dipsomaniac."

"I don't believe you," broke out his companion, not without agitation. "I've heard you had some bad habits—"

"All habits are bad habits," said Michael, with deadly calm. "Madness does not come by breaking out, but by giving in; by settling down in some dirty, little self-repeating circle of ideas; by being tamed. You went mad about money because you're an heiress."

"It's a lie," cried Rosamund furiously. "I never was mean about money."

"You were worse," said Michael in a low voice, and yet violently. "You thought that other people were. You thought every man who came near you must be a fortune-hunter; you would not let yourself go and be sane; and now you're mad, and I'm mad; and serve us right."

"You brute," said Rosamund, quite white. "And is this true?"

With an intellectual cruelty of which the Celt is capable when his abysses are in revolt, Michael was silent for some seconds, and then stepped back with an ironical bow. "Not

literally true, of course," he said, "only really true. An allegory, shall we say? A social satire?"

We have quoted the passage in full because it sums up so well the author's main contention, which is simply that the advantages of a scientifically authenticated, commercially profitable, and socially successful sanity in the modern world are grossly exaggerated.

Innocent Smith's endeavours to keep himself alive and enliven others lead naturally to a belief that he is mad. He makes his first appearance leaping a wall and climbing a tree in the garden of a boarding-house. Soon afterward he shoots two holes in the high hat of a very respectable physician, who, aided by an eminent American expert in criminology, investigates his record. They find the clearest evidence that Smith is a criminal lunatic of the most dangerous type. He has been expelled from Cambridge for an attempt to murder the warden of a college. He has committed burglary, bigamy, and probably murder. They are for hurrying him immediately off to court and securing a commitment to an asylum, but finally are induced by the other boarders to try him first before an informal tribunal of their own. Mr. Chesterton's art of making the fantastic seem plausible has never been employed more effectively than in the account of this absurd trial and the preposterous incidents that lead up to it. Needless to say all the prisoner's hideous crimes turn out to be the innocent experiments of a man bent on the singular mission of reminding himself and others that they are alive. He fired bullets past the Cambridge don, because the don was a pessimist and needed to be reminded that life after all had some value to him. He shot off the doctor's hat for the same reason. The burglary consisted in breaking into his own house, that he might learn to covet his own goods, instead of his neighbour's. The young women with whom he successively eloped and whose mysterious disappearance gave rise to the suspicion of murder turned out to be his own wife in successive disguises.

The High Court of Beacon that tried Innocent Smith consisted of the landlady of Beacon House as judge and her

lodgers as counsel and witnesses. It grew out of Smith's fantastic proposal that every house should be a sovereign State, and judge its children by its own law. "You believe in Home Rule for Ireland," he said, "I believe in Home Rule for Homes." When the time came for ascertaining the guilt or innocence of Smith, the boarders reasoned that they might as well conduct the inquiry themselves.

"It is really true," said one of them, "that human beings might often get some sort of domestic justice where just now they can only get legal injustice—oh, I am a lawyer, too, and I know that as well. It's true that there is too much official and indirect power. Often and often the thing a whole nation can't settle is just the thing a family could settle. Scores of young criminals have been fined and sent to jail when they ought to have been thrashed and sent to bed. Scores of men, I am sure, have had a lifetime at Hanwell when they only wanted a week at Brighton. There is something in Smith's notion of domestic self-government."

The person who took this remarkable court most seriously was the American criminological expert, Dr. Cyrus Pym. This is how Mr. Chesterton accounts for it:

Cyrus Pym belonged to a country in which things are possible that seem crazy to the English. Regulations and authorities exactly like one of Innocent's pranks or one of Michael's satires really exist, propped by placid policemen and imposed on bustling business men. Pym knew whole states which are vast and yet secret and fanciful; each is as big as a nation yet as private as a lost village and as unexpected as an apple-pie bed. States where no man may have a cigarette, states where any man may have ten wives, very strict prohibition states, very lax divorce states, all these large local vagaries had prepared Cyrus Pym's mind for small local vagaries in a smaller country. Infinitely more remote from England than any Russian or Italian, utterly incapable even of conceiving what English conventions are, he could not see the social impossibility of the Court of Beacon. It is firmly believed by those who shared the experiment, that to the very end Pym believed in that fantasmal court and believed it to be some Britannic institution.

Here it would seem that Mr. Chesterton, like other island folk, has overlooked, among minor actualities, one rather comprehensive fact in human nature—namely, the tendency of the native inhabitants of almost any corner of the earth to find a certain gullibility in foreigners. We feel in exactly the same way toward the British visitor as Mr. Chesterton does toward Dr. Pym.

The following passage, explaining the antics of Innocent Smith, supplies the keynote to the book:

Yes, Innocent Smith has behaved here, as he has on hundreds of other occasions, upon a plain and perfectly blameless principle. It is odd and extravagant in the modern world, but not more than any other principle plainly applied in the modern world would be. His principle can be quite simply stated: he refuses to die while he is still alive. He seeks to remind himself by every electric shock to the intellect that he is still a man alive, walking on two legs about the world. For this reason he fires bullets at his best friends; for this reason he arranges ladders and collapsible chimneys to steal his own property; for this reason he goes plodding round a whole planet to get back to his own home. And for this reason he has been in the habit of taking the woman whom he loved with a permanent loyalty, and leaving her about (so to speak) at schools, boarding-houses, and places of business, so that he might recover her again and again with a raid and a romantic elopement. He seriously sought by a perpetual recapture of his bride to keep alive the sense of her perpetual value, and the perils that should be run for her sake.

So far his motives are clear enough; but perhaps his convictions are not quite so clear. I think Innocent Smith has an idea at the bottom of all this. I am by no means sure that I believe it myself, but I am quite sure that it is worth a man's altering and defending.

The idea that Smith is attacking is this. Living in an entangled civilisation, we have come to think certain things wrong which are not wrong at all. We have come to think outbreak and exuberance, banging and barging, rotting and wrecking, wrong. In themselves they are not merely pardonable, they are unimpeachable. There is nothing wicked about firing off a pistol even at a friend; so long as you do not mean to hit him and know you won't. It is no more wrong than throwing

a pebble at the sea—less; for you do occasionally hit the sea. There is nothing wrong in bashing down a chimney-pot and breaking through a roof, so long as you are not injuring the life or property of other men. It is no more wrong to choose to enter a house from the top, than to choose to open a packing-case from the bottom. There is nothing wicked about walking around the world and coming back to your own house. It is no more wicked than walking round the garden and coming back to your own house. And there is nothing wicked about picking up your wife here, there, and everywhere, if, forsaking all others, you keep only to her so long as you both shall live. It is as innocent as playing a game of hide-and-seek in the garden. You associate such acts with blackguardism by a mere snob-bish association; as you think there is something vaguely vile about going (or being seen going) into a pawnbroker's or a public-house. You think there is something squalid and commonplace about such a connection. You are mistaken.

This man's spiritual power has been precisely this: that he has distinguished between custom and creed. He has broken the conventions, but he has kept the commandments. It is as if a man were found gambling wildly in a gambling hell, and you found that he only played for trouser-buttons. It is as if you found a man making a clandestine appointment with a lady at a Covent Garden ball, and then you found it was his grandmother. Everything is ugly and discreditable, except the facts. Everything is wrong about him, except that he has done no wrong.

C. M. Francis.

II

ROBERT GRANT'S "CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER"*

In this book, the author of *The Reflections of a Married Man* and *The Opinions of a Philosopher*, renews consideration of those problems of matrimony and life in general to which, throughout his life as a writer, he has been mildly addicted. "Mildly," because although there is plenty of seriousness in the present book, plenty of breadth and of moral and intellectual receptivity in

*The *Convictions of a Grandfather*. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the outlook, there is little fire or force of conviction in the statement. He is touched, in the person of his elderly, but by no means fossilised, grandfather, by the generous sentiments, sympathies, and aspirations of an age already markedly socialistic, to which, indeed, he gives a radical expression that sometimes startles his wife, his friends, his children, and his grandchildren—except for a few who are even a trifle more radical than himself, as he notes with a trace of gentle deprecation.

For instance, by a neat literary artifice, he quite disclaims all responsibility for the opinions he advances in his discussion of old age pensions, and places the whole burden of the position he maintains for purely controversial purposes, upon the shoulders of an absent son-in-law, Luther Hubbard. A touch of unfairness is involved in the portrayal of this individual, by making his advocacy of social reforms seem in some measure dependent upon his lack of business ability. All this partakes of what betting men call "hedging," and weakens the effect of a shrewd and witty book by turning its tone too often to flippant indecision, feebly mistaken for social amenity and intellectual irony.

It also weakens the literary effect as well. Judge Grant's style is neat in verbal and syntactical texture; but since his thought follows a calm and equable course throughout, without sudden excitement and enthusiasm, the even flow of his sentences, with their excess of an almost mechanical habit of qualification, grows very monotonous at times. There is as little variety or relief in his expression as there is in his method of dispassionately weighing both sides of a question; and it is amazing that a novelist, turning for the third time to this form of literature, should manage to lend so little reality to his characters, or to introduce so little piquant dramatic episode or descriptive detail into his exposition and analysis of ideas.

His use of the word "symposium," to describe one or two of his colloquies, invites invidious comparisons with other writers who have recently adopted this style of dissertation; and in his handling of it, Judge Grant shows that, in spite

of his grandfather's capacity for copious quotation, he shares something of that deficiency in the quality of literary background, with which American life is charged in general. If his symposia lack the æsthetic charm, their sensitiveness to the external scene of life, of Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson's, they are also without the wealth of literary and historical allusion which lights up the pages of Anatole France, and gives them true philosophic interest and value. Judge Grant has read his law books, the standard classics of English and ancient literature, and also, presumably, since he states one of its broad formulas, much recent French drama and fiction. But, for all the evidence he here offers, this is about all.

In the chapter in which he treats of divorce—as a side issue to the question whether the modern woman is "as intrinsically unselfish and lovable as her predecessor"—he drags in the threadbare comparison with ancient Rome. Much more interesting and suggestive would have been an examination of some of the proposals that have been made in modern times to deal ideally with the divorce question. For example, a country that maintains a Reno as a refuge for broken hearts might well ponder Stendhal's "chimerical" plan, as its author himself calls it. Beyle would have had, near Paris, "an *elysée* for unhappy women, a house of refuge, where, under penalty of the galleys, no man should enter except the doctor and the almoner. A woman who wished to obtain a divorce would be required, first of all, to become a voluntary prisoner in this *élycée*; she would pass two years there without going out once. She could write, but receive no response." After two years of such total separation from the world, during which a properly constituted council would be charged with the legal proceedings in her name, a woman would be free to marry again.

Such a plan would seem to have in it something to commend itself to a thinker who accepts divorce, yet condemns its abuses, and concludes his discussion of the subject by making a woman state the following paradox: "If the adage be true that the American hus-

band is less of a despot than any man in the world, why does the American wife so constantly divorce him? Undenially," she decides, "the burden is on us women to prove that our circumstances require it—that it is best for civilisation that we should so frequently put away one husband and presently marry another. Are we thereby holding men up to some nobler ideal of marriage than the rest of the world entertains? Or does it mean that the American woman is more capricious than her sisters, less tender in her affections, and shallower in her social intelligence . . . ?"

This is extremely well put, and it is not the least of the author's merits that, with his well-ordered legal mind, he can thus reduce a problem of social conscience or moral conduct to a clear antithesis and pack it away in a nut-shell. If only he could leave a trifle more of the burr on it! But Judge Grant is a "grandfather" whose best "convictions" fail to cling because they are too refined away to fairness and abstraction.

Horatio Hartford.

III

HILARY A. HERBERT'S "THE ABOLITION CRUSADE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES"*

Now that veterans in blue and veterans in grey can march contentedly in the same Memorial Day procession; now that a G. A. R. post can parade in New York City to the strains of "Dixie" and to the greeting of the "rebel yell," or what passed as such, without arousing the slightest trace of protest or resentment, or even evoking a sense of incongruity, such a book as *The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences* can receive the unimpassioned, impartial attention it deserves. For it is not, as might perhaps be inferred from the title, a book in behalf of Garrison and his followers, but a severe arraignment of Abolitionism by a Southerner, from the Southern point of view.

That the South fought bravely and well has been recognised freely and generously in the North, even from the days of Bull Run and Appomattox, and is not

*The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences. By Hilary A. Herbert. Charles Scribner's Sons.

a matter that needs further advocacy. But what the South fought about; why it took up arms; why five and one-half million Americans, the equals of their compatriots in religion, morals, regard for law and devotion to the common Constitution, should sever themselves from the rest of the nation and fight to the end for the principles they believed in; these are questions that have never been very clearly understood in the North. It is commonly supposed, for example, that the South took itself gladly out of the Union; that Southerners hated and despised the United States of America. On the contrary, few in the North realise the strength of Union sentiment in the South, before the war began, and how slowly the old ties were snapped. Few know the feelings that persisted in many Confederate soldiers throughout the war. If an aside be permitted, the writer recalls that an ex-Confederate officer once said: "I could never see the old Stars and Stripes coming along in a charge without a thrill of pride. I might be going to shoot it to pieces the next minute, but I could never see the old flag without wanting to get up and cheer." And it is largely because the military skill and valour of the South have been appreciated, and its political principles misunderstood or overlooked, that while Southern soldiers, Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and others, receive hearty and generous recognition, Southern political leaders, Jefferson Davis at their head, still rest under a cloud of suspicion in the North.

It will come as a shock to many readers of *The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences* to learn that Secession first reared its head in the North, and that till a certain date anti-slavery was more actively agitated in the South than in any other part of the country. New England's threats of Secession in connection with the Embargo Act, and her position throughout the War of 1812, are matters of historical record. As regards anti-slavery, there were in existence in the United States, in 1826, one hundred and forty-three emancipation societies, of which one hundred and three were in the South.

It is not within the scope of a brief review to show how a long line of Southern leaders, beginning with Washington and Jefferson, were opposed on principle to slavery. "Nothing is more certainly written in the Book of Fate," said Jefferson of the negroes, "than that these people are to be free." Nor is it possible to outline the difficulties of the negro problem, difficulties which are very far from being settled even to-day; nor how the South, in its way, was meeting them. But in 1831 came a fire-brand, William Lloyd Garrison, preaching that slavery was not a calamity but a crime, to be extirpated by the most ruthless and violent methods. From that year, anti-slavery sentiment in the South declined, and from that year hostility between the North and the South began to grow. The violence of Garrison and his followers was met with violence, and from one stormy episode to another sectional distrust and hatred increased apace.

During the thirty years of bickering which culminated in the Civil War, the South stood squarely on its legal rights. Nothing in the law prohibited slavery, and Southerners had every right to resist a movement which was aimed to dispossess them forcibly of their property. The abolitionists, on the other hand, stuck at no obstacle, legal or otherwise; they did not hesitate to incite the slaves to insurrection; they made the cause of anti-slavery impossible in the South by advocating social equality and racial intermarriage for the liberated negroes; they gave the cause of Secession a vast impetus by raising and reiterating the cry, "No Union with Slavery." In short, they rendered impossible any settlement of the slavery question except a resort to arms.

The keynote of Abolitionism, sounded by Garrison in the first number of his newspaper, *The Liberator*, was this:

I shall strenuously contend for the immediate enfranchisement of our slave population; I shall be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice on this subject. I do not wish to think or speak or write with moderation.

Years later, another American, wiser,

more far-seeing, greater,—Abraham Lincoln—said:

When our Southern brethren tell us they are no more responsible for slavery than we are, I acknowledge the fact. When it is said the institution exists and it is very difficult to get rid of it in any satisfactory way, I can understand and appreciate the saying. I will surely not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself.

The question asked in *The Abolition Crusade and its Consequences*, asked in all fairness and moderation, is this: If, instead of the rancour and intolerance of the abolitionists, Lincoln's spirit of fair play and brotherliness had prevailed, would not slavery have disappeared just as surely as it has disappeared, and without the awful sacrifice of a million lives?

Arthur M. Chase.

IV

THE RIVERDALE HYMN BOOK*

An inspiration of selection, without which the anthologist is as other men, would seem to have attended the editors of *The Riverdale Hymn Book* in drawing together some four hundred and fifty pieces so admirably adapted to the requirements of the modern service of worship. With nearly four hundred thousand hymns extant, and with stern typographical limits imposed for any practical book, the compiler's constructive skill calls for the accompaniment of a cheerful courage of omission. In any anthology the seeker is bound to miss some favourite or other, and it is sufficient praise of the present collection to say that the hymn lover will find in it an extraordinarily good proportion of hymns that have been canonised by admiration and use. While the groupings centre chiefly in the characteristic Actions of Faith, provision is made for special occasions; for the opening of the year, for harvest thanksgivings, for young people's services and for patriotic observances. The section for children includes Christina Rossetti's "The shepherds had an angel, the wise men had a star," and an excel-

*The Riverdale Hymn Book. Edited by Ira Seymour Dodd and Lindsay Bartholomew Longacre. New York: The Fleming H. Revell Company.

lent arrangement, based on a tune of Sir George Elvey's, of William Blake's "Little lamb, who made thee?" A place is found for Sir Henry Wotton's tonic lines, "How happy is he born and taught, that serveth not another's will." Amid national hymns, Kipling's "Recessional" appears to the air of the Pilgrim's Chorus in *Tannhäuser*, and this promises to make a good match.

As to the main body of the book, the range of the compositions is broad. This is as it should be, seeing that in hymnody the catholic width of religious aspiration is reflected more clearly than elsewhere. Modern Unitarians and Methodists, German mystics, poets of the Anglican traditions, Puritan psalmists and mediæval pietists blend their voices here, but whatever the period put under tribute the editors do not readily suffer the standard of lyric worthiness to lapse. The third century Greek, "O gladsome light," is given in Robert Bridges's translation. From the Latin we have, among several poems, St. Ambrose's "O splendour of God's glory bright," the Communion Rhyme of St. Thomas Aquinas, Peter Abelard's "*O quanta qualia*" and the well-loved hymns of Bernard of Clairvaux. It is satisfying to observe a tendency to restore some of the old metrical psalms and paraphrases with their strength and reverent dignity. The sixteenth century Thomas Sternhold's rendering of Psalm XVIII is an example, and it is printed much as the author wrote it, a paraphrase which in its time has suffered many things at the hands of the tinkers. To a tune from Daye's Psalter we have John Mason's hymn of heedfulness and awe, "How shall I sing that majesty, which angels do admire?" The same author is credited with the stanzas beginning, "My Lord, my Love was crucified." Francis Quarles's "Thou art my life," with an Orlando Gibbons accompaniment, is among the welcome surprises in *The Riverdale Hymn Book*, but if in such instances what was remote is brought near the collection as a whole is of what is familiar to churchmen of many creeds.

In the choice of tunes the editors have shown both independence and responsibility. The result is that very few, if any, settings would prove unsingable in

an ordinary congregation. Mid-Victorian composers are often invoked, without being permitted to tyrannise the scene. Plainsong, German and other chorals, old psalmody and Welsh melodies are duly employed. Faber's hymn of the Cross is now for the first time interpreted by an exquisite melody from Beethoven, Op. 2, No. 2. An ideal medium for George Herbert's "King of glory, King of peace" is forthcoming in the Cambrian "Gwalchmai." As an alternative tune Dr. Joseph Parry's "Aberystwith" is assigned to Charles Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul." Although the editorial contribution of music is modestly limited the quality revealed in the tunes "Riverdale" and "Radiant Morn" fully warrants their presence in this book, which for its solid attractiveness deserves to achieve a cordial reception "in quires and places where they sing."

David Baines-Griffiths.

V

J. H. FABRE'S "SOCIAL LIFE IN THE INSECT WORLD"*

On such a delightful title only, a book might travel further than across the water. But its material and manner are alike fascinating. Original research is here recorded, or narrated—since the record reads like a romance—in an original style. This is one of those books, scientifically precise yet playful, spicy, and imaginative, which it would seem impossible for any one but a Frenchman to produce, although Grant Allen nearly touched the secret—the book at once of a scientist, a social observer, a child, and a poet.

It presents the incredible histories of fourteen insects, the first of which is the cigale. So far from the cigale pleading starvation at the door of the ant (that terrible filibuster who devours the young of everybody with frantic greed!) the author says that the ant preys upon her from the cradle to the grave. Impudently she darts between the cigale's legs when with her delicate augur she has bored a well into the tender twig of

*Social Life in the Insect World. By J. H. Fabre. Translated from the French by Bernard Mial. New York: The Century Company.

a bush; coolly she drags the cigale's body away to her granary, when, after six weeks of intoxicated song, the sun shrivels it up. The strident unvaried cry we hear is but a feeble vibration upon a pair of interior cymbals—the air-chamber which re-enforces the sound being nearly one-half the total volume of the insect. Truly a real passion for song, says the author, when one empties one's chest and stomach to make room for a music-box! But there is no sign that their unending orgy is a lover's cantata. For one does not spend weeks calling a person who is at one's elbow, and never does a female rush into even the most ear-splitting orchestra. Indeed, it is likely that the cigale is quite deaf. Their song appears to be felt rather than heard by other members of the flock. The cymbals of the cigale, like the violin of the grasshopper and the bag-pipe of the tree-frog, seem to be vociferous avowals not of sex passion but of the joy of living—merely to feel themselves alive they vibrate. The experiences of centuries has taught the cigale nothing. She no sooner deposits her eggs in the chambers she has pierced for them in a twig, than a midge she could crush with her foot introduces into the same passage a disastrous egg, whose quicker-hatching grub will nourish itself on her prospective family. The peaceable giantess will not modify her instincts even to alleviate her maternal misfortunes. If the egg is fortunate enough to escape this just-born bandit, it hatches into a preliminary larva, which hangs like a tiny gymnast by its tail and sways in the air until it falls from its wrappings to the earth. If then it is again fortunate enough to fall on a very soft soil, which, with its still tender pick and talons, it can excavate at once, it has another chance of life. It burrows to such depths as will safeguard it from frost and sleeps till spring. Then, nourishing itself on roots, it begins its unending galleries leading one knows not whither; and after four years' hard labour underground it emerges once more for its six weeks' songful feasting in the sun.

The mantis is the tiger of the insect peoples. It has an appearance of graciousness and, instead of ferocious jaws

opening like shears, a fine-pointed muzzle which seems made for billing and cooing. Its majestic attitude of prayer is but a hypocritical folding of its weapons against its thorax; let a victim come within reach, and prayer is at once abandoned. Its thigh is a double-edged saw, terminating in a strong hook as sharp as the finest needle and with a double and fluted blade. The deadly forelimbs shoot out, and hook the victim, and drag it back to the saw-blades of the thighs. If the prey is very powerful, she terrorises it with a menacing and spectral pose. Yet this ferocious lady knows phenomenally the arts of peace. Her nest is a marvel of intricate construction, in which she has outstripped humanity in her knowledge of caloric.

As learned in matters of architecture, and a socialist besides, the wise bee becomes quite an imbecile in presence of its hereditary enemy, the philanthus. It pays no attention whatever to an insect for which ages of slaughter should have implanted in it an instinctive horror. Although better armed and more powerful, the bee, when attacked, uses her dagger only at random, and always without effect, against an assailant who for centuries on centuries has stabbed her to death by one identically directed thrust. If the one has learned from the prolonged exercise of attack, why not the other? The bee would seem to have merely the instinct it was created with, nothing more. The victorious philanthus now proceeds to manipulate the stomach of the dead bee until it is forced to disgorge the honey it contains. This she greedily devours, and drags the carcass to her nest to feed her coming larvæ. But though it is true that she is gluttonously fond of honey, she knows that if she left it in the body of the bee it would be fatal to her future household. How does she know that a food in which she herself delights is noxious to her young? Perhaps by the instinct which has taught the fertility of all insect-mothers to be commensurate with the gauntlet of extermination which the offspring will have to run.

The importance of the females in the insect world should hearten the suffra-

gette. Yet it is to be hoped their tactics in entirety will never be imitated. The ferocious lady mantis devours her timid husband almost before she can dispense with him, and proves a widow easily consoled. When the mating season is over, the lady of the Golden Scarabæus eviscerates the smaller male, who allows himself to be eaten without retaliating, as though an invincible repugnance prevents him from offering resistance. Even the vegetarians are not guiltless—they will devour as much of their now needless spouses as their appetites will allow; and even the cheerful cricket attacks the mate who lately wooed her with such impassioned serenades. The practice of post-matrimonial cannibalism is fairly common in insect life. Yet man may take courage, even with the prospect of the female of his species daily becoming more militant, if he will but be wary how he abdicates the duties of paternity. For it is just because there are none in insect society that the female quickly disposes of him. Though the mating-instinct is almost a frenzy, it terminates all domestic relations. In the serious business of laying eggs the father would only be in the way. Let him, then, be devoured or, at the most, pursue his flirtations elsewhere. Only the fathers of the tribes of dung-beetles are irreproachable: they assist the mothers in preparing the patrimony of their larvæ, and consequently remain unassailed. Nor can ladies point to insect-mothers with unlimited pride, for they, too, are totally without love for their offspring. Since in the case of the majority of insects education is unknown, once the eggs are deposited the mother is likewise indifferent. Even the marvellous nest of the mantis concerns her no longer when it is finished.

Algernon Tassin.

VI

JOHN MASEFIELD'S "THE EVERLASTING MERCY"*

Gifted with an extraordinary power of vivid phrasing, a keen understanding of all sorts and conditions of men, and a

*The *Everlasting Mercy*. By John Masefield. New York: Macmillan and Company, 1912.

marked sympathy for the under-dogs and wild things of life, John Masefield has revealed himself as one of the most interesting figures in our contemporary letters. That he is a true poet of fine feeling and delicate perception has long been obvious, and *The Tragedy of Nan*, if nothing else, has shown his strong instinct for dramatic expression. This latter play, in fact, is one of the finest blends of poet and dramatist our stage to-day possesses. It is, therefore, natural that a new volume should arouse expectation. *The Everlasting Mercy*, which contains two long poems, fulfils our hopes.

The title poem, told in the first person, is a study in conversion, contrasting the form with the substance of true religious feeling. The story, briefly, narrates the experiences and reactions of one Saul Kane in his rise, via the "second birth" route, so intimately analysed by William James, from the dregs of depravity and drink to the security of the religious conviction that is emotional and not mental. There is no mincing of words in this; indeed, it is one of the frankest poems of which we know. Good round Anglo-Saxon, without the thin veil of latinised circumlocutions, struts across the page. No rules of niceties are observed; the author picks up the slang of the gutter and some of its stench; yet he can find a flower even there. As is usual with themes of this type, Mr. Masefield has made the vice more convincing than the virtue, and the scenes of the fist fight, the ensuing debauchery at the inn, stay with one. There is in this poem, too, an incident full of riotous comedy, where, drunk and reeling, yet full of the sure intuitions often lurking in alcohol, Saul rings the village fire-bell, and rushes stark naked through the startled town, telling the people what they really are. This leads to a fierce denunciation of professional religion as personified in the parson of the church, to whom this extract, which may serve as a fair example of the author's manner, is addressed:

I don't believe in prayer nor Bible,
They're lies all through, and you're a libel,—
A libel on the devil's plan
When first he miscreated man.

You mumble through a formal code,
 To get which martyrs burned and glowed.
 I look on martyrs as mistakes,
 But still they burned for it at stakes;
 Your only fire's the jolly fire,
 Where you can guzzle port with Squire,
 And back and praise his damned opinions
 About his temporal dominions.
 You let him give the man who digs,
 A filthy hut unfit for pigs.
 You teach the ground-down starving man,
 That Squire's greed's Jehovah's plan.
 You get his learning circumvented,
 Lest it should make him discontented.
 (Better a brutal, starving nation
 Than men with thoughts above their station).
 You let him neither read nor think,
 You goad his wretched soul to drink;
 And then to jail, the drunken boor;
 O and intemperance of the poor.
 You starve his soul till it's rapscallion,
 Then blame his flesh for being stallion.

The way to Saul's conversion to a truer understanding of religion is opened by a pretty little episode with a mother who fears what influence he may have on her child. He begins to see his sin as a contamination; surmise at his own uselessness in his present life becomes fact when in a beautiful passage he meets the Salvation Army girl. Then through taking himself to the calm of Nature, in a series of scenes which disclose a distinct Meredithian love of "Mother Earth" on the part of the author, Saul obtains what he calls "The Everlasting Mercy"—Christ. Though there are reminiscent touches of Meredith—"The green earth stirred," for example—and reflections of Ernest Dowson in phrasing, the poem is distinctly and uniquely the work and expression of one who understands without hesitation the surges of a distressed and questioning soul at odds with the things as they are, and finding complete harbourage in the first firm conviction that has flooded his life.

While *The Widow in the Bye Street* is full of the same frankness and vividness, it is more of a story, since its theme is better suited for plotting as such. Basically, it is a dirge on Fate. In this tragic poem there seems to be no escape from the inevitability of life. One suspects the author himself feels this by the white-hot phrases that flare through

every scene. The widow dies out a bare living sewing shrouds, and—

The dead were better dressed than that poor soul.

She wears her fingers raw that her only son, Jim, may grow to strength and manhood. After he has begun, through his own labour, to make her life easier, her persistent fear that some woman may steal him from her is realised. He learns his deepest lesson of women, as so many men, from the useless parasite of passion—and Jim has no background of experience to which he may retreat. He is swept into life with one glance, and, like the motif in *Tristan*, it is but a variation of the fate marked out for him.

All the tides triumph when the white moon fills.

Down in the race the topping waters shout,
 The breakers shake the bases of the hills,

There is thundering where the streams go out,

And the wise shipman puts his ship about.
 Seeing the gathering of these waters wan,
 But what when love wakes the high tide in a man?

She is a common prostitute who throws him over for an old lover whom she has won back with Jim as pawn. Jim kills the man and pays the penalty on the scaffold: the mother is left alone. Life can be bitter to the very bone when one is poor, and woman, and alone. One feels, somehow, the mother should make his shroud: the poem is so brutal it seems to need just that final touch which the author has not given. In this also, marred occasionally by forced rhymes—as "nuisance" with "Susans"—Mr. Masfield has limned little pictures in a phrase; also one finds sustained subtle psychological delineation of the most compelling conviction. The claims of motherhood and all its sacrifice blown away by the cloying words of a stranger, the complete breakdown of the habit of living before the altered temperature of a sex madness, and the utter deterioration of a fine soul beneath the thwarting of an unrequited demand of the flesh, are intimately and keenly described. Mere interpretation, however, of the themes in this poem can but indicate the high lights of the author's treatment: a final quotation

referring to the mother's reaction after her son's death may suggest something of the observation it contains:

Some of life's sad ones are too strong to die,

Grief doesn't kill them as it kills the weak,

Sorrow is not for those who sit and cry

Lapped in the love of turning t'other cheek,

But for the noble souls austere and bleak,

Who have had the bitter dose and drained the cup,

And wait for Death face fronted, standing up.

George Middleton.

VII

SAMUEL MERWIN'S "THE CITADEL"*

The Citadel is more the story of a political campaign than a novel and, one is tempted to say, more an exposition of "progressive" ideas than the story of anything. As one of the authors of *Calumet K*, Mr. Merwin ranks as a pioneer in the field of the business and political novel. In *The Citadel* he has pushed its development to such extremes that the writer of political editorials would be a more appropriate critic of the book than a literary reviewer. If the reader believes with John Garwood, the hero, that the Constitution of the United States is "this citadel of reaction and restraint," "an instrument devised to hold a people down forever," the novel will furnish him with fresh enthusiasm; if his politics chance to be quite the opposite, he will hardly find in the story itself sufficient to recompense him for what amounts to a prolonged stump speech to which he must listen without the privilege of interruption or protest.

The Citadel opens with an excellent picture of the consternation created in the Capitol at Washington by John Garwood's daring and radical speech against the Constitution; it closes with the prospect before him of spreading his doctrines by lectures and articles, incidentally earning a sufficient income to support himself and his wife. In the interval he has been driven from his seat in Congress by the power of allied wealth, has broken his engagement with one girl and married another in full sympathy with his ideas. It is the story of his cam-

paign for the seat in Congress that is the real story of the book, and on it Mr. Merwin has expended his very considerable powers of creating verisimilitude. The episode of Garwood's engagement to Ethel Buchanan is remarkable chiefly for its bareness and insignificance, for the young reformer appears to have taken what old-fashioned persons used to describe as the most important step in a man's life with a thoughtlessness and an indifference singular in one so earnest. In his succeeding courtship of Margaret there is much real passion, which Mr. Merwin, in the effort to raise to a spiritual plane, succeeds in diluting with rather tiresome essays on the new economics. Such phrases as "sex-lure," "sex-attraction," "money-dependence on a man," "bourgeois scandal-mongering tongues," smack too strongly of the jargon of socialism not to strike a false note in this connection. There is no need of pseudo-scientific language to describe Margaret's awakening to the beauty and significance of human love, and its use only serves to emphasise the author's personal point of view.

This weakness, indeed, is apparent throughout the whole of *The Citadel*. Mr. Merwin is not so much a narrator as a controversialist. His whole story is based upon an assumption—which may or may not be true—and upon this foundation he proceeds to place one assumption after another—which also may or may not be true. One consequence is the persistent impression that John Garwood is battling with men of straw. The capitalists against whom he wages war are continually proclaimed to be men of supreme ability, yet they act continually with supreme stupidity, and this despite the power Mr. Merwin brings to individual scenes, his natural dialogue, and his evident knowledge of many phases of prevailing conditions. Unfortunately, instead of contenting himself with the task, well within his powers, of describing these conditions through the medium of fiction, he has insisted on tagging them with the causes assigned to them by his school of political thought. The same mental rigidity is apparent in the creation of the characters, in the conventional attack upon the conventions. The

**The Citadel*. By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Century Company.

shrewd railroad attorney, the silk-hatted banker, the wealthy manufacturer, the great national boss, thinly disguised under the pseudonym of Mark Hadley, the vulgar local boss, the keen-witted, kind-hearted Socialistic cigarmaker—they are all capable members of a stock company that has become quite familiar to us in recent years.

Mr. Merwin has written of problems of the most vital importance, of problems on which the attention of the whole country is now centred, but he has written of them from his own standpoint alone. Like *The New Machiavelli*, *The Citadel* is primarily a novel of ideas, but the breadth of view that permits H. G. Wells to grasp many sides of many subjects, and the intellectual agility that enables him to express, if not to share in, diverse opinions are lacking in the latter work. In *The Citadel* Mr. Merwin is an orator, vigorous and effective in arousing enthusiasm but not persuasive. His audience will protest or applaud according to its previous beliefs; it will not be converted. And the merit of a novel should not be dependent upon the truth of political theories.

Edward Bedinger Mitchell.

VIII

BETTINA VON HUTTEN'S "SHARROW"*

Sharrow—rhyming with Yarrow, Harrow, and other names of venerable and hallowed associations—has the right English ring, yet it turns out to be merely the phonetic corruption—though doubtless its origin in this respect is by no means singular—of Charreau, the French patronymic of the family with whose later fortunes this story by the author of *Pam* is concerned. Its founder on English soil was a French noble who crossed the Channel with King John. Thereafter, his descendants, though loyal to the backbone, and following the royal standard in all other fights and forays, refused to participate in the French wars. They also refused elevation to a higher rank than their original barony, for their motto, *Ce que Charreau possède, Charreau garde*, they interpreted literally in every

sense, moral as well as physical,—in the preservation of their spirit of rancorous resentment, as well as of their proud traditions and magnificent domain.

This helps us to understand how the old Baron Sharrow could carry his hatred of the girl who jilted him even unto the third generation; and, in order to prevent his grandnephew, who at that time was not even his heir, from marrying her granddaughter, could countenance a diabolical plot to work upon an inherited taste for brandy, and turn him into a drunkard. The Baron was himself a drunkard, and, we are informed, a sinister old man; though, to tell the truth, except in this one instance, and in his paternalistic resemblance to the Roi d'Yvetot, he seems to have been rather an arrant old sentimentalist, with gruff manners, thus reminding the reader of the harsh old grandfather in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, to which, indeed, this book, in its early chapters, bears a certain resemblance. Even in the case of the plot, the responsibility really falls upon the shoulders of pretty Maggie Penrose, a young governess employed for Sandy Sharrow's little brother, Sid.

Sandy, red-haired and ugly, loves Sharrow, with all its associations, and for that reason, the Baron would gladly have had him for his true heir in place of the other Sandy, who is merely a "nice" English schoolboy cricketer. But he runs away with Maggie to Paris, when his downfall in the eyes of his fiancée, Viola Wymondham, is accomplished, and for nine years he "wallows." The worst of the wallowing comes after Sandy's discovery of the part Maggie has played in his disgrace, and his abandonment of her. It is perfectly clear where he would have gone straight to in the end, if he had not finally been found by the faithful old family retainer, Dingle, bearing the important announcement that, owing to the discovery of a marriage certificate which regularises the marriage of Sandy's great-grandfather, he is now the real heir to Sharrow. So Sandy walks to Rome to sober up, and finally returns to the side of his nonogenarian grandfather. It is characteristic of the family feeling that there is no talk of forgiveness on either side, but that both play

*Sharrow. By Bettina Von Hutten. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

their difficult parts toward each other with perfect taste and breeding.

Sandy, of course, regards his life as ruined, although Viola has married another, and his love for her is gone. But, of course, this is not so. There are some other interesting complications after the death of the old Baron, due to Sid's marriage to a reptilian little Spanish pianist, Marie Paz Suarez, from Barcelona, where the least desirable Spaniards hail from. Sharrow comes near being obliged to accept a little Catalonian heir for its title and estates, but an impudent imposture is prevented, and—well, in short, Sandy's heart proving perfectly intact after all, he provides suitably on the last page for the perpetuation of the family name.

It is an interesting and very romantic story, rather complicated and long drawn out at times, and attempting to cover too much ground for complete coherence as an artistic piece of fiction. Many of the characters, too, as has been hinted, lack reality. They are apt to change their habits and their traits to meet the requirements of situations as they arise, until we sometimes rather doubt whether they really are either quite so good or quite so bad as they are painted. With the sentimentality of the author's mind and manner, there is mixed an unusual amount of plain speaking on sexual matters. In fact, the dénouement of the imposture episode is a rather risqué bit of writing.

Cleveland Palmer.

IX

LEONARD MERRICK'S "WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN"*

The confirmed reader of Leonard Merrick—and the number of such readers

**Whispers About Women*. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

seems to be increasing steadily—very soon reaches the point where he can speedily follow a new tale back to its original influence; for really the literary influences which have moulded Mr. Merrick are very few. Nearly all of them are French, and those of them who are widely known are Maupassant and Murger. In fact Merrick may be considered as having, in his Tricotrin, his Pitou, and their comrades and light loves, come nearest among all later writers to the Schaunards, Marcells, Collines, and Rodolphes; the Mimis and Musettes, the spirit of exaggerated romance of the *Vie de Bohême*. For, somehow, all the short stories that leave the most lasting impression seem either to have been written out of the experiences of a very middle class Englishman with an extensive knowledge of barnstorming life in the provinces; or of an Englishman in Paris trying to rebuild and repopulate the city as it first appealed to him in the books of Henry Murger. Of course, Murger's Bohemia was a highly coloured Bohemia, seen across a temperament, and so these Montmartre stories of Leonard Merrick ring fantastic and a little artificial.

This does not in the least imply that *Whispers About Women* is either uninteresting or unimportant. In his short stories, if not always in his novels, the man is a thorough workman. He has humour, fancy, a style—in short, the touch. And this touch is at its best in treating of the whimsical. When, as in *Lynch's Daughter*, he tries to treat materially of material things, he is a failure and a somewhat sordid failure. So long as he is content to carry reality into an unreal world, or unreality into a real world Leonard Merrick is a writer to be reckoned with seriously.

Andrew Wharton Nash.

PATHOLOGY IN FICTION AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

frequently we hear novel stigmatised as "too pathological," and as unwholesome, sentimental, morbid, because the plot hinges upon the mental or physical condition of one or more of its characters. In some cases, the reproach is merited, in others it is not; and the interesting question arises: is the element of disease a legitimate theme for fiction, and if so, is there any general principle that may be laid down to distinguish its legitimate use from its abuse?

The answer to the first of these inquiries is a good deal simpler than that to the second. If an author wishes to tell the truth about life, disease can no more be ignored than sin or sorrow or death itself. If only as a matter of contrasting light and shade, as the element which teaches us the value of good health, or reveals the beauty of a patient spirit in a tortured body, disease and pain must always find a place in novels of the first magnitude. But they must be structurally justified,—that is the crucial test. Malaria and typhoid germs often strike blindly and when least expected, in real life,—like lightning and earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. But that is no reason for killing off a superfluous wife or husband with some unforeseen germ disease, that is in no way a direct consequence of a deliberate act on the part of the victim. In *Daisy Miller*, Mr. James kills his heroine by Roman fever, but it is the consequence of her foolhardy obstinacy in visiting the Colosseum by moonlight. Similarly, in *Mr. Isaacs*, it is jungle fever that causes the death of Miss Westonhough; but Mr. Crawford is careful to foreshadow the tragedy,—Isaacs is warned that he should not "take the yellow-haired lady into the tiger's jaws."

Perhaps a better way to get at the dis-

tinction between the proper and the improper use of disease in fiction is to demand that it shall be used very sparingly if it is not clearly either the cause or the consequence of character and temperament. A soul that year by year grows stronger and more patient and self-sacrificing, because of a bed-ridden body, is a pretty good excuse for inflicting the details of crippled limbs or a twisted spine upon the reader's attention; and similarly, the slow but pitiless ravages of gout, claiming a human body joint by joint, because the will power was too weak to resist a gluttonous appetite, is another good case of disease that is structurally justifiable. In all these cases, it is to be noted that the interest lies, not in the disease itself, but in its effect upon the victim, and less directly upon those whose lives are interwoven with his own. It is when a novelist makes the mistake of being interested in illness for its own sake, as a physician is interested, seeing the patient not as a man but simply as a "case," that his novel becomes pathological in the wrong sense, and ceases to be good art.

Secondly, there is no merit in rare, curious, recondite diseases, monstrous deformities, secret and nameless obsessions,—maladies of which our own experience furnishes no fragmentary flashes of memory to help us understand and sympathise. However minutely a writer might describe his hero's death from the sleeping sickness or the bubonic plague, he could never strike quite the same responsive chord that he might have set vibrating if the cause of death had been the same as in the case of your own Uncle Henry or Cousin Kate. Rare diseases, like rare vices, require too much effort of the imagination to visualise them. The commoner ailments, those that we have constantly before our notice, need no such effort, even though we personally never suffered from them. We do not need to have lost an arm, in order

to imagine with painful vividness what it means to go through life with an empty sleeve. But although the dime museums occasionally show such monstrosities as three-legged men and two-headed children, no novelist has thought it worth his while to try to describe their inner psychology, for it would lie too far outside of normal human experience. Or, for the sake of one more example: a story dealing with an abnormal appetite, such as that of the Digger Indians or the clay eaters of the Southern States, would be not only pathological but futile. But on the other hand, a story of cannibalism, like Mr. Conrad's *Falk*, in which a shipwrecked sailor saves himself by feeding on human flesh, is not pathological, but normal and perfectly comprehensible, even though the comprehension has a shudder in it,—because the sailor in question was simply obeying one of the primeval and fundamental laws of life, the struggle for existence.

Accordingly, when any one tells you that a certain book is "pathological" do not condemn it unheard, but first ask yourself whether the disease or deformity or obsession is structurally necessary; whether, because of it, the author has been able to tell a stronger, better, more convincing story than if he had dealt only with sound minds in sound bodies. And if you are forced to answer in the affirmative, then the book is one to be commended, even if it is redolent of ether and iodoform.

One of the very few contemporary novelists who are adepts in the art of making the absolutely right use of pathological conditions in fiction is Mr. W. B. Maxwell,

"In Cotton Wool"

who, for some curious reason, has not yet received anything approaching the recognition due to him in this country. In *The Rest Cure*, for instance,—to mention only one of a long series of novels of distinction,—he gave us a very remarkable study of an overworked business man, whose shattered nerves forced him to spend the closing years of his life in prolonged inaction and to indulge in the unwonted pastime of thinking instead of doing. And the result of this new feebleness of body and alertness of

mind is gradually to make clear to the dying man certain happening of his past life that he never before understood, to roll aside the heavy curtain of blindness and misconception, and bring about a final explanation with the wife from whom he had long been estranged. And now Mr. Maxwell gives us another kindred study, but stronger and more vital, because less exceptional, less individual in its application. It is one of the greatest curses of modern civilisation, he says in a brief preface, that a man with a moderate but assured income can find others who, in exchange for his money, are willing to perform for him nearly all the duties of manhood, and thus, little by little, he wraps himself, as it were, in cotton wool, guarding his pampered self from all outward jars, quite blind to the fact that all that is best in him is being slowly atrophied, leaving only a worthless husk. Such is the central idea, and it is worked out with a merciless and incisive force, a vividness of detail that makes his picture refuse to be forgotten. At the opening of the story, we see an old man and a young one, the former in an invalid chair, making their way along the windy sea-front of a small English coast town. They are Mr. Calcraft and his son, Lenny,—the former frail, shrunken, almost at death's door, yet still the same hard, obstinate, cynical old tyrant that he always has been; the latter tall, broad-shouldered, the picture of young English health and courage and energy. Lenny's filial devotion, his unwearied patience under cutting sarcasm and querulous fault-finding, has passed into a legend. Every one wonders at the uncomplaining sacrifice he has made of all his ambitions, resigning his commission in the army, giving up all thought of a business or professional career, putting marriage aside as something not for him; in short, making himself the hourly drudge of an incurable invalid, who might pass away at a moment's warning, and then again might linger on for another score of years. It is only by slow degrees, a hint at a time, a sneer from his father, a shamefaced acknowledgment to his own conscience, that we grasp the truth about Lenny,—that his conduct is not noble, not generous and

self-sacrificing, but simply due to his love of ease, his inborn and growing laziness. Without enough money for his immediate wants, without a sick father as an excuse for being idle, Lenny might have aroused himself, might even have gone to the Boer War and done some of the heroic deeds that he saw himself doing in imagination. But the excuse existed, everybody praised his conduct, and when at last his father died, when Lenny was on the brink of forty years, the harm had been done. He had so long reposed in cotton wool that he could not imagine what life would be without it. Now, there was a young woman, Alma Reed, whose heart had been Lenny's plaything for the past seven years. For his sake, she left home and lived the life of a bachelor girl in London, losing social caste in her native town, and holding herself ready to make any and every sacrifice that Lenny's selfishness might exact from her. Just what sacrifices he did exact, the author passes over with euphemistic vagueness. At all events, there is a rather vague understanding that when the father dies Lenny will marry Alma. But when the time comes and she gently tries to hold him to his promise, Lenny pleads his health as an excuse: the doctors have warned him, marriage is out of the question, he must go away, Alma must be reasonable; perhaps some time in the future, but not now, not for a long while. Puzzled, frightened, at last desperate and heart-broken, Alma grasps the truth: Lenny is too comfortable in his selfish bachelorhood, too rooted to his little solitary routine, to accept the intrusion that a wife would make. Yet when she has passed out of his life, when she has found, if not love at least peace and contentment with another man, Lenny wakes to the consciousness that he has missed something essential to him, and basely tries to lure her back. The unspeakable caddishness of his treatment of Alma, coupled with other craven acts,—first his promise to divide fairly with his two sisters the property his father intended them to share in but failed to secure by will, and his subsequent repudiation of that promise; and secondly, his offer of marriage to a charming and vivacious widow, his jilting of her on the

eve of the wedding, and her subsequent suicide,—acts of this sort, tending to multiply as the years pass, little by little force us to recognise that a serious change has taken place in Lenny, that he is not merely eccentric but physically and mentally ill,—that he has pampered himself to the point where a tragic breaking down of reason seems imminent. And this, in fact, soon follows, and we have our last pitiful glimpse of Lenny in a private asylum, babbling inanely, a pitiful, foul-mouthed, senile wreck. If the book has a fault, it is that the purpose behind the story sticks out a bit too patently.

The Forest on the Hill, Eden Phillpotts's latest volume, offers a sharp contrast, as all of Mr. Phill-

"*The Forest on the Hill*" potts's books would do, because of the splendid

sense of health and clean, normal virile strength that permeates them. The breath of outdoor life, the fragrance of growing things, the sense of nature's inexhaustible resources, exhales from every page of the volume, which, in spite of the tragedy of its specific human story, is full of fine, clean, tonic optimism. The story may be briefly told. Old Lot Snow, who never in his life has had his will successfully crossed, thinks that because he has secured his nephew Timothy a position as game-keeper, he has a right to dictate to him, decides that Timothy shall marry the champion coquette of the neighbourhood, Audrey Leaman, because this would unite two adjacent pieces of property. He ignores the fact that Timothy is already affianced to Drusilla Whyddon, a dreamy girl who shares Timothy's almost mystic understanding of the forest and the spirit of nature, and who seems intended by providence for his mate. But Timothy comes of the same indomitable stock as his uncle. So the latter, finding his nephew obdurate, appeals to Drusilla, and forces her to promise to break with Timothy, to save him from being disinherited. There is another man, John Redmond, whom Timothy's uncle hates, whom he drove out of his job as game-keeper, in order to give it to Timothy, and whom he still pursues vindictively, threatening to foreclose a mortgage and rob him of his one

remaining hope, a small sheep farm. Timothy has done no intentional harm to Redmond, but he has unwittingly taken from him first his position and secondly his sweetheart, Drusilla. Such is the situation when, on a certain day after Drusilla has broken with Timothy, refusing to give her reason, he meets his uncle, quarrels violently with him and is overheard to utter threats. The uncle leaves him, and later meets Redmond in the heart of the woods, quarrels about the mortgage, and having goaded Redmond beyond endurance is struck down by the latter and killed. Timothy, later coming upon the body and ignorant of the murderer's identity, but realising that he is likely to be suspected, hides his dead uncle in an abandoned mine and flees to America. Many months afterward he returns home, to find that his rival has won Drusilla and married her. Uncle Lot's disappearance has all this time remained a mystery; but chance at last leads to the discovery of his hidden body. Timothy is arrested and, after a trial, the result of which is obvious from the beginning, is sentenced to be hanged. Hereupon Redmond, with the approval of his wife, who knows his secret, confesses himself as murderer and commits suicide. The volume closes with the last farewell between the widow and Timothy, who realise that too black a shadow lies between them for time ever to efface.

A wise Frenchman, who is well-nigh as sensitive to the influence of environment in his own country

"The Penitent"

as Mr. Phillpotts is in Dartmoor, is René Bazin, two of whose novels happened to have been issued almost simultaneously this season in translation: namely, *The Penitent* and *The Children of Alsace*. *The Penitent* is an extremely simple story, and tragic as the stories of simple and primitive people are so apt to be. Its setting is Brittany; its principal actors are Jean Louarn, a sailor by breeding, who has turned farmer, laborious but unsuccessful; his pretty, young wife Donatienne, and three children, Noemie, Lucienne and Joël. The family are almost destitute when an unlooked-for bit of luck comes to them. Donatienne is summoned to Paris as wet-

nurse to a wealthy family in the most fashionable quarter. Although her departure seems to solve their difficulties, the husband sees her go with a sinking heart; something seems to forewarn him of the truth,—that she will not come back, that she will succumb to the lure of Paris. It is not often that one runs across, in fiction, a more pathetic episode than Jean Louarn's wanderings through France with his three children after being evicted from his farm because the wife has failed to send the promised rent from Paris; and, helpless as only a peasant in a strange district can be helpless, he impotently seeks work, a crust of bread, a little timely charity for the helpless children who, one by one, fall ill. As to the conclusion of the story; the attempt to excuse the mother's heartlessness, to justify her flagrant infidelity, and to persuade us that she would have left a prosperous business in Paris and gone back after a lapse of eight years, not merely to the poverty from which she previously fled, but to act as nurse to a crippled husband who has had both legs crushed by an accident in a quarry,—all this is rank sentimentalism which well-nigh spoils what at the outset promised to be an exceptionally strong picture out of humble

The second of the two books above referred to, *Les Oberlés*, translated under the title of *The Children of Alsace*, is a picture painted on a far broader canvas. It is a book

which, in justice to the author, ought to have been given to us some years earlier, for it is one of the foundation stones of his reputation. Like all his work, it emphasises the influence of environment upon destiny; but it chooses a bigger, more dramatic setting,—perhaps the biggest setting which a Frenchman could choose. It chronicles the life history of a family living in Alsace, and divided against itself: the husband's sympathies all German, the wife's all French, the son in arms against his father, the brother against the sister. The specific story is too minutely developed, too complicated to lend itself to a brief epitome. It suffices to say that the book attained the dignity of a prose epic, presenting the tragedy of two races at war in time

of peace and within the shelter of one family circle.

The Goodly Fellowship, by Rachel Capen Schauffler, is a volume toward which the reviewer, with-
"The Goodly Fellowship" out quite knowing why, is inclined to be indulgent. It narrates the ex-

periences of a very rash and unconventional young American woman who, starting to encircle the globe quite alone, becomes stranded in a small Persian town, is shut in for the winter in a colony of American missionaries, and is well repaid for her folly by falling in love with one of their number and bestowing upon him her hand and her rather ample fortune. One cannot escape the conviction that this well-intentioned, yet rather clumsy story was written from first-hand knowledge of the scenes described. Yet how any person of average intelligence could cover several hundred white pages with black ink and produce a net result so colourless that it all might have happened in a setting of Rhode Island instead of Persia, is one of those mysteries which challenge the gods themselves to explain. The exasperating feature of it all is this: that the author is unmistakably writing in a foreign environment, and that she either cannot or will not show us what she sees.

Views and Vagabonds, by R. Macaulay, is a queer, elusive sort of book and unquestionably caviare
"Views and Vagabonds" to the general. The author has amused himself,—or perhaps he has

certain underlying purposes so serious that we owe him an apology for the word "amuse"—by taking a number of harmless freaks out of various paths of life and bringing them into almost painfully incongruous associations. A certain Benjamin Bunter, who has every reason to believe himself the eldest son of a family of considerable social importance in London, becomes imbibed with socialistic notions during his last year in Cam-

bridge, and upon graduation leaves home and settles himself as a blacksmith on the road between Cambridge and London. He really knows very little about life, but he is pathetically sure of just a few things: that every man ought to earn his living with his hands, and that he ought to marry the woman, who, within his circle of observation, works the hardest with hers. The net result, at first, of these theories, is that he makes the undeniably common young woman of his choice exceedingly unhappy. Her martyrdom at the hands of his fashionable London connections is rather painful reading. But when we get a little further on in the story and discover that Benjamin is actually a foundling of unknown parentage, and adopted out of charity, we realise that the author has all the time been saying, Class has always existed and it always will; and however much a man may delude himself, his true happiness lies in marrying within his own rank.

In conclusion, a few brief lines may be devoted to a novel which bears an extremely appropriate inscription, *Unclothed*.
"Unclothed" The author's name is Daniel Carson Goodman.

There is something approaching an unwritten law that the novelist should not "talk shop"; in other words, that a novel should not concern itself primarily with authorship, with the struggle of an aspirant for literary fame to gain a hearing. The story entitled *Unclothed* is the story of a man's struggle to gain a footing in the New York magazine. Incidentally, it is also the story of his relations, more or less unashamed, with two women, one of whom is a help to him professionally, while the other is not. One suspects that this is a first novel. If this conjecture is correct, it may perhaps help the author to be told that, while the book itself is quite unimportant, it nevertheless shows certain qualities that promise rather well for the future.

THE PASSING OF THE WOOD ENGRAVER

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

IN a recent number of *Scribner's Magazine*, Mr. John Galsworthy drew a picture of "The Old Shoemaker," a fast disappearing type of a great industry which has been by the complication of mechanical processes. In the same way might be drawn to-day the portrait of "The Old Wood Engraver," the story of whose rapid rise and fall in the field of American magazine illustration is surely as dramatic and as full of deep human interest as any of its kind ever written. Indeed, it is nearly unique in the history of great economic changes affecting the welfare and happiness of a whole class of trained workers and those dependent upon them. For the making of wood blocks has this important difference from the making of shoes, hats, or any other mere utilitarian commodities, that the former, at least in its higher branches, is fully entitled to be regarded as a fine art; and it is not often in the

history of mankind that the spectacle has been presented of an art, i.e., something that ministers to man's *pleasure*, suddenly snuffed out in mid course of its technical development and in its full vigour as a means of expression.

This is what happened to wood engraving here in America, and it is even possible to assign the precise moment of its disappearance. It is true, of course, that for some years before the arrival of this moment, wood engraving had suffered considerably through competition with the process block, and that the latter would have eventually forced it from the field because of the great saving in the cost of production effected. But under ordinary conditions this change would have taken time, and time would have offered opportunity for gradual readjustment to the engravers. As it was, the blow fell with startling unexpectedness. This fact will be strikingly illustrated by the story which one engraver told of his own personal experience. In 1893 he found himself

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"STRUCK BY A SQUALL." BY M. G. BURNS. ENGRAVED BY JOHN W. EVANS

tired out by steady work for twelve and fourteen hours a day, and decided to visit the World's Fair at Chicago, for a vacation of three weeks. Before leaving, he called at the offices of two leading magazines for which he had been working steadily. At each a picture was offered to him for an important page block, which he refused because his plans had already been perfected, and he had taken his rooms in Chicago. He went away, and during his absence occurred the great panic of 1893. On his return he found his occupation practically gone. In the crisis of financial depression, the magazines, seeking ways in which to retrench, found only too excellent an opportunity in the sweeping substitution of the halftone for the wood engraving.

After this, only a few engravers found it possible to continue at their profession. Mr. Cole, who was in Europe at the time, was one of these. Mr. Henry Wolf was another. Wood engraving became a dainty *hors d'œuvre* for a few of the

leading magazines, instead of the *pièce de résistance* as before. Mr. Frank French wrote some descriptive articles and illustrated them with engravings by himself from his own drawings, until even he, irony of ironies, succumbed to the halftone in the reproduction of his own work. School book work kept a few more men fairly busy; while one or two more, like Mr. W. G. Watt and Mr. Walter Aikman, found it possible to make blocks for small societies of art lovers, and for private subscription organised by themselves. By far the greatest number of the engravers were either forced to drop their graver's tools entirely and enter other occupations, or to utilise their technical skill and knowledge in the treatment of halftone plates for the press. Although some of the latter still do this work on an independent basis, dealing directly with the publishers as in the past, the majority are employed in the large photo-engraving houses. It is upon these, of course, that the change, which

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"THE LILY POND," ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY FRANK FRENCH

has reduced them from the rank of recognised artists to the level of skilled workmen in the semi-servitude of industrialism, has fallen most heavily; and it is from among them that one would select, for purposes of dramatic contrast, the model for his portrait of "The Old Wood Engraver."

The writer knows more than one such, and he knows how their souls revolt as, working over their pad, day by day, on the common run of commercial work, they think of the old times when they walked freely into publishers' offices, worked on their blocks in the quiet of their own homes, and carried them carefully to be proved—"two 'Japs' and a dozen 'common'"—at Bauer's, the printing shop in Frankfort Street, which was the great rendezvous of engravers—in short, led the easy and independent lives of artists and men-about-town. And the writer knows them well enough, these old engravers, to feel sure that what they regret most is not their former affluence compared with the miserable pittance for which so many now work, and the long,

dreary confinement of shop hours and mechanical routine, but the opportunity to practise the art which they love, and which is for them full of glorious traditions.

And they are glorious, for the school to which these men belonged—the "new school," as it is still called to distinguish it, in its methods and ideals, from the style of engraving which ruled prior to about 1870—played an important part in American art life during the latter decades of the nineteenth century; and if our magazines once achieved an international reputation for the excellence of their illustrations, it is in no small measure to the engravers, who did much to render such success possible, that the credit is due. But they, in turn, owed much to photography; for it was the use of the camera in placing the picture on the block that constituted the essential feature of the "new school." The effect of this innovation was twofold. In the first place, without necessarily placing any greater restriction on the engraver, it ensured a far greater degree of fidelity

to the original than when the picture was drawn directly upon the block by the artist. In the latter case, after the first proving, the picture totally disappeared, so that there was no check on the work of the engraver, between whom and the artist there consequently arose frequent hot disputes. On the other hand, when the picture was photographed on the wood, the original remained for purposes of comparison and correction, and the work of "retouching" became as important as the first engraving. The second effect was on the aim and ideal of the engraver. When the picture was drawn on the block, it was merely necessary to follow the indicated lines, so that the work was more or less mechanical. With the new method, however, and with the possibility which it presented of reproducing from any medium, there developed an ambition not merely to reproduce the original, but to indicate the precise medium in which it was executed. The more enterprising men began to study textures and ways of rendering them, and to attempt effects of tone and colour that the older engravers had never dreamed of approximating, and against which, led by W. J. Linton, they vigorously protested.

Of the abuses to which this new ideal led from the first, in encouraging servile imitation and over-refinement, it is not the place to speak here, though they were not without their influence upon the final fate of wood engraving. When the aim of the engraver became truth, not merely to the spirit of a picture, but to its very surface, so that every brushmark, as well as every speck and spot on the canvas was rendered with Chinese fidelity, then he was entering into dangerous competition with mechanical process work, from which he was sure to issue worsted in the long run. Yet even so, it is impossible to refuse admiration to the extraordinary virtuosity of even those engravers who were most completely controlled by a wrong conception of their art. And it was this virtuosity that not unnaturally first captured the attention of artists, editors, publishers, and the general public.

The "new school" is sometimes dated by engravers from 1871, when Mr. Tim-

othy Cole came from Chicago after the great fire. The tradition is that Mr. A. W. Drake, himself an engraver, and then art editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, now the *Century Magazine*, placed one of Mr. Cole's proofs on the wall of his office to the bewilderment of those present, who were unable to determine whether it was an original pencil drawing or a lithograph. It looked like either rather than a wood engraving. But there were others who carried this imitation of textures even farther than Cole. Fred Juengling, a German, who is regarded by many engravers as the real founder of the "new school," created a sensation by his rendering of charcoal, and there are some amazing representations by him of bronze bas reliefs, which, in the dark sheen of the metal, and in the crisp strokes of the chisel, almost deceive the eye. As a technician, Juengling was an absolute anarchist. He threw off the yoke of the pure linear system, which was insufficiently elastic for his purposes, and used his tools with complete freedom to secure the desired effect. In varying measure, this individualism was characteristic of all the engravers of the "new school," which, besides Juengling and Cole, included, among its pioneers, Smithwick, A. Whitney, King, Evans, and Kingsley; while later it gathered in Wolf, Davis, J. W. Whitney, Closson, French, Kruell, Johnson, Davidson, Putnam, Tinkey, and many others. Wonderful feats were performed by these men. Etchings by Pennell, Parrish, and Bacher were reproduced so that they could be mistaken for nothing but etchings. Pastels by Whistler kept not only their delicacy of colouring, but their exquisite butterfly fragility. Famous paintings from the great galleries of the world, the possibility of whose reduction to any size was another of the practical advantages of the application of photography to wood engraving, began to appear in the magazines, thus giving a new function to popular periodical literature.

Even more important, however, in its far-reaching effects, was the influence of this movement on contemporary American art. Men who had gone abroad to study painting, and who had never



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"BROADWAY AND FOURTEENTH STREET." BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY M. HARDIE

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"ELY CATHEDRAL." BY JOSEPH PENNELL, ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER

dreamed of entering the magazine field, began to permit the reproduction of their pictures and sketches. Then, delighted with the results, they undertook to draw for publication. Illustrative work took on a new dignity, and soon gained recruits among the younger men, many of whom, like Mr. E. A. Abbey, received their first training in the magazines. Sometimes single engravers became associated with the work of individual artists, as in the great ages of painting, and it would be interesting to trace these associations, which often led to pleasant personal intercourse and to friendship. Thus, for example, F. S. King engraved practically the whole painted work of Church; Elbridge Kingsley won the approval of George Inness in the reproduction of his landscape drawings; J. W. Evans became nearly the exclusive engraver of the two popular illustrators, Burns and Kelley, and F. H. Wellington, who died last year, again in harness,

and one of the best of the surviving engravers, was a protégé of Pyle; though the work of that prolific producer, like the output of Remington, W. H. Gibson, Zogbaum, and a score of others, was too great in bulk to be executed by any one man.

Moreover, specialists were developed for different styles of work and of subject. Some men worked better in broad treatment, others in little finicking detail, and the blocks were assigned to the engravers with a view to this differentiation and diversity of talents. Indeed, two men would occasionally work together upon the same block, one doing the figures and the other the natural objects and the background, as in the case of the great two-page Remington pictures for *Harper's Weekly*, on which Attwood and Wellington sometimes collaborated. Such associations, which remind one of the school-work of the middle ages and renaissance, even matured into business

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"MRS. ROBERT MURRAY ENTERTAINING BRITISH OFFICERS WHILE PUTNAM ESCAPES," BY E. A. ABBEY.
ENGRAVED BY DAVID NICHOLS

partnerships, though this was less common in the days of the "new school" than of the "old," when big engraving firms, like Andrews' in Boston, and Anthony's and Orr's in New York, supplied nearly all the engraved work for the magazines. But the "new school" produced one famous concern, that of Smithwick and French, which turned out many of the best of the younger engravers: Aikman, Wellington, Anderson, Witte, Merrill, and others. Smithwick eventually became head of the Harper art department, and continued his "shop" methods there, having a staff of engravers under him; but Mr. Drake, from the first, insisted on dealing directly with the individual engravers, and this attitude had an enormous influence in raising the status of the whole engraving profession to artistic rank.

Still, some of the older men took ap-

prentices, and kept them working on blocks at home. Thus Willy Miller, another German, was the disciple of Juenling, as was also Chadwick; Peter Aitken of Cole; Northcote of Evans and Heineman—an excellent engraver who died last May and who was also the master of Mr. W. G. Watt. Like Heineman, many of these older men were foreigners by birth and training, and among them may be numbered Wolf, Schwarzbürger, Bernstrom; and Clément. And there were several women engravers, Miss Caroline A. Powell, who recently made the frontispieces for the "Riverside Montaigne," probably deserving first place among these. A close bond of interest in their work held all together, and a number formed the "Society of American Wood Engravers," which, in 1887, published a "Portfolio of American Wood Engravings," Mr. W. M. Laffan furnishing the text. Collections of

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"ARRIVAL OF THE 'EDWARD EVERETT' AT SACRAMENTO." BY W. L. DODGE. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY T. SHUSSLER

their work were sent abroad to Paris and Berlin, where they created a sensation and established a reputation for American wood engraving that was frequently attested thereafter by the award of medals to American engravers. In this country notice came later, and was aided by this European *réclame*. A travelling exhibition was sent across the continent, and lectures were delivered by Kingsley and others.

Meanwhile, the lot of the engraver was a pleasant one, and was not without its opportunity for adventure. After the publication of *Picturesque America*, a team of engravers was sent to Australia, under the leadership of Horace Baker, for a companion volume on that country. At home their life centred at Bauer's and the various publishing offices, where there were endless discussions on engraving, and many friendly criticisms were passed back and forth on each other's blocks as the proofs came from the press. There was one man, however, who would never listen to any criticism, and of whose irascibility, under fire, the engravers still tell stories to-day. This

was the sturdy German, Gustav Kruell, the greatest of all the portrait engravers, who, if any one ventured a suggestion that his drawing was at fault, would cry: "It is just like I want it, just like I want it!" and who, in his outbursts of temper, would shout and jump up and down on the floor.

Like many of the other engravers, Kruell died poor. But in his case this was due partly to financial misfortunes after the *débâcle*; for he was thrifty, and saved a good share of his earnings. Engraving was a profitable profession, and it was possible to make much money. But the tendency was to spend it freely. Richard A. Muller received what is said to have been the record price of two hundred and fifty dollars for a three-quarter page block for *Harper's Magazine*. The average block for a full page brought from one hundred and twenty-five to three hundred dollars. Such a block could generally be executed in a fortnight, though there were those men, prodigies of skill and speed, who could turn out a block, under pressure, in less than twenty-four hours. Thus an en-

graver could readily make as much as four thousand dollars a year, and would not have to work hard to do that, according to a veteran to whom the question was referred. "The only trouble was," he continued, "that money came too easily in those days. We would get a block to do, get paid for it, and then not work any more till we had spent the money."

That was the way with the engravers in those good old carefree days, when the source of their wealth seemed inexhaustible, so long as they kept their eyesight, and their hand remained true. Comparatively few of them put anything substantial by. Those, more provident, who bought houses and reared families, were scarcely any better off when the crash came, unless they had something else to fall back upon, and they have re-

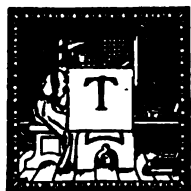
mained more or less pinched in their circumstances ever since. It is a pity, for they are a superior class of men—easily recognised as a class by one who has met a number—quiet, reserved, studious, hard-working, and cultivated. Some paint as an avocation—indeed, several successful artists and illustrators have risen from their ranks,—and others have drifted into various professions and business enterprises. All, however, stay engravers at heart, and from time to time take out their tools and try them once more. For there is always the hope of some "revival of wood engraving" to buoy them up and spur them on, or, failing that, of some period of leisure in their lives, when they may be able "to do a little engraving for their own amusement."

THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Book I

CHAPTER X



HIS was the first and only rift in Dicky's love for his mother. But it was a long estrangement, lasting through six painful months, in which Christina, never seeming to give way, won him slowly back into her heart.

She had forbidden him ever to see Bertha Geddes again, and, though it was impossible for him to break this command, yet he kept burning the flame of his hysterical passion. They wrote to each other. Her letters came by arrangement with the first post in the morning. Dicky secured them from the postman before ever they had entered the house. The two pennies which he received in weekly pocket money were both spent now upon stamps and, locked away with his sketches, he kept the letters she wrote him. Every night when he went to bed

he read them again and again. They were full of wise counsel, telling him how he might make his life. At her conclusion, when she always ended—yours in Christ—Dicky closed the letter up. There was something in that termination which disinclined him to read again. Yet for six months his opinion of her never altered, his anger with his mother remained the same. He did not try to bring himself to forgive her for what she had done, and with a patience that seemed almost inexhaustible, Christina waited, ever watching for that moment when he would let her take him back into her heart.

Almost every evening of those days she played the piano when he and Anne had gone to bed. A thousand other things she did which might have seemed to Dicky to have no relation with him, for when he came to kiss her in the morning and at night, she offered her cheek in no way as she used. But the

struggle within her to keep her arms from clinging round him was sometimes almost beyond her power of endurance. There were days when, in anticipation of that struggle, she would leave the room before Dicky could say good-night, or purposely be late for breakfast in order to avoid this heart-breaking ceremony. Never was any wooing so determined as hers. When a man desires the love of a woman, all reason takes flight and leaves him; but when a woman means to win a man, the power of cunning redoubles in her breast. A panther in pursuit of prey is not more stealthy in his movements, more patient or more watchful for the moment when he may spring.

"What is the matter with Dicky?" Mr. Furlong asked her one night when they were alone.

"Dicky?" said Christina; "he's in love."

Mr. Furlong laid down his book upon his lap and took off his spectacles.

"What nonsense you do talk sometimes, Christina," he said with irritation. "You want to make a man of that boy before he's in his teens."

"Do I?" she answered. "What a very little you do know about me. Why, I'd give all I know to keep him the little boy he was two years ago. A boy of nine has got all in him that a woman wants in a man. He's brave, he's true, he's got a code of honour all his own, from which scarcely any temptation can make him depart. He's chivalrous; he can love and, with it all, he knows nothing. Life—what's called life—has never touched him then. His mind is as clean as a flower. It's women like that men sometimes marry. It's men like that women would give their souls to marry, but never meet."

Mr. Furlong gazed at her in astonishment. Never had Christina spoken out her mind to him like this before. At first he was bewildered. He could find in himself no answer to oppose her statement; something in it rang more true than he was able to refute. After a moment's silence he returned to what she had said of Dicky.

"I suppose you know best what you mean by all that," said he. "I don't want to put you to the trouble of ex-

plaining it. But you can explain what you mean about Dicky. How can a boy who's not yet twelve be in love? Who's he in love with. Some little girl of his own age—Dorothy Leggatt, I suppose—or somebody like that?"

"No," she replied quietly, "nobody like that."

"Then who?"

"A woman of twenty-nine. A woman who, in only a few weeks, has killed all the childhood in him and made him the man you say I'm trying to make him, before he's got into his teens. Oh, can't you see it, Joseph? And if you only knew how it was hurting me! I'd give my whole soul to win Dicky back again; to make him what he was just two years ago."

Mr. Furlong left his chair and crossed to Christina's side. Whenever she spoke with that pain in her voice all emotion in him was roused. In this way he had been moved when she had spoken so bitterly of the forgiveness of Mrs. Leggatt; now again, he felt that perhaps he did not understand her as well as he might. He believed in the popular convention that no man really quite understands a woman, not grasping the fact that it is often because they are so concerned with the understanding of themselves.

He sat down on the arm of her chair and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Who do you mean, Christina?" he asked gently, "it's not a woman in Eckington, is it?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know, Joseph?"

"No—you don't mean Miss Geddes, do you?"

"Of course I mean her."

"But, my dear child—she's a woman of twenty-nine! Besides, she's a good woman. Look at her letter to me."

"Do you think because a woman mentions the name of Christ that she's good?" asked Christina.

"Oh, but I can't believe any woman being so great a hypocrite," he replied warmly. "There doesn't live such a woman. Besides, she's my sister-in-law by marriage."

Christina rose quietly from her chair.

"We must say nothing to Dicky,"

said she. "That would only make it worse. I'm afraid even now he writes to her. I saw him early the other morning from the bedroom window—he was talking to the postman."

"Well, ask the postman if he receives letters," suggested Mr. Furlong. "We shall know then quick enough."

"Yes, and then Dicky will know too. Please don't do that, Joseph. It would be terrible if he lost his faith in us. Promise me you won't do that. He's nearly lost his faith in me."

She recounted to him then their meeting at the station.

"He's never been the same to me since that day."

"What do you mean, Christina," said her husband, suddenly realising that Dicky had consciously adopted an attitude toward his mother and a critical attitude at that. Without knowing it, he felt it reflect upon the power of his own authority. "Do you mean to say that boy has the impudence to treat you with disrespect? I never heard of such impertinence. That boy wants a caning, and that's the first thing he shall have to-morrow morning from me."

Christina had been about to leave the room; now she came swiftly back. Her eyes were full of apprehension. This was a danger she had not thought to find.

"Oh, whatever you do, don't do that!" she begged and her fingers clutched upon his arm. "He'll hate you, but it'll be nothing to the way he'll hate me!"

"Hate me!" exclaimed Mr. Furlong irately, "but I won't be hated by my children. It's the duty of a child to love his parents, not hate them. 'Honour thy father and mother.' I will be honoured, Christina, and so shall you."

Christina looked him straightly in the eyes.

"If you cane Dicky to-morrow morning," said she slowly, "I shall come and wrench the cane out of your hand and you'll never see me in this house again."

She left him with those words and went to her bed. Mr. Furlong stood in the middle of the room gazing at the closed door and wondering what the world had come to.

"A boy of eleven!" he muttered as he went back to his chair and, strive as he might, it was all beyond him. "A boy of eleven!" he repeated protestingly. But he could say no more than that.

CHAPTER XI

It was impossible that this should continue for long. It marvelled Christina that it should have lasted with Dicky as it did.

But next year's spring saw an end of it. Dicky's love for Bertha Geddes cooled. With a seeming malicious humour, Nature sometimes kills her highest emotion with the cheapest and most worldly weapon she can find. There came a day in April when the warm winds were blowing the shadows of the clouds over Bredon Hill; when in the meadows down the valley, the cuckoo-flowers were laying out their fairy carpet in the sun. Dicky wanted a new sketch-book then, and Anne's coffers were empty.

"Why don't you save up yourself?" said she, "you're always asking me for money."

"I want my money for something else," said Dicky.

"For what?" said Anne.

Dicky gave her no reply.

"You needn't tell me if you don't like," said she, "I know."

"Bet you don't," he answered quickly.

"Bet I do. It's to post your letters to that woman."

How did she know that? He seemed inevitably to be confronted with this strange way women had of knowing things. How had his mother known about Bertha Geddes? She must have known to take him away that day, as she did, on the platform—known without ever having seen Bertha Geddes before. For by this time he knew he had been doing wrong—knew with that animal instinct which has no power of reason. What sort of wrong it was, or why it should be so, he did not understand. It had never been entered in his category of sins; yet intuitively he knew it should be there.

It was the first realisation of this which blew a cooling breath upon his infatuation. Shame is a great factor in

one's life when one is as young as Dicky. In the first heat of their separation, Dicky would have cried out his wrongs to the whole world. But as the months went by and he received those letters of good counsel wherein the name of Christ was so freely used, a sense of shame began to creep into his mind. The secrecy in writing those letters of his became more necessary than ever. He had been cunning before in order that he should not be prevented; now he was cunning lest he should be found out.

Love cannot prosper in such an atmosphere as this; and when the demand of a new sketch-book first brought cessation to the writing of his letters, the matter was ended then. Dicky was in love no more.

How Christina found it out, it would be almost impossible to say. An idle word from Anne, a sudden look from Dicky, and she knew all that was taking place. Morning after morning, she watched from her bedroom window down the road. The postman came up to the wicket gate alone. She learned that Dicky was only getting up and had not yet been out.

Then it had come at last, this hour for which so tenderly and so patiently she had been waiting. Dicky was free again, and she knew full well that Dicky could not do without love. For love is a food, the manna in this wilderness of ours; and once a human creature has tasted of it, none other can so well sustain him. Without his letters to write, without his letters to read, without the numberless thoughts of Bertha Geddes which for the past six months had filled his mind, Dicky was now disconsolate. He refused the companionship of Anne. He ignored the friendship of Wilfrid. It was the moment when Christina knew her chance had come, and with a sure hand took it in her grasp.

It was one afternoon, in the early part of May, when Christina saw Dicky set off alone with his sketch-book. By the wide-open window of the best parlour she had been playing the piano that morning—the most joyous of Chopin's Preludes. Every glad note of it was in her heart. The world seemed as young again as did the year. And as she had played, it

suddenly was brought to her senses that all the birds in the garden were silent. She had lifted her hands from the keys. For an instant everything was still until they took up the burden of the music she had laid down. Her eyes and lips had turned to a sudden smile and—

"Oh, Dicky," she had whispered.

It was when she saw him start out alone in the afternoon that she went hastily to that watch tower, the window of her room, stood there until she knew in which direction he had gone, and then put on her hat and coat.

No one saw her depart. Mr. Furlong heard the snap of the catch on the wicket gate, but when he looked out of the mill, Christina was hidden behind the bushes of laurel already on the road to Bredon Hill.

She walked slowly, for it was not her wish to overtake him at once. She meant silently to come and sit beside him while he was painting one of his little pictures; those pictures of which he had never made a present to her, not since the day when he had picked the roses from the wall-paper in her room. The apple orchards were all in bloom, the may-trees massed with the pale green of a million breaking buds. Her step was light, her head high. You would have thought her a girl of twenty-one, had you come up behind her on the road.

She was less than twenty-one that day. No little maid going to meet her lover could have been lighter of heart than was Christina then. And when she saw the slight figure of Dicky on the hillside, her pulse stood still, then raced away, a canter in her breast. Like the little maid again who goes to meet her lover, trembling in the thought that that day perhaps she will be kissed, Christina's hand shook, and her breath came short and quick with the hasty beating of her heart.

She had made a wide detour to reach him, and for some moments had lost him from her sight. When she came within view of him again, she found he was quite close. Then she stood still. Dicky was lying flat upon his chest, his head in his hands, his shoulders shaking and, on the ground by his side, a few scattered pieces of paper were lying in idle confusion.

At the sound of her sudden footsteps, he turned round and sat up. His eyes were red. The smearing lines of tears were on his cheeks. At the sight of him there alone upon that hillside, Christina thought her heart would burst.

"Dicky!" she said; "O, Dicky, are you as unhappy as all that?"

With a brave gulping he swallowed his tears. There was yet his pride to be broken down and it was with him strongly then.

"I'm not unhappy," he said; "how did you know I was here?"

"I saw you," Christina replied—"but you've been crying."

He pointed to the torn-up scraps of paper on the ground.

"It's no good my trying to paint," he complained with bitterness, "I do them worse every time."

Christina took that willingly as the reason of his tears. It was probable she knew the aching of his heart far better than he did himself.

"Put the pieces together," she whispered, "and let me see."

In fear lest she should do it for herself, he raked them together quickly in his hand and thrust them in the pocket of his coat.

"No—please not," he said, "it's so silly."

He was a difficult lover, this Dicky of hers. She wooed him first this way and then that. And all the time, when he thought she was not looking, his eyes would wander to her face. There would creep over him the longing to throw his arms about her neck. Christina was not ignorant of what was passing in his mind. Time and again she gave him the opportunity he sought; but like a timid colt in an open field, he kept shying at it, just when she thought she had won him to her heart.

Perhaps it made the struggle all the dearer to her heart, the conquest all the greater when it was won. For at last, in a beating silence, while they both looked out over the far country, his hand stole into hers as it lay upon her lap. Christina swallowed something in her throat. She could not have been certain whether it were laughter or whether it were tears. The next moment she knew,

for his arms were tight about her. It was both.

CHAPTER XII

When Dicky was thirteen, Mr. Furlong sent him away to school in the north of England. Here a friend of Christina's was headmaster of the grammar school in the town, and certain reductions were made which enabled Dicky's father to meet the greater expense.

"You'll only have the mill when I die, Dicky," said Mr. Furlong. "All money that I save will come eventually to Anne, so you must make the best advantage you can of the education that I give you."

Dicky promised to do his best. He would have made a world of promises rather than continue at Leggatt's school. The thought of leaving Christina was certainly disturbing when it came to him; but in the desire to see new worlds, he put it from him as often as he could. There were times at night when, lying awake, listening to the sounds of the piano in the house below, Dicky realised how nothing in this life was gained without some loss to counterbalance it. In time to come he was to learn still yet a wider knowledge than this; he was to find that no success is won without some failure made; that when a man shall fail, he may be nearest to success. There would be no sound of a piano as he went to sleep at that school in the north. This was one of the things he must lose. But by degrees he made up his mind to that. Already he was entering that phase of stoicism when to be manly in everything is the heart's desire of a boy.

For a ransom he would not have shown to Anne or even to Christina the doubts that sometimes threatened all his joy at going away. Sometimes Mr. Furlong thought him callous, and Anne wondered, believing he had no heart. But for the few days before he left, Christina watched him narrowly, growing in jealousy of life until she knew. Then she comforted herself with that sorry counsel which bids a woman tell herself that hers is not the only heart left aching. She knew that Dicky felt his going. He had all the heart she needed for him and for herself. If he were brave, what

could she be but proud? And so these two acted their little comedy of deception—Dickie for the sake of that vague and elusive virtue called manhood, Christina for the reason that most women are brave, in order that some man may keep up his heart to the last.

At last the day arrived for Dickie's departure. Christina drove him in the trap to the station at Pershore. It was the same trap, the same horse which, two years before, had sped one morning into Eckington. At the sound of the horse's hoofs upon the road, Christina remembered that morning, thinking how many changes had come to Dickie since then.

At the moment of parting from the mill, Dickie had held his head high. He had wanted merely to shake hands with his father. This is one amongst the first signs of manliness when a boy realises that between men, a shaking of the hands is all that is consistent, even with the greatest parting in life. But this had ruffled Mr. Furlong's sense of the fitness of things. He was not the man to understand so fine a point as this.

"Aren't you going to give me a kiss, Dickie?" he asked, but there was more command than question in his voice. He was thinking of what Christina had told him when Dickie was at enmity with her.

Dickie obeyed, but the blood was hot in his cheeks. Yet Mr. Furlong was satisfied. The principle of obedience meant a great deal to him. Even the feeling that Dickie was annoyed did not make bitter the kiss he had received. He had been obeyed. It was, however, that sensation of annoyance which helped Dickie through much of the trial of parting at the mill. He kissed Anne without flinching, though the tears were perilously near her eyes. Over Pilgrim in his barrel in the yard, he felt the wrench worst of all. Pilgrim was so sublimely unconscious of what was taking place. He believed that Dickie was going to take him out for a walk, and danced in such a wild exuberance of spirits that Dickie realised another pleasure in life which he was leaving behind him. There would be no more walks in the early morning with Pilgrim. He set his teeth and turned away, looked once round the yard with all its familiar sheds and corners,

and then came back to where the trap was waiting in the road. He caught sight then of the new hat box, containing the tall silk hat which he would have to wear on Sundays, and, setting his teeth again, swore bravely beneath his breath that he would not cry.

This was all very well so long as he knew that Christina was still with him. It was when the trap had been spinning along the road for some distance, and not a word had passed between them, that it was suddenly borne in upon Dickie's mind how soon he would even be parted from her. Tears in a volume then had almost taken him unawares. He held very tight on to the handrail at his side and swallowed quickly, trying his utmost to think of other things.

The whole country-side as they passed was yielding to the warmth of summer. A luscious note was in the song of every bird, and all the trees were swollen in their pride of leaf. The river gurgled through the rushes, while, up and down the glittering water, the martins sped in rushing flights that swept them out of sight beyond the bend.

As they approached the old stone bridge at Eckington, Dickie sat up in his seat.

"There's old Wilfrid," he said, "waiting on the bridge."

"Who's that with him?" asked Christina.

"Oh—that silly little ass Dorothy, I suppose."

Despite the trouble in her heart, Christina smiled. There was something healthy in that brief summary of what Dorothy Leggatt was to him.

"Good-bye, Dickie!" Wilfrid called out as they went by; "write and tell us about the cricket."

"Course," Dickie shouted back. "You write too."

"You never said good-bye to Dorothy," said Christina.

Dickie looked back a moment over his shoulder. Dorothy was still standing on the bridge with Wilfrid, looking after them. The long strands of her dark brown hair were blowing out in moments as the wind caught it.

"She isn't a patch on Anne," he replied as he turned back again, and there-

in lay his answer to Christina's statement.

As they drew nearer and nearer to the station, Dicky became more and more uncomfortable in his seat; Christina's lips set to a thinner line.

"Can I get a funny paper?" he asked as they walked into the station. Until it was time for him to get into his carriage he was so restless that Christina had difficulty in keeping near him.

At last he stood up in the doorway of the carriage, while the last luggage was being thrown into the vans. He looked down at Christina below him.

"Will you write to me about everything, Dicky?" she asked.

He nodded his head.

"Write every week?" she added.

He nodded his head again. It would have been very dangerous to speak just then. His grey eyes were glittering suspiciously already; his lips were closed very tight. There was an unnatural pallor in his cheeks. After those few words of Christina's, they said no more but, whenever their eyes met, each looked quickly away. There came the moment when the doors of the carriages were being slammed. Christina put her foot on the step, raising herself on a level with Dicky's shoulder.

"Good-bye, Dicky," she said bravely.

"Good-bye," said he, and his voice cracked. The sound of it was unmistakable, but he looked at her with a wry smile, the last effort he could make, and—

"That must be my voice breaking," said he.

"Oh, Dicky!" she exclaimed. "How soon you'll be a man!"

It was just that sentence of hers which sustained him until the guard's whistle was blown and the train moved away from the platform. After that it was an easy thing to lean out of the window and cheerfully wave his hand to Christina all the while that hot tears were tumbling down his cheeks.

CHAPTER XIII

At that grammar school in the north Dicky began to learn the things which Circumstance builds to make the corners of life. He made few friends. For most

of the boys there, he was far too old. Often he wondered what they would think of him if they knew all his secrets; how he had loved a woman of twenty-nine before any one of them were good enough for the first fifteen at football.

In those days he must have been very old, for he kept that secret to himself, when many another boy would have boasted of it. But one friendship there was he made which, at such an impressionable time as that, meant much to the moulding of his future. Mr. Hollom was the master of the upper fourth, a man more suited to the study than the schoolroom. Amidst a lot of boys, he was like a shepherd without his dog. Strive or storm as he might, he could not keep them in order. The moment he entered the room, he was at their mercy. Only in the constant fear of those sudden visits of the headmaster were they amenable at all to the studies that he set them. Once when the headmaster was away, they reduced him to tears.

He was a young man of twenty-three, made for a scholar, with ill-set shoulders, a stooping back, and spindle legs. He never played in their games on the football field. They made their judgment by that and, on this occasion, when no danger of a visit from the headmaster was imminent, they played with him as a cat plays with a mouse. Trap after trap they laid; trap after trap he fell into, and then a rippling tremor of laughter would quiver through the class. At length, when he upset an ink-pot which had been cunningly placed behind his elbow, the quiver of laughter became a shout.

With burning cheeks, and flinging back the long sleeves of his gown, Mr. Hollom jumped down from his desk.

"Who put that pot of ink at my elbow?" he cried.

The biggest boy in the class, the heaviest forward they had in the first fifteen, a boy who could never in his life have been so ingenious even with a pot of ink, rose at once to his feet.

"Plea-sir—I did, sir."

Before he knew what he did; before he considered its consequences, Mr. Hollom swung round his open hand across the boy's face and dropped him with a stinging cheek into his seat.

Through the whole class then there was a moment's hush. But instead of being satisfied with what he had done, the next instant the wretched man was a slave to its reaction. He stood there with white lips, his eyes nervously twitching, his breath coming fast. He gave no impression of control. There was no sense of deliberation in what he had done. In a moment there was not a boy there in that class who did not know it, who did not murmur approvingly when Butcher primus leaped up again to his feet with squared fists and a look within his eyes which some of them there had reason to know too well.

"If you want a fight, sir," said he, "we can have it here, or outside—which-ever you like."

That had been the moment to repeat the blow; repeat it with calm and calculated deliberation. Instead, Mr. Hollom said that he was sorry, and when the class broke up for the hour of dinner, he remained behind seated in his chair.

Five minutes later Dicky came back quietly into the room and found him with his head in his hands, leaning forward dejectedly upon his desk. Instantly, though he had been among the worst of them, Dicky went up to his chair.

"Don't cry, sir," said he.

As though it were a sting from another of these hornets, the young master lifted his head, preparing to face them again.

"What do you mean, Furlong?" he demanded.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I thought you were crying."

"And you were as bad as any of them weren't you?"

"Yes—sir."

He turned away.

"My God!" he muttered thoughtlessly; "they'll never keep me on after this!"

Then realising the words he had used, he turned quickly again to Dicky.

"I suppose you heard what I said then?" he asked.

"Yes—sir," said Dicky. "And I wouldn't stay to be cheeked by Butcher primus, if I were you."

Mr. Hollom smiled.

"Oh—wouldn't you?" said he; "what would you do?"

"I'd go to another school."

"With the reputation of being unable to keep order amongst boys? What school do you think would have me?"

"But you're awfully clever, sir."

Somehow or other the incongruity of talking to this little boy of thirteen did not make itself clear to Mr. Hollom. Without his knowing it, it was the same quality of understanding Dicky had once proved to Christina which was showing in him now. The fact of the matter was, it was good to speak to any one.

"Boys don't want to be clever," replied Mr. Hollom. "It's no good having brains. Brains won't teach boys. You want the fist of a prizefighter, and the nerves of a prizefighter too, to teach a pack of boys. The brains you can get for yourself out of a book."

"But I want to be clever, sir."

"Do you? What do you want to do?"

"Paint," said Dicky. "Pictures."

"What sort of pictures?"

Dicky shook his head.

"Don't know yet," said he.

"Do you learn drawing here?" asked Mr. Hollom.

"Only a rotten sort of free-hand," said Dicky.

"Well—I wouldn't despise it if I were you. It'll teach you little or nothing about shape, but it'll do what it purports to do—it'll give you a free-hand with a pencil."

Dicky looked thoughtful.

"I didn't know it meant that," said he, and in one moment had grasped the first principle of education. Many boys may do this, but few apply the knowledge they have gained. Dicky applied it. He wasted no more moments in the drawing classes when they came.

The next term Mr. Hollom invited him one day to his rooms to tea. Dicky's heart was big with importance when he went. He was shown drawings and sketches that Mr. Hollom had done. In all the gentler arts, he dabbled in a *dilettante* way; played the piano, acted on speech days and, late in the night, wrote stories which the London papers occasionally printed in their columns.

Dicky thought that he was the cleverest man he had ever met. His portraits of boys that he sometimes drew in school were wonderful. Dicky recognised them

all. But it was in his landscapes in water-colour that Mr. Hollom liked himself. Mostly to him they represented long, peaceful hours in the sun, by the bank of some river or the rise of some hill, far from the penitentiary of school. When he had painted those pictures, he could look his God in Nature in the face. He liked them for that reason; he liked them, too, because when mounted and placed in little gold frames, he thought they looked rather well. He was not ashamed to put his initials to them and hang them on his walls. His landlady had the good taste to like them, too. She wished her daughter could paint like that, and had asked him one day to give her a picture. Concealing both pride and pleasure, he had promised that he would, but not even then had made up his mind which he could spare.

All these he showed to Dicky, saying: "Of course I never took lessons, so they're naturally very poor. One of these days we must go out together and see what we can do."

"Next Wednesday, sir," said Dicky, answering to the suggestion as the report of the pistol answers to the trigger that is pulled.

Mr. Hollom smiled. He was not quite so keen as that himself.

"Isn't there a football practice next Wednesday?"

"No, sir."

"Nothing at all?"

"No, sir."

"Very well, then," he agreed, "next Wednesday. You've got a box of water-colours, have you?"

"Yes, sir—my mother gave me it, birthday before last."

"And a sketch-book?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a stool?"

"I can sit on the grass, sir."

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Hollom looked out his paraphernalia, his leather satchel, his stool, his best sable brushes, and his expensive water-colour paper. The next day then they set out, telling each other all they knew about the history of nature as they walked. Mr. Hollom found that he had made a companion who interested him so much as to take him out of himself.

As soon as they had selected a place, they began to work at once. In less than half an hour Dicky had finished.

"I can't do any more, sir," he said, and he threw his book on to the grass by his side. "It's all started running—it's just a beastly mess, that's all."

Under great persuasion he showed it at last. The master took it, saying cheerfully:—

"Well now, let us see."

Then, for a time that seemed to Dicky interminable, he was silent.

"Why did you make those near trees there that funny grey?" he asked at length.

"They're willows, sir."

"Yes—yes—I know that—but why that colour? Willows are distinctly green."

"Not when the wind's blowing their leaves back," said Dicky at once.

"Yes—well—perhaps that is so. But they're only occasionally like that. You ought to paint them as willows, and therefore should paint them surely as you most often see them."

"But it's windy to-day, sir."

"Yes, I know—but you're not trying to paint the day—are you?"

"I was trying," said Dicky.

Mr. Hollom smiled.

"You might as well say," he suggested, "that you were trying to paint the wind."

"But I was, sir."

"You try and paint the wind?"

"Yes, sir—it's as much there as the willows—in fact, it's everywhere. The willows are only by the side of the river."

"Furlong," said Mr. Hollom suddenly—and then he stopped. He was about to say—"Furlong—one day you'll be a great painter."

"Yes, sir," said Dicky.

"Oh—nothing," said Mr. Hollom.

CHAPTER XIV

Whatever Destiny it was which shaped the ends of Dicky Furlong, it never faltered in its course. Some Destinies there are, shaping the ends of men, which seem at times to weary of their labour, casting aside their tools because the work is dull. Upon some men even it would seem that Destiny never laboured at all. She passes them by in the great counting and,

like straws upon a stream, they drift in whatever direction the eddies carry them.

But the Destiny that shaped the soul of Dicky Furlong never rested. Who is there to say why Mr. Hollom that morning was reduced to the dejection of tears? Was it to be of that service to him, which only some far-seeing Providence could arrange? Or was it to be in the service of that young animal who, with squared fists, drew from him his pitiable apology? Yet the only seeming benefit it brought was to Dicky, who thereby made a friend.

That Wednesday afternoon was the first of many which Mr. Hollom employed in taking Dicky out to sketch. He never told him what he thought of his future. There was a vein of common sense in him, unusual in so young a man. To the headmaster, however, he ventured to speak his mind.

"Of course I may be quite wrong, sir," he said, "but it seems to me that one day he might do anything with his brush."

"Let me see one of his paintings," said Mr. Blaithwaite.

"You wouldn't gather anything from them," replied Mr. Hollom. "It's not so much the effects he gets, it's the effects he tries to get. They're mere daubs, of course. But I try my hand at it in a small way, and I shouldn't dream of attempting to paint what he does. The whole secret of art is expressing the moments of everlasting things. It's only in moments that things are everlasting. I asked him what something was that he showed me the other day, and he said: 'When the wind is blowing very high and there are a lot of clouds in the sky, their shadows keep racing across the meadows—' 'Well?' said I. 'Well,' he said, 'that was what I wanted to do—only it looks all wrong.' Movement, mind you—movement in shadows! Fancy a boy of his age trying to do that! Of course the result was ludicrous. But if he sees it like that, he'll get it. He's always trying to paint the wind as he calls it. And one of these days he'll do it."

"How old is he?" asked Mr. Blaithwaite.

"Just fourteen."

"His mother was a capable woman,"

said the headmaster; "played the piano beautifully when she was twelve."

He wrote home to Christina that night.

"Would you like your boy to be an artist?" he asked.

Christina wrote back as it were in a whisper, saying she would, but begging him not to mention it to her husband. The next vacation Mr. Hollom was asked to stay at the mill. Mr. Furlong was more than agreeable. The young man played chess and played it well. They sat long together in the evenings over the chess board. But Mr. Hollom seldom won. He was listening to Christina playing Beethoven.

"It's a funny thing," said Mr. Furlong one night, just after he had declared check-mate; "but I've noticed amongst chess-players, that when a man is a good musician too—they sometimes go together—he's generally a most vicious man. There was a young organist here at Pershore—young Allen—he was a good chess-player. You don't play the piano—do you?"

Mr. Hollom gave out his lie with a truthful face.

"Oh—no," said he.

"Neither do I," said Mr. Furlong, but then he spoke the truth.

Those evenings of Beethoven at Trafford Mill lived long in Mr. Hollom's memory. In the three weeks that he was there, he discovered a secret in his heart. He discovered that he loved Christina. What is more, she discovered it too.

They talked often and long together about Dicky. A secret there was already between them. Dicky's father must never know that one day he might be an artist. She firmly instilled into Mr. Hollom's mind that he must never tell Mr. Furlong that. Now a secret, even of so harmless a nature as this, is a fatal bond between any man and woman. It necessitates glances of understanding which are swift to be read to other things. Sometimes they would take long walks together, talking of Dicky all the while. In was in his appreciation of Dicky's future that his intelligence showed to the best advantage in Christina's eyes. She knew the value at that moment that he was to Dicky. Therein lay Christina's snare.

One evening, when Mr. Furlong was compelled to drive into Eckington to see a farmer about some corn that was to be delivered at the mill next day, she played Beethoven to him as usual. Really it was to Dicky lying upstairs in his bed that she played. But a man in love can lose sight of these things. He can confuse the real meaning of the smallest incident. Mr. Hollom lay back in a deep armchair, his thin legs stretched out straight in front of him and, with clasped hands and closed eyes, he listened to the last dying chords of the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata, believing that she played it for him. Then, as Christina came to the door, he knew he was in love.

He rose quickly to his feet as he saw her standing there. To a woman who, after some years of marriage, has forgotten them, they are always pleasing, such little attentions as these. She begged him not to move.

"Is that all you're going to play?" he asked, for he realised by then that he feared her near him in the room.

"Yes—that's all," said she; "I'm tired to-night. And that piano! It's rather sad— isn't it? I wonder if I'll ever have a really good one."

"In a few years," said Mr. Hollom, "Dicky'll be selling a big picture for some hundreds of pounds—then he'll give you one."

He prophesied the gift to Dicky; but in his heart he was longing that he might say: "Let me save up all my money and buy you one."

And as yet Christina had not guessed. Her eyes lit up with excitement at the thought of the prospect he had raised.

"Do you really think that'll ever be?" she asked. "Do you think he's going to be as great as that?"

"Of course it's all very speculative," said Mr. Hollom guardedly. "How can one possibly say? The things he says and does now are just those sort of things which are quoted of a man's childhood when he becomes great. He must become great for them to mean anything at all. They may mean nothing but a certain amount of precociousness."

"I suppose he is precocious," said

Christina. "I've always known that. Ever since he was eleven."

They sat in silence then, and in the square hall outside the old Cromwellian clock that had been in Mr. Furlong's family past all memory ticked out its hollow moments in ironical contrast to Mr. Hollom's ears to those pregnant moments within himself. He felt as though every instant he must clasp Christina's hand in his. Nothing, had he known it, was more unlikely. He sat there quietly in the deep armchair, a slave to the doubt of what she would do, obedient also to a better impulse which keeps a man from stealing until his hunger be too great.

The sound of that clock outside in the hall, the sound of the silence there in the room, drove him at last to speak.

"Once upon a time," said he, "they thought I was going to be clever. I did well up at Oxford—wrote for their magazines—wrote for the Oxford papers. They printed an article of mine in the *Saturday Review*. I followed it up with another in the *Hibbert Journal*. I thought I was rousing the world then. I seemed to hear it echoing with what I'd done, resounding with all I was going to do. Now I'm a schoolmaster at a hundred and twenty pounds a year—completely, hopelessly unfit for my job."

"No!" interrupted Christina; "how can you say that? Look at all you've done for Dicky! You've encouraged him in his painting more than any one else in the world could possibly have done."

"Even if that were true," he replied, "and willingly I'll take it to my credit if you like—but what have I done for myself? Imagine what it is to be a man of twenty-five at the beginning of your career, as they like to call it, yet at one and the same time at the end of it. To see the years a thin, gaunt, failing line drifting away into nothingness."

He buried his face in his hands, just as he had done that day in the classroom when Dicky had come to his aid. So now Christina came. With an impetuous and a full heart she leaned toward him, and with her hands took his hands from his face. For some long moments they looked into each other's eyes, and then, before Christina knew—she knew.

As long as he dared, he bore it, realis-

ing that this was the first and the last time he would feel the touch of her hand.

"Please take your hands away," he said at last.

Knowing, she took them away quickly—not knowing and in surprise, she asked him why.

"Because I love you," he said quietly. These he knew were his last moments in the house. A mood of desperation was with him then. It was going to be the one glorious moment in his life, this hearing himself say to Christina that he loved her.

"I know I have no right to say this," he went on quickly. "I'd only ask you to try and imagine that I have said it of some other woman—telling you about it as I would make a confidence. I know no other woman in the world I'd sooner make a confidence to than you. So I'm just telling you that I love a woman, and the mere telling of it is going to be the best moment I've ever lived. With all the knowledge of my failure, I love her. With all the dim hope of what for her sake I might still be able to do, I love her too. It means nothing to me that she belongs to some one else. Marriage is a property act, it protects the jewels we possess, the pictures and the books that we have bought. But it cannot prevent a man from standing outside the case in which that jewel is kept and loving that jewel as I love you—in all admiration, in all respect, in all devout obedience.

He rose slowly to his feet.

"Now I've told you," said he, "I can touch your hand again—if, of course, you'll shake hands with me. To-morrow morning I shall go. Good-night and good-bye. I shall look after Dicky at school. He brings you to me. I can't do too much for him to show my gratitude for that. Good-night."

The ticking of the clock became louder as he opened the door; it died away as he closed it again. Christina sat on in her chair, staring far through the wall before her.

Half an hour later, when Mr. Furlong came in, he found her still seated there.

"Not in bed yet?" said he.

She shook her head and rose to her feet. At the door she turned.

"Mr. Hollom says he has to go to-morrow," she said.

"Oh—I'm sorry for that. He's a good fellow."

"Yes," said Christina, "he is."

The stairs creaked under her as she walked up to her bedroom. She counted them one by one.

CHAPTER XV

Sorrow is a great master. No man truly learns the lesson of life without such a teacher as this. For though there is pain, as well there is gentleness, and when the day comes that time has healed, then Sorrow has taught, and a man may go out into the world with a new knowledge in his heart.

Dicky began his lesson at an early age. At the end of his fifth term, just as his heart was rising to the anticipation of his holidays at home, Christina wrote to say that she would not be at the Mill. A sister of hers—a worker, too, as she had been—was lying alone in some wretched lodging house in Dublin at the point of death. Christina had gone over the sea to nurse her. It was that going over the sea which made it seem so far away to Dicky. He came back to the Mill feeling that in her absence the real meaning of his holidays was gone.

Anne did her best to cheer him—Anne, growing now swiftly toward that moment when she was to put up her hair and be a girl no longer. But it was the consolation of Christina that he needed. At the end of that term he had failed miserably in a Cambridge local examination. The only subject in which he had passed was that of chemistry, a subject to which his inquisitive mind had quickly taken. In all classics and mathematics his papers had been beneath contempt.

His father had written sternly but justly to say that he saw no purpose in keeping him on at school.

"You are well over fifteen," he wrote. "At that age I left school with, I hope, a better equipment than you have now. Through Mr. Blaithwaite's kindness, I am not paying the full amount for your schooling and, therefore, since you are doing so badly, cannot in justice to him impose upon his kindness any longer."

It was that last sentence which burned

into Dicky's mind. He tore the letter up. Whenever Mr. Blaithwaite's eyes rested on him, he felt the blood hurrying to his cheeks.

In such disgrace as this, the consolations of Anne, given with her whole heart, though sadly limited by her imagination, were of no avail at all. He needed Christina and, in her absence, was driven to the company of himself. For long hours of the day he would wander alone across the hills that overhang this valley of the Avon, watching the winter mists rise up from the river's edge like ghosts of the summer that had passed away.

In the midst of these days of depression came the disquieting news that Christina had caught typhoid fever and had been taken to the fever hospital in Dublin. Mr. Furlong was asked to come over at once.

Even in the short time in which he was preparing for his departure his face grew thin and pinched. His eyes fell into deep hollows and, from them, looked out in fear and apprehension. Dicky and Anne moved silently about the house, afraid to watch the things he did. And then he was gone. The house was more empty than ever. Certainly the common fear drew them closer together. They walked to the hills; they walked far across the country. But they had little to say.

"Should we have to see mother if she died?" asked Dicky once.

Anne shuddered.

"How can you talk like that, Dicky?" she exclaimed.

"I don't know," he replied. He did not know. He could not appreciate the meaning of what he said. He only knew that he could not bear it.

But in a few days there came better news. Christina was getting well. There was still some danger, but her improvement was constant. Dicky's heart rose up and, like a lark in early spring, tried with beating wings to lift above the surrounding mist.

They heard at last that she was approaching convalescence; had, in fact, been moved to a convalescent home, but was looking so fragile that they would scarcely know her. A date was mentioned when they might return. Upon

that day, Dicky's mind swiftly fixed itself, seeing there once more the breaking of the sun.

Two days went by in silence, and then from Eckington on his red bicycle came a telegraph boy. He brought a telegram addressed to Anne, standing by while she read it, watching her face, for he knew the news it bore.

Christina had had a relapse. The danger was worse than it had been. Anne turned away with a sense of dread and went alone to her room. Dicky went down to the river, where for an hour he stared into the water. The tears were never farther from his eyes. They glittered like glass, but it was not with wetness. His mind was already steeling itself for his bitter enmity with God.

It was Anne at length who found him by the side of the river, and begged him in her common sense to come back home to their meal. They sat then down to table, eating little and in silence. Dicky made numberless pellets with his bread, building them one upon another in a pyramid on the table before him.

When the meal was cleared away they took the two big armchairs, with books upon their laps. Neither read a word from the printed page before them. And the clock in the hall ticked and ticked and ticked. At last the hammer rose and it struck the hour of nine.

Dicky sat up suddenly in his chair. His face was grey as ashes. The pupils of his eyes were large and black as coal.

"Anne," he said, in a hoarse voice, "I'm sure mother's dead. I'm sure. I'm sure."

CHAPTER XVI

Dicky's vision had been a true one. Almost at that very hour the soul had quivered from Christina's body. She lay quite still in Mr. Furlong's arms, and when, with bowed head, he saw the nurse leave the room, he knew that he was alone.

The next morning the telegraph boy came once more to the mill. Anne took the yellow envelope, but could not open it. She turned away with it in her hand and the sickness at her heart overcame

her. Dicky took it from her and tore the paper.

"I knew," said he strangely, and gave it back to Anne.

The telegram had contained an order for money, and ended with the words: "Get mourning and come to Dublin at once for funeral."

The sudden necessity for so long a journey was a salvation to Dicky and Anne. There was no time for thought, no time even for comprehension. They must go, and at once.

When the question of expenses was gone into, it was found that Mr. Furlong had not sent enough money. Only by travelling third class and steerage on the boat, by having no meal over the journey of sixteen hours, by buying nothing in the way of mourning, neither gloves, nor ribbons for Anne's black hat, only by this could they make the money just suffice to bring them to Dublin.

"We must do that then," said Dicky, who talked without tears as one who talks in a dream.

It was blowing almost a gale from the northwest when they reached Holyhead that night. The rain whipped and stung their cheeks as they both, with the cardboard boxes containing the few things they had brought, walked down from the train to the landing-stage. In the violent gusts of wind the flames of the lamps were blown to a blue light, whistling and hissing in the semi-darkness.

Neither Anne nor Dicky had ever been to sea before. The boat seemed like a great hotel. They could see the rich people entering the saloons, which were glittering with lights, and looked, to Dicky, like a glimpse he had obtained through the windows of one of the hotels in London. But these places were not for them. When they showed their tickets they were hustled into a fore part of the boat, the few bunks in which were already taken. The rest of the space below the deck was occupied with crates of fish yielding a strong odour. They were piled one upon the top of the other, leaving narrow passages to the companion-way up on deck.

Dicky clutched their cardboard boxes very tightly, for people in ECKINGTON had warned them that they could never know

whom they might meet on a long journey such as that. Soon there was a loud clattering as the gangways were cast off, a busy hurrying of feet upon the deck above them. At last the deep note of the siren vibrated through the ship, and a shudder passed through all the passengers at the thought of the night they had to face.

A man looking round about him for some one to speak to, saw Dicky's eyes in his direction and said, with chattering teeth, "It may not be bad over the other side."

"Are we off?" asked Dicky.

"We are indeed, sorr," said a sailor; "but shure 'tis only two hours and three-quarters—ye wouldn't be mindin' that. If we're up to time that's what we'll be doin' it in. But I'm afraid we'll be late. They say 'tis blowin' the best part of a gale off the Kish."

"I thought it was generally smoother that side," said the man with the chattering teeth.

"Well—it is and it isn't," replied the sailor ambiguously; "it dipinds on the wind."

He spat on his hands cheerfully and looked at Dicky.

"It dipinds on the number o' knots in the wind," he repeated. "Did ye ever hear o' knots in the wind before, sorr?" then he saw the look in Dicky's eyes as the first wave struck the bows and the ship lurched out into the night. He bent down to Dicky's ear.

"D'ye want to be sick?" he whispered.

"I'm not going to be sick," said Dicky bravely.

"Well, thin, go up on deck and I'll find ye a place close to the mast. Ye'll be sick down here as shure as water runs."

"I can't leave Anne," said Dicky.

"An' who's Anne?"

"My sister—she's over there—sitting on that box."

That was a night that lived forever in Dicky's memory. He knew all the time that Christina was dead, but either the knowledge had come too suddenly, or his surroundings were so strange, whichever it may have been, he could not bring his mind to think of it. This sudden facing of God in the wind, this roaring battle with the sea, occupied all his thoughts.

Beyond the realisation of his surroundings, he was dazed.

There was no light in the sky; there was no light across the sea. They ploughed onwards through the everlasting darkness. When the waves had drenched him through, so that he felt the water trickling down his body inside his clothes, then Dicky began to believe that the world was a terrible place—a chaos of shrieking sounds. For the shrouds rattled like pistol shots against the mast above his head; the ventilation funnels screeched as the wind swung them round in its madness—the whole ship tossed and moaned like a woman in her agony, and Dicky wondered if it would ever end.

When they came in between the heads and reached the harbour of Kingstown, Dicky was a shadow of himself. His eyes were dull and sunken. A fit of shivering had caught him. His teeth ached and chattered in his head. He found Anne below, guarding the two cardboard boxes. She had been sorely ill, but now, in the smoother water was the better for it. When at last they found their carriage in the Dublin train, they sat close together under the flickering oil lamp, and then Anne, touching his coat, found out that Dicky was wet through.

"Oh, Dicky," she whispered, "I wish you weren't so wet."

"It doesn't matter," he replied. "Don't you worry—we'll soon be there."

With a tearing of brakes and a groaning of springs, the train at last came into the station at Dublin. Anne looked out of the carriage window for her father. He was standing there on the platform, a black figure with drawn cheeks and bloodshot eyes. She began to understand it all then.

As she stepped down from the carriage, he kissed her; in silence took her arm affectionately, and led her away. For the first moment for many hours, Dicky felt the hot blood in his face. There rose no pride in him then. He had been ignored, left behind and, with a trembling lip he followed silently behind them. He questioned his mind for no reason for this injustice. Whatever he had done could not allow of punishment—of such punishment—at a time like

this. With all the strength of his being he cried out inwardly against God and his father then. This was more than he could bear.

Suddenly Mr. Furlong turned round. Anne had said something to him. He came back quickly to Dicky.

"My dear boy," he said—there were tears falling from his red eyes—"I didn't know—not till Anne said something about you. You see I only meant Anne to come, she was the eldest. I only sent enough money for her. She says yqu've had nothing to eat. Why didn't you speak? I should have seen you then."

Dicky did not explain why he had kept silent. It still remained. He had not been expected. In a vivid rush of his imagination he saw all his life an intrusion now that Christina was dead.

"I'm not hungry," was his reply.

"Hungry or not," said Mr. Furlong, "you must eat something." And in his voice, the quickness of Dicky's ear detected even then the note of authority.

But for the rest of that time in which they remained in Dublin, Mr. Furlong was gentle as a child to both of them. Taking Dicky aside from Anne as they walked to the Convalescent Home from which the funeral took place, he told him with quivering words of the last moments when Christina was alive.

"She had never been very religious, Dicky—not very. She was a true, good woman, but when she died, I think she knew—I think she knew the love of her Maker."

"Did she say anything—about me?" whispered Dicky.

"Yes," said Mr. Furlong, "her last words were——"

"Were what? Were what?"

"Just — Dicky — Dicky — Dicky — three times, like that."

The poor man's heart ached as he told them. He had known then; known how much more Dicky was in the world to her than any one else besides. He would eagerly have kept that secret to himself; but that night, upon his knees, he had prayed for help to reveal it, if revelation there were in the recounting of Christina's last words.

"It must be my duty to tell Dicky," he

said to himself. Once he was convinced of that, he followed his duty to the last. The only ease he found from the pain of it was when he considered that it was not necessarily his duty to tell it to Dicky before Anne. Anne need never know.

After a long silence as they walked together, Dicky summoned the courage to put at last the question that had been occupying all his mind since their arrival.

"Shall we have to see mother before she's buried?" he asked. The first thankfulness he felt for anything that day was when he heard that they would not. The coffin had been sealed. The light of day would never fall on his mother's face again.

When he first saw the coffin being lifted on to the hearse, his mind vibrated with imagination. In that he could not see with his eyes, he had been saved the terror of death, yet that case of polished oak, with its gaudy brass fittings, made no obstacle to the vision of his mind. It was his mother's body only they were lifting on to the hearse. He saw her face, with eyes closed in sleep, as plainly as last he had seen it when awake.

Two wreaths of white flowers were laid upon the coffin. Dicky wondered what she would have said if she could have seen them; wondered if she would have cared that flowers should die with her.

At last they started from the Convalescent Home to the cemetery, the hearse, on the driving seat of which sat three men, followed by the single closed carriage in which Dicky sat with his father and Anne. They sat in silence. It reminded Dicky of the moments when they walked up the aisle in church to the Communion Table. He could not feel that it had anything to do with the loss of his mother. It was a strange ceremony that rather kept his mind from the thought of death. He felt no sympathy with it, as often he felt no sympathy with going to church.

As they drove back again in the carriage, Mr. Furlong leaned forward and took both their hands.

"My dear children," he said brokenly, "you've lost your mother. Nothing can ever repair that loss. But you've still got me, and I'll try and be mother and father to you both."

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

HISTORY, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

The Central Committee on the United Study of Missions:

China's New Day: A Study of Events That Have Led to its Coming. By Isaac Taylor Headland, D.D.

The Century Company:

Changing America: Studies in Contemporary Society. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph.D., LL.D.

Small, Maynard and Company:

A Woman's Winter in South America. By Charlotte Cameron.

The Last Episode of the French Revolution: Being a History of Gracchus Babeuf and the Conspiracy of the Equals. By Ernest Belfort Bax.

Student Volunteer Movement:

The Chinese Revolution. By Arthur Judson Brown.

EDUCATION

A. S. Barnes Company:

The Handicraft Book, Comprising Methods

of Teaching Cord and Raffia Constructive Work, Weaving, Basketry and Chair Caning in Graded Schools. By Anna L. Jesup and Annie E. Logue.

Government Printing Office:

Report of the Commission of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1911. Volume I.

D. C. Heath and Company:

Selections from Chaucer, Including his Earlier and Later Verse and an Example of his Prose. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Clarence Griffin Child, Ph.D., LL.D.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law; Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University:

A Hoosier Village. By Newell Leroy Sims.

The Politics of Michigan. 1865-1878. By Harriette M. Dilla, Ph.D.

The United States Beet-Sugar Industry and the Tariff. By Roy G. Blakey.

An Encyclopedist of the Dark Ages:
Isadore of Seville. By Ernest Brehaut,
Ph.D.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Working One's Way Through College and
University. A Guide to Paths and Opportu-
nities to Earn an Education at American
Colleges and Universities. By Calvin Dill
Wilson.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Price She Paid. By David Graham
Phillips.

The Postmaster. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

In Cotton Wool. By W. B. Maxwell.

The Nameless Thing. By Melville Davisson
Post.

The Charioteers. By Mary Tappan Wright.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Minister of Police. By Henry Mount-
joy.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Sport of Kings. Racing Stories. By
Mrs. John C. Clay.

Out of the Ruts. A Story for Girls and
their Elders. By Julia Willis Kempshall.

The Mills of the Gods. By George P. Dil-
lenback.

Cassell and Company:

Fox Farm. By Warwick Deeping.

The Century Company:

The Citadel: A Romance of Unrest. By
Samuel Merwin.

The G. W. Dillingham Company:

The White Ghost of Disaster: The Chief
Mate's Yarn. By Captain Mayn Clew Gar-
nett.

Memory Corner. By Tom Gallon.

Kindling: A Story of To-day. From the Play
of Charles Kenyon by Arthur Hornblow.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Midnight at Mears House. A Detective
Story. By Harrison Jewell Holt.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

A Son of the Sun. By Jack London.

Duffield and Company:

Cheap Turkey. By Ward Macauley.

Harper and Brothers:

From the South of France: The Roses of
Monsieur Alphonse; The Poodle of Mon-
sieur Gaillard; The Recrudescence of
Madame Vic; Madame Jolicoeur's Cat; A
Consulate Giantess. By Thomas A. Jan-
vier.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

Yiddish Tales. By Helena Frank.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Whispers About Women. By Leonard Mer-
rick.

The John Lane Company:

No Surrender. By Constance Elizabeth
Maud.

The Snake. By F. Inglis Powell.

Queen of the Guarded Mounts. By John
Oxenham.

The Forest on the Hill. By Eden Phillpotts.

The Children of Alsace. (Les Oberlés.) By
René Bazin.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Fate Knocks at the Door. By Will Leving-
ton Comfort.

Little, Brown and Company:

My Demon Motor Boat. By George Fitch.

A Candidate for Truth. By J. D. Beresford.

McBride, Nast and Company:

The Lovers of Sanna. By Mary Stewart
Cutting.

William Ricky and Company:

Downward: A "Slice of Life." By Maud
Churton Braby.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

George Wendern Gave a Party. By John
Inglis.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Unquenched Fire. By Alice Gerstenberg.

Toby. A Novel of Kentucky. By Credo
Harris.

The Ten-Thousand-Dollar Arm, and Other
Tales of the Big League. By Charles
E. Van Loan.

Georgette. By Marion Hill.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Judgments of the Sea and Other Sto-
ries. By Ralph D. Paine.

The John C. Winston Company:

The Log House Club. By Robert Eggert.

JUVENILE

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Ben Greet Shakespeare for Young
Readers and Amateur Players:

The Merchant of Venice.

As You Like It.

Fairy Tales a Child Can Read and Act. Chil-
dren's Classics in Dramatic Form. By Lil-
lian Edith Nixon, M.A.

Harper and Brothers:

Harper's Boating Book for Boys: A Guide
to Motor Boating, Sailing, Canoeing and
Rowing. Consulting Editor Charles G.

Davis.

Hurst and Company:

Molly Brown's Freshman Days. By Nell
Speed.

The Macmillan Company:

In Those Days. A Story of Child Life Long
Ago. By Ella B. Hallock.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:

The Initiative, Referendum and Recall.
Edited by William Bennett Munro.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Baldheaded Man. By Andrew Simp-
son.

Jesus Christ Science of Healing and Living:
A Book of Remembrance. By Mary G.

Borden.

Burnett Publishing Company:

Altar Fires Relighted. A Study from a
Non-Partisan Standpoint of Movements
and Tendencies at Work in the Religious

Life of To-day. By Stephen Hasbrouck.

Central Publishing House:

Shadows and Realities. By Albert Gehring.

The Century Company:

Social Life in the Insect World. By J. H.
Fabre. Translated by Bernard Miall.

The Dodge Publishing Company:

The People's Books Series: Henry Bergson;
The Philosophy of Change. By H.
Wildon Carr.

Paul Elder and Company:

Modern English Books of Power. By George
Hamlin Fitch.

Desmond FitzGerald:

Life's Response to Consciousness. By
Miriam I. Wylie.

Forbes and Company:

Cutting it Out. How to Get on the Water-
wagon and Stay There. By Samuel G.
Blythe.

The Fun of Getting Thin: How to be Hap-
py and Reduce the Waist Line. By Sam-
uel G. Blythe.

False Modesty, That Protects Vice by
Ignorance. By E. B. Lowry, M.D.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Economic and Moral Aspects of the Liquor
Business, and the Rights and Respon-
sibilities of the State in the Control There-
of. By Robert Bagnell.

The Griffith and Rowland Press:

Miscellanies. In Two Volumes. Volume I
Chiefly Historical. Volume II Chiefly
Theological. By Augustus Hopkins
Strong, D.D., LL.D.

Harper and Brothers:

Socialism and the Great State: Essays in
Construction. By H. G. Wells, Frances
Evelyn Warwick, L. G. Chiozza Money,
E. Ray Lankester, C. J. Bond, E. S. P.
Haynes, Cecil Chesterton, Cicely Hamil-
ton, Roger Fry, G. R. S. Taylor, Conrad
Noel, Herbert Trench, Hugh P. Bowles.

The Greatest English Classic. A Study of
the King James Version of the Bible and
Its Influence on Life and Literature. By
Cleland Boyd McAfee, D.D.

Great Religions of the World. By Herbert
A. Giles, LL.D., T. W. Rhys Davids,
LL.D., Ph.D., Oskar Mann, Sir A. C. Ly-
all, K.C.B., G.C.I.E., D. Menant, Sir
Lepel Griffin, K.C.S.I., Frederic Harri-

son, E. Denison Ross, The Rev. M. Gaster,
Ph.D., The Rev. Washington Gladden,
D.D., LL.D. Cardinal Gibbons. (A New
Edition with Introductions.)

Charles H. Kerr and Company:

Stories of the Great Railroads. By Charles
Edward Russell.

J. B. Lippincott and Company:

Garden Design and Theory and Practice. By
Madeline Agar.

A. N. Marquis and Company:

Who's Who in America. A Biographic Dic-
tionary of Notable Living Men and
Women of the United States. Volume
VII, 1912-1913. Edited by Albert Nelson
Marquis.

McBride, Nast and Company:

Making a Garden to Bloom this Year. By
Grace Tabor.

Making the Grounds Attractive with Shrub-
bery. By Grace Tabor.

The New Century Press:

The A. P. A. Movement: A Sketch by Hum-
phrey J. Desmond.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Cambridge Manuals of Science and
Literature:

The Migration of Birds. By T. A.
Coward.

Prehistoric Man. By W. L. H. Duck-
worth, M.A., M.D., Sc.D.

Earthworms and Their Allies. By Frank
E. Beddard, M.A. (Oxon.), F.R.S.,
F.R.S.E.

The Natural History of Clay. By Alfred
B. Searle.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

There are Crimes and Crimes: A Comedy.
By August Strindberg. Translated from
the Swedish with an Introduction by Ed-
win Björkman.

The Great Analysis: A Plea for a Rational
World Order. With a Preface by Gil-
bert Murray. Anon.

Practical Dry-Fly Fishing. By Emlyn M.
Gill.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between
the 1st of May and the 1st of June.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
2. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Chain of Evidence. Wells. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
2. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
4. Pleasures and Palaces. Tompkins. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Brute. Kummer. (Watt.) \$1.25.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Flower Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
3. Land Birds. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
4. Love and Marriage. Ellen Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Peter & Polly. Wilkinson. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
4. Woman's Part in Government. Allen. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Girls of Friendly Terrace. Smith. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Greyfriar's Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.20.
3. Track's End. Carruth. (Harper.) \$1.00.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
3. Pleasures and Palaces. Tompkins. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. Sharrow. von Hutten. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. A Chautauqua Boy in '61 and Afterward. Parker. (Small, Maynard.) \$3.00.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Harper's Boating Book for Boys. Davis. (Harper.) \$1.75.
3. Young Crusaders. Atwater. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
3. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.
5. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. All the Children of all the People. Smith. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. In the Amazon Jungle. Lange. (Putnam.) \$2.50.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Bantam. Corcoran. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. Yellow Star. Eastman. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. Grandma. Gould. (Penn.) \$1.00.

CINCINNATI, O.

FICTION

1. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.
2. Boccaccio's Decameron. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.00.
3. George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$5.00.
4. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

2. Historic Series: Holland. (Jacobs.) \$1.50.
3. Grimm's Fairy Tales. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
4. The Brute. Kummer. (Watt.) \$1.25.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Freshman Dorn. Quirk. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
3. Just Patty. Wells. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
6. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Religion Worth Having. Carver. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. Ads and Sales. Casson. (McClurg.) \$2.00.
3. Why We May Believe in Life After Death. Jefferson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
4. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Terrible Meek. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. Man's Birthright. Brown. (FitzGerald.) \$1.50.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
2. The Young Continentals at Trenton. McIntyre. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Old Nest. Hughes. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
2. The Spell of the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. The Secret of Achievement. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. A Child's Garden of Verse. Stevenson. (McKay.) \$1.25.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
2. The Brute. Kummer. (Watt.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Prince and Betty. Wodehouse. (Watt.) \$1.25.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
6. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
4. In the Amazon Jungle. Lange. (Putnam.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Alma of Hadley Hall. Breitenbach. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

3. The Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. Flower of the North. Curwood. (Harper.) \$1.30.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
4. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Democracy. Lloyd. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.
4. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
2. The Boy Scouts of Birch Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) \$1.20.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Last Try. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
2. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. The Green Vase. Castle. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Natural Taxation. Shearman. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Iliad for Boys and Girls. Church. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Odyssey for Boys and Girls. Church. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
3. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
6. The Actor Manager. Merrick. (Kennerley.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. Toby. Harris. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.25.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
4. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.35.
6. Pleasures and Palaces. Tompkins. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
3. Her Weight in Gold. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.
4. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. The Hero and the Man. Morton. (McClurg.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
2. The Sixth Sense. Brent. (Huebsch.) 50 cents.
3. The House of Harper. Harper. (Harper.) \$3.00.
4. Love and Ethics. Key. (Huebsch.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Thompson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
3. The Airship Boys Series. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Jonathan Papers. Woodbridge. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. A Beginner's Star Book. McKready. (Putnam.) \$2.50.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Greyfriar's Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.20.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Miracle of Right Thought. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
2. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
3. Three Plays. Brioux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
6. When Tragedy Grins. White. (Watt.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Road to Joy. Willcox. (Harper.) 50 cents.
2. Kingdom Builders. Snoop. (Bill.) 75 cents.
3. The American Government. Haskin. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
4. Lee the American. Bradford. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Andersen's Fairy Tales. (Dodge.) \$1.50.
2. Indian Tales. Kipling. (Caldwell.) \$2.00.
3. The Boys' Book of Warships. Howden. (Stokes.) \$2.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Captain Martha Mary. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
3. The Testing Fire. Corkey. (Fly.) \$1.25.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Billy Whiskers. Montgomery. (Saalfield.) \$1.00.
2. The Motor Boys. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Aunt Sarah's Nieces. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. The Beginning of Quakerism. Braithwaite. (Macmillan.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Banner Boy Scouts. Warren. (Cupples & Leon.) \$1.00.
2. The Six Little Pennypackers. Swett. (Dana Estes.) 75 cents.
3. Peter Pansy. Warren. (McKay.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
6. The Touchstone of Fortune. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Amazon Jungle. Lange. (Putnam.) \$2.50.
2. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
4. George the Third and Charles Fox. Trevelyan. (Longmans.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Brute. Kummer. (Watt.) \$1.25.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Corporation Accounting and Auditing. Keister. (Burrows.) \$4.00.
2. Sexology. Walling. (Puritan Co.) \$2.00.
3. Automobile Education. Homans. (Audel.) \$2.00.
4. Lee the American. Bradford. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
3. Young Alaskans on the Trail. Hough. (Harper.) \$1.25.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
4. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
5. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, MAINE

FICTION

1. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
2. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Midnight at Mears House. Holt. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. The American Government. Haskins. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
3. The Adventure of Life. Grenfell. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. Chanticleer. Rostand. (Duffield.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Land We Live in. Price. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
2. Peter and Polly. Wilkinson. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. The Wisconsin Idea. McCarthy. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Key to Trees. Collins & Preston. (Holt.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Toby. Harris. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.25.
4. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
5. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. Spanish Gold. Birmingham. (Doran.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Alcott Books. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

2. The Border Watch. Altsheler. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Classroom and Campus. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
3. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. Unclothed. Goodman. (Kennerley.) \$1.20.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. The Everlasting Mercy. Masefield. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
2. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
2. The Submarine Boys Series. Durham. (Altamus.) 50 cents.
3. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
4. The L. T. Mead Series. Mead. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.

2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. Why Should We Change Our Form of Government? Butler. (Scribner.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Battle of Baseball. Claudy. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Classroom and Campus. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.50.
3. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.
2. Modern English Books of Power. Fitch. (Elder.) \$1.50.
3. A California Troubadour. Urmy. (Robertson.) \$2.00.
4. Do They Really Respect Us? Graham. (Robertson.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
6. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. The American Government. Haskins. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
4. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) \$2.40.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
2. Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Track's End. Carruth. (Harper.) \$1.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Briggs.) \$1.50.
3. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) \$1.50.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Briggs.) \$1.35.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Copp, Clark.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.

2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. Three Wonderlands of the American West. Murphy. (Page.) \$3.00.
4. Butterfly and Moth Book. Robertson-Miller. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Peter Pan Picture Book. Woodward and O'Connor. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
3. The Boy Scout Series. Payson. (Hurst & Co.) 50 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " "	2d	" " "	" "	8
" " "	3d	" " "	" "	7
" " "	4th	" " "	" "	6
" " "	5th	" " "	" "	5
" " "	6th	" " "	" "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

POINTS

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35..... 158
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.... 134
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40..... 127
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35..... 113
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00..... 109
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00..... 91

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

We wish to call the attention of our readers, and above all those correspondents who found fault with our position in the matter of the Charles Dickens Stamp Fund, to Mr. Tassin's article in this issue on "American Authors and British Publishers." It deals with matters of fact, and we think that reading it will convince a great number of persons who apparently need to be convinced that any over-effusive expression of penitence is quite unnecessary. A good deal that was written last year about American literary piracy and our material debt to the heirs of Dickens bordered on positive hysteria. There was a kind of childish delight manifested in the enormity of our newly discovered sin. We were apparently eager to confess ourselves miserable offenders, and abjectly to profess our repentance. We overdid the thing—there is no question about that. And now that it is all over, would not it be reasonable to consider the facts as they actually are? That course might lead to a little more serious appreciation of certain really estimable American men-of-letters, and also help to re-establish our national self-respect.

While we have naturally had a great deal to say about Charles Dickens during the past year we cannot refrain from expressing a few words of appreciation of two little volumes which have just come from the Riverside Press. These are *Charles*

Dickens, the Man and His Work, by Edwin Percy Whipple, with an introduction by Arlo Bates. Regarded typographically, the books are a delight to the hand and to the eye. Moreover, Mr. Bates's Introduction is well worth reading in any form. E. P. Whipple was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1819. At fifteen he began a business life as a clerk in a bank, but before he was twenty he was harbouring serious literary aspirations, and reading extensively. In 1840, at a literary meeting of the Mercantile Library Association of

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE

Boston, he delivered a satirical poem which won general approbation. Three years later his essay on Macaulay appeared in the *Boston Miscellany*. "It was at once evident," says Mr. Bates, "that a fresh force had come into American criticism, and the paper was hailed with enthusiasm." From this time on he published in the *North American Review*, *Graham's Magazine*, *The Chris-*

His field extended from St. Louis to Bangor; in New England were few towns of note where he did not speak; and the literary societies of Dartmouth, Brown, Amherst, and other colleges gave him an enthusiastic hearing. His *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth* appeared in 1869, and *Success and Its Conditions* in 1872. For a year he was the literary editor of the *Boston Globe*, and in 1880 he edited, with James T. Fields, an Anthology called *The Family Library of British Poetry*. Thomas Wentworth Higginson said of him: "He was an essential part of the literary life of Boston at a time when that city probably furnished a larger proportion of the literary life of the nation than it will ever supply again." At the Saturday Club, where his associates included Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Motley, Holmes, Whittier, Sumner, Prescott, Parkman, and Henry James the elder, he seems to have held his own in the brilliant company by his sound common sense, his wit and his genial temper.

In urging Mr. Whipple's claims as a critic of the first rank, Arlo Bates emphasises his originality, and the fearlessness of his judgment. "One of the qualities which made his critical work effective was the pithy fashion in which he condensed the character into an epigram, as when he said of Leigh Hunt: 'Shakespeare, Spenser, Shelley, Coleridge, he dandles on his knee, paws them, and would fill their dear little mouths with sugared epithets of eulogy.' Or these: 'simplicity was the result of the complexities which entered into his (Jonathan Edwards's) mind and character.' 'The self-pleased chuckle of Montaigne.' 'Hawthorne had spiritual insight, but did not penetrate to the sources of spiritual joy.' 'John Adams's moral impatience was such that he seems to fret as he thinks.' Then his well-known saying: 'If Jonathan Edwards, turned romancer, had dramatised his sermon, *Sinners in the Hand of an Angry God*, he could not have written a more terrific story of guilt and retribution than *The Scarlet Letter*.' Trenchantly suggestive, too, is his remark on the alleged caricature of Dickens: 'Such

WILKIE COLLINS

From "Vanity Fair," February 3, 1872

tian Examiner, and other magazines, a series of admirable articles, and these were gathered into two volumes in 1848 and 1851. In connection with the first named of these, it may be remembered that Whittier said: "Whipple was one of the first to speak a good word for me in *The North American Review*."

It was the period when lyceums and literary societies were amazingly popular all over the country, and Mr. Whipple early joined the ranks of the lecturers.

there is not a scene which does not carry forward the tale, not a character that has not a part to play in the solution of the mystery. The parts fit into one another and correlate with all the neatness of those picture puzzles that are the despair and delight of childhood. No other English novelist can equal Collins in this respect. To find his peer we must turn to Gaboriau and Du Boisgobey.

This technical skill of Collins was recognised and admired by the brother craftsmen of his day. Dickens professed to find *The Moonstone* rather poor reading, yet Collins's influence may be traced in all his later works from *Bleak House* to *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Indeed, Mr. Compton-Rickett finds in *Our Mutual Friend* not only the methods of Wilkie Collins, but also the little tricks of manner. Collins's influence may also be traced to two at least of Anthony Trollope's novels, and there is the suggestion that *Felix Holt* and *Desperate Remedies* owe something to the author of *The Woman in White*. In

82 WIMPOLE STREET, WHERE WILKIE COLLINS
DIED, SEPTEMBER 23, 1889

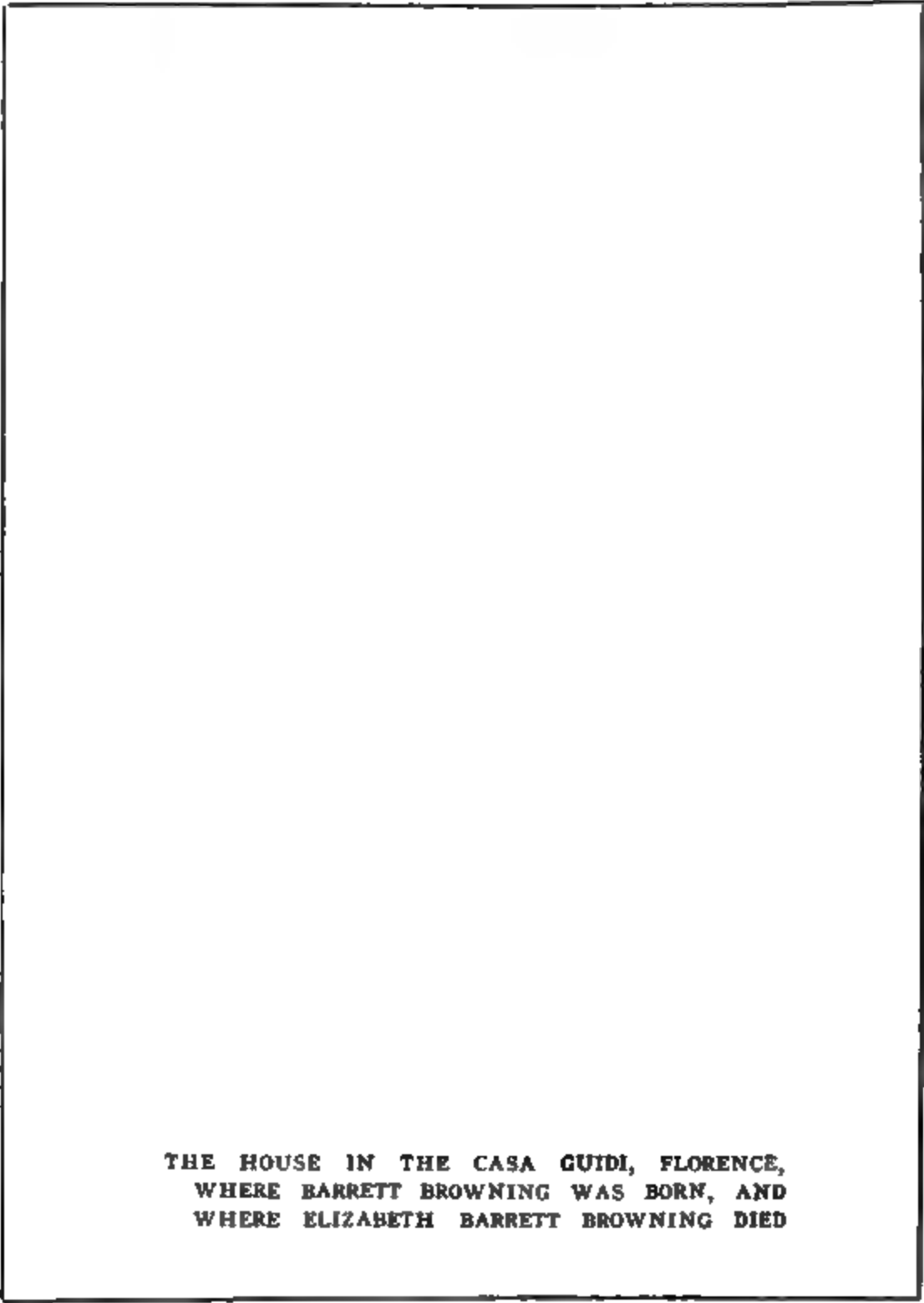
caricature as this is to character what epigram is to fact,—a mode of conveying truth more distinctly by suggesting it through a brilliant exaggeration.' ”

There are signs of a considerable revival of interest of late in the books of Wilkie Collins, and we advise such of our readers as have the time to dip again into the pages of *The Moonstone* and *The Woman in White*. With the possible exception of Eugène Sue's *The Mysteries of Paris*, *The Woman in White* was unquestionably the most popular serial ever printed. On the publication day of the weekly in which the story was appearing in parts, the street in front of the office was thronged with people anxiously waiting for a new instalment of the adventures of Laura Fairleigh, Ann Catherick, the treacherous Baronet, and the diabolically fascinating Count Fosco. Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett, in a recent article on Collins, calls *The Moonstone* “a masterpiece of construction.” From the impressive opening scene, where the gem is shown in its splendid eastern setting, through all the mazes of the story, down to its final recapture by the Indians.

17 HANOVER TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK. WILKIE
COLLINS'S HOME IN THE 'FIFTIES

common with at least two of his contemporaries, Dickens and Reade, Collins's conception of the novel was that of a written drama. In sheer descriptive power the two former were greatly superior, yet, of the three, Collins yielded least to the tendency to confuse mere

Robert Widemann Barrett Browning, who died at Asolo, Italy, July eighth, deserves just a little more attention than the usual son of a distinguished father and mother whose own achievement has been



THE HOUSE IN THE CASA GUIDI, FLORENCE,
WHERE BARRETT BROWNING WAS BORN, AND
WHERE ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING DIED

theatricalism with dramatic effect. The secret of Collins's power lay not in mere description but in suggestion. He excites us not by what he tells us but what he does not tell us. The compelling interest which holds the reader of *The Woman in White* and *The Moonstone* is due less to the vivid description of dramatic incidents than to the artful suggestion of some impending fate.

nothing astonishing. His life as a child was so closely linked to the reminiscences of the Brownings in Italy. Visitors to the Casa Guidi, Florence, seldom failed to mention the ethereal-looking child. Bayard Taylor wrote: "Their child, a blue-eyed, golden-haired boy of two years old, stammered Italian sentences only; he knew nothing yet of his native tongue. He has since exhibited

a remarkable genius for music and drawing, a fortunate circumstance, for inherited genius is always fresher and more vigorous when it seeks a new form of expression." Mrs. Browning herself wrote to Leigh Hunt: "You are aware that that child, I am more proud of than twenty *Auroras*, even after Leigh Hunt has praised them. He is eight years old, but reads English, Italian, French, German, and plays the piano—then is the sweetest child." Barrett Browning

period of Nietzsche's life, which was neglected in the larger work and is little known. The public is familiar with the solitary Nietzsche of later years, but not with the young and enthusiastic Nietzsche, who in the early 70's distinguished himself as a university professor and as an essayist and lecturer. The first volume covers the period from 1844 to 1876. It is written in the adoring spirit of a devoted relative and a disciple. The author's excuse for this is

THE "FRANCONIA" STUDENT CORPS IN BONN UNIVERSITY, 1865
(Nietzsche in the middle, leaning on his hand)

adopted art as his profession, studying in Antwerp and at the Royal Academy. His achievement was by no means great.

Frau Förster-Nietzsche, the author of the large biography in three volumes, has published simultaneously *The New Life of Nietzsche* in German and English a new biography of her brother, in an abridged form which will fill two volumes, of which one volume has already appeared, translated by Anthony M. Ludovici. It is written with the double purpose of supplying a work that should be more accessible to the general reader than her previous voluminous biography, and that should bring out especially the earlier

that she was unacquainted with any facts concerning her brother that did not redound to his credit. She says she approached his lifelong friend, Baron von Gersdorff, on this subject, asking him if he could not tell her anything unfavourable concerning her brother, for in her picture there was too little shade. Gersdorff replied:

"I can remember nothing; he was all light. It was we, his friends, who did not understand him, who contributed the shade to his life."

Frau Förster-Nietzsche thinks this emphasis on the early life of the philosopher important as bringing out the chief problem of his career.

of the school it is written: 'On leaving school, boys are forbidden to jump and run about in the street, but must walk quietly and decorously to their homes.'"

The bicentenary of the birth of Jean Jacques Rousseau was the occasion of a debate in the French Chamber that seems very strange to a reader of current American political discussion. It turned on Rousseau's philosophic ideas. Fancy a debate in the American Congress or the British Parliament that turned on a question of political philosophy! The question before the Chamber was whether it should participate in the celebration—appropriate the public money to the glorification of Rousseau. M. Maurice Barrès, the Academician, protested, as a champion of the old order, against stamping with the approval of the state a body of doctrines

NIETZSCHE AT SIXTEEN

For it is a problem that Friedrich Nietzsche, who denied our present moral values, or at least traced them to sources absolutely unsuspected hitherto—this Transvaluer of all Values—should himself have fulfilled all the loftiest and most subtle demands made by the morality now preached among us. And he did not do this because of any moral imperative, but from a perfectly cheerful inability to act otherwise. I leave it to others to solve this problem.

The picture indeed is that of a correct and, in some respects, rather priggish child, as may be inferred from the following incident:

One day, just as school was over, there was a heavy downpour of rain, and we looked out along the Priestergasse for our Fritz. All the boys were running like mad to their homes. At last little Fritz also appeared, walking slowly along, with his cap covering his slate and his little handkerchief spread over the whole. Mamma waved and called out to him when he was some way off: "Run, child, run!" The sheets of rain prevented us catching his reply. When our mother remonstrated with him for coming home soaked to the skin, he replied seriously: "But, mamma, in the rules

ELIZABETH NIETZSCHE (FRAU FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE), NIETZSCHE'S ONLY SISTER, THE AUTHOR OF THE BIOGRAPHY

THE ROUSSEAU BICENTENARY—JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

that tended logically to the state's destruction. That sort of intellectual inconsistency would not trouble an American or English public man in the least. Neither in this country nor in England are politics concerned with the ultimate destination of ideas. They are concerned wholly with the conflict of immediate interests. But those astonishing Frenchmen actually believe in the practical work-a-day importance of mere ideas. If they are irreligious they wish to destroy religion. If they are religious, they refuse to make room in their hearts for an irreligious philosophy. Hence M. Maurice Barrès *à propos* of the Rousseau monument.

At the hour in which we are, have you really the idea that it is useful and fruitful

to exalt solemnly in the name of the state the man who invented the detestable paradox that puts society outside of nature and stirs the individual against society in the name of nature? It is not at the moment when you strike down like dogs those who rise against society, saying it is unjust and evil, and declare war to the death against it, that we ought to glorify the man claimed justly as theirs by all theorists of anarchy. Nothing stands between Kropotkin and Jean Grave and Rousseau—and neither Kropotkin nor Jean Grave can intellectually refuse to own as theirs Garnier and Bonnot. . . . Gentlemen, I have the right to say that for men of government, the glorification of Rousseau's principles is a demonstration with no deep underlying truth. Is it a mechanical gesture, some old band air which you are going to

BIRTHPLACE OF ROUSSEAU AT GENEVA

THE HERMITAGE OF ROUSSEAU AT MONTMORENCY

the Edict of Nantes," and admired Chateaubriand despite his hostility to liberal ideas.

Really, we ask why you, on your side, cannot do the same for Rousseau?

Despite the deserved contempt into which the Max Nordau theories of literature have long since fallen, American medical men are still busily engaged in Sunday supplements proving the insanity of exceptional persons with whom they disagree and the morbid origin of any book that they do not understand. One of them has recently tried to reduce literary criticism to terms of bacteriology, tracing the hopeful passages in Stevenson to tuberculous bacilli, the invective of Carlyle and the pessimism of Nietzsche to certain bacilli in the colon, and arguing in general that men wrote as they did not in spite of their diseases but on account of them. If he finds anything that he dislikes in their writings he attributes it to some disease. By this naïve method one can damn one's enemies under the guise of charity and with an appearance

ROUSSEAU AND VOLTAIRE

Animated discussion between the two philosophers. Voltaire resorts to vigorous argument. Design of the end of the eighteenth century.

play without stopping to examine its meaning? Or, worse yet, have you put to yourselves the objections which I raise, but dare not refuse such homage to one catalogued among the saints of the Revolution?

The government's spokesman was that frank and eloquent defender of anti-clericalism, M. Viviani, whose exultant exclamations at the godlessness of the Republic so delighted the Chamber in 1906, that they voted to have them posted up in all the communes of France. At that time he had said among other things:

We have torn from the people's soul all belief in another life. . . . With magnificent gesture we have quenched in the sky those lights which none shall again kindle. Do you think our work is over? It begins.

In reply to M. Barrès, M. Viviani declared that the government in honouring Rousseau was not necessarily applauding all his ideas. Surely there was enough in both his literary and his philosophical work to justify the government's demonstration. Frenchmen of radical tendencies admired Bossuet despite "his abominable eulogy of the Revocation of

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU AND THE PAVILION AT ERMENNONVILLE. DRAWN BY F. MAYER IN JUNE, 1778

of scientific precision. Unfortunately, it has been a little overdone and the public has become suspicious. Some months ago, for example, an ardent anti-Roosevelt alienist swore by all the laws of psychopathy, psychiatry, psychotherapy, neurology, empirical psychology or whatever it was, that if ever there was a paranoiac it was Colonel Roosevelt, and he dared him to come to his clinic and prove himself sane. He knew well enough that if he could once get Colonel Roosevelt at his clinic he would so diagnose the deviltry in him that no stand-pat Republican alienist would advise his being at large. Roosevelt is fond of crowds—ochlophilism; drinks too much milk—galaktomania; attacks wild animals—theriomachy; talks too freely—hyperlalagy; and writes too many letters—epistolorrhea. Where others would simply swear at a man, the alienist lets drive at him with Greek derivatives.

In like manner this latest medico-literary theory disposes of authors who happen to be unusual—

Carlyle and, I believe, Rousseau suffered from a superabundance of colon bacilli in their systems. To this may be traced Carlyle's pessimistic philosophy and Rousseau's impatience and dissatisfaction with human conditions.

. . . I never think of Schopenhauer as a philosopher, but merely as a man who was simply suffering from the colon bacillus. Nietzsche belonged to the same group. Whether Ibsen did or not I don't want to say until I have studied his life more carefully. The civilised world at the end of the nineteenth century was flooded with pessimistic literature. I'm frank to say that my bacterio-literary theory has always kept me from taking this pessimistic literature very seriously.

Among others known to have done remarkable work under the stimulus of disease germs are mentioned Byron, De Maupassant, General Grant, Cecil Rhodes, Edgar Allan Poe, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Tosti, Wagner, and Liszt.

True Britons were greatly shocked, if we may trust their
Wounded weekly paragraphers, by
Dignity the goings-on at our recent political convention.
 Ought these grave councils of the nation

to be robbed of their seriousness and dignity by horseplay and the dance? To English readers, they said, it seemed almost incredible that delegates to a political convention should burst into song or Turkey trots or shout in chorus for thirty minutes or collide with one another or shake their fists at chairmen's noses. The British weekly paragrapher announced in his well-considered way that he did not hesitate to say, though it grieved him sorely to wound the feelings of the United States, that such acts as these were not to be regarded as the acts of perfect gentlemen. Painful though the duty was, he nevertheless felt constrained to remind America that in national assemblages of the first importance concerned with so grave an issue as the choice of a candidate for the highest office in the land it was essential that a certain standard of dignity should be upheld. He would venture to add, and so forth, and so forth. All who are familiar with the habits of British weekly journalism will readily see these important sentiments repeating themselves and expanding all through one column and half-way down the next, filling exactly the space between the article on "The German Menace" and the article on "Tree Toads in Derbyshire." Not one word have we to say to this, all of which is as sound and true as a perfectly healthy slumber. We merely add the following summary of British political events that took place at about the same time that the above comments were printed.

June 25. A Socialist member hurls himself at the Treasury bench and shakes his fist in the faces of Mr. Asquith and the other ministers.

June 26. A woman flings herself upon Mr. McKenna, the Home Secretary, while with the royal party and tries to tear him to pieces—fortunately in vain.

June 28. Window-smashing by ladies reported to be general throughout the British Isles. Woman springs upon Mr. Asquith at a reception and seizing him by the coat collar shakes him into inarticulate helplessness until she is thrown by two men down the stairs.

There is no reason for regarding these three stirring events as at all exceptional.

Probably any other week would be much the same. It is not worth while to cable to this country every time Mr. Asquith is shaken or Mr. Churchill has his high hat smashed upon his head. Probably such items are published only when other news runs short. It is safe to assume, therefore, that these and kindred incidents are merely matters of British political routine.

Attacks on Mr. Churchill, by the way, range all the way from the bold feminine dash at his high hat to the covert thrust at his reputation through the medium of eighteenth century political verse reeking with classical allusion. *Blackwood's* for February contained a lampoon on Mr. Churchill, so deep, so classically worded, that the editor did not in the least know who or what was meant till Mr. Churchill sued him for libel. It was entitled a "Lost Letter from Ancient Rome," and purported to be a letter from Cicero to Atticus, which the translator had thrown into the form of Swift's metrical Epistles. In it occurs the following passage:

Clodius by nature is no slug
Like Pompey: dagger, dungeon, drug,
All urge him on his wild career:
He craves excitement, far or near.
Behold him, just from school released,
Playing at soldiers in the East!
From discipline he seeks relief
In mutiny against his chief.
More fond of warlike words than blows,
When captured by our Asian foes,
How cleverly he homeward stole,
And broke his prison and parole!

The last three lines reviving the old and frequently disproved story that Mr. Churchill broke his parole when he escaped from his Boer captors at the time of the South African war were held by the court to constitute a libel. Mr. Churchill repeated the true story of his escape and the defendants were unable to bring in the slightest evidence for their version. The poem ran to several pages and was most elaborately contrived, bristling with references to Roman politics and fortified with footnotes cit-

ing passages from the Roman historians as authority for its details. The writer must have toiled for a month on this pedantic and wearisome ambuscade for his political enemy. Unfortunately, from the reader's point of view, Mr. Churchill sued only for nominal damages.

Just as there is an English Winston Churchill and an American Winston Churchill, there is an English Robert Bridges and an American Robert Bridges. A little time ago when the news came that Oxford University was about to bestow distinguished honours on Henry James and Robert Bridges, many American readers thought that the latter meant the gentleman who has written so genially under the pseudonym of "Droch." As a matter of fact, the English Robert Bridges is many years older than the American. He is a distinguished physician, and his publications include numerous plays, poems, and essays.

A propos of the popularity of the American novel in England, about which Gertrude Atherton wrote at length in the *Book-MAN* two years ago last summer, it is interesting to note that the four books selected by one of the most discriminating of English publishers to begin a new series of reprints are Hall Caine's *The Bondsman*, *The Ebb Tide*, by Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne, *The Call of the Wild*, by Jack London, and *Soldiers of Fortune*, by Richard Harding Davis.

A publisher's announcement informs us that Robert Hichens, spending last year in Italy, found it expedient to travel "incog." Such is the fierce, white light that beats about the throne of successful authorship. The report does not say whether Mr. Hichens, trying to escape his fame, sought obscurity by registering at hotels as "Baron Felix," or "the Earl of Grosvenor."

The Two Bridges

American Books in England

The Fierce White Light

There is always an interest as to who is the most prolific writer of the moment.

The Most Prolific Writer Mr. Clement K. Shorter in his literary letter to the London *Sphere* of June 22d puts forward as his candidate Mr. Maurice Baring. Here are a few of Mr. Baring's recent books: *Landmarks in Russian Literature*, *Diminutive Dramas*, *Dead Letters*, *Prosperpine: A Masque*; *Disideria: a Play*, and *The Collected Poems of Maurice Baring*.

A Very Old Friend "One of the funniest stories told about her—Miss Carolyn Wells—is that by one of her numerous publishers, who asked her 'Why do you always send your book manuscripts in a five-pound candy box?' To which she replied: 'When I feel that I am going to write a book I always buy a five-pound box of candy and a pint of ink, and then I begin to write, and when the candy is all gone and the ink all used up I know that the book is long enough.'" The first time that we read this story we considered it a very good one. That was many years ago. Since then we have met it in various disguises, but it is always the same old story. We respectfully suggest to Miss Wells that it has now reached a venerable old age, and is entitled to a well-earned rest from further earthly labours.

Byron and Wellington Lord Byron is an interesting figure in *The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley*, a book which has been receiving a good deal of apparently well-deserved attention from discriminating readers both in England and in this country. Lady Shelley first met the poet at the home of Colonel Leigh, the husband of Byron's sister.

Mrs. Leigh told me that he spent most of the night writing a poem, which was to be called "The Corsair." As he did not leave his room until after midday, our intercourse was restricted. He is decidedly handsome, and can be very agreeable. He seems to be easily put out by trifles, and, at times, looks terribly savage. He was very patient with Mrs. Leigh's children, who were not in the least in awe of him. He bore their distract-

ing intrusions into his room with imperturbable good humour. Mrs. Leigh has evidently great moral influence over her brother, who listens to her occasional admonitions with a sort of playful acquiescence. But I doubt the permanence of their effect upon his wayward nature. Her manner toward him is decidedly maternal; it is as though she were reproving a thoughtless child.

Later, at Mrs. Leigh's request, Lady Shelley accompanied her to Piccadilly Terrace to call on Lady Byron. On the way Mrs. Leigh spoke a good deal about her brother, to whose faults she was by no means insensible, and expressed the hope that a good wife would be his salvation. He had been much run after and spoiled by women. As the visitors were about to be ushered into the drawing-room the door suddenly opened, and Lord Byron stood before them. Lady Shelley was, for the moment, taken aback by his sudden appearance; but contrived to utter a few words, by way of congratulation. The poet did not seem to think that the matter was adapted to good wishes; and looked as though he resented the intrusion. He received the congratulations coldly, and the expression on his face was almost demoniacal. Lady Byron, on the other hand, received them courteously, but Lady Shelley felt at once that she was not the sort of woman with whom she ever could be intimate. But Mrs. Leigh seemed to be fond of her, at all events grateful to her for taking the responsibility which such a marriage entailed.

There long existed a close friendship between Lady Shelley and the great Duke of Wellington. Immediately after the news of Waterloo had been received in England the Shelleys journeyed to Paris. The Duke came to call upon them at once, a visit which Lady Shelley describes with a kind of ecstasy. For in those days Wellington, in London, was treated almost as a sovereign prince. His conversation conferred distinction. His wish was law. Talking to his hosts of the great battle, he said that nothing but the peculiar protection of Providence could have saved him on the field. "The finger of God was upon me," was the way he expressed it. He said that at

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND LADY SHELLEY AT MALMAISON, 1815

one time he was galloping alone in the rear of the British line, having dispatched all aides-de-camp on errands, when suddenly the Belgians opened fire upon him. Without drawing rein he sent off a Sardinian officer who happened to be near him. "Tell them," said the Duke, "that I am the Commander in Chief." This had, of course, the desired effect. On the day before the battle, the Duke rode to the Prussian headquarters to find out whether he could depend upon Blucher's co-operation. It was agreed between them that night, that although the Prussians were, for the moment, completely disorganised, yet, if Wellington were attacked on the following day, the Prussians would come to his support with all speed. If, on the other hand, Wellington was not attacked, then the Prussians and the British were to make a joint attack on the French on June nineteenth. This is a point about which there has always been considerable controversy.

One topic on which a great deal of futile argument is expended is the reason why certain successful English novelists of the younger generation find favour in America so much sooner than others. Mr. William J. Locke, for instance, waited for ten

years before, with the advent of *The Beloved Vagabond*, we awoke to the fact that he was a personality. Arnold Bennett and Leonard Merrick have had analogous experiences, differing only in degree. William De Morgan and John Galsworthy, on the other hand, gained a hearing simultaneously in both countries; while others again are still waiting for recognition,—and conspicuous in the latter group is Mr. W. B. Maxwell, author of *In Cotton Wool*. Mr. Maxwell is recognised in England as one of the few substantially successful writers of fiction. His stories are sought after for serial purposes; and each new volume is expected to average a sale of from twenty to thirty thousand in its first season. His latest story, *In Cotton Wool*, was reprinted no less than four times within two months of publication, and is already being talked of by the reviewers as the big book of the season. Yet in America, up to the present moment, he has had little more than a *succès d'estime*,—cordial notices, personal letters from a few of our more discriminating writers, requests from a few magazines for short stories and special articles. But to the general reading public his name means even less than that of Locke prior to *The Morals of Marcus*, or Hichens up to the advent of *The Garden of Allah*.

A friend of long experience in the world of books and almost equally familiar with conditions prevailing on both sides of the Atlantic, advanced a rather ingenious theory to account for American indifference toward the group of writers who, at the present moment, are being taken very seriously in their own country,—and in this connection the names were mentioned, among others, of Maxwell, Bennett, and H. G. Wells, in his later manner. The theory as set

little slow in accepting it. *In Cotton Wool* serves admirably as an example of the type. We all of us can call to mind one or two Cotton Wool men in our own circle of acquaintance; men who drift through life, with nobody to think of save themselves; men with no settled business, but with an assured income, just large enough to allow them to alternate between London and New York, Palm Beach and the Riviera. We may even recognise ourselves, in a vague way, in those opening chapters of *In Cotton Wool*,—for who is there who has not, at some time, chosen the line of least resistance, and fooled himself into thinking that he was making a sacrifice by doing so? But very soon Mr. Maxwell begins to develop the personality of Lenny Calcroft in swift, sure lines, and we see that he is giving us, not an average case of self-indulgence, but the extreme, relentless tragedy of a strong man's slow disintegration through constant pampering of the flesh, until he ends, a neurotic wreck, in the insane ward of a private asylum. Undoubtedly, a pleasanter story could have been built on the same theme, carried to a less extreme point. But it is equally true that Mr. Maxwell's method stays longer in the memory.

W. B. MAXWELL

forth was this: that this younger group had in common the tendency to take for their leading characters people who, in their circumstances or in themselves, sometimes in both, are exceptional rather than average people. You begin by identifying yourself with the hero or heroine; and then, little by little, as the story progresses, the special traits of character, and the unusual conditions of environment, emphasise more and more the distance that separates you from them. And because this type of novel is in a measure unusual, America is a

Oddly enough, Mr. Maxwell himself is in private life surrounded with many of the comfortable conditions of his own Cotton Wool hero; he has an independent income; he has a semi-invalid mother, known to three generations of novel readers as Miss Braddon, who is never quite happy if he is long away; but, unlike Lenny Calcroft, he is married and happy in the multifold interests of his family and his profession. Why it is that his mind persists in running upon sombre themes, is a question which he often asks himself. It is told of him that in private conversation he has often debated the reason of this tendency; he is not morbid, he argues, he has, on the contrary, every reason to be satisfied with life; and yet, beyond a certain point, his stories tend to move onward and downward, at an accelerating rate toward an inevitable tragedy. There is, however, nothing approaching sameness

in Mr. Maxwell's stories. In plot and in setting they exhibit a wide diversity of interests, a knowledge of life in many phases. *The Ragged Messenger* concerns itself, more or less directly, with certain phases of religious belief. *Vivian* and *Mrs. Thompson* dealt with the life of the shop. In *The Guarded Flame* and *The Rest Cure* the central interest is pathological, a study of nervous disease. In *Hill Rest* the plot turns upon speculative building. In *Seymour Charlton* and in *Cotton Wool* we have two different aspects of the harm which lurks in money. Yet, in the words of a recent English reviewer, who had been commenting on Mr. Maxwell's versatility, "it would not be right to say that he 'gets his case up.' He happens to be fascinated by many different sides of life. He studies them for pleasure; then the results of his quiet, leisurely observation come in handy for his books. If his subjects were 'mugged up' in a hurry, for a special purpose, he would be caught tripping, as lawyers are. He never is. He would, by the way, have made a good figure as a lawyer. His grave, clean-shaven, thoughtfully-lined face, over which there flits constantly the pleasantest of smiles, would look well under a wig. His logical, orderly mind is capable of marshalling vividly a series of complicated facts, of linking together circumstances with deadly precision."

It was in the last few years of the nineteenth century that the Ghetto began to figure in American literature. Abraham Cahan was the pioneer in the field with *Yekl*. Then came Morris Rosenfeld, who, while working in a sweatshop in an East Side New York street, composed the pathetic poems which were incorporated in *Songs from the Ghetto*. Some years elapsed before the first work of Bruno Lessing and James Oppenheim appeared. The latest comer in the field is Ezra Brudno, the author of *One of Us*. Mr. Brudno is Assistant District Attorney in Cleveland. He was born in Lithuania, where his grandfather, hale and hearty at ninety-five, is still living and spending

his last days in studying and reading. His father, who was quite wealthy in Lithuania, was forced to leave his native place about forty years ago for political reasons and emigrated with his family to Cleveland, Ohio, where Ezra Brudno, his talented son, has achieved distinction both in law and literature.

Three editions of *The Promised Land*, by Mary Antin, have been called for in less than three months, "The Promised Land" making a total of over eleven thousand copies. The author finds herself embarrassed by the prominence into

EZRA BRUDNO

which her book has brought her. "If I were to answer all the questions that have been addressed to me since the publication of *The Promised Land*," she says, "I should fill a volume twice as thick as the one which provoked them. 'How did you come to write your book?' is a leading question. The answer is that in the fulness of time it wrote itself. I seldom meet anybody who is willing to believe

MARY ANTON IN EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S LIBRARY

this statement, but I can only go on repeating it, since it is the truth. I had no plan when I began. One day I found myself thinking of the time I went to school in Polotzk, and I wrote about that. Another day I kept seeing the little girls I used to play with, and I put them in. Then it was the market-place that haunted me, or the Dvina gurgled in my ears all night, or there came into my mind a tale the women used to tell while picking feathers of a winter evening. I put these things down just as they came, and so grew the book. When it came to putting these fragments together, I found that they fitted wonderfully well, considering their haphazard origin. A little rearrangement of the loose sheets, an introductory sentence here, a connecting phrase there, and the story fell into chapters that named themselves. I never knew what I was going to do till it was done. The only part of the book that was done consciously, with the sense that such and such matters ought to be included, were the first four chapters.

These were written last of all, when I had exhausted my unprompted reminiscences. It is the only part of the book that I worked over. The rest, especially the American chapters, I dipped up from the bottom of my inkwell."

There seems to be no abatement in the production of books about the ill-fated *Titanic* and the lessons that are to be learned from the disaster of last April. Last month we referred to the book by Mr. Lawrence Beeseley. Another work on the same subject has just come from the pen of Mr. Filson Young, the exceedingly talented author of *The Sands of Pleasure*. Again there is *An Unsinkable Titanic*, which is the work of J. Bernard Walker. This last named book has an interest in the fact that the author is the editor of the *Scientific American*. Mr. Walker was a civil engineer by profession, and entered the field of journalism as the re-

J BERNARD WALKER

sult of frequent contributions to technical magazines written in leisure hours. He has been the editor of the *Scientific American* for the past seventeen years, during which most of the more important engineering articles appearing in the publication have been written by him. He has made a special study of naval affairs, and is a firm believer in the controlling influence of sea power in shaping national destinies. His writings on the navy and the merchant marine date from "a special edition of the *Scientific Ameri-*

can on the Navy brought out during the Spanish American War." Nearly half a million copies of that edition were sold. The present book on the *Titanic* is due to the widespread interest aroused by his articles explaining the causes which led to the loss of the ship. Many persons we think will be surprised to learn from Mr. Walker's book that the *Great Eastern*, possibly the most lamentable failure in the history of ship construction, was nevertheless the safest big ship ever built.

the author, *A Woman of Genius* is "the story of the struggle between a genius for tragic acting and the daughter of a County Clerk, with the social ideal of Taylorville, Ohianna, for the villain."

Davidée Birot is the sixth novel by René Bazin to be published in this country. M. Bazin has been

René Bazin in the United States as one of the French Commission to the Cham-

plain Tercentenary. He is one of the very few French writers whose works are brought out in this country at the same time that they appear in France.

Davidée Birot is described as a love story of a young French girl who becomes a school-teacher in a little town in Ardésie through an intense desire to be of service. This book deals with the social problems introduced by the prominence of labour unions. Its plot largely depends upon a strike of miners who throng the town in Ardésie, where Davidée's school is. M. Bazin was born in Angers in 1853. He was a delicate boy and spent most of his early years on an Angevin farm. As he grew up he studied and practised law at Angers and for many years held a professorship of criminal law in the university there. His natural inclinations were literary and he was driven toward novel writing by his intense feeling that the run of French novels misrepresented the French people, partly through their concentration on the life of Paris. He set himself to reveal the nature of the people of the French provinces,—a section of French life which he felt had been strangely neglected. He aimed to show France and the world that his people had depth and simplicity of nature, and were at root an intensely moral people. Partly because of this some of his earlier novels turned mainly on religious questions,—and since he was a Catholic, a large section of his American public has been Catholic. He has set forth his literary creed in these words: "Our novelists, by occupying themselves with this unrepresentative part too exclusively, have created and spread a conception of our country which

MARY AUSTIN

"I shall never write another book dealing with the West—that is, with the primitive life of the

Mary Austin West," said Mary Austin the other day when discussing her new work

with a friend. "I feel that the West was generous to me in material, and I do not mean to say that the primitive life of the desert has ceased to interest me, but merely that I have written as much about it as I care to. Others will find material in the far West no doubt, for although the rough life of the mining camps and the cattle ranches is already tinged with civilisation in almost every locality there still remains enough that is picturesque to furnish a library full of books." Mrs. Austin went on to explain that she feels that she has found her field in the more complicated life of the cities. Following her book of essays, *Christ in Italy*, is *A Woman of Genius*—described as a novel of temperament rather than one of locality, which is to be issued this month. In the words of

RENÉ BAZIN

is not only inadequate, but is also essentially false. If I have held myself resolutely aloof from the society novel, which I might have done, perhaps, as well as another, it is because I desire to portray sweetness, purity and beauty of French family life, and not to perpetuate a gross libel upon it. "I am also anxious to dispel the illusion that the French are a godless people. If I make a great deal of religion in my novels it is because religion plays an important rôle in our life."

True to the spirit shown in her novels, Gene Stratton-Porter spends her whole life close to her trees, birds and moths. Mrs. Porter's home is at Geneva, Indiana, which is on the edge of the great Limberlost Swamp, of which she has written in *Freckles*, *The Harvester*, and *A Girl of the Limberlost*. She spends as much of her time as she can take from her writing wandering in the woods making more furred and feathered friends and getting

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

better acquainted with the ones she already has made. Mrs. Porter rarely visits the big cities. Mrs. Porter was born close to the Limberlost swamp and learned to love nature from her father. All of her early work was purely nature writing, illustrated by her own photographs, but her greatest popularity came with her novels. In one of the few interviews that she has given she said, "The only way to love nature is to live close to it until you have learned its pathless travel, growth and inhabitants as you know the fields. You must begin at the gate and find your way slowly, else you will not hear the great secret and see the compelling vision. How many people know anything about moths? There are

trees you never before have seen, flowers and vines the botanists fail to mention, and such music as your ears cannot hear elsewhere." From the time that Mrs. Porter made her close acquaintance with the woods she has always considered the moths the very essence of midsummer—the crown of the season's beauty. In *A Girl of the Limberlost* she shows this where one of the characters asks the teacher: "Come on, Miss Teacher, what is the boiled-down, double-distilled essence of June? Give it to us strong." The author makes the heroine reply, "The birth of these big moths." "You'll do," is the answer, "June is June, not because it has bloom, birds, fruit, or flower exclusive to it alone. It's half May and

half July in all of them. But as I figure it, it's just June when it comes to these great velvet-winged night moths which sweep its moonlit skies, consummating their scheme of creation and dropping like a bloomed out flower."

A good many persons will no doubt be surprised to see in *The Sign at Six* a detective story from the pen of Stewart Edward White. As a matter of fact Mr. White

has long been keenly interested in this kind of fiction and possesses a sound knowledge of his Gaboriau and his Doyle. Several years ago, in collaboration with Samuel Hopkins Adams, he wrote *The Mystery*, a gruesome and baffling story of the sea. This does not in the least imply that Mr. White has forsaken the field that he has made so decidedly his own. *The Last Frontier*, a book which is the result of his hunting trip in Africa a year or so ago, is announced for publication this autumn. In this work he has undertaken to answer the simplest questions. How does Africa look? What is it nearest like—Arizona? Surry? Upper New York? Canada? Mexico? The majority of readers, Mr. White thinks, want something by which they can learn the country—can associate it with something they know. *The Last Frontier* is an attempt to meet this want, to tell the reader just how the author found Africa.

The fact that *The Mystery* was a collaboration will probably cause most readers to regard *The Sign at Six* as Mr. White's first real attempt to compete in the field of what may generally be described as "detective" fiction. If the departure is merely temporary—it very probably is—we have only commendation for the book, which is an excellent one of its kind. If, however, it could possibly indicate that the author of *The Silent Place* is seriously considering striking out permanently in a new vein, no comment could be harsh enough. As a relaxation from more important work, *The Sign at Six* is both pardonable and praiseworthy. But there are in this

country to-day a dozen men who can write that kind of a book of equal merit and interest. On the other hand, there are very few, if any, who can maintain the general high level which has marked Mr. White's work since *The Blazed Trail* won him a distinctive place in contemporary American literature.

It is the province of the literary magazine to give full credit to a book of particular cleverness. It is

The Capture of M. L. G. also such a magazine's province to give generous acknowledgment to any particularly effective scheme of literary exploitation. The best advertised book of recent years has been Mr. Johnson's *Stover at Yale*, and throughout the whole campaign there has never been a line lacking in dignity. There has been a good sound lesson in the advertising of that book. It has shown that there is nothing unworthy in exploitation itself, but that the fault lies in using a poor quality and applying unfair methods. Another book that has been advertised, not quite so legitimately, but still with considerable cleverness, is *To M. L. G.* Most of our readers will recall the story that was sent out broadcast to pave the way for this book. The author took the manuscript to a London publisher. She was heavily veiled and generally shrouded herself in mystery. The novel told how a woman, brought up in New York theatrical life, met a British army officer and loved him, but would not marry him until he knew all about her life. This she described in a book, rather than a letter, so that if he read it, and then did not want her, he need never reply. *To M. L. G.* was published last February. Three months afterward,—all this is according to the note sent out by the American publisher of the book—the author went travelling in Spain. "M. L. G." meanwhile was in another country. He happened to read reviews of the book in newspapers and magazines, cabled for a copy, read it, and then hastened to England, where he had last seen the author, whom he had deeply loved, but who had refused him without giving him a reason. The book explained all that he

had been unable to understand. For some time he could get no trace of her, but at last he learned where she was, and went to Spain. Not attempting to gild refined gold or paint the lily, we continue in the word of the publisher's announcement "As in old romance, 'journeys end in lovers meeting' and they are to be married on October eighth." But who "M. L. G." and the author are is just as much a mystery as ever. The preceding facts have just come to the American publishers through the author's solicitor, with whom the publishers have from the first had all communication. But of the author's identity they have not been informed. All they know is that the author must be an American actress, as she represented herself in *To M. L. G.*, and as probably she is none of the persons to whom rumour has assigned the authorship of the book."

The publication of a portly *Kipling Dictionary*, uniform with those already issued for Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Meredith, will, at first sight, strike a good many people as premature. The whole type of reference book which it represents, the *Homeric Lexicon*, the *Shakespeare Concordance*, carries with it not merely a suggestion of the posthumous, the implied finality of an obituary and a memoir, but it savours of the literary autopsy as well. Yet this first instinctive judgment is as illogical as it is natural. A hand-book of this sort is compiled, not because a certain author has been dead for one century or for twenty, but because what he wrote happens to be alive,—because, in short, there is a public demand for such a book. And it takes only a moment's thought to realise that, whatever their ultimate place may be as literature, there are no writings to-day so vitally and insistently alive, so widely interwoven in contemporary thought and speech, as those of Rudyard Kipling. We may dogmatise about the relative artistry of Kipling and Conrad and Hewlett; we may measure his verse with that of Swinburne or of Alfred Noyes. But the man in the street, to whom these

other names mean nothing, will glibly prate of the White Man's Burden, and grin cynically over the Female of the Species. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that no other writer since Dickens has engrafted into the English language so many names and catch-words and familiar quotations. Start to check them off, and it is astonishing how they multiply, phrases to conjure with, resonant, picturesque, dynamic, phrases that one by one caught the public fancy and went flashing around the world, from continent to continent. And this incursion of the Kipling phrase is independent of age and sex. Even the vocabulary of the modern nursery has been abundantly enriched from the *Just-So Stories*. All this being so, it would not be strange if there were as many people to-day interested in tracing the source of "Somewhere east of Suez" as of "Barkis is Willin'," or in discovering the number of stories in which Mulvaney figures as in finding in how many volumes Pendennis reappears.

Now if one had to undertake the drudgery which the compilation of this sort of special dictionary involves, one could ask no better luck in the way of a subject than Mr. Kipling. He is so peculiarly rich in underlying ideas and symbolic meanings that the chance to act as interpreter and lay a finger on the keynote in each of his poems and stories, ought to go a long way toward relieving the tedium of the task. It is the lack of any such quality in this newly published *Kipling Dictionary*, by W. Arthur Young, that makes it frankly disappointing. It is simply a piece of plodding, uninspired diligence, exhaustive to the point of redundancy in the inclusion of names, and often sadly perfunctory in its definitions. For instance, what useful purpose can be served by this colourless summary of Terence Mulvaney?—"An Irish soldier and hero of several of Mr. Kipling's tales. His adventures alone, or in company with his two comrades, Stanley Orthoris and Jock Learoyd, are related in several stories." In sheer mechanical make-up, the dictionary is a fairly accurate piece of work, although the alphabetical arrangement shows some

minor inconsistencies, as when "Mrs. Bathurst" is indexed under B. and "Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out," under M. Also, while in all other cases the fugitive verses which happen to lack titles are indexed under their opening line, the verses in the *Just-So Stories* are not indexed at all. A misstatement such as the following is mildly amusing: namely, that the "Elephant's Child" was "originally published in the *Windsor Magazine* for February, 1902; also in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for April, 1900." More serious are the not infrequent blunders made in summing up the essential details of the separate stories and poems. In "Without Benefit of Clergy," for instance, the dictionary states that Ameera "fretted herself to death," grieving for her child. Mr. Kipling happens to have stated that she died of black cholera. In "Cupid's Arrows," Miss Beighton, shooting purposely astray, "does not find the target twice in the round." As a matter of fact, she makes seven hits, once in the gold, once in the red, and five times in the white, her total score being twenty-one. Regarding "The Tents of Kedar," the third episode in *The Story of the Gadsbys*, the dictionary makes an even more amazing statement: that "the captain has his seat next Mrs. Herriott who, after playing with him, allows him to realise that she has heard of his engagement." While this is literally true, it would be difficult, even with deliberate intent, to pervert more completely the whole spirit of that cruelly cynical dinner scene.

Yet it is not so much the actual inaccuracies of statement as it is the failure to grasp the underlying spirit of the stories, that produces at times a tingling exasperation. Their vital meaning, their crucial turning-point, seem as often as not to escape the editor's notice. It is true that he does add, as a sort of afterthought, that "The Truce of the Bear" "carries with it a political significance," and that "Naboth" is "an allegory of Empire;" but these are exceptions. "The Ship that Found Herself," that inimitable parable of a people awakening to a sense of statehood and the power of union, is

dismissed as "one of Mr. Kipling's essays in technicalities," just as though there were no deeper matter in it than rivets and pistons and boiler-plates. "The Man Who Was" is summarised minutely, so far as the material details go; but the underlying idea, that a Russian is and always will be at heart an Oriental, is wholly ignored. Similarly, the dictionary states that in "At the End of the Passage," Hummil's death is explained by Spurstow, the doctor, as having been due to his fear of visions seen in delirium,—in other words, to natural, and not supernatural causes. But in the story, the significant point is not the doctor's explanation, but the fact that his comrade characterised it as "a damned lie." Yet, with all its defects, it would be ungrateful not to recognise that the *Kipling Dictionary* brings together a large amount of material, bibliographic and otherwise, that will often save an hour of weary delving. The editor was wise in not adding to the bulk of the volume by collecting the ephemeral reviews and special articles which have appeared in literary periodicals. But it is hard to understand why he left out from his list of critical articles that have been deemed worthy of book publication the essay which Henry James first prepared as an introduction to the English edition of *Soldiers Three*, and which has since been reprinted in not less than five American editions.

Recollections of Guy de Maupassant, by his valet François, which is reviewed at length elsewhere in this issue, is illustrated by a portrait of the novelist and by twelve or fourteen very commonplace pictures of scenes in Northern Africa. A publisher's note calls attention to these illustrations, and expresses the hope that they will be considered not only charming additions to an important work, but of a special interest in that they were all, with the exception of the portrait, taken by the celebrated novelist himself. The originals are the property of M. Pichot, a member of the little party that included De Maupassant in Algeria. The note may be accepted as an excuse and an ex-

planation. As examples of the dabbings of the author of *Une Vie* in photography they are not without interest. Otherwise it would be like illustrating a new edition of *Innocents Abroad*, let us say, with reproductions of penny post-card pictures of various cities of the world. Before reading the publisher's note we had ascribed the illustrations of the book to an inadequate knowledge of what pictorial material about de Maupassant is in existence. De Maupassant was exceedingly reticent about his personal life and manifested an aversion to posing before the camera that must seem a little bit astonishing to a good many authors of the present day. Consequently the belief is prevalent that it is difficult to gather good illustrations for any work dealing with the Norman. As a matter of fact some very admirable illustrative material exists and is accessible.

But very few persons know where to find it.

While we have never taken London *Punch* quite as seriously as the English seem to think it should be taken, there is no denying that when *Punch* prints a good joke it is a very good one indeed. The trouble is that waiting for it requires so much patience. Reward, however, came recently.

At Last

LEADING MAN IN TRAVELLING COMPANY—"We play *Hamlet* to-night, laddie, do we not?"

SUB-MANAGER—"Yes, Mr. Montgomery."

LEADING MAN—"Then I must borrow the sum of twopence!"

SUB-MANAGER—"Why?"

LEADING MAN—"I have four days' growth upon my chin. One cannot play *Hamlet* in a beard!"

SUB-MANAGER—"Um—well—we'll put on *Macbeth*!"

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND BRITISH PUBLISHERS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

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what people were talking about and how it was that their minds could work that way. When it was said that Mrs. Stowe through the lack of international copyright was deprived of some hundreds of thousands of dollars which should be hers by right of property, and that the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, whose books were read all over the world, had, after deducting the cost of the tools for his labour, earned just fifty cents a day—Henry Cary, in 1872, gravely replied that the late Governor Andrews had given five years of his life and perhaps life itself for less than half of the forty thousand dollars which Mrs. Stowe had received for the labours of a single year of her life, and that the labours of the his-

torian in question had proved ten times more productive than those of Mr. Stanton, the great war-minister.

This was perhaps the most naive defence of the system put forward, and it would occur to few people to advance such an analogy to-day as excuse for anything. But during that unedifying and protracted campaign there was an idea generally promulgated in England which generally persists still in America—an idea as baseless in fact as was that in logic. A recent controversy has shown that many Americans are yet blushing for the wholesale and shameless pillage of English authors by American publishers in the days before the international agreement existed. With shame they bow their heads to the accusation of George Moore in 1889 that America had not yet come within the pale of the morals of civilisation. But the immorality which the international situation so abundantly possessed was shared by civilisation alike; on the other hand, though—as

Mark Twain wrote—"the honours of rascality were easy," whatever morality the situation had to show came far more frequently from America than from England and came from nowhere else at all.

Mr. George Moore, provoked by a perfectly fair-minded and well-informed statement of Mr. George Haven Putnam, had retorted that retaliation was the only course open to the English publishers and that if one of them paid a single farthing to an American publisher for what he could get for nothing, he out-rioxoted Don Quixote; and he demanded (in the pistolling tone which by that time came naturally to Englishmen in speaking of the reprint business of that buccaneering age) that Mr. Putnam provide him with the names of even two American publishers who had not pirated. In reply Mr. Putnam stated that the Appletons, the Scribners, the Houghtons, the Holts, the Roberts, Little Brown, his own firm, and many others had dealt with their English authors in precisely the same way they had dealt with their American ones; that the bulk of unauthorised reprinting in America had been done by five firms, four of which were Canadian; and that—as far as retaliation was concerned—the English appropriation of American books dated from the very first book published in America which was likely to repay stealing. These statements are substantially the facts of the matter.

That these facts should not be known to the average American is natural enough. Though any American reader could have seen when the bookstalls were flooded with pirated editions of English writers—both the price and the lack of announcement of authorisation telling him so at once—only the American reader who travelled in person or the American author who travelled in spite of himself was in a position to know of the piracies committed by the English publishers. But these facts should have been well enough known in England, and chiefly by the very people whose accusations were the bitterest. In 1871, W. H. Appleton wrote as follows to the *London Times*: "The most effective weapon of the enemies of an international copyright law in the United States is a batch

of English newspapers after one of your periodical explosions upon the subject. Your standing charge is that the present treatment of English authors by American publishers is disgraceful—although popular novelists may get something decent for advanced sheets, the hard-working authors of valuable books get nothing. To this charge I am able to give a flat contradiction. The house I represent has been labouring for years to establish direct relations with English authors and, in paying them, has put them upon substantially the same footing as our own authors. This is so not in novels merely but in works of philosophy, science and history. Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Tyn-dall, Lubbock, Darwin get from us just what they would get if they were born in New York. If a book comes to us unprotected by law, and nobody protests, we treat it as your publishers treat a book the copyright of which has expired, and just as they treat American books whether anybody protests or not. But if the foreign author applies to us first and we then publish him, we hold ourselves morally bound to pay him. It is well understood by Americans that your proffered forms of copyright are less in the interests of authors than of the English book manufacturers."

It is not to be supposed that the matters Mr. Appleton mentioned were entirely unknown in English journalistic and publishing circles, and it is inconceivable that these should constantly have made their accusations without first applying to the authors they asserted were so pillaged. Indeed, many authors made public acknowledgment of the fairness with which they had been treated. The first money Herbert Spencer ever received from a publisher was sent him in 1861 by the Appletons; and every year afterward he received the percentage usually paid to native authors. Scribners paid Max Müller and Trench; Ticknor and Fields paid Tennyson, De Quincey, Miss Thackeray, Browning, Hughes, Reade, Kingsley, Arnold, Dr. John Brown, Mayne Reid, Dickens; and so one might go on with the list. Tennyson counted on his American income with certainty. In the *Athenæum* E. Lynn Lynton wrote that Harpers sent quite un-

solicited payments for reprinting two novels; and Harpers' English authors joined in a round-robin praising the fair and courteous treatment of that house. Mr. R. R. Bowker's compendious volume, *Copyright, Its History and Its Law*—an English authority—states that the leading American publishers voluntarily made payments to foreign authors, in many cases the same ten per cent. paid to American authors and reaching in one case of "outright" purchase of advance sheets \$5,000, though there was no protection of law for the purchase. Some of the authors who testified before the British Commission stated that their payments from the United States exceeded their royalties in Great Britain. Thus there was plenty of English testimony available, had the accusers cared to make use of it.

The general attitude of England, however, was tempered by no such reservations. This attitude (as well as her frequent practice) is amusingly illustrated by a good-natured editorial in a *North American Review* of 1842. The contemptuous query of Sidney Smith, "Who reads an American book?" it remarked blandly, could be more easily answered if English publishers were in the habit of accrediting to the authors the American works which they reprinted. It called attention to the fact that the *English Monthly Review* was systematically conveying to its pages articles published in the *North American*. It concludes by quoting some forcible remarks from the *Monthly Review*, into which it asks the privilege to insert within brackets some proposed emendations of its own. "We cannot avoid alluding to those harpies of literature, the re-publishers of the United States [*read, England*] who defile the banquet prepared by the writers of England [*America*] as well as rob them of their property. Within thirty days' sail of us there is a great country, where our language prevails. If a new book [or old periodical] is well received here, the American [*English*] publisher has only to reprint and sell it as his own. We say nothing of the injustice which is thus done to American [*English*] writers, not because it is of small importance but because we wish to view the subject ex-

clusively as it relates to English [*American*] writers; for it must be obvious to every one, as long as this state of things lasts and while there are so many writers and publishers in England [*the United States*] the American [*English*] publishers will have quite enough to occupy them in reprinting our own works. It is in this way that it injures American [*English*] as well as English [*American*] writers!"

EXTENT OF ENGLISH PIRACIES

In a memorial to the Thirtieth Congress John Jay, William Cullen Bryant, and others wrote: "The extent to which American books are reprinted in England is probably little known in this country." This is a statement which was true all along the line—of the earliest days of the Republic, of the days when it was written, and of the days just before the International Copyright Bill was passed.

The first American book that was worth stealing was copyrighted in 1784. It was Morse's *Geography*; and it proved to be worth a great deal to the English publisher who appropriated it without the knowledge or consent of the author and without giving him the slightest recognition. It was the forerunner of a long line of school or text-books or books of the popular science variety which in England had almost no competition, and hence became, in a special way, a gold mine to English reprinters. The text-book trade has always been the most lucrative branch of the business; and thus even in days when America possessed no writers of importance, English piracies, both in number and value, were very considerable.

By the year 1838, however, America mustered many authors who had gained contemporary recognition abroad. Their names, as well as less conspicuous ones, figured in an official report to the Twenty-fifth Congress, which stated that up to that year no less than six hundred Americans had been reprinted in England. In 1843, a book called *American Facts*, by George Palmer Putnam (published in London as well as New York and written in a conciliating tone which betrays, more than anything else, the average English attitude of that day

toward anything American) stated that the London catalogues for ten years had chronicled 382 reprints from the American. They were classified as follows:

Theology	68
Fiction	66
Juvenile	56
Travels	52
Education	41
Biography	26
History	22
Poetry	12
Ethics	11
Philology	10
Science	9
Law	9

It was estimated in 1841 that about 1,500 volumes of new publications were issued yearly in Great Britain. Thus 38 American reprints would form about 2½ per cent. of a year's issue. In America, for something over the corresponding ten-year period, 1830-1842, there had been 623 native books printed in all. Thus it is to be seen that the English publishers had appropriated over one-half of the entire American issue. Yet it was at the close of this period that the *English Monthly Review*, while coolly reprinting without recognition some articles of the *North American*, spoke of the American harpies!

It will thus be admitted that the *North American* was rightly informed when it went on to say that nothing could be more erroneous than the common impression that the benefits of international copyright would fall with immense preponderance on the side of English authors. "Judge Story's law treatises," it presented, "are regarded in England as the most important productions of the day. The writings of American divines are likewise regarded. The most popular essays of the age are those of Dr. Channing; the most important books of travel are those of Professor Robinson and Mr. Stephens; the most successful history is that of Mr. Prescott. The writings of Irving and Cooper take rank in England with the most eminent of her own authors; and some even of our recent poets—the hardest case of all that enter into the comparison—are read almost as much as any native bards. American

books for children's reading and for school education are fast driving the English out of their own market." In respect to this last item, though neither English nor American figures are accessible, it is significant that while 36 Greek and Latin classics with notes and 35 Greek, Latin, and Hebrew text-books were published in America in this period no English reprints were published there in either of these departments; and in the year 1834 there were 73 original American educational books published and only nine reprinted from England, out of the entire field of English books both contemporary and past.

In 1848 came another memorial of protest to Congress—the one headed by John Jay and Bryant. "Our native authors," it ran, "have never yet enjoyed a fair field. Authors who in spite of the unequal struggle with the unprotected productions which crowd them out of the market—especially when it is considered that the popularity of the British works thus reprinted is established while that of the unpublished American author is still uncertain—have yet gained fame, are financially injured; and many whose writings have delighted both the Old and New World, instead of enjoying from their works a comfortable independence, derive with difficulty a slender subsistence for the copyright of works which have realised fortunes to English publishers. Appended is a list of 500 American works reprinted by English publishers, selected from a catalogue in which they appeared with nothing to designate their American origin. Incomplete as the list is, from the impossibility of always recognising American works under their new titles, and imperfect in that it frequently designates but one edition and one publisher, whereas in many cases numerous editions have been put forth by various publishers, it yet suffices to give some idea of the extent to which our own authors are losers by being deprived of a copyright in Great Britain."

Of the three or four rival editions of Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, the sale of one reached fifteen thousand copies; and Abbott, Channing, Stephens, Peter Parley, Barnes, *Webster's Dictionary*, Thompson's *Land and the Book*,

Warner's *The Wide Wide World* are but a few specimens from a list where even a small royalty would have amounted to a considerable fortune. The royalties which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would have reaped from its innumerable reprints cannot even be estimated.

"There is an American lady living in Hartford," wrote James Parton in the *Atlantic* in 1867, "whom the American Government has permitted to be robbed of two hundred thousand dollars. In the same way and even more culpably it has allowed Motley and Bancroft and Prescott to be robbed of the value of literary labours attained only by the aid of extensive and costly libraries and collections. We noticed the other day in an English publication a page of advertisements of thirteen volumes, twelve of which were American. The cheap publication stores of Great Britain are heaped with reprints, the sale of which yields nothing to the author. We have seen in England a series of school writing-books, the invention of a Philadelphian, the English copies of which betrayed no trace of their origin."

Hawthorne recorded in *English Note Books* that a leading London house had sold without any profit to him uncounted thousands of his works. "Of the ten works I have written," wrote A. S. Roe to the International Copyright Association, in 1868, "seven have been republished in England. I received in all \$275 for works which had a circulation of over one hundred thousand." The same year Richard Grant White wrote, "The assertion that for one American book stolen in England a thousand English books are stolen in America, is mere tall talk; for American publishers print only a very few of the best and most popular English works." This statement was corroborated by Mr. Edmund Gosse, writing in an English periodical twenty years later.

In 1876, Longfellow wrote to a lady in England who complained to him of American pirates: "It may comfort you to know that I have had twenty-two publishers in England and Scotland and only four of them ever took the slightest notice of my existence, even so far as to send me a copy of the book." In 1878 the number of American reprints pub-

lished yearly in England had reached ten per cent. Professor Brander Matthews records that the author of *Night-Cap Stories* wrote him that she called on her self-appointed London publishers and asked for a set of the books to take home; but although they had sold many thousands of them they told her they would give her the volumes only on receipt of the published price. Of Noah Brooks's *Boy Emigrants*, the London publishers openly boasted they had sold more copies than were issued in America. "Entering a shop in London," wrote Edward Eggleston in *The Century*, 1882, "I found the bookseller in a rage against America and the Americans. I retorted that he had not suffered so much from American as I had from English publishers. Indeed, our publishers have practised privateering for so long that a sort of 'honour among' themselves prevails with the more prosperous ones which is unknown to the English publishers, who do not even rifle your pockets politely. The chief sufferers by the reprint trade are not British publishers, for whom I have no great sympathy, nor even British authors, whom I should like dearly to see righted. The American author suffers more than either. The wonder is we have any literature, for it is paid neither at home nor abroad."

In 1885 Professor Matthews, suspecting that English appropriations were much greater than English publishers so loud in their outcries would admit, took the trouble to examine the publishers' lists of Great Britain. His findings he printed in a vigorous article entitled "American Authors and British Pirates." One publisher in a series of 91 numbers included 36 of American authorship; and in another series of 19 the American books numbered 17. Of the 38 volumes of The Home Treasure Library 30 were American. The Good Tone Library contained 20 books, 17 of which were American. The People's Standard Library "of volumes which will last as long as the language endures" included 20 out of less than 100 books. The Lily series presented 19 English and 60 American books. Of a series of 80 humorous books between 60 and 70 were American, most of them re-named at will.

So much, then, for the extent of British piracies and their continuance from the beginning of the literary history of the new Republic down to the passage of the international copyright. No one denies, of course, that the black flag flew as continuously in America. But it did not fly over proportionately so much booty nor was it flown by so many houses. And chief of all, it never flew over any of the leading houses. Though there were in London as in America plenty of honest publishers who did not pirate, there were—as there were not in America—some leading publishers in reputation and in importance who did. All this despite the facts that the universality of the American reading public and its demand for books was absolutely unknown in England or in any part of the world, and that there were more book-buyers among the poorer class in America than in the upper and middle classes of England combined. Even as early as 1841 there were two hundred thousand persons connected with the manufacture of books in the United States and a capital of thirty-five million dollars engaged in satisfying this unprecedented desire. Yet, as Mr. George Haven Putnam told the New York Free Trade Club in 1878, it had been the exception for an English work to be published by a reputable firm without fair and very often liberal recognition of the rights of the author; and the record of the American publishers had been and still remained better than that of his English brethren.

FEW PAYMENTS BY BRITISH PUBLISHERS EXCEPT FOR ADVANCE SHEETS

In the chaos where no publisher knew what his rights were or if he had any or if they would be respected—wrote James Parton in 1867—American publishers had an unwritten code which they called “the courtesy of the trade.” By this if a publisher issued a foreign work or announced his intention of doing so, he had exclusive rights which other publishers should respect. But this unwritten code existed only among the reputable publishers, even if they were the vast majority of American firms; and although the Harpers spent tens of thousands to enforce the observance of it everywhere,

they did not succeed. They paid four hundred dollars for advance sheets of each number of Dickens’s novels, for instance, and within forty-eight hours of the publication of the magazine containing it, two other editions were for sale under their noses. Considering the difficulties which beset the publication of books in 1867, says Parton, we can but wonder at the liberality of American publishers to foreign authors—a liberality which has met no return from European publishers. The appearance of rival editions is not allowed to diminish the author’s share of profits upon editions published with his consent. On the other hand, when the third and fourth volumes of *Bancroft’s History of the United States* were about to appear, a London publisher offered three hundred pounds each for the advance sheets, but afterward forbore to pay for that which he could get for nothing. Nor have we been able after much inquiry, continues Parton, to hear of one instance in which an English publisher has paid an American author, resident in America, for anything but “advance sheets.” Mr. Longfellow, whose works are as salable there as here, has derived considerable sums for advance sheets, but nothing from the annual sale. Irving, on account of his seventeen years’ residence abroad, is the only American author who has received anything like the money his books earned. The tribute for being more just than the law compels, is due to several publishers on this side of the Atlantic; to none on the other, except for advance sheets.

This testimony in 1867 is confirmed by that of Mr. Putnam in 1878. “In the absence of an international copyright there grew up among our publishers a custom of making payments to foreign authors which became a matter of very considerable importance. These payments secured to the American publisher no title of any kind, and not always even the slight advantage of ‘advance sheets.’ The acknowledgments by English publishers of any rights on the part of American authors, however, were few and far between, and the payments but inconsiderable in amount. Granted that the leading English houses would doubtless have preferred to follow the Ameri-

can custom of paying for their reprinted material, they did not at least succeed in establishing any general understanding similar to the American 'Courtesy of Trade,' and books paid for by one house were promptly reissued in cheaper rival editions, by other houses. One London publisher sent yearly a liberal remittance to Miss Warner, but the competition of the unauthorised edition made him discontinue them. Seven editions of *Helen's Babies* in England made an enormous sale, from which the author received hardly a penny; but for the advance sheets of the sequel one firm paid fifty pounds. The competition of the half dozen other publishers to reprint from the American journal in which it appeared as a serial was so fierce, however, that one house printed it without its concluding chapter and another added a last chapter in England, and did not know until afterward that the moral of the story was entirely transformed."

MUTILATION OF AMERICAN BOOKS COMMON IN ENGLAND

The mutilation of the sequel of *Helen's Babies* brings us to another aspect of the subject. *The North American Review* called attention in 1848 to the fact that American authors were not only deprived of a fair market at home and of all share in the profits of their works abroad, but they were deprived of all protection in regard to their literary fame and the integrity of their works abroad. Books with titles like *The Young Maiden* and *The Young Wife* became *The English Maiden* and *The English Wife*. Sparks's *Writings of Washington*, in twelve volumes, were reprinted with the original title in two volumes as if complete. Story's law treatises were chopped into fragments and scattered through another law book. Most prefaces and title pages were altered so as to conceal their origin. "Two different houses in London," said A. S. Roe, "advertised works under my name with the most ridiculous titles—works which I would scorn to own." E. P. Roe not only saw in one bookstore in Canada six rival reprints of one of his novels, but also a novel which he never wrote. Ten works were on one publisher's list by Mark Twain which he never

heard of. *Ben Hur* was printed in London under another title and with the omission of the story of the hero, but the publisher had written an entirely new preface, to which he signed General Wallace's name. Professor Matthews says that after diligent inquiry he had been unable to discover a single instance where the American pirate mutilated the book he had stolen. There was, of course, no inducement to alter English books in any way without a distinct acknowledgment of the fact, because the reader knowing the reputation they had already gained insisted upon an exact copy, and the publisher would only have injured himself in injuring the book.

Yet in the matter of the suppression of the American author's name, the English publisher unaccountably stood often in the way of his own sales. Even a man of so substantial an English appeal as Henry Ward Beecher was frequently stolen outright. Dr. Irenæus Prime had sent to him by an English publisher a volume bearing the name of an English author, with the inquiry if he thought it likely to interest American readers: he replied that he could not return an impartial answer as the book was his own and had already passed through several American editions. Direct plagiarisms by English authors of importance were by no means infrequent. Richard Grant White complained in 1868 that British publishers robbed American authors not only of their royalties but their reputations in issuing their books without their names. The author of *American Facts* in 1845 says that the practice of dishonest concealment of the origin of a book was somewhat common in England, and the transplanting of magazine articles disguised or undisguised but without acknowledgment was an ordinary occurrence with the English periodicals. On the other hand, he says he never heard of a single instance where the title or preface was altered in America or where the author's name was suppressed. He might have heard of a few, however, for some there were, and American authors had hastened to call attention to them. But just as there was little mutilation if for no other reason than it was patently unprofitable, so there was little of such

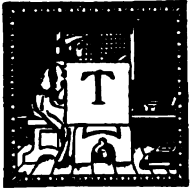
plagiarism in America if for no other reason than that the public were familiar with English writings and there was always danger of future exposure by means of another publisher. Granting even the lowest motive of business policy, still this was sufficient to leave English reprints for the most part untampered with in America; while mutilation and plagiarism were frequent in England, sometimes for this same lowest motive and sometimes for sentiments ranging all the way from local taste to local pride.

This is the history of the reprint trade in England and America in the days before the international copyright. Nobody

on either side of the water can look back to them with much complacency—the days (not yet departed!) when the law forced men to steal. But contrary to an impression somewhat industriously manufactured by people who ought to have known otherwise, what honour there was lay chiefly with the American publishers. Many of them can review their individual records with the feeling that they were more just than the business competition of their own country allowed, than the law of either country compelled, and than the state of opinion among the leading British publishers demanded.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR OF THE RUSSIAN SOUL

BY CLEVELAND PALMER



HE father of the Russian novel, Gogol, left three heirs to his literary estate: Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky. Of these, if the first two are the better known to the western world, the third is incomparably closer to the Russian soul. Turgenev was a great artist, Tolstoy a great moralist, but Feodor Dostoevsky expressed in its most intimate depths the strange and tormented spiritual aspirations of his race.

Although the writer had heard Mr. George Kennan speak with enthusiasm of *Crime and Punishment*, it was a Russian woman at a French "cure" who really introduced him to Dostoevsky. A member of the nobility and the daughter of a famous general, she was a cultivated and widely read woman with an ardent admiration for the great English writers,

A Great Russian Realist (Feodor Dostoevsky). By J. A. T. Lloyd. New York: John Lane and Company.

The Karamazov Brothers. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company.

especially Shakespeare. After talking of him one day, she urged the claims of the writer of her country who bore the same relation to its literature that Shakespeare bears to ours. The next afternoon she brought from the neighbouring city copies of the French translations of *Crime and Punishment* and *The Karamazov Brothers*. In the latter, which she especially recommended, she marked passages to be noted. One, the most important, was that extraordinary tale or poem which Ivan Karamazov recites to his brothers, of Christ, who comes to Seville on the occasion of an *auto da fé*, and is condemned to death by the Grand Inquisitor because His return to earth threatens the destruction of an institution confessedly reared on the very negation of his teachings.

Never has there been produced a passage of more subtle and sustained irony, and never has there been made a more penetrating analysis of the rôle of the Church with reference to the hunger for happiness in the weak and dependent human heart. In it all there is no trace of sharp satire or bitter invective, only

a deep sense of the underlying enigma of life, which appears as it becomes evident that the Grand Inquisitor, in arraigning Christ, is really pronouncing His eulogy, and culminates when Christ Himself, in departing, smiles and kisses the lips that had sought to condemn Him.

Into *The Karamazov Brothers*, which now appears as the initial volume in Mrs. Garnett's complete translation of his works, Dostoevsky, toward the end of his life, poured all the wisdom that had come to him, first, from his extraordinary powers of divination, and, second, from the stores of his own harsh and terrible experience. Born in 1821, the son of a poor physician in a hospital at Moscow, he was educated to be an army engineer, but early abandoned his profession for literature. After the most humiliating struggles with poverty, while supporting himself by translations from the French, he managed to produce a story of his own, *Poor Folk*, which brought him instant celebrity and comparative comfort. Welcomed into intellectual society, he became associated, though without any revolutionary conviction or real interest in socialism, with a little group of Fourierists with whom he discussed certain merely administrative reforms. Suddenly, however, he was arrested, with the whole society, and accused, among other things, of "having taken part in conversations about the severity of the Censorship," and of "having knowledge of the project to install a clandestine printing-press," he was cast into prison. After some months he received the death sentence:

"Twenty times the fatal words were repeated: 'Sentenced to be shot!' And so indelibly were the words graven into my memory that for years afterward I would wake in the middle of the night fancying I heard them being read. But at the same time I distinctly remember another circumstance: the officer, after having finished the reading, folded the paper and put it into his pocket, after which he descended from the scaffold. At this moment the sun broke through the clouds, and I thought, 'It is impossible; they can't mean to kill us!' and I whispered these words to my nearest companion, but instead of answering, he only pointed to a line of

coffins that stood near the scaffold, covered with a large cloth.

"All my hope vanished in an instant, and I expected to be shot in a few minutes.

"It gave me a great fright, but I determined not to show any fear, and I kept talking to my companion about different things. He told me afterward that I had not even been very pale.

"All of a sudden a priest ascends the scaffold, and asks if any of the condemned wish to confess their sins. Only one accepted the invitation, but when the priest held out the crucifix we all touched it with our lips.

"Petrachevski"—the leader of the society—"and two others who were considered the most culpable were already tied to the poles and had their heads covered with a kind of bag, and the soldiers stood ready to fire at the command 'Fire!'

"I thought I might perhaps have five minutes more to live, and how awful those moments were. I kept staring at a church with a gilt dome, which reflected the sunbeams, and I suddenly felt as if these beams came from a region where I was to be myself in a few moments!

"Then there was a general stir. I was too short-sighted to discern anything, but I felt that something extraordinary was happening. At last I descried an officer, who came galloping across the square, waving a white handkerchief. He was sent by the Emperor to announce our pardon. Afterward we learned that the sentence of death had only been a threat intended as 'a lesson not to be forgotten.' But this lesson had fatal consequences for many of us. When Grigoriev was released from the pole he had become mad through the terror he had undergone while waiting for the fatal shot, and he never recovered his reason. Nor do I think that any of us escaped without lifelong injury to his nervous system.

"Besides, when we were taken up to the scaffold they took off our clothes, so that we had spent more than twenty minutes standing in our bare shirts in a cold of 22 degrees Reaumur, below freezing point! When we came back to our prisons some of us had their ears and toes frozen; one got inflammation of the lungs, which ended in consumption. As for myself, I don't remember to have had the slightest sensation of the cold.

"Our sentence of death had been changed

F. M. DOSTOIEFFSKY

to eight years' penal servitude in Siberia, and many years' subsequent exile."

This account is quoted in full, because it serves to illustrate two striking characteristics of Dostoieffsky's manner in fiction—first, the calm and dispassionate way in which he gives the grimest scenes and incidents where some memory of his own suffering might well, it would seem, communicate a shudder to his soul, and cause his hand to tremble; and second, the minuteness, often bizarre in its effects, with which he observes mental processes and plumbs the unconscious. He was to have ample opportunity for this psychological exercise in the next stage of his existence. The four years which he spent in his Siberian prison, and which he described in *Buried Alive*, gave him an insight into the criminal mind which has won him consideration from criminologists.

After leaving prison, he entered a

disciplinary battalion as a private soldier, gradually rising to the rank of lieutenant. At the end of eight years he had reached a fairly comfortable condition, and had even married the widow of a fellow-exile. But he felt the loss of his old associations, and longed to return to Russia to carry on his writing which he had already resumed. His health was also badly broken. The prison experience may, as Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd in his biography of Dostoieffsky reasons, have saved him from sinking into an abject state of morbid introspection such as he describes in *The Underground Spirit*, but he paid dearly for this spiritual salvation by the epilepsy which declared itself during his confinement and was never to release its hold upon him thereafter.

Dostoieffsky was thirty-eight when he was permitted to return to Russia. His life from then on for many years was scarcely less miserable than it had been

in Siberia. The poverty which had haunted his youth dogged his footsteps during middle age, and more than once drove him out of the country to escape his creditors. These periodical flights exposed him to a peculiar temptation, and reveal a strange side of weakness in this man of genius. He was an inveterate gambler, and, irresistibly attracted to gaming-resorts, he over and over again risked his all at roulette. Reduced to penury—for he never stopped when luck was with him—he was forced to beg from his friends for means to return to Russia. There he was implicated in the failure of a review founded by his brother who died and left the burden of his family and of his debts on Feodor. That was in 1845. His wife died the same year, and did also several of his best friends. He soon after married again,—this time his stenographer,—and continued his roving and desultory habits of life.

In the midst of all this misery and suffering, he nevertheless never ceased to write and to publish novels with increasing success, though the strain under which they were produced told upon their style and construction: "I know very well that I write worse than Turgenev," he complained with curious naïveté, in a letter to his brother, "but my work is not as bad as all that, and besides I hope to write as well as he does. Why, then, when I am in so great need, should I receive one hundred roubles, and Turgenev, who owns two thousand souls, receive four hundred roubles? Necessity compels me to hurry and to write in order to procure money, and consequently to spoil my work inevitably." Yet in spite of all, Dostoevsky never merely wrote to order, and bad as his work sometimes was, it was always his own work. He was sincere and true to himself to the end, and this fidelity had its reward. Turning from Turgenev because of his western affiliations, which made him half a foreigner in his own land, the Russian people clove more and more closely to Dostoevsky as they came to recognise in him the true interpreter of their dreams, the confessor of their most secret thoughts and aspirations. Though he laid bare their

shameless vices and criminal impulses, he did this, in spite of the apparent coldness and cruelty of his *procédé*, with pity and understanding. Never does he lose faith in Russia and the Russians, and he maintains always that mystic faith in the destiny of the country and the race which permeates the Russian character and temperament.

It was this that the Countess H—— made clear to the writer that summer at Divonne. Her eyes shone as she spoke in tones of reverence and awe of the great writer whom, she said, her people worshipped even more as a prophet than as a writer. This was true even in his own lifetime. The little, thin, irritable, sickly old man, with the straggling yellow beard, and the "vivacity of a cat," whom his French friend and sponsor, Vicomte E. Melchior de Vogue, described as having the face of a moujik with more signs of suffering amassed upon it than upon any other face he had ever seen, was consulted from every corner of Russia, and he gave freely of his knowledge of the human heart, as well as, upon several occasions, of his talents as a criminologist, to the service of the weak and suffering. When he made his address at the dedication of the statue of Pushkin, he received a tremendous public ovation; and when, in 1881, he died, he lay in state in the capital, and thousands attended his funeral and thronged the ways along which moved his cortège.

Mr. Lloyd in his eloquent but often rather abstract and obscure interpretation of Dostoevsky, where biography and intellectual analysis are too closely and continuously interwoven, sedulously avoids any comparisons save on the purely literary side. As we read of this strange *détraqué* with the combined weakness and beauty of his character; with the splendour of his dreams contrasting with the misery and squalour and disorder of his life; with his innocent and lofty soul encased in his broken and convulsive body; and, finally, with the lurid shadings in this soul itself which gave him a premonition of the worst as well as of the best of which mankind is capable, we cannot help thinking of Verlaine. Less tarnished

than that poet in his earthly tabernacle, he is like him, primarily, in a certain defect of volition, in a certain unfitness for life, which made the prison—that modern substitute for monastic seclusion—almost a sanctuary and a refuge from the world. On the literary side, too, Dostoevsky makes us feel that we can divine the kind of novels Verlaine would have written if this poet, whose verse is like the inward whisper of Hugo's wordy lyricism, had been capable of prose fiction on the scale of *Les Misérables*.

In both Verlaine and Dostoevsky there is the same strain of pity and humility that makes them modern mendicants, little brothers of St. Francis. But there is a strain of intellectual pride and curiosity in Dostoevsky that is absent in the French poet, and this, more than once, reminds us, both in the man and

the artist, of our own Poe. *Crime and Punishment*, indeed, under one of its many aspects, might almost be a tale of the "grotesque and arabesque" on a grander scale and with a greater gamut of emotion and sensation. The greater scale in no wise lessens the intensity and concentration of this study of an assassin who works under the empire of an *idée fixe*, nor does its grisly realism detract in any way from the delicate subtlety of its psychological analysis, or make the exquisite pathos of the gentler characterisations and the scenes of sentiment seem misplaced. Poe plus Dickens—that, perhaps, is the nearest formula by which one can arrive at a perfect understanding of this great writer who, as Mr. Lloyd justly says, was at once the confessor, the vivisector, and the Grand Inquisitor of the Russian soul.

THE TITANIC AND THE LITERARY COMMENTATOR

BY E. B. FRENCH

I



AMERICAN novelists and playwrights, always so mute on public affairs or current events, naturally had little or nothing to say about the *Titanic* disaster. In

England, on the other hand, the best known writers of the day have commented upon it—perhaps to no great practical advantage—but their views are interesting and characteristic, as the following summary will show:

Mr. Bernard Shaw's disgust with the newspaper comments on the first reports

**Bernard Shaw
on Mock
Heroics**

of the *Titanic* disaster was not at all surprising to the readers of his plays and prefaces. It

was not to be expected that the author of *Arms and the Man* would have much patience with journalistic raptures over heroism, even if the facts lent themselves

to a heroic interpretation. Mr. Shaw loathes heroics and the glamour of romance and in no conceivable circumstances would he find an excuse for them. But the facts of the *Titanic* disaster were, he contended, peculiarly unsuited to romantic treatment, and it was only by lying that the newspapers made them out heroic. Why, he asked, does a sensational catastrophe always drive a modern nation not into transports of grief or sympathy, or into prayer, but into "an explosion of outrageous romantic lying"? He refers it to certain romantic demands which must be met by disregarding the facts or by distorting them. Thus, one demand of romance is that everybody must face death without flinching; so that is the way the papers must present it. But what is the actual evidence?

The captain and officers were so afraid of a panic that though they knew the ship was sinking, they did not dare tell the passengers so, especially the third-class passengers, and the

band played rag-time to reassure the passengers, who, therefore, did not get into the boats and did not realise their situation until the boats were gone and the ship standing on her head before plunging to the bottom.

What happened then Lady Duff-Gordon has related, and the witnesses at the American inquiry could hardly bear to relate. I ask, what is the use of all this ghastly, blasphemous, inhuman, braggartly lying? Here is a calamity which might well make the proudest man humble and the wildest joker serious. It makes us vainglorious, insolent and mendacious.

Another romantic demand is, "Women and children first," and seldom, says Mr. Shaw, was there a sublimer chorus on the strict observance of this rule than in the first accounts of the wreck in the London papers containing the story of Lady Duff-Gordon.

She described how she escaped in the captain's boat. There was one other woman in it and ten men—twelve all told—one woman for every five men.

Again, romance requires that all the men except the foreigners shall be heroes, that the foreigners shall be kept from a cowardly stampede by British pistols, and that the captain shall be a super-hero—

a magnificent seaman, cool, brave, delighting in danger, and a living guarantee that the wreck was nobody's fault, but, on the contrary, a triumph of British navigation.

Such a man Captain Smith was enthusiastically proclaimed on the day when it was reported (and actually believed, apparently) that he had shot himself on the bridge. . . . Writers who had never heard of Captain Smith to that hour wrote of him as they would hardly write of Nelson.

The only thing positively known was that Captain Smith had lost his ship by deliberately and knowingly steaming into an ice field at the highest speed that he had coal for. He paid the penalty, so did most of those for whose lives he was responsible. Had he brought them and the ship safely to land, nobody would have taken the smallest notice of him.

As to the steadiness and bravery of the officers the verdict of the press was

unanimous, although the principal fact known at the time was

that boats which were not full refused to go to the rescue of those who were struggling in the water in cork jackets. The reason was frankly given—they were afraid.

The fear, says Mr. Shaw, was natural, and nobody at home dare blame them, but why assure the world that only Englishmen could have behaved in so heroic a manner? Such, he says, was the attitude of the press toward the disaster.

Did the press really represent the public? I am afraid it did. Churchmen and statesmen took much the same tone. The effect on me was one of profound disgust—almost national dishonour. Am I mad? Possibly. At all events that is how I felt and how I feel about it.

Sir A. Conan Doyle after a none too careful reading of Mr. Shaw's letter, replied to it with much

The Conan Doyle-Shaw Debate heat, saying that he had never found so much that was false written

within an equal compass. To be sure there were ten men to two women in one boat, but how about the others? Mr. Shaw knew as well as everybody else that in the very next boat sixty-five out of the seventy occupants were women. As to Captain Smith, Sir Arthur declared he would gladly present the Fabian Society with £100, if Mr. Shaw would show him the work of any responsible journalist in which Captain Smith is described in the terms of Nelson. To insinuate as Mr. Shaw did that the officers had not done their duty was a "poisonous suggestion." To say that the wreck was hailed as a triumph of British navigation was proof merely that Mr. Shaw valued a sensational phrase more than the truth. Sir Arthur expresses the highest admiration for the officer who told Mr. Ismay, the managing-director, to "go to hell," when the latter seemed to be interfering with the life-saving work. But Mr. Shaw, he says, quotes this remark as if it were a crime. Finally

As to the general accusation that the occasion had been used for the glorification of British qualities, we should indeed be a lost people if we did not honour courage and dis-

cipline when we see it in the highest form. That our sympathies extend beyond ourselves is shown by the fact that the conduct of the American male passengers, and very particularly of the much-abused millionaires, has been as warmly eulogised as any strange feature of the whole wonderful epic. But surely it is a pitiful sight to see a man of undoubted genius using his gifts in order to decry his own people, regardless of the fact that his words must add to the grief of those who have already had more than enough to bear.

This letter by ignoring the essential fact that the Shaw diatribes were directed against, the journalistic misuse of the early and incomplete reports, brought forth a thumping rejoinder. The newspapers, said Mr. Shaw, wrote columns of gushing eulogy on the strength of information that indicated anything but heroic conduct.

My case is that our journalists wrote without the slightest regards to the facts; that they were actually more enthusiastic in their praise of the *Titanic* heroes on the day when the only evidence to hand was evidence of conduct for which a soldier would be shot and a navy sailor hanged, than when later news came in of those officers and crews who did their best, and that it must be evident to every reasonable man that if there had not been a redeeming feature in the whole case, exactly the same hogwash, as Mr. Cunninghame Graham calls it in his righteous disgust, would have been lavished on the veriest dastards as upon a crew of Grace Darlings.

The captain positively lost popularity when the deliberate and calumnious lie that he shot himself was dropped. . . .

Sir Arthur accuses me of lying, and I must say he gives me no great encouragement to tell the truth; but he proceeds to tell against himself what I take to be the most thundering lie ever sent to a printer by a human author. He first says that I quoted, as if it were a crime, the words used by the officer who told Mr. Ismay to "go to hell." I did not. I said the outburst was very natural, though not in my opinion admirable or heroic. . . .

"But," Sir Arthur goes on to say, "I could not imagine a finer example." . . . Yes, you could, Sir Arthur, and many a page of heroic romance from your hand attests that you often have imagined much finer examples. Heroism has not quite come to that yet, nor has your

imagination contracted or your brain softened to the pathos of seeing sublimity in a worried officer telling even a managing-director (God-like being) to "go to hell."

Another eminent British writer to free his mind on the subject with remarkable promptness was Mr. Joseph Conrad's *Reflections* on the disaster appeared in the May number of the *English Review* before the Mersey Commission had begun its inquiry. A large part of his com-

From London "Punch"
TOLL OF THE SEA

mentary is necessarily unintelligible to an American, and probably could not be understood anywhere outside the British Isles. He begins by condemning very bitterly the American Senatorial inquiry. "What are they after? What is there for them to find out?" It seems to him to have been the grossest impertinence for Americans to ask any questions at all. We Americans, he argues, kill a great many people on our railroads in a single year. Therefore the news of the *Titanic* disaster should have been followed not by an inquiry into the causes of this shipwreck, but by an inquiry into

the causes of railway wrecks. The more excited we became over the details of the *Titanic* catastrophe, the more preoccupied we should have been with last year's railway collisions. Moreover, no officer in the British merchant service was under the slightest obligation to answer the questions of the representatives of any foreign power. "The only authority he is bound to answer is the Board of Trade."

Thus far the point of view though insular is comparatively easy to grasp, but what follows is altogether beyond the reach of the poor outlander's straining intellect. For Mr. Conrad proceeds to show how idiotically the British Board of Trade always behaves and how futile its inquiry was certain to be. The Board of Trade is he says, "a ghost—less than that; as yet a mere memory."

An office with adequate and no doubt comfortable furniture. A lot of perfectly irresponsible gentlemen, who exist packed in its equable atmosphere softly, as if in a lot of cotton-wool, and with no care in the world; for there can be no care without personal responsibility.

So the Americans were indecent in asking any questions and ought to have waited for the only authority competent to ask questions, which was the British Board of Trade; but the Board of Trade instead of being fit to ask questions was a ghost or, rather, a mere lot of office furniture. Nevertheless the conduct of the Americans in asking ~~questions~~ instead of waiting for the "office furniture" to explain remains in this writer's mind, so strangely hospitable to mutually destructive propositions, not only indecent but black hearted and vile.

And there are too many ugly developments about this tragedy. The rush of the Senatorial inquiry before the poor wretches escaped from the jaws of death had time to draw breath; the vituperative abuse of a man no more guilty than others in this matter, and the more than the suspicion of it being a political move to get home on the M. T. Company, into which, in common parlance, the United States Government has got its knife. I don't pretend to understand why, though

with the rest of the world I am aware of the fact. Maybe there may be an excellent reason for it; but I venture to suggest that to take advantage of it on the strength of so many pitiful corpses is not pretty. No, I am not afraid to say that it is not pretty. And the exploiting of the mere sensation on the other side is not pretty in its wealth of heartless inventions. Neither is the welter of Marconi lies, which has not been sent vibrating without some reason, for which it would be nauseous to inquire too closely.

As Mr. Conrad begins and ends his "Reflections" with this severe arraignment of American manners and morals one might think that the chief lesson of the disaster was, to his mind, the misbehaviour of American Senators and newspaper men when a large number of their fellow-countrymen are suddenly drowned. This, however, was probably intended merely to comfort the British reader whose feelings might be wounded by Mr. Conrad's account of the disaster itself and his criticism of the Board of Trade and the steamship companies which, after all, made up the chief part of the article. His own experience of the sea, extending over many years, give his comments on recent tendencies in ocean navigation a certain interest. He attributes the disaster to the mad rivalry among the companies in the matter of speed and size and to the blind faith in material and appliances.

But she sank, causing, apart from the loss of so many lives, a sort of surprising consternation that such a thing should have happened at all. Why? You build a 45,000-ton hotel of thin steel plates to secure the patronage of, say, a couple of thousand rich people (for if it had been for the emigrant trade alone there would have been no such exaggeration of mere size), you decorate it in the style of the Pharaohs, or in the Louis Quinze style—I don't know which—and to please the aforesaid fatuous handful of individuals who have more money than they know what to do with, and to the applause of two continents, you launch that mass with two thousand people on board at 21 knots across the sea—a perfect exhibition of the modern blind trust in mere material and appliances. And then this happens. General consternation. The blind trust in material and appliances has received a terrible shock.

I will say nothing of the credulity which accepts any statement which specialists, technicians, are pleased to make, whether for purposes of gain or glory. You stand there astonished and hurt in your profoundest sensibilities. But what else under the circumstances could you expect?

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's comments on the disaster have already been quoted in part in this magazine.

Mr. Chesterton's Views Like Mr. Shaw he was chiefly concerned with its effect on public opinion as evidenced in the newspapers. He had little sympathy with the horror professed by many British writers at the unseemly haste of American Senators and newspaper men in prying into the affair. It is all very well, he said, to blame American journalism as "vulgar and vindictive" and for setting "the pack in full cry upon a particular man." The British critic might accuse Americans of wishing to hound Mr. Ismay, "as if he were the only man that was saved," just as they hounded poor Gorki "as if he were the only man not living with his wife." But might not the American critic retort that the British were in danger from precisely opposite vices? The British tendency is to hush things up, to "damp everything down." Americans might reasonably suspect that the British Mersey commission would shirk the facts—"ignore plain questions and suppress existing telegrams to save the face of some rich man." That was what happened when under the same Lord Mersey inquiry was made into the Jameson Raid. The Americans might say—

We are not so careful of millionaires. We are hounding on the pack, and we think a pack of dogs, even if it is a pack of mongrels, is not so bad a thing in dealing with wolves—or foxes.

As the Mersey commission went on he waxed bitterly sarcastic over some of its rulings and published a little skit holding it up to ridicule as carefully excluding from its investigation the essential things it was appointed to investigate.

The moral which Mr. H. G. Wells drew from the disaster could have been guessed by any careful

Mr. Wells's Moral reader of the *New Machiavelli*. His comment

on it was merely incidental and appeared in one of his articles in the *Daily Mail* on "The Labour Unrest." It typifies perfectly to his mind the muddle of the present social situation and illustrates the incompetence of the upper class in modern society.

It was one of those accidents which happen with a precision of time and circumstance that outdoes art; not an incident in it all that was not supremely typical. It was the penetrating comment of chance upon our entire social system. Beneath a surface of magnificent efficiency was—slapdash. The ship was not even equipped to save its third-class passengers; they had placed themselves on board with an infinite confidence in the care that was to be taken of them, and most of their women and children went down with the cry of those who find themselves cheated out of life.

His remarks on Mr. Ismay's luckless notoriety are singularly just—

In the unfolding record of behaviour it is the stewardesses and bandmen and engineers—persons of the trade-union class—who shine as brightly as any. And by the supreme artistry of Chance it fell to the lot of that tragic and unhappy gentleman, Mr. Bruce Ismay, to be aboard and to be caught by the urgent vacancy in the boat and the snare of the moment. No untried man dare say that he would have behaved better in his place. But for capitalism and for our existing social system his escape—with five and fifty third-class children waiting below to drown—was the abandonment of every noble pretension. It is not the man I would criticise, but the manifest absence of any such sense of the supreme dignity of his position as would have sustained him in that crisis. He was a rich man and a ruling man, but in the test he was not a proud man. In the common man's realisation that such is indeed the case with most of those who dominate the world lies the true cause and danger of our social indiscipline. And the remedy in the first place lies not in social legislation, and so forth, but in the consciences of the wealthy. Heroism and a general devotion to the common good are the only effective answer to distrust.

CHARLES LEE

CHRONICLES OF CORNWALL

PHILOSOPHY AND HUMOUR

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

ITH a cigar between my teeth I can think of anything," said a friend of the writer's who had been ordered to give up smoking. "Without it, I can think of nothing

out a cigar.

This philosophy is nearly akin to that of some of Charles Lee's Cornish

friends who defended tobacco smoking as at least soothing to the mind. Pipes are the topic of the debate that threatens to disrupt the social club which met nightly in Porthjulyan. James was no believer in pipes. Nine times out of ten, said he, if a man went into the dark smoking a pipe, and if the darkness were such that he couldn't see the smoke issuing from his mouth, then nine times

out of ten that man wouldn't know whether his pipe were alight or no. Nine times out of ten, mind. James was a chapel-member, and wouldn't venture further than that. If he couldn't see the smoke or glow from the bowl, nine times out of ten he wouldn't know what he was smoking—'bacca, tea or hay—or whether he was smoking at all.

That, said James, proved smoking to be no good thing. Very well. Now suppose James to be smoking and let Tom come and take James's pipe out of his mouth and say he shouldn't smoke. Now consider the pipeless James in two hours' time. What would he be doing? For a wager he would be thinking upon his pipe. And in four hours' time? Still his mind would be on his pipe. And in six? And what about next day? It was manifest that nothing short of his pipe would soothe James's mind in the case propounded. Therefore smoking was of some good. It soothed the mind. Moreover, Tom would confidently add, it settled a man's stomach. Take from a man his mind and his stomach, and where would that man be?

Porthjulyan had many debates of this calibre with Penticost, the village shoemaker, as judge and Mr. Lee as recorder. Nothing that had gone on in Porthjulyan for the last forty years had escaped Penticost. The old shoemaker knew everything about everybody and a good deal more too.

"Who's that, Penticost?" says somebody. Says Penticost, hammering away:

Can't mind his name for the minute. But he's own brother to Josiah Johns that married our Nancy's Geraldine. Lives up to Poltriggan. Helps the photographer there, carr'ing parcels and oiling the machine and making faces at the babies, to keep them quiet while they'm being took. Wears a pipe and a drum hat Sundays, and he's courting the second parlour maid up to Squire Vivian's. I see he've got a kind of a flat parcel in his hand. Seeming to me that'll be the pickshers Nancy had took last week of her youngest maid, the one that's been put out to sarvice up to St. Kenna. Stopped to Poltriggan 'pon the way, they did, and had her took in three divisions. Seven shillings for the dozen, so I'm towld; and who's going to pay for 'em I don't know. Nancy's owing two pound for rent this very

day, beside I don't know how much over to the shop for flour and sugar. She takes fower lumps, Nancy do. But that's who the man is and he's subjeck to fits beside. When you see one coming on, ask him the time o' day, sharp, and you'll put him off.

Porthjulyan has been lucky to enlist Mr. Lee as recorder. In *Our Little Town** he sketches all that is worth while and does it with love. He knows every man, woman, child and dog in the place and has something to say of each. He has collected the gossip of the village with admirable tact and a fine appreciation of its humour. Even its legends yield him good material. His account of St. Lidgy and the giant is, unfortunately, too long to quote. St. Lidgy's sympathy for all creation, extending even to a badger, a harmless beast of exemplary character but not in odour of sanctity, that insisted upon sharing St. Lidgy's cell, might make a tract for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Our Little Town is by far the best of Mr. Lee's Cornish sketches, but there are three others that will appeal to any one with a taste for quaint humour. *Paul Carah* is the story of a young man who returns from America to find his native village smaller than he thought it was and after a trial of life there departed, disappointed, to seek his fortune in the greater world outside. The two other books are in lighter vein. *The Widow Woman* is a little comedy with a portly widow, in love with a man twenty years her junior, the central figure. *Dorinda's Birthday* is a delightful idyll concerning a pretty girl who on her seventeenth birthday puts up her hair for the first time, using thirty-five hairpins, and goes to the Midsummer Day fair at St. Hender. The havoc she created was proof of her charm. Mr. Lee needs pages to describe Dorinda. It is a description too long to quote, but she was worth it. She peeped into the belfry while the men of St. Hender were ringing the chimes in a bell-ringing contest, and by so doing upset the team's

**Our Little Town*. Paul Carah. *The Widow Woman*. *Dorinda's Birthday*. By Charles Lee. New York: J. P. Dutton and Company.

crack bell-ringer; he tugged at his rope without rhyme or reason, and so lost first prize for St. Hender. The episode is one of the best to Mr. Lee's credit and one of which he may be proud.

Dorinda's admirers like the way in which she has put up her hair. To each one she confides the secret of the thirty-five hairpins, and each one is allowed to push in some one of the thirty-five that refuses to do its duty. By accident or otherwise Dorinda's hairpins are al-

ways coming out. She is a desperate little flirt and makes them useful. But when she returns home, tired but happy, to the invalid lady who rejoiced in three new fatal symptoms since morning and was ready to die happy if she only knew which symptom was to carry her off, Dorinda was betrothed to the young bell-ringer. Through her being where she had no business to be, to wit in the belfry, he had lost the town prize but he had won Dorinda.

EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

R. R. BOWKER'S "COPYRIGHT"*

Mr. Bowker's *Copyright* is based upon a thorough knowledge of the history and evolution of copyright law, and contains a judiciously selected series of reports of typical copyright cases; it is, however, prepared not so much for the legal profession (although for the lawyers the tables, brought down to the close of 1911, of the status of law in different countries, and of the noteworthy cases through which a system of copyright has been formulated, should prove of very great service) as for use as a practical guide for the producers of copyrighted property,—authors, artists, and composers, and of the assigns or business representatives of these producers, the publishers. For these authors and publishers, this volume is unquestionably the most valuable treatise thus far brought into print.

The record of the long contest which had for its purpose to bring the United States into copyright relations with Europe is, of course, written with first hand information. It is defective only in not giving due credit to the importance of the continued service rendered by Mr. Bowker himself in the later stages of the fight during the years after 1886. The author has apparently taken the ground that in a treatise presented as a record of history and an analysis of

law and of practice, there is no requirement or no proper place for individual views. He has in any case thought best to include with his statements in regard to the shaping of the copyright law but few expressions of opinion concerning the wisdom of the methods of our law makers or the equity and effectiveness of the results secured by their work.

The first division of the volume presents a conspectus, with data brought down to January, 1912, of the status of copyright, domestic and international, in the different countries of the world. It may be noted that the United States, Holland, Hungary, and Russia are practically the only literature-producing and literature-consuming countries that remain outside of the Convention of Berne; while the lists of states that have accepted the obligations and privileges of this convention include Japan, Tunis, Liberia, and Hayti. In the acceptance of the comity of civilised states, the United States lags behind not only the new Empire of the Pacific, but three African states. The obstacle that has prevented the United States from accepting the regulations of Berne is, of course, the manufacturing requirement of our statute. Other states which have adopted as their national policy a system of protection, have decided that the legitimate requirements of the manufacturing interests are to be cared for under the provisions of a customs law, and must be referred to the committees of the tariff. It is not admitted by the scientific law makers of France, Germany,

*Copyright. Its History and Its Law. By R. R. Bowker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Italy, and Spain that tariff requirements are germane to the provisions of a law for the recognition and protection of literary property.

Mr. Bowker's chapter on "Nature, Origin and Early History" gives a well proportioned sketch of the evolution and the conception of property in rights (as distinguished from property in material things) from ancient times through the period of special privileges, and of the recognition, under the principles of the common law, of the rights of producers, down to the earlier of the copyright statutes. The references to the beginnings of authorship rights cover the well-known correspondence of Martial and Cicero with their publishers, the story of the famous issue in 567 between Finnian and Colomba (the first recorded copyright case), and an account of the regulations controlling from the beginning of the thirteenth century the work of the *Stationarii* in the older universities such as Paris, Bologna, and Prague.

The system of privileges which came into force soon after the invention by Gutenberg in 1450 of the art of printing from movable type, begins with the certificate given in 1475 by the Bishop of Ratisbon to a printer in Esslingen for a reissue of the *Tractate* of Peter Nigrus. It may be noted that the purpose of this particular certificate was, however, not to give protection to the printers, but to certify as to the correctness of his text. The form of the certificate was somewhat similar to that utilised later under the censorship system when the ecclesiastical examiners certified, usually in connection with the reprint of a classic, first, that the text was correct, and secondly, that it contained nothing that was in itself heretical or that was likely to prove detrimental to the teachings of the Holy Church.

The purpose of the earlier state privileges was not the protection of an author (the books of the earlier times were in fact almost exclusively the work of authors long dead), but the encouragement of printing. The first known privilege issued in Germany was given by the Aulic Council of the Empire in 1501 to a Society, the Rhenish Sodalites, for the right to control, for the term of fifteen years, a collection, edited by Celtes,

of the dramas of the nun Hroswitha, who had been dead for nearly six hundred years.

The chapter on the ownership of copyright presents a summary of the conditions obtaining in the United States under the act of 1909. The office of register of copyright was created by the act which went into force in 1891. Under the capable and devoted administration of Mr. Thorwald Solberg, the register who was then appointed, the office has proved of distinctive service in many ways.

The statute of 1909 is more specific than its predecessors in defining the ownership relations in copyrightable material which is the result of the employment of an author for a specific undertaking. The old rule that copyright can be assigned only by a written instrument continues to hold good, but the contract of employment for the performance of specific literary work, this work to form part of a composite publication, may now be accepted as the "written instrument" conveying such assignment of the rights of the producer.

Many of the cases arising as to ownership are issues outside of the copyright law. Such an instance occurred in 1883 in the case of *Clemens v. Belford*, decided in the United States Circuit Court in Illinois. Mr. Clemens was defeated in his attempt to restrain the use of his pen name, "Mark Twain," in connection with the reprinting of a collection of uncopyrighted papers. The court held that if the right to publish the work existed or had been secured, this must include the right to publish the authorship. A further attempt was made by Mr. Clemens in 1908 to prevent the use by others of his pseudonym "Mark Twain" by incorporating a company with this name. He hoped under this device to secure a continuing trade-mark. The question of maintaining such control by an incorporated company has probably never been passed upon by the courts. In the case of *Lando v. Greenberg*, argued in 1908, it was decided that the pen name of an author with which a series of productions had been associated, could be protected independent of copyright or trade-mark. This principle has been passed upon in a more general way in a number of de-

cisions protecting what may be called cumulative good-will and preventing what the courts have come to term "unfair competition." There is, under the present act, no copyright in a title nor could such copyright be secured under the preceding statutes; but it has been held in a number of instances that an author or his assign could be protected in the exclusive use of a distinctive title that had been associated for a sufficiently long time with a literary production to possess commercial value in the market. The attempt to secure some of the commercial value attaching to such title by its use for a production by another person is characterised as "unfair competition" and has been repeatedly enjoined by the courts. It may be said here that there has, during the past fifteen years, been a considerable development and widening of the protection that the courts are ready to secure for published material against "unfair competition." In 1879, a judge sitting in a United States court in Philadelphia, characterised as "an unwarranted interference with a legitimate American industry" the attempt of the British publishers of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and of their American representatives, to prevent the use of the name of the *Encyclopædia* connected with a work produced by another publisher comprising different material. During the twenty years succeeding 1879, in which the courts have passed upon the successive attempts to protect the producers and the owners of this famous cyclopædia not only in the control of their material but in the control of a name which for a century or more had been associated with such material, the courts advanced by successive steps to a final recognition of a property right that irrespective of the provisions of a copyright statute, had been built up by long association of a name with a production possessing intrinsic and commercial value.

In the statute of 1891, the term of copyright was fixed at twenty-eight years with right of renewal for fourteen years. This renewal could be secured by the author, the author's widow or the author's children. The law followed in these respects the provisions of the preceding statutes. Under the act of 1909,

the second term was increased to twenty-eight years, making a total term of fifty-six years; and the right of renewal, in place of being limited to author, widow or children, was extended to a widower, or if neither widow, widower nor children might be living, to the author's next of kin or executors. This provision is interpreted as meaning that there can be no renewal by an assignee proprietor (such as the publisher) and that in the absence of natural heirs of an individual author, no renewal can be secured by anybody. The desire was very general at the time of the framing of the act of 1909 (the work in the shaping of which went on for nearly two years) that living authors should secure a fuller term of protection. It was pointed out that in not a few instances, American authors had outlived the copyright term protecting their earlier productions and had incurred both personal annoyance and business disadvantage when these productions had been reprinted in unauthorized issues. Such reprinting could, of course, include, and had as a matter of fact included, productions of an immature character which the author had not thought desirable to include in any final issue of his works. Longfellow, Donald G. Mitchell and Edward Everett Hale were among the representative American authors who had suffered in this fashion from a lack of adequate, that is to say, from insufficiently extended, protection. At the time the statute was under consideration in the committee-rooms, Mr. Hale, then chaplain of the House of Representatives, made a pathetic appeal to be permitted to secure for his children some property right in his earlier productions, some of which like *The Man without a Country*, still possessed commercial value. In the desire to meet this very natural and just claim on the part of veteran authors, some of whom, like Hale and Clemens, were working in the copyright committees in behalf of the improvement of the statute, the framers of the act of 1909 provided for the extension of the term of copyright without taking into due consideration important existing property rights, the rights belonging to the assigns of the authors, that is to say, to the publishers. It was pointed out in

the discussions before the Congressional committees that publishers were called upon from time to time to make considerable investments in the production of individual books and in sets of volumes presenting the complete works of American authors.

As examples of investments of this character were specified sets published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company of the works of American authors accepted as classics, such as Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow and Whittier. Under the provision proposed (which finally became law) for the extension of copyright, any heir of the author inheriting his copyright is placed in a position, at the expiration of the first term of twenty-eight years, to secure, in connection with the extension of the term, a new and possibly more favourable arrangement with the publishers. If the terms demanded by the new owner of the copyright are not satisfactory to the publishers, are terms under which it is not practicable, in their judgment, for them to continue to make profitable and effective publication of the books, the copyright owner has the right in transferring the publication to some competing house, to compel the cancellation of the entire property value of the investment that has been made by the publishers, in the electrotype plates and illustrations. Such investment may in the case, for instance, of an educational work, cover, in addition to the outlay for "plant" (typesetting and illustrations), a large expenditure for bringing the text-book into introduction and in securing contracts for its continued use.

For the purpose of preventing the heir of an author (who in the majority of cases would never himself have had any direct personal relations with the original publishers) from being placed in a position to hold up such publishers and to compel the payment of a penalty price, it was proposed that the extension of the copyright for the second term of twenty-eight years should be granted only on the joint application of the author (or his heir) and the publisher. The two parties would be practically in the same position in which they had been at the time the work was first entered for copyright. The publisher would have the

same business interest in securing the full publishing control of the book and, irrespective of any obligation to the author, could better afford to pay a continuing, or even an increasing, royalty than to allow the book to fall into public domain, and thereafter to be exposed to the competition of unauthorised editions. This proposal for the protection of the publishers against the risk of the cancellation of the value of investments that had been made in accordance with the existing law, was negatived by the committees.

The chapter on the manufacturing provisions of the American statute makes clear their purpose and their history. The American statute, which represents the results of efforts that had been going on since 1847, secures for foreign authors a copyright control for the United States (and, reciprocally, a recognition in the states of Europe for the property rights of American authors), but only on condition that the books of these foreign authors shall be manufactured in the United States and from type set within the territory of the United States. The United States is, with the exception of Holland, the only country in the world that has made manufacturing a condition of copyright. During the five years in which the statute of 1891 was under discussion, the representatives of the business interests having to do with the manufacturing of books insisted that they had a right to take part in the framing of the law, and their contention was accepted as valid by the Congressional Committees having charge of copyright. It was, of course, pointed out at that time, and has been emphasised since, that other states which, like the United States, were committed to the policy of protection, had not thought it necessary, or in order, to mix up with a copyright law requirements for the protection of American industry. In Germany, in France, and in Italy, all protectionist countries, the representatives of the book-manufacturing industries have never been permitted to take part in the framing of copyright laws. They have been referred to the committees in charge of the tariff for such protection as under the national policy they were entitled to secure. The acceptance

by the United States of a manufacturing condition as a requirement for the concession of copyright not only to foreign, but to American authors, made it, of course, impracticable for the United States to become a party to the Convention of Berne. It is a first condition of membership in the Berne Convention that the conditions and the regulations of copyright shall be substantially identical throughout the entire territory controlled by the Convention.

The manufacturing requirements of the statute of 1891 covered the typesetting and the printing of a book, and covered also the manufacturing work in the illustrations included in the book. The requirements in regard to the American manufacture of illustrations were made to apply also to works of art. An exception to the prohibition of importation was permitted for illustrations or for works of art reproduced by photogravure.

The statute of 1909 added in certain respects to the manufacturing requirements. It prohibited the use of foreign binding for books which were to secure the protection of American copyright. As Mr. Bowker points out, the inclusion of binding in the manufacturing requirement met with opposition on the ground that binding is not an integral part of, but an incidental addition to, a completed book. The fact that the copyright law includes manufacturing provisions makes it necessary to interpret the law in connection with the tariff act that may at the time be in force.

The copyright act of 1909 provides that illustrations other than photogravures must be manufactured in the United States, excepting in the case in which the subject represented is located in a foreign country and reproduces a work of art or has been prepared to illustrate a scientific text. This reservation was secured with no little difficulty after a discussion that extended over the greater part of two years. The American lithographers and photo-engravers insisted that American workmen were competent to reproduce any works of art that could be reproduced by workmen in Europe. A leading authority pointed out the difficulty in the case of lithographs, reproducing works of art, of having the colour

scheme worked up at a distance of thousands of miles from the original; or in the case of the reproduction of some scientific drawings, such as lithographic views of surgical or clinical cases, of having the work done at no distance from the hospital where the subject and the scientist were stationed. As a result of this contention, the Congressional Committee finally agreed to the clause as worded, but the protests on the part of the representatives of the lithographers against this clause have been persistent, and attempts are being made from time to time to make the prohibition absolute and to cause the forfeiture of the copyright of any text which itself has been put into type in this country but with which may be connected an illustration prepared on the other side.

The producers of works of art are, under the statute of 1909, placed in a better position in regard to the protection of their property than has been the case with preceding American statutes. Under the act of 1901, it had proved difficult to prevent the unauthorised reproduction, in one form or another, of pictures originating abroad. It was held that copyright could not be secured in the United States for a work of art, any more than for a book, after publication abroad. It was claimed that public exhibition of a picture, certainly in the cases in which a fee was demanded, and possibly even when no fee was required, constituted "publication." This point was finally decided, in the famous *Werkmeister* case, in favour of the artist, or rather of the representatives of the artist. There was also difficulty in connection with the form of the record, to be placed upon the work of art, of the entry of copyright. In the statute of 1909, this detail has been modified in accord with the requirements of the artists. The copyright notice can, if desired, be reduced so as to constitute simply the letter "c" enclosed within a circle, and this notification that the article is protected by copyright needs to be placed only on "some accessible portion of the works." It was pointed out in the discussion in regard to this notification of copyright that an artist could even utilise for the purpose the "tail of a mermaid twisted into the form of the

letter." There is no present requirement for the connection with the notice of copyright of the date of entry. The responsibility rests upon the would-be appropriator to ascertain by inquiry at the copyright office whether the work is still protected.

The manufacturing provisions are made to apply to works of art, so that the artists are not permitted to send their works abroad for the purpose of having reproductions made. Since the enactment of the law of 1909, questions have arisen in regard to the right of the moving-picture dealers to reproduce, without compensation, art designs for use in such pictures. The moving-picture dealers also claimed the right to utilise the text of books, more particularly, of course, the characters presented in books. It was decided, in a suit brought against certain moving-picture dealers by the Harpers, that the text of *Du Maurier's Trilby* could not be so utilised. Since that decision, several bills have been introduced in Congress and are now pending, under which the moving-picture people are to be left practically free to appropriate musical compositions, art compositions, or literary compositions, without arrangement and without compensation. In case suit is brought by the owner of the copyright, the maximum penalty for the appropriator is fixed at one hundred dollars if he is willing to certify that he did not have knowledge that the composition had been protected by copyright. It may fairly be assumed that any person willing to appropriate the property of another would not hesitate to go a step further and to swear that he had no knowledge that any property rights existed.

The act of 1909 confirms and extends the privileges given under the act of 1891 for the importation of books that have secured American copyright; privileges which, as often pointed out, are absolutely inconsistent with the principles of copyright and which find place in the statutes of no other country. One of the earliest provisions in the act, a provision which is identical with that of our preceding copyright statutes, leaves with the producer the monopoly or full control of an article copyrighted. The

term "monopoly" means, of course, simply the exclusive right to the control of the sale in the market specified. The statutes of Great Britain, France, Germany, and other states are at one in maintaining for the producer, or for his assign the publisher, the property rights under such monopoly. There are, of course, certain disadvantages that come upon the community as a result of such legalised monopoly. An author may be a crank and may decide either to withhold his work from circulation, or, as in the case of Ruskin, to place a price upon it which is beyond the reach of the larger number of readers. This occasional disadvantage is considered a small matter as compared with the advantage of furthering the production and the distribution of works of literature, art, and so forth. The American legislators have, however, under the pressure of certain groups interested, decided to concede to favoured institutions and to individuals "freedom of action" in regard to the importation of copyrighted books.

An English publisher who makes an investment in the purchase of a copyright secures, under assignment from the author, the exclusive control of the market of Great Britain and of the British Empire, and also the territory covered by the Berne Convention. The American publisher who may make an equal or greater investment in the purchase of the American copyright of the same work, secures under his purchase only the right to compete in the American market with the British edition of the same book. The statute permits any association, incorporated or unincorporated, to import copies of the transatlantic edition of the copyrighted book. The institutions which are incorporated secure further the privilege of importing free of duty. The privilege of importing copyrighted books is extended also to individuals who will state that they are purchasing "for use and not for sale."

Such a provision, particularly in the case of works of larger compass planned to meet the requirements of libraries, undermines, of necessity, and very seriously, the value of the American market. The disadvantage may in fact be sufficiently material to take away the margin

of possible profit, and to render undesirable as a business undertaking the production of any American edition of a work planned for library sale. As an example of a work of this character may be cited *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, which is to be completed in fourteen volumes. The production of the American edition calls for an investment of some thirty thousand dollars. The work is one which is better suited for the public library than for the private collection. The American edition is printed in more open and somewhat more attractive form than that selected for the English issue, and is also more solidly bound. It is sold at a trifle over the equivalent of the English price, and a large number of the libraries (and it is only the larger libraries which place orders for such a set) have arranged to secure their copies through their purchasing agents in London. The librarians pointed out that they have standing instructions with these agents to send copies of all books of a certain character, and that it would be an inconvenience to direct these agents to omit a book because it happens to be issued also in an American edition. The American publisher, who is supposed to control the copyright of the book for the American market, is himself prohibited from meeting the preference of any customers who may prefer the English edition. Under the provisions of the statute preceding that of 1891, importations of transatlantic editions of copyright books were permitted if made through the agency of the owner of the copyright, or of his assign, the publisher. Under the law of to-day, the publisher, who is nominally the owner of the copyright, is himself prohibited from obtaining copies of the transatlantic edition in case these should be "imported for sale." This is a curious provision to find place in the statute of a protectionist country; because its necessary result is to give a premium to a foreign dealer as against the American copyright owner (who is also the manufacturer) in the business of supplying certain material required for his American customers.

A necessary result of such an inequitable provision of law is to discourage the

production of American editions of important transatlantic work. The natural tendency of publishing undertakings of what may be called the first class is to become international in character. If the cost of authorship and of illustrations can be divided between two or three or more markets, and if, as in the case of a work originating in England, the cost of typesetting can be divided between two markets, the saving in the cost of production can be made of advantage to the author, to the consumer, and to the several publishers concerned. The manufacturing requirement of our law prevents the possibility of saving the cost of typesetting in any book securing American copyright. This outlay, which is usually the largest item of expense in book production, must be doubled up for the two markets. The right of unrestricted importation must, in a large number of instances, render unprofitable the operations of the American publisher taking part in the publication of an international series, a series the contributions to which come from authors all over the world. He has no adequate inducement to contribute his proportion of the general investment required for such a series when he is prevented, under the law, from controlling the market that he could otherwise secure under contract with the other publishers concerned. This absurd provision in regard to importation was brought about under the pressure of the librarians of the country aided by certain individuals who succeeded in impressing the members of the Congressional Committees with the idea that if the publishers were permitted to control copyright as a "monopoly," they might utilise such control against the interest of the book-buying public. The legislators were confused by the use of the term "monopoly" as applied to copyright, and were too ready to believe that it might stand for the same kind of combination for increase of prices as they were contending against in the case of the steel men, the woollen men, and certain other groups of manufacturers.

The Congressional Committees were prepared to accept the contention of the librarians that as editions printed in

America were occasionally dearer than those produced abroad, it was for the interest of the community that libraries should not only secure their imported books free of duty, but that these importations should be free from any restrictions on the ground of copyright. It was explained to the members of the Committees that in so far as these American editions were higher in price than those issued in England (and this was the case only in the smaller number of instances) such increased cost was chiefly due to the burdens of the tariff on book materials. Emphasis was laid on the peculiar injustice on the part of a Congress that was maintaining the abominations of the McKinley-Dingley tariff system, in making the increased cost of books a ground, or a pretext, for taking away from American publishers a substantial portion of the copyright market that properly belonged to them. These publishers are, of course, themselves manufacturers, but they were not asking for any manufacturing privileges or manufacturing protection. They claimed simply the recognition under law of the property in their copyrights, such recognition as is given, without question, in all other civilised states; but their claim was denied. Librarians and legislators alike failed to realise that the discouragement of publishing investments in the production of American editions of transatlantic works, particularly those possessing an international character and importance, defeats the avowed purpose of copyright law, and can result only in serious disadvantage to the literary and educational interests of the country.

Mr. Bowker gives an accurate account of the importation provision, which is inadequate only that it fails to specify and to criticise the influences under which the legislators permitted American copyright to be thus garbled and undermined.

George Haven Putnam.

II

FRANK A. HEDGCOCK'S "DAVID GARRICK AND HIS FRENCH FRIENDS"*

Biography is a varied and fascinating

*David Garrick and His French Friends. By Frank A. Hedgcock. New York: Duffield and Company.

art; it offers the author so much leeway: his personality and interpretation may be such that he rather than his subject becomes the more engrossing; he may analyse the old facts of a life so that a new figure takes the place of an old conception; and he may dig out new facts or seek a new angle of approach which will add fresh interest to any much-studied life. A new volume on David Garrick is bound to excite interest for its own sake, as well as curiosity concerning the author's manner of handling it. Mr. Hedgcock's biography, originally prepared as a thesis for the *Doctorat ès lettres* at the University of Paris and here elaborated, as the title indicates, deals mainly with Garrick and his contacts with things and persons French. The eminent actor, as we all know, enjoyed a European reputation, though this aspect of his many-sided life has been little studied. Mrs. Parson's splendidly written *Garrick and His Circle* did not furnish much new information on this phase of the actor's career, though it served to popularise his manhood and his achievement. The essay of Joseph Knight, as well as the biographies by Davies and Murphy, are more especially designed to show him strutting in the glare of his footlights. While acknowledging, too, the comprehension and novelty of Percy Fitzgerald's classic life of the famous Thespian, which contained so many letters in Foster's collection, Mr. Hedgcock feels, on the whole, it is prejudiced and dishgured, and, in French matters especially, full of gaps and errors. Further, the fact that Fitzgerald has made no use of Garrick's French correspondence and does not refer to many of his friends on the other side of the Channel, has stimulated the author in attempting a specialised study of Garrick from this particular point of view. If it needed further justification it might be found in the final chapter, in which is disclosed what France brought to Garrick; for, no doubt, his visits gave him greater distinction and grace in his own acting and taught him the value of artistic scenery and mounting. It seems difficult, however, in spite of Garrick's undoubted popularity, to follow the author when he says that Garrick did "most to dissipate the clouds of prejudice

which hid France from England and to bring about a parallelism of views between Paris and London." Realising, since Garrick spent only a few months in Paris, that a collection of episodes and incidents would merely make a "scrappy" volume, the author has summed up briefly the well-known facts of Garrick's life, with critical comment on his capacities as writer and actor, and added especial aspects of his career and character as they appealed to his many French friends. Mr. Hedgcock apologises unnecessarily for supplying digressions concerning the social life of France and England, as well as some vivid description of the *Mode Parisienne* in England up to 1760; and yet these give more substantial background to a very readable volume which is of value to any student of the actor's life through picturing the environment in which he lived and the conditions under which his genius found expression.

Garrick was Gallic and Gaelic. In spite of the statements of his noble birth he was the son of middle class parents. He gained his first sense of the stage through contact with some strolling players, but, in view of the social prejudice as well as his mother's abhorrence of the profession, he did not appear upon the stage under his own name until after her death. Mr. Hedgcock supplies here many corrections in his boyish letters misquoted by Fitzgerald from the Foster collection and he prints for the first time some letters, from the same collection, touching on the little known period while Garrick was temporising as a wine merchant. Garrick knew few of the struggles of the average actor; he achieved success almost at once and became the idol of London shortly after his first appearance. As Mr. Hedgcock suggests, this success was due no doubt to his marvellous versatility, his pantomime and mobility which found full expression in his remarkable face and figure. In fact, so varying was his countenance that no painter could catch it at rest. He lived his characters and did not declaim them: characterisation was more than changing his make-up. It is concerning Garrick's natural and unaffected acting (which some critics, however, felt was prone to exaggeration in comedy) that draws forth from Mr. Hedgcock this

distinction between the French and English drama as it necessarily affected the acting of the day:

The French pieces appeal specially to the reason; the poet sets forth everything in words, and the audience might well listen to his verses with closed eyes. On the English stage action plays an important part, and one may say, without exaggeration, that the spoken word often forms the accompaniment and commentary of that action. French tragedy, essentially a literary and aristocratic production, bound by the laws and traditions of antiquity, translates action into verse, and, to avoid the brutal fact shown nakedly on the stage, freely employs confidants, soliloquies by principal actors, and narrations of events by subordinates. English tragedy, presenting its rich picture of life to a general public, ungloved and unperfumed, mitigates nothing of the cruelty of existence, but shows the terrible effects of all the passions—the blow that killed, the corpse that called forth tears and indignation, the madness wrought by folly, and the punishment of vice and inhumanity.

Garrick, establishing a precedent to which many lesser actors of the present still adhere, rewrote most of the pieces of his *répertoire*. Mr. Hedgcock severely criticises him for this and exposes the eclectic quality of Garrick's verse, which proves he relied on his memory for his inspiration. The dramas, too, which bear his name were mainly adaptations from the French, and his acting versions of Shakespeare the grossest presumptions.

Then follows more specifically the French phases of Garrick's life. Mr. Hedgcock marshals names which have long since lost their meaning. Perhaps Jean George Noverre, the choreographer, is one of the best known, since he was the creator of the *Ballet pantomime*, in which dancers were first used to tell a story through gesture and movement. It was Garrick's production of Noverre's ballet, too, which caused the Drury Lane riots, as expression against French innovations.

Much new material is brought to view in Mr. Hedgcock's researches into the relations of Garrick and Jean Monnet, the forerunner of the cosmopolitan managers of to-day. Monnet's life in itself

was fascinating, and it throws light on the relation between the theatres of France and England in the eighteenth century. In passing one can only note that in Garrick's day French actors in England were not a novelty,—they having first appeared in 1629. But Monnet seemed to be the innovator in his little theatre in the Haymarket, and certainly deserved better treatment than was his lot to receive. Through Monnet, Patou, a French barrister, Noverre and others, Garrick's reputation preceded him to Paris. The author tells an amusing incident on his arrival there:

The actors of *la Comédie Française*, having learned on what day Garrick was to reach Paris, awaited him at the inn nearest to the gate. There, thanks to the postillion's carelessness—he had been well paid for this service—his carriage broke down. Garrick was obliged to stop at the inn, where, as it happened, a wedding-breakfast was taking place. The married couple and their relatives begged him to take a seat at their table; they poured him out some wine, of which he was very fond. Soon he forgot his anger against the postillion, and appeared to fall in so frankly with the circumstances that the actors (for it was they) thought him entirely deceived by the comedy they were playing. They were no little surprised when Garrick, waking up from his pretended intoxication, hailed each of them by his name. The praises or the criticisms in the public prints had long furnished him with the qualities and defects of them all.

The six months that Garrick spent in the French capitol brought him into intimate contact with all the well-known actors, like Prévile, Le Kain, Mlle. Clairon, playwrights and men of letters like Diderot and Fenouillot. Many pages are devoted, for example, to Garrick's friendship with Mlle. Clairon, and his quixotic assistance to her when she "struck" against the dictates of *la Comédie Française*. Playwrights, also, sought him, since they wished him to make adaptations of their plays; many even went begging him for productions in English, because of the difficulty they were having in trying to strike out from classical domination in their own theatres. They felt Garrick stood for a different art, and his opportune arrival in Paris,

at the time when the literary groups were divided for and against the warm, full-blooded dramas of Shakespeare, gave his reputation as an actor and scholar unexpected impetus. His own readings in the *salons* of the more vivid scenes in the great English tragedies afforded, too, a far different idea of Shakespeare's power than could be obtained from Voltaire's feeble translations and analyses. It was nearly a hundred years after Shakespeare's death that he began to be mentioned or acted, and it is due to Garrick, as much as anybody, that fresh interest in him was aroused. Mr. Hedgcock contributes many letters to and from the eminent English actor which indicate this influence. In fact, it seems as though Garrick's life and interests are best unfolded in these absorbing letters, written in a time when no newspapers or telephones had intruded upon and destroyed that art. Perhaps, of all those who kept in touch with him after he had left French soil, Madame Riccoboni and Monnet were the most faithful. The latter never ceased to remember the man who had befriended him and he proved himself of use in many ways. Madame Riccoboni, a novelist who numbered David Hume and Adam Smith among her friends, besides translating some of his plays into French, wrote Garrick the most lively letters, full of all the gossip and comment which makes the French supreme in that form of expression. His answers, too, reveal all that was best and most charming in the man. Indeed, Mr. Hedgcock has succeeded admirably in presenting a lovable but human figure in these pages; and when one remembers the actor "sculpture in snow," it speaks much for his character that Garrick should make a tradition in stage history and still, because of his own peculiar qualities, fascinate and interest another generation. There is always a pathos in the fact when one realises all that can remain of an actor's interpretation is what others may write about it. Mr. Hedgcock has contributed an interesting volume which will help keep alive the memory of a great figure in theatrical annals.

George Middleton.

III

A. F. DAVIDSON'S "VICTOR HUGO"*

It sometimes happens that the originator of a great literary movement long survives its eclipse and lives on honoured and perhaps apotheosised, into a time which has wholly different ideals from his, and regards as a mere extravagance, when thinking of it at all, the cause with which his name was once associated. Victor Hugo is a case in point. In his old age he was universally recognised as the father, the uncrowned king, of French letters. As his last birthdays came round, as some fresh edition of his works was issued, all the schools paid common tribute to the patriarch's fame, and bowed the knee before a giant of genius and a champion of freedom, who in both aspects could be deemed typically French. The mere passage of years had made it possible for the violences of his art, the inconsistencies in his opinions and behaviour to be forgotten, and he had sufficiently retired from active politics for a legend, and not an untrue legend, to connect itself with his career. His interventions in public affairs became so rare, and were so nicely calculated, that more and more could he be considered a representative democrat and the mouthpiece of the young Republic, as well as the best of the world's poets. And so in this final phase, enthusiasm, which stopped little short of idolatry, marked the attitude alike of his fellow-craftsmen and of his compatriots toward the author who had gone into exile on a matter of principle, and had denounced despotism with all the fervour of his unequalled rhetoric. Victor Hugo sat as it were in triumph, removed from the range of criticism and exalted to the dignity of a demi-god. But, in point of fact, his was to some extent a false position, and the homage he received was accorded less to the talents and achievements on which he prided himself than to the age and general reputation of the veteran. In one respect no mistake could be made; Hugo was the premier poet of France—nay, of Europe. But in other ways he was the exemplar of an

outworn tradition. Long before his own death that burst of romanticism with which his first blaze of popularity synchronised, was exhausted beyond the hope of revival, a Rostand or so notwithstanding. Drama, poetry, fiction had travelled miles away from his aims and conventions, and it is difficult to believe that his most respectful colleagues knew much or could esteem much of his work apart from his lyrics. *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas* might be reproduced during this or that hour of Hugo-worship, but they were already virtually on the shelf as stage-classics, their rhetorical exuberance, their sentimentality, their melodrama making little appeal to a public among which the problem-play was in vogue. *Les Misérables* and companion stories might claim their tens of thousands of readers, but the naturalistic novel was even then winning its brief spell of favour, and though a reaction was bound to follow its excesses, that reaction was not to take as its motto any such cry as "Back to Hugo." No, romance as he understood it is dead, and we need not regret that Victor Hugo left no real school behind him. For, entertaining as *Hernani* still is as a piece of literature, by reason of its gusto and its note of youthful defiance, magical as is the fantastic atmosphere of *Notre Dame de Paris*, there is no denying that this style of art lends itself to insincerity, exaggeration and the striving after effect, vices only too easily developed. The one side of Hugo's invention which is immune from criticism is just the one which could not be imitated, the side which reveals itself in his exquisite lyrics. Fortunately all through his career he poured these out with inexhaustible profusion. Posterity may ignore some of his romances, it may cease to read his dramas, it may turn away from that section of his verse in which he is inclined to pose and be pontifical, but this Hugo at least, Hugo the *lyrical poet*, will never be allowed to die.

One of the fairest estimates of Hugo, the author, ever published in this country is to be found in a biography which the late Mr. A. F. Davidson just completed, but was not allowed to correct in proof. Fate prevented him from seeing

*Victor Hugo: His Life and Work. By A. F. Davidson. London: Everleigh Nash.

the reward of his labours, but he has left behind him a worthy example of English scholarship. The sound judgment displayed again and again in this appreciation is its most notable feature. If Mr. Davidson had no illusions as to the extravagance of the French romantic movement he is whole-hearted in his esteem of the fecundity of Hugo's imagination, his mastery of the grotesque and the fantastic, his generous humanity and the richness of his more emotional poetry. And while the biographer preserves the balance scrupulously in weighing the merits of the artist he is no less just in his study of the man. He does not make too much of the foibles of the poet's character, but he refuses to ignore them. Especially does he draw attention to the unreliability of the poet in matters of autobiographical detail. Not only did he romance about his birth, creating for himself an aristocratic pedigree, and then subsequently apologising for the ancestors he had invented; his trick of inexactitude was carried to much further lengths. It became habitual with him to credit himself with such behaviour and opinions in a crisis as he might have exhibited had he always had the courage of his views or always been consistent. Thus, he belittles his monarchist phase and antedates the growth of his republican sentiments; he attributes to himself heroic attitudes on occasions such as the time of the Commune, and again of the Coup d'Etat, when he was very far from acting the hero. Comparing Hugo's own statements with extant documents, Mr. Davidson is able to convict him frequently of making assertions that are untrue, of manufacturing fine poses for himself, and of covering up his blunders by forgetting them altogether. The poet's career was not all of a piece, nor was his disposition quite so generous and large-hearted as he wished the world to imagine. There was a large element of egoism in him, and he could be petty and envious. As Mr. Davidson points out, he quarrelled with Dumas *père*, merely because the latter was more successful in the theatre than he, and he found it hard as the years went on to mix socially with literary rivals. In the days of *Hernani* his friends were his

colleagues, but gradually his circle narrowed down into a little coterie of satellites who listened while the Master talked and read his own works. Of Hugo's friendships and of his relations with women Mr. Davidson writes tactfully, and with due restraint. He makes no more of Sainte-Beuve's siege of Mme. Hugo and his repulse than he should make, and he mentions, as it were incidentally, the prolonged *liaison* which existed between the author and the actress, Juliette Drouet. But all these matters—the posturings, the little vanities, the self-absorption and the philanderings of Hugo—his biographer sees in their right perspective, and he never fails to insist that the poet's love of freedom was sincere, his humanitarianism very genuine, his devotion to children absolutely natural, and that even his egoism had the excuse of his preoccupation with noble and disinterested thoughts.

F. G. Bettany.

IV

RECOLLECTIONS OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT*

Major Arthur Pendennis's man-servant Morgan, growing dissatisfied with his profession after many years of service, takes leave of his master in some heat, and seriously considers whether he shall go in for literature or politics. Had he chosen the former career, and become the historian of the grim old warrior whom he knew so well, the result might have been a book much in the vein of the book by the valet of Guy de Maupassant. For to François his master was above all a dandy and an accomplished man of the world. It was very fine, no doubt, to have written *Bel-Ami*, and *Notre Coeur*, and *Fort Comme la Mort*. François is willing to applaud these achievements with the rest of the world. But what really stirs his pride is the master's position as a distinguished boulevardier, his friendships with aristocratic names, his successes with women. Albeit there is one mysterious woman whom François holds responsible for

*Recollections of Guy de Maupassant. By His Valet François. New York: John Lane Company.

much of his master's misfortunes. In a word the very limitations of the volume stamp it as absolutely genuine. Were François an impostor, he could say much more.

François entered the service of M. de Maupassant in 1883 and remained in it for ten years, or practically till the end. The first six or seven of those were the years of achievement and adventure. The long, arduous apprenticeship to Flaubert was at an end, and De Maupassant had become a celebrity, with an income from his writings that left him free from petty worries and enabled him to live where he pleased and pretty much as he pleased. At first his fancy turned to Etretat, on the Norman coast, where was his house "La Guillette," and the curious structure, made from an overturned fishing boat, which served as François's headquarters.

I went to bed, but I could not sleep. I heard a noise which seemed afar off, then it would come quite near me. It was the roaring of the waves coming across the land, rocking the sides of my poor boat, hoisted upon its brick walls, and lifting it up by their roll, just as when it was on the sea.

She had sailed for a good forty years, tossed about by the waves, and now continued, groaning each time they hit her. After having carried turbot by hundreds of tons, mackerel by hundreds of thousands, herrings and sardines by the million, after having glided peacefully along on the beautiful sunny days, and also suffered under awful blasts, she was now stranded at La Guillette, housing the servant of a great writer.

"La Guillette" was associated with the years of Maupassant's greatest production; the Riviera with his decline. Normandy was his own land, the land so wonderfully depicted in his tales and novels. All about Etretat were the scenes of *Une Vie*; seventeen or eighteen miles away was Havre, the background of *Pierre et Jean*, and across the Seine from Havre, Trouville and Deauville. In the other direction a few miles from Etretat was Fécamp, where Maupassant placed *La Maison Tellier*. A certain English nobleman won the friendship of Maupassant, who invited him to Etretat. He spent ten days there in the summer,

with his valet; they lived in a large villa belonging to the novelist's mother, much more comfortable than "La Guillette." One day Maupassant drove out with the Englishman, and to the surprise of François, they were not accompanied by ladies. Maupassant afterward explained.

"I went to see the Monastery of Benedictines at Fécamp with Lord —. He wished also to see the *Maison Tellier*, which is situated in reality at Rouen, but I had my reasons for transporting the story to Fécamp. I showed Lord — a house at Fécamp, and he recognised it by the description in my tale . . . it was very funny. . . ."

From time to time Maupassant would discuss his work with great freedom. He anticipated the reception of *Le Horla*. To François he said one evening:

"To-day I forwarded to Paris the manuscript of *Le Horla*; before a week elapses all the papers will publish the fact that I am mad. It is just as they please, but I am perfectly sane, and knew very well what I was doing when writing that tale. It is a work of imagination that will startle the reader and send a few shudders down his back, for it is a strange tale. I must tell you that we do not understand many of the things around us. When, later on, we discover them, we are quite astonished not to have perceived them sooner. Then our apathy makes us fancy everything is impossible, improbable. For instance, when my book *Une Vie* appeared, the critics, those chatterboxes, who often try to crush a masterpiece because they don't understand it, could not coin terms harsh enough in which to state that my novel was untrue, and that the facts were impossible. Well, those same facts described in my book have just taken place at Fontainebleau; the printed account of them now lies in my bureau. I can only regret having written my book too soon, for the reality is much better defined and more complete than my novel. That would have enabled me to defeat the most ferocious of my critics!"

The psychology of the duel Maupassant has recorded in a certain extraordinary chapter of *Bel-Ami* and in the short story "A Coward." The novelist had had personal experience. François records that one evening as he was dress-

ing for dinner he informed his servant that he was to fight a duel the next day. "He seemed as cool as usual, but showed his firm intention of chastising an impudent fellow who had alluded to a lady in a newspaper article.

"They may say what they like," he declared, "about my writings, but don't let them dare allude to my private life, for I shall take it up. As I am the offended party, I insist on a duel with pistols at twenty paces, to continue till one of the adversaries be disabled. And, I can assure you, that with a good pistol I shall soon have stroked my opponent's skin! I went this afternoon to Gastine Renette's shooting-gallery. I shot seventeen times, and sixteen of the bullets caught the dummy in the chest. The attendant then said to me: 'Sir, you are evidently practising because you are about to fight, but really it is not necessary. If, with your skill, you have a good pistol, well! I pity the man who will stand up against you.'"

The publication of *Fort Comme la Mort* in March, 1889, was a triumph for De Maupassant; but brought him such a large number of visits from young writers that he began to complain.

"But they tire me to death! I want the mornings for my work, and really they are becoming too numerous! Henceforth I will only receive them by appointment. Of course I like to be of use to them; but very often what I tell them does no good. Now, that young fellow who has just left me; it is a waste of time to give him good advice: he is so dissipated. He never thinks about his work, and yet imagines he will become a novel-writer! It is impossible, impossible! You understand, in order to write a novel, you must think of it constantly, all the characters must be in their proper places, everything must be settled before you begin writing the first pages, otherwise you must begin every day all over again. Then there is a muddle, from which you can never come out successfully. It is not the work of one day, even for a practised writer, let alone for a beginner."

François himself had some opinions on literary matters. One day master and man started from Paris for an excursion. It led them in the direction of Zola's house at Médan, and Maupassant, speak-

ing of Zola as "a first-class writer," asked François if he had read any of his books. François confessed to a knowledge of the "Rougon-Macquart" series, adding:

"Yes, sir; and since you really wish to know what I think of those books, I will tell you. M. Zola exaggerates terribly when talking about servants; he puts all sorts of horrors in the mouths of the maids; in *Pot-Bouille* he makes them scream the nastiest expressions out of the courtyard windows. I repeat, sir, all this is exaggerated. Twenty-five years have I been a servant, and I have never heard speeches bordering in any way on those M. Zola puts into the mouths of his characters. Then that fellow Trublot, I dare say such people exist, but they are exceedingly rare—I don't say maids and cooks have not their feelings, like other women. . . . No, but to state they are all of them ready to hide Trublots in their kitchens, while awaiting the instant when they can lead them up to their garrets, no, sir, no!

"M. Zola sought his docuements on the very lowest rung of the ladder; I wonder where he got them. It is not fair to attack defenceless beings, who are often very interesting. How many times during the day does a poor maid-servant trample on her own self-respect so as to keep her place and remain an honest girl! And that, so as at the end of the month she may pocket thirty francs, out of which she buys what she cannot do without, sending the rest to her old father and mother, who still are obliged to support young children and are often helpless on account of their infirmities!

"I should have thought it more praiseworthy if M. Zola had set forth the honesty, the devotion of servants, the trials they have to go through; for in most of the houses where they go to service they must possess no individuality, they must efface themselves; if humiliated, they must not show it. We often work very hard, without consolation or encouragement, for we are separated from our relations; these and many other details might have been a better subject for the studies of M. Zola, and would have been more truthful than the disgusting events he tells about, and which he has certainly invented, since he never could have seen what he describes. It does not exist, and I am not alone in thinking a man's thoughts must be evil and unwhole-

some when his brain creates those loathesome things which, I repeat, have never existed."

During the years 1888 and 1889 there were premonitions of approaching disaster. After these years the débâcle grew monthly more imminent. Maupassant sought relief from the shadows by sea voyages in his yacht the *Bel-Ami*. His once magnificent health was giving way on account of loss of sleep. He tried the baths, but his nervous system could not stand the sulphurous smells. One hot day while riding a tricycle in Switzerland, he turned giddy, fell from the machine and hurt two of his ribs. By the autumn of 1891 his physicians were studying him with serious concern. He was complaining of pains everywhere. New Year's Day, 1892, brought the first manifest signs of madness. That night François heard a noise and found his master standing with his throat bleeding. "See, François," he said, "what I have done. I have cut my throat. This is absolute madness." He was put to bed and the wound hastily bandaged. Later he expressed contrition for the attempt and asked his valet's forgiveness. The next day there were more signs of insanity. Maupassant was under the delusion that war had been declared between Germany and France, and was feverishly eager to go to the front. He made François swear to follow him: they were to go to defend the eastern frontier. Then came the journey to Dr. Blanche's *maison-de-santé* at Passy, where François remained taking care of his master. The novelist's health was good, and his mental faculties also seemed in better condition, but there were occasional hallucinations. Once he turned on François, reproaching him with having taken his place on the *Figaro*, and slandered him in Heaven. "I beg you to leave me," he said. "I refuse to see you any longer." The next day he welcomed François the same as usual. So on through the dreary year that was the last. One evening François left his master with a heavy heart. Maupassant gave him his hand. He seemed even sadder than usual. It was the end.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

V

EDMUND GOSSE'S "TWO VISITS TO DENMARK"*

Besides the author himself, there are two classes of readers to whom any volume of exploration into comparatively unknown territory will appeal. These are the readers who have been over the same territory themselves; and the astonishing small class of those who like to hear about something new, whose power of enjoyment is not bounded by the limits of the familiar. To these two classes Mr. Gosse's book will come with a strong appeal. There are many reasons why it should reach a wider circle—but the tendency of humanity generally to follow safely along behind the bandwagon, guided in its timid steps by the friendly Sunday Supplement, may mitigate against a popular success even for so attractive a book. For Mr. Gosse leads us on an exploring expedition into literary Bohemia in Denmark, into the atmosphere of intellectual and ecclesiastic social life in Copenhagen. And Copenhagen has not yet been discovered by the Sunday Supplement or by the devotees of literary fashion in America.

Mr. Gosse feels keenly the audacity of his experiment, and hopes that the portraits he paints may prove of interest in giving the reader new friends to think about rather than merely new details concerning old friends. But as Ibsen, and—in a lesser degree—Björnson, have been discovered some time ago by the English-reading public, Mr. Gosse's excellently outlined portrait of the Scandinavian national culture, out of which these two matadores of literature grew, should need no apology to prove its justification.

A French critic, speaking of the artistic measurement of the three Scandinavian countries, said once that in art as in political history, Sweden typifies the Past, Denmark the Present and Norway the Future. This was most surely true of the days of which Mr. Gosse writes, the years 1872 and 1874. Norway was but just beginning to loom up on the ar-

*Two Visits to Denmark. By Edmund Gosse. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

tistic horizon, Sweden was fading into the background, and Denmark was seething with an intellectual creative activity, which recent national reverses tended to make insular and therefore unknown beyond its borders. It was the life of the ant-hill, or the bee-hive, tremendous busyness in small compass. It was an intellectual and artistic activity of which the rest of the world knew little, but in which every class of society in Denmark itself took part. The same is true of Denmark to-day, as an excellent school system and national pride make all the people equal inheritors in the national artistic achievement. But now—thanks to the efforts of Mr. Gosse and a few others like him—some news of this achievement is penetrating to the outer world. French and English critics,—the Germans discovered Scandinavia long ago,—are slowly beginning to realise that it is necessary to know something of Scandinavia's artistic efforts when summing up the world's standards of achievement.

But it was an unknown country into which the ambitious young Englishman ventured in 1872. His sojourn in the home of a prominent ecclesiastic, Dean Fog, in Copenhagen, gave him a rare opportunity of studying the more serious intellectual life of the country, without which his insight into and judgment of the literary activity might have been less complete. Also did he thus obtain delightful glimpses of Danish family and social life, of which he chats in charmingly intimate reminiscensing.

Mr. Gosse was of the literary profession, vitally interested in literary achievement. This leads him to neglect, or possibly merely to overlook, certain other elements in Danish life, which are an important integral part of the national culture it is his aim to portray. But, apart from this, he has done his work so well, and his book has such a vivid personal charm that the reading of it is a joy indeed to those who have been over the ground, and should attract any reader of sufficient enterprise to choose his literary friends for himself.

The book is full of quotable sentences and offers a gallery of portraits and group scenes that linger long in the

memory. A delightful anecdote of William Morris ranks with good stories about Ibsen and Björnson. Two gracious portraits of women; the pen-drawing of the bird-like Miss Aline Fog, Gosse's gentle little hostess, and an unforgettable picture of Georg Brandes's remarkable mother, lend the charm of femininity to a book which concerns itself mainly with men.

Among all other figures stands out the sketch of a friend made in the second visit in 1874. A young ardent student of life and literature, meeting, in picturesque surroundings, the most dashing romantic personality of Scandinavian literature, could not fail to inspire his portrayal of that personality with a glow that lives, with pulsing fires of enthusiasm. And just as Gosse saw and portrayed him, just so must we remember Holger Drachmann, Scandinavia's greatest lyric poet, who lived his poetry as he wrote it. Drachmann is no stranger to BOOKMAN readers, and those who were privileged to meet him personally in his several visits to America will linger long over Mr. Gosse's description of the man and his work. They will echo these closing words, which for completeness of portrayal have seldom been excelled:

To those who knew and loved Drachmann he will remain a memory of magnificent over-emphasis and excess indeed, but also of a lyric life spent in the fearless old fashion, all for love and song and liberty, by a huge, heroic man who pulsed with life to his finger-tips.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VI

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S "MOODS, SONGS AND DOGGERELS"*

It is not easy to criticise the poems of Mr. John Galsworthy. One remembers the tragic intensity of feeling, the emotional force, the easy power and fine spirit of poetry that glow and live in his dramas and stories, and so cuts the leaves of *Moods, Songs and Doggerels* in the expectation of finding that same spirit singing here in golden cages of metre and

**Moods, Songs and Doggerels.* By John Galsworthy. London: Heinemann.

rhyme. But though the same spirit is here it does not sing in that captivity so magically as it does in the bracing, free atmosphere of Mr. Galsworthy's prose. Which is, after all, nothing strange or unusual. No great novelist has ever been also a great poet—only one has been even an approximately great poet, and that one is Mr. Thomas Hardy. You cannot serve the Muses adequately in your playtime; unless you devote yourself wholly to them they will not give themselves wholly to you. The great poets rarely had much to say in prose; they put all their thoughts and imaginings into poetic form until that became the natural speech of their minds. Mr. Galsworthy chose the other way of utterance, and when he writes in verse does so with a certain constraint, as one speaks a foreign language; he is a little self-conscious, cannot forget he is writing poetry, and therefore is apt to be a little formal, a little artificial, and unable to let himself go in any rush of careless rapture. His songs do not sing themselves; and though, hammering them into shape, he now and then strikes out a strong and splendid phrase, a noble thought, a glittering fancy, he too often spends his energy in giving commonplace utterance to some ordinary idea, or mars some profound reflection or original image with a prosy line that he would never have allowed to pass in his prose writings.

The longest poem is "A Dream," in which God appears to the dreamer and beckons him to where a lonely tree "with ropes of yew-dark bough was bent," and there commands him:

O man! Confess thy faith!

The word thou speakest saves or bars,
For here are gallows of thy death.

The dreamer knows he must make a true confession, or

God would not spare but hang me dead
Within that twine of yew-dark rope.

The perfume and grace of the earth touch him as he stands; he remembers past happiness, and the woman he loves; and in one picturesque, subtly imaginative verse he recalls the beauty of the world as he has known it:

I marked the pageantry of noon
Once more with gold and music pass;

I saw the silvery, cold moon
Spill her last glamour on the grass;
I hung once more above that stream,
Whose twining waters draw me down
And down from gazing, till I seem
Myself to be that water brown.

Thus passionately in love with life, he nevertheless resolves to confess his unorthodox creed bravely and die:

And faint I spoke: "I know my faith
But shadows that required of man;
Yet, O thou God! if only wraith
Of creed I hold, 'tis all I can.
For well I know that he is base
Who hides in grey hypocrisy,
And glib pretends, to save his face,
And says: 'I see,' who does not see."

With how much more grandeur and dignity Mr. Galsworthy would have clothed that passage in prose, omitting the jarring "to save his face" into which the exigencies of rhyme betrayed him. Then in the setting forth of his creed, the thought is high and spacious enough, but moves in words that are not winged but walk with feet that are fettered, as thus:

All forms upswelling have within
Their hearts a static decadence;
In utter stillness does the thin
Reverberation lose its sense;
To ash the spark of spirit dies,
Each revolution of each sphere,
Each swoop of every bird that flies
To its own stilly death draws near.

In the end, having spoken out of his heart boldly, the dreamer finds he has nothing to fear; the sinister shadows that threatened him vanish, the night clears, and all is well.

This courage to speak out honestly at all costs, to face the dark facts of life unafraid, is a characteristic note of these poems, and that mingling of large ideas with inadequate expression, and the sudden, intermittent rise into beauty or ringing harmony of phrase are also characteristic of them. Nothing could be more spontaneous, more alive with passionate sincerity than "Errantry," with its

Come! Let us lay a crazy lance in rest,
And tilt at windmills under a wild sky!

there is music, too, a delicate fancifulness and a deep underflow of suggestion in "The Seeds of Light," and spon-

taneity again and a right living lyrical joyance in the "Cuckoo Song," where the cuckoo sings on the moor and the bells ring for church in the valley, but

I'll go worshipping the sun
While the sun will let me.

If some of the poems in the "Doggerels" section are the least satisfactory in the volume, two of them are among the best. "The Devon Sage" is admirable both for its terse, homely philosophy and its cunning use of dialect; and "Rhyme After Rain" is a charmingly fresh and pagan song round the wistful sense of mortality that inspired Herrick's "Gather ye Rosebuds."

I think if Mr. Galsworthy had been more severe with himself and had left out some dozen or more of very slight bits of verse that have no virtue of thought or treatment to recommend them, the total effect of his volume might have been greater, more impressive; as it is, its finer parts are obscured by the intrusion of so many waifs and strays and by the presence of such poems as "De-flowered," with its melodramatic presentment of a world-old tragedy; "The Moon at Dawn," with its strained daring in making the morning moon smile like a harlot; "Hetaïra," with its rather cheaply sentimental telling of the woman who gave all her heart to a man, served him, lived for him only:

Her care was fairy tale that never ends.
And when she died? Ah, would
They praise her? Never!

You see, she was not married to him, Friends!
You might have made a little sketch of that and got a point or so in prose, without having to finish up with the word "Friends"; but to make points like that is not the way to make poetry.

It is a hateful thing to write anything but praise of Mr. Galsworthy, and I only do so because I have a real admiration of his rare creative power and great gifts as dramatist and novelist, and because, rightly or wrongly, I do feel that in publishing this book he does himself less than justice. But though I do not want the whole of it, there are things in it I am glad to possess, and not least among these is one of his shortest poems, "The Prayer":

If on a spring night I went by
And God were standing there,
What is the prayer that I would cry
To Him? This is the prayer:
"O Lord of courage grave,
O Master of this night of spring!
Make firm in me a heart too brave
To ask Thee anything!"

Compared with nine-tenths of the new poetry that is issued nowadays, *Moods, Songs and Doggerels* stands out loftily by reason of its individual note, its originality of style, its moments of insight, the authentic feeling and fancy and imagination that are here, but struggle cramped and hampered in strait-jackets of verse; it suffers chiefly by comparison with Mr. Galsworthy's own work in other kinds, for he writes his best poetry when he is supposed to be writing prose.

A. St. John Adcock.

VII

DOUGLAS GOLDRING'S "THE PERMANENT UNCLE"*

In the light fiction of the season it is a safe surmise that when a young married couple start out with a quarrel to find themselves they generally end by discovering each other. It is not hard to see in *The Permanent Uncle*, for example, that Mary and Tim will in the last chapter personify the title of a certain Shakespearean comedy seldom acted; and, further, when the author has style and a quiet cynical humour it only matters by what by-ways he reaches his end. There is nothing especially new about the topography of this novel, though we are cheerfully invited to accompany rather an interesting set of friends and relatives in a romantic expedition with a guide who adds zest and piquancy to his side comments. It is refreshing, also, to meet such an open air girl as Johanna, since she never happens along in life at just the time when any Tim needs her; for it is Johanna with her "permanent uncle" who supplies the main interest in this unreal series of episodes. By way of plot it may be recorded not too ponderously, that Tim, after having accidentally kissed Norma,

*The Permanent Uncle. By Douglas Goldring. New York. E. P. Dutton and Company.

an old sweetheart, in his wife's presence with the unwonted indiscretion of a fictional hero, sets out to achieve contentment and quite unexpectedly finds it in a railroad compartment. Mr. Barnstable, who might have descended from Dickens if he hadn't from Locke, is a gentle purveyor of patent medicines which he sells really to see the country. He and Tim quite spontaneously rescue Johanna, an orphan, from a couple of cruel relatives, and before they themselves realise it have eloped with her to France, where it is quite proper they should remain. It isn't exactly the sort of elopement that is done in the best families, but it ultimately serves further to arouse Mary, the wife of Tim, who again in an inn detects him donating a single good-night kiss—this time to Johanna. Not being able to register the temperature of the kiss seen at a distance, Mary is quite perplexed at his versatility, as she was quite sure from the initial kiss that Norma, naturally, was the only cause of her unhappiness; for, as we suspected, Tim's wife really loves her own husband. As Mary has already begun her suit for divorce she is somewhat embarrassed, as it is quite human to be charitable toward a man when there are numbers and not just one. Curiously enough her lawyer, Martin, whom she has sent to serve Tim with the notice of her intentions, has, in turn, been an object of suspicion by Tim in the direction of his own wife. But when Martin falls in love with Johanna, and Norma, the other lady in the situation, who only needed sympathy, admits of an exotic marriage as a *fait accompli*, there is nothing left for Tim and Mary to do but to do it. Meantime "the permanent uncle," as Johanna has dubbed Mr. Barnstable, is conveniently near to supply the proper mistakes and charming rectifications when needed.

If this novel reminds one at times of others, it is no reflections on the author's undoubted capacities. After all, there is a certain kinship in all literary unrealities, and Mr. Goldring has not entirely escaped the family likeness. But it is not given every new pen to have such a bouyant and whimsical turn of style; in fact, there is such a commendable rush of free open air in this story that it blows

with unusual frankness into the dialogue. This is pungent to a degree. Though seen through a harmless cynicism and expressed with quaint exaggerations, there are, too, some very attractive reflections of France and England. The author reveals such a gift for satire and pleasant unrealities, with a keen sense for the amusing antics of humans, that his novel will, no doubt, afford much satisfaction to those who have not lost their capacities to enjoy the romantic nonsense.

Griffin Mace

VIII

A. E. W. MASON'S "THE TURNSTILE"*

Mr. Mason had a certain standing in the present-day world of letters, and the structural and technical cleverness responsible for this standing is not lacking from *The Turnstile*. But as Mr. Mason causes his own hero, Harry Rames, to say when reviewing a brilliant political career: "Cleverness is twelve for a penny nowadays." It is the very cleverness of the author that renders *The Turnstile* a failure even as summer reading. Possibly one should say particularly as summer reading.

When a book begins with an account of an earthquake which incidentally obliterates the South American city of Valparaiso and especially kills the wife of a rather amusing scoundrel, leaving him in sole charge of his three-year-old daughter; when he compasses an arduous pilgrimage to Buenos Ayres, using along the way the appeal of this helpless scrap of childhood as a means of gaining food, shelter, and money; and when, having exhausted her remunerative possibilities, he ties a bootlace about her arm and thrusts her through the turnstile of an orphan asylum, one has a right to look forward to romance, vivid and of swift development. When the foundling reappears as Miss Cynthia Daventry—adopted daughter of wealthy English colonists and inevitably "ravishing"—to send on her seventeenth birthday a telegram of good wishes to Harry Rames, an Antarctic explorer, accounts of whose exploits have fired her admiration, one still anticipates rapid romance. By that token one does

*The Turnstile. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

not demur when Mr. Mason cavalierly kills off in swift succession James Chalonier, Cynthia's father, and both Mr. and Mrs. Daventry, her benefactress, and, leaving her the possessor of a considerable fortune, marries her to Harry Rames, returned from southern seas and launched now upon a career in the House of Commons. Thus far the tale has all the familiarity of an old friend who has long since proved his worth and all is strictly in accordance with the rules of the game—and the season.

But when at this point Mr. Mason suddenly shifts the perspective he undoes all that has proceeded. Harry Rames is a man dominated by avidity for personal success. He marries Cynthia solely because her fortune and her "cleverness" will further his political aims. Cynthia understands this. She retains no illusions about Harry Rames. She knows him undividedly. Cynthia's development between the ages of seventeen and nineteen is almost uncanny. She, realising that she loves Rames no more than does he her, marries him for the sake of the protection a husband will afford her and in the hope that through participation in his Parliamentary life she may bring "colour" into her own existence. One would suppose that with a fright she cannot live down, occasioned by an attempt of her father's to reclaim her, with the knowledge that her grandfather is alive, a friend of her husband's and likely to identify her at any moment through an amazing resemblance she bears to an old family portrait, together with the rapid deaths of three persons whose lives were intimately linked into her own, and with the spending of a fortune newly acquired for a pastime—one would suppose that all this was colour enough for any young woman; but Mr. Mason is insistent upon the point that Cynthia is a very unusual young woman.

The psychological possibilities raised by such a union as was that of Cynthia and Rames are considerable. The author appreciates them and rushes breathlessly forth to meet them. His mistake is that he alters in no way his manner. In the sort of romantic story he began to unfold events are the supreme things; they govern characters very largely and supply altogether the interest of the narra-

tive. When, however, events become important only as they influence certain characters, as is the case here after Cynthia's marriage, it is necessary that the characters be accurately analysed and the changes in their various attitudes indicated by more than the bald statement that they have taken place. Mr. Mason busily—and very adroitly, if at times somewhat artificially—assembling situation after situation has, however, no time for such details.

So it happens that the people revolving about *The Turnstile* do not impress one with their reality and, so soon as their several individualities become of primary importance, the story loses. Rames, to be sure, lives, but he does it spasmodically and never wholly succeeds in dissipating the notion that it is rather an effort for him. Cynthia herself may be as clever as the author would have one believe, but the impression prevails that she has been trifling with Mr. Mason's trusting disposition. None of the characters talk to reveal themselves; their conversation is injected to explain or foreshadow events or to expound certain theories which the author evidently takes very seriously and in support of which he produces an opportune parade of assorted personages, all afflicted with a passion for personal reminiscence.

The story touches lightly four or five themes, any one of which might be made significant; but none is adequately developed, although Mr. Mason does dwell lovingly upon the facts that the hand of the past manipulates the puppets of the present and future, that governments are ungrateful, and the House of Commons no place for an earnest, self-respecting individual. If these grave affairs had not so swayed him he might have produced an entertaining tale of romance and adventure; or if any one of them, or of the subsidiary themes suggested, had swayed him in a different direction he might have written a "purpose novel" of some significance. As it is *The Turnstile* forms an unfortunate compromise, altogether too superficial for those who delight in problems, wanting too conspicuously in that swift abandon, that carelessness of mere process, which the devotees of true romance demand.

Thomas Elbee.

THE TEST OF MEMORY AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

HERE is a certain class of readers who, while possessed of a good deal of discrimination, a sort of instinct for the finer type of fiction, have never learned the technical craft and are apt to become rather bored, if not wholly out of their depth, when the discussion turns to close construction, economy of means, and similar stock phrases of the literary shop. Yet there is one very simple test lying within the reach of everybody, regardless of critical training,—the test of memory. Read a novel, lay it aside for a day, a week, a month, and then ask yourself how much of it you remember and what particular features stand out most clearly. There is nothing new about this method; it is simply an application to the individual of the procedure that, on a bigger scale, is all the time rapidly eliminating the ephemeral books, and more slowly effecting readjustments in the world's estimates of volumes of recognised importance. Every year there are at least a few novels that loom up rather big, above the dead level of mediocrity; a wave of contagious enthusiasm exalts them into newly discovered masterpieces; then a reaction comes and a few more seasons find them gathering dust in a forgotten corner of the library shelf. What has happened is simply this: the composite mind of the reading public has found nothing in these books which it is able to remember; it has not needed to reach a deliberate critical judgment on dogmatic lines, any more than the child who forgets to refill her canary's seed-cup means to kill it,—but the books are dead, just the same.

Now precisely this same natural process of elimination is all the time taking place in the mind of each one of us in regard to every book that we read. Of course the results are not identical in the case of any two people, because the per-

sonal equation must always enter in. Sometimes a comparatively worthless book refuses to be forgotten, because it happened to be read at an impressionable age, or during some period of storm and stress, or because some element in the story coincided curiously with the reader's own personal experience. The present writer has before him to-day the entire fabric of an utterly negligible story standing out clearly, after thirty years, solely because the details of a painful illness in the story coincided with an actual tragedy in the immediate family circle. Then again there is the class of novels which by their very nature have only a limited appeal; they may be a perennial joy to the special public for which they are intended, and year after year the records of the public libraries will show a limited but unflagging demand. And the fact that here and there a reader, for whom a certain book was not intended, happened to get hold of a copy, yawned his way through it, and then promptly consigned it to oblivion, cannot have any bearing on the world's ultimate verdict.

But in the great number of cases, a reader of average, normal intelligence may safely trust to his memory. He does not need to know why one book is well constructed and another not; why one set of characters seem to live and another set are palpably wooden puppets; why one story has a big, vital idea behind it, and another fails to say anything of real importance. Ask the untrained, uncritical mind as to the value of a volume, the final page of which has just been closed, and the probabilities are that you will receive a highly coloured report, extravagant both in praise and blame, and in any case assuredly attaching to the book an unmerited degree of importance. It is an attempt to wield an unfamiliar weapon, and the result is awkwardness and probably some damage. But memory works automatically and

without bias. You may think that the book you just closed is quite literally the finest story in the world,—for the thing nearest at hand is apt to take on magnified proportions; but if your judgment is mistaken and the book is only a mediocrity, your thinking it great will not in the least prevent it from gradually fading from your mind, like details from an unfixed photograph. If you doubt the practical working of this theory, go back for a moment over your own personal experience; recall, if you can, some of the books that, five years ago, aroused your enthusiasm, and see how much you remember of them now. Or try another, equally simple test: recall your impressions when you first read Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Jane Austen. It may be that you did not discriminate very wisely between the separate volumes; that you liked all of Dickens, because he was Dickens, that you either accepted or rejected Thackeray as a whole, and so on with all the others. Or, perhaps, if you had a way of thinking for yourself, you found that you did not agree with the public verdict that has singled out just a few novels as the masterpieces of their respective authors. In any case, if to-day you are quite frank with yourself, you will find that memory has assisted you to discriminate, and that the secondary works, even of the masters of English fiction, have begun to be seen through a haze. The present writer remembers his own youthful enthusiasm over *The Adventures of Philip*, the ardour with which it was repeatedly re-read, and the partisanship that led to long arguments to prove its subtle excellences, its superiority to *Pendennis* or *The Newcomes*. Well, beneficent memory has long since corrected this early aberration. A certain gratitude survives for the pleasure that *The Adventures of Philip* once gave; but it is the one volume of Thackeray the details of which are to-day recalled through a fog.

It is not enough, however, to say in way of broad generalisation that a story is a good story in proportion to the clearness and permanence of the mental picture it leaves. The importance of memory as a test consists in using it at the critical time when the picture has begun

to fade, and in noting what portions of it have faded first. You never can quite make out the system of growth of a tree, the forking of branches and of twigs, until winter has stripped away the leaves; you never get a clear idea of the ground plan of a city, the intersection of its streets, until you get a bird's-eye view from some tower high enough to dwarf the houses to negligible proportions. In the same way, the structure of a novel can never be seen as a whole, with the simplicity and symmetry of a single, well-rounded idea, until a large part of the detail of description and dialogue and minor episode has faded out,—and if, as only too often happens, the plot structure fades faster than the dialogue or the salient scenes, you can never see it at all. And that is as it should be, because the fact that it fades proves that it lacked that vital something which makes a plot worth while.

This brings us to a very simple line of suggestion for getting the best results out of our test of memory. Put your book aside for a time,—the best length of time varies with the individual,—and when you find that your impressions have narrowed down to just a few definite ideas seen through a haze of minor detail, ask yourself first, what stands out most sharply: is it the plot, a logical sequence of clear-cut incidents, leading inexorably toward a foreshadowed crisis? Is it, not so much the specific story of a few human beings, but rather some big principle which their lives illustrate, so that while it would puzzle you exceedingly to tell in detail what happened to the several characters, you retain a powerful, never-to-be-forgotten sense of the tremendous importance of some canon of faith, some ringing battle-cry for the advance of humanity? Or has memory narrowed down the picture to just one or two portraits, snatches of vivid character study that persist, while all the rest is blurred? In such a case, it does not mean necessarily that the book deserves to be forgotten; it means simply that it is good as a character study, and not good as anything else. *David Harum* is a case in point. The whimsical central figure, with his secret charities and his unscrupulousness in horse-trading,

lives because it deserves to; the plot is a mere handful of chaff.

It is interesting to apply the test of memory to a few of the novels of the month, and see how the

"The Price She Paid" theory works out in practice. First of all, we

have one more posthumous volume by the late David Graham Phillips, entitled *The Price She Paid*. The average perfunctory book notice would tell you that it is a story about a beautiful young American girl who, after being reared in luxury and left penniless at her father's death, makes the initial mistake of a loveless marriage and later wins fame and fortune as an opera singer. The novice in the art of reviewing, if he should jot down his impressions while they are still fresh, would be likely to spend much space on Mildred Gower's social environment, on her shallow, ineffectual mother and hypocritical brother, who kept for himself the lion's share of their scanty patrimony. He would certainly linger over Mildred's futile economies, the pitiful helplessness of the girl bred only to be ornamental, the swift ebbing away of their last dollars, and her consent to bargain herself in marriage to a vindictive old vulgarian, with the soul of a miser and the instincts of a Turk. Undeniably all this is graphically pictured, for Mr. Phillips always had the faculty of making us see. But it is not especially edifying nor especially new. A young woman marries an old man, not wholly unaware of the nature of her compact, but simply mistaking her own ability to live up to its terms. When she finds that she cannot, she leaves him under circumstances that are rather unique, comes to New York, runs across a former admirer who, merely on the chance of some future reward, undertakes to pay for her singing lessons, and settles down upon his bounty, blind to the fact that the woman who accepts, not intending to pay, is guilty of the meanest kind of dishonesty. Now, the help that memory gives us is just this: it allows most of the earlier portion of the story to fade out altogether; the Gowers' country home, their circle of friends, Mildred's difficulty in dispensing with a maid and doing her own hair, these and similar details mem-

ory refuses to be burdened with. Similarly, of her brief and odious experiment in marriage, there survives only a loathsome impression of a parchment-like old face, with cruel eyes and an evil leer; and a desperate, hunted, shrinking girl, slipping stealthily from her gilded prison into the unknown dangers of Paris streets, and eventually making her way, friendless and with scant means, back to America. Here begins the significant part of the story: not the story of the girl's struggles to learn her profession,—that would be mere commonplace, an old, familiar tale not worth the telling,—but the story of her stubborn refusal to perform the necessary drudgery, to pay the price. All the rest, says memory, is of secondary importance, the story of a specific human life, the hardship to be faced by the untrained woman, the vivid pictures of queer, bohemian environments, the theatrical boarding-house, the whole life of the musical artist seen from the inside. What does count, and refuses to be forgotten, is the central idea,—that nine out of ten of the world's great singers have sprung from the people; that it is no use to have a voice unless one also has a good digestion, firm, strong muscles, under a firm skin. Mildred Gower, in spite of her pampered girlhood, can still make herself physically fit for her task, but she can do it only at the expense of will-power that savours of the miraculous; and the one haunting aspect of the book, the element that will prevent it from being hastily forgotten, is this heroic fight of a frail, sickly woman against her indolence and love of ease; her frequent relapses, her futile recourse to tonics and throat-sprays; and her final conquest, won only by subordinating everything that makes life pleasant to the one fixed idea of work, unremitting, ceaseless work,—work that looks forward to no other goal than the same unending round of laborious days.

Another book which the test of memory helps to weigh in the balance is *A*

Candidate for Truth, in which Mr. J. D. Beresford gives a further instalment of the lives and experiences of the people whose acquaintance we previously made in *Jacob Stahl*. The net impression left by this

second volume simply confirms our vaguer memory of the first. Whatever importance there may be in what the author has to tell us rests, not in what his people do, so much as in what they are. Mr. Beresford belongs to the old, leisurely school of novelists. He has slight gifts for construction of plot; his story seems to build itself, as it goes along, out of the innumerable little details of daily comings and goings. His sense of character, his observation of the significant and vital little things in life are often almost miraculous in their subtle and amazing understanding,—and it is these little things which the reader remembers, after the bigger aspects of the story have begun to fade. Strictly speaking, *A Candidate for Truth* is not a novel; it is only a fragment of life, like the torso of a broken statue. It is a chapter out of the life history of a man who has failed to find his way, and who is groping rather blindly for some anchor, a creed, a profession, a lasting affection. At the close of the volume, he has apparently found his anchor in the person of Betty Gale, who with Mrs. Parmenter, runs the modest boarding-house to which Jacob has drifted. Because of the wife who has left Jacob and refuses to return to him, but also refuses to divorce him, legal marriage with Betty Gale is impossible. But, at the moment when we take leave of them, the two have decided that this is a matter which concerns no one but themselves,—and the result of their experiment is promised as the theme of still another volume in the series. It is a pity that space does not permit of a detailed analysis of the character of Betty Gale. Although the author has dealt with her rather briefly, giving scant descriptions and letting us hear her speak but seldom, he has none the less made us feel the restfulness of her presence, the unobtrusive yet pervading charm of her womanliness.

The author of *The Inner Shrine* has taken a long step forward in the newly published volume, *The Street Called Straight*. "The Street Called Straight" and the best proof of this fact is that, so far as the impression left has begun to fade, it has faded evenly, the characters no

more than the plot or the environment. Briefly, the salient facts are these: Henry Guion, after a long and honourable career, finds himself facing, not merely bankruptcy but criminal charges, for his speculations through a long period leave many a widow and orphan destitute. His young and socially ambitious daughter, Olivia, is on the point of marrying Rupert Ashley, a colonel in the English army, with a stainless record crowned with the Victoria Cross. Ashley has come to America to claim his bride and the invitations have been issued, when Guion's affairs reach a crisis that can no longer be averted. Now there is a young American, Peter Hallett, who, although reared in an alms-house, has no stain upon his birth. He is something of a rolling-stone and soldier of fortune; and the reason for this is that, some ten years ago, he proposed for the hand of Olivia, and was repulsed with a definiteness that carried insult with it. Since then he has not even seen Olivia until the night when fate wills it that he shall sit next to her at dinner, learn of her approaching marriage to the colonel, and also learn of the imminent family disgrace that will make it impossible for any girl with a sense of honour to hold an English officer to his word. Hallett does a quixotic thing: he takes a generous revenge for his old-time discomfiture by advancing to Olivia's father the half million dollars which will save him from prosecution and enable Olivia to wed the colonel if she still wishes to do so. But a great deal happens quite rapidly within a few days, and chief among these happenings is a readjustment of Olivia's mental attitude toward her rejected suitor. Together with an intolerable sense of her obligation to him is an illogical feeling of gladness that she is thus bound, as well as a vague hope that the colonel, when he learns the truth about her father, will release her. But Ashley, conventionally narrow to a superlative degree, has his own standard of duty; the dishonesty of Olivia's father, which will inevitably leak out, makes further advancement impossible; and the fact that his future wife owes her family honour to money advanced by a former suitor makes it necessary for

him to resign his commission and sacrifice practically all estates, in order to pay it back. Such is the dilemma which Olivia finds herself facing: the man she has suddenly grown to love, refusing to offer himself, knowing that she is bound; and the man whom she has ceased to care for unconsciously holding her against her will and preparing to strip himself of all that would have made marriage with him endurable. The sudden and unexpected turn due to the intervention of Olivia's eccentric aunt, Madame de Melcourt, is a stroke of genius, and the whole episode must, in fairness, be left for the reader to discover for himself. It is a thousand pities that Madame de Melcourt, instead of coming in at the eleventh hour, had not permeated the story from first to last. Had she done so, *The Street Called Straight*, instead of being a novel of some distinction, would have been one of the books that deserve to live.

Queen of the Guarded Mounts, by John Oxenham, deserves at least this word of praise: that "Queen of the Guarded Mounts" nothing that will irritate the reader who has scant patience with the historical novel, it also has enough life and excitement to please the reader who enjoys this type of fiction. The period is the close of the eighteenth century; the setting alternately Brittany and Penzance. There are twin mountains, one on the French, the other on the English coast. Each mountain is crowned with a castle known by the name of St. Michael or its French equivalent; and the two castles are respectively owned by two distant cousins, by the name of St. Aubin. At the opening of the tale, the French marquis of that name, escaping from the Reign of Terror, flees to Penzance, with his son and daughter, Michel René and Renée Michelle, and finds asylum with his English cousin. Certain Cornwall types stand out rather strongly, especially the characters of Dick Basset and John Bastian, whose devotion to Renée Michelle results in some dramatic rescues when, later in the story, the uprising of the Chuans fails through "the great betrayal," and the devoted leaders of the

cause are in a fair way of dying miserably in the cellars of the French twin castle. A readable tale, but one whose memory will not outlast the year.

It is hard to live up to the expectations aroused, when an author first comes into prominence as winner of a widely advertised competition. In the case of Patricia

Wentworth, however, her earlier fame has not prevented *The Devil's Wind* from being an achievement of some magnitude, and that, too, in the face of the fact that a good many other successful novels have been woven out of material furnished by the Sepoy Mutiny. Judged by strict standards, *The Devil's Wind* is a flimsy piece of construction; the author did not know just where to begin nor where to end; yet it undeniably holds the reader. And the reason for this lies in the extraordinary vividness of the pictures of native life; the reality of the atmosphere, surcharged with physical heat and secret race hatred; the scenes that shift and move with the swiftness of a moving picture, changing the somnolent tranquillity of over-trusting British army posts into a shambles of carnage and agony. It is not often that fiction mirrors back so poignantly the horrors of barbarous warfare, the slow anguish of sensitive women and little children subjected to heat and thirst and haunting fear, and forced to witness scenes that lead to madness. The specific story of the hero and heroine is unimportant. Hundreds of stories have been woven on the same set of facts: an impulsive man, caught by surface beauty of a shallow, jealous, incompetent little woman, and passing by her quieter, finer, more womanly cousin; and then, under stress of danger and hardships, coming gradually to the knowledge that the other was the woman whom he ought to have married. And quite a number of these hundreds of stories have killed off the wife, in order to make room for the cousin, and pave the way for a happy ending. The present story prolongs the agony by having the wife disappear during the mutiny; and then when her death has been taken for granted and the husband has happily remarried, the wife is

resurrected, to add just a chapter or two of trouble, before she permanently closes her eyes. All of which is a blot on an otherwise strong piece of work.

The Snake, by F. Inglis Powell, needs only a passing word. It is a fantastic

tale about a passionate and ill-disciplined English girl, whose Hindoo nurse dedicates her to the worship of a "hamadryad," or gigantic cobra. The chief priest of this cobra and of the culte it represents has a grudge against Ashton Kaye, the father of Diana, the girl in question; and he malevolently satisfies it by getting the girl into his power, making her lose her own strength of will and little by little merge her identity in that of the snake, so that a time comes when, in spite of herself, she falls again and again into a trance, her soul passes into the body of the snake, and while in that form commits hideous deeds,—among others, the murder of her own father and mother. Now, the only merit which a story of this type can have is, for the time being, to hold us under the spell of a sort of unhealthy horror. This the present tale fails to do, because it is preposterous in substance and clumsy in the manner of telling. It seems almost an injustice to Oliver Wendell Holmes to mention him in this connection, even though it be for the purpose of calling to mind what a real artist once did with this theme, in the shape of *Elsie Venner*.

The Guests of Hercules, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, lends itself better than most of the stories by

"The Guests of Hercules" this indefatigable pair of collaborators to a brief epitome. And, aside

from the artificial and hackneyed device of making a coincidence of names the fulcrum on which the plot balances, it is a pretty good story of its kind. It takes a girl still in her first youth, yet knowing nothing of the world, and flings her un-

chaperoned and unbefriended into that paradise of gamblers, Monte Carlo. Mary Gaunt has known no home outside the convent where her father placed her, a mere child, after her mother's notorious elopement, and where she continued to live after her father gambled and drank himself to a notorious end in India. She intends to become a nun, but before taking her final vows, changes her mind, and, being of age and trammelled with no near relatives, she betakes herself and her ample income to the continent; and, although intending to make Florence her goal, obeys some impulse, inherited perhaps from her born gambler of a father, and breaks her journey at Monaco. As a study of the craze for gaming in its incipient stages, and the spectacular excitement of a beginner's luck, this book is a piece of good craftsmanship; and there is more than one scene that belongs to the class which are not easily forgotten. But, as already implied, the turning-point of the story, or at least what the authors evidently regard as the turning-point, concerns the attachment which springs up between the heroine, Mary Gaunt, and a proud young Roman Count. Vanno della Robbia. It is difficult for the Italian to understand how a girl can be beyond reproach and yet travel alone and frequent the gaming tables, winning and losing fortunes imperturbably. What brings the crisis is the meeting of Mary with her lover's married brother and his wife, when Mary recognises in the wife an old-time convent friend, Marie Gaunt, whose expulsion from the convent and subsequent life of degradation have long been one of the unspoken scandals of the convent. The way in which Mary takes upon her own shoulders the sins of her namesake is not only melodrama, but hackneyed melodrama, which is worse. It seems a pity that a book otherwise original should have been cheapened by so unworthy an epilogue.



ALLAN'S MOTHER

BY RICHARD BURTON

"O to be twenty-five again," she cried;
And he mistook her meaning, straight replied:
"Nay, you are fair yet, why upbraid the years
That leave you comely; not for you the fears
That are to beauty as the blight to flowers;
Behold you, now at best of all your powers,
Body and brain alike. You are as young
As youth, and Time sets music to your tongue,
Sweet wisdom on your brow doth aptly blend
With charm of eye and mouth,—believe me, friend."

Like one bemused and in a wistful dream,
She answered, looking toward the sunset gleam:

"How little can he know a mother's love,
Brooding deep thoughts man may not reckon of.
I would not, as I could not, set them back,
The years since then; Time's beckoning, backward track
I know is treacherous; but I am fain
For his, my baby's sake, to be again
In semblance what I was before he slept.

* * * * *

When it was over, and I had not wept,
But dry-eyed faced the future, one thought crept
Into my mind to haunt me, and it still
Clings close and stings, and works its awful will:

"When I am come to heaven at last and seek
My little five-year-old, my darling meek
(So meek, so white, he went his lonely way!)
I sure shall find him, since perpetual day
Shines there, and all unchanged will be his face,
His pretty helplessness, his heedless grace,
Heaven on the instant home-like, when I see
My Allan all alone and wanting me—
*O God, O God, what if he did not know
His mother, whom the years have altered so?*
What if, as my two arms went round him there,
Crushed to my breast, and dazed, his unaware
Great eyes gave back no memory of earth,
And I the stranger and the child whose birth
Made me a living soul, were not made one?

"God knew what means a mother and her son;
He would, it seems, have whispered to my dear:
'Lo, it is she, herself, yea, she is here.'
And yet, and yet, forever in my mind
The picture stays, it lurks and looks behind
All worldly seemings,—till I needs must go
Back, back again into the Long Ago

when I was young and he, my very breath,
Owed everything to me—before his death.
How shall I meet him, when, with asking eyes,
My darling looks at me in Paradise?"

She shook with sobs; the man stood mute, distressed,
But laid a hand upon her shoulder, lest
She deem herself deserted in the breach;
Knowing a loving touch is more than speech.

"JIM" RILEY

(AN APPRECIATION)

BY CHARLES VIRGIL TEVIS



HERE was once a certain young man who felt that he possessed the soul and talent of a painter and who had the courage of this consciousness. He rented a studio in a large city, tacked a modest tin plate on the door and began his initial sacrifices.

Early in this period he met another young man of courage, a minister. There was a mutual attraction. One day the cleric visited the studio. He examined all the sketches and canvases on the walls and in the corners; he watched the artist at his work; finally he asked: "Gruelle, where did you come from?"

"Nowhere," was the quick reply.

"I, too, and it's a good place to leave," said the minister. The men shook hands.

A few days later the newly found friend came again to the studio and brought with him a third young man of purpose, another in that city who had come from "Nowhere." This one was a poet, a singer of beautiful, homely songs. What the minister and the artist had seen in each other he saw in them and they in him—a profound, worshipful love of nature, beauty and truth. The three became at once more than friends and the studio more than an occasional meeting place.

The influence of the work of one soon began to be seen in the work of another. Many sermons were preached which had their inception in a colour

scheme. A beautiful metaphor found illustration in the shadow play of a landscape. A word of experience from the adviser of men, and a new song would be sung. They discussed quantities, real and otherwise. What was in the heart of one became unconsciously a burden or a joy of the others. The soul of naturalness and sincerity was in common among the compatriots from "Nowhere."

The circle was broken when Reed, the minister, answered a call to a distant pastorate. It seemed, however, that his departure drew the poet and the artist more closely together. Hours in the studio, hours in the writer's home, planning and playing, dreaming and doing, a high, inspiring comradeship of ideals—such state was theirs. And thus thirty long years passed. In this time the poet found a place in the hearts of his countrymen and the artist came into his own.

The work of the singer is finished now, he says—that of the painter but in the fulness of its early promise. The one still dwells on Lockerbie Street in the old Nickum mansion, which is so full of the ghosts of happy children. A thousand miles away in a picturesque Connecticut mill on Silver Mine—a distant cousin of the Indiana Brandywine—is a new studio, and there, suspended above the cataract, the artist mixes his colours. Recently he headed an exploration of the lower stream. Resting, at length, on a huge boulder below a little rocky island, where

the waters ran quietly, he was led to speak of the poet, *the* Riley who is cherished in so many hearts.

* * * * *

Jim never grew up, in some respects. That is one reason why he attracted and held me always. When Reed brought him into my studio that first day I seemed to see at once that he was still a boy at heart. And he has never lost this wonderful, unspoiled naturalness of youth.

You know, when he was a lad he lived in plays and brave purposes the works he followed later in life. He aspired to be a painter and began his career with charcoal and brick dust daubs on the neighbourhood fences—to follow really the art commercially when he had grown up. He dreamed of a life as a showman and got up circuses and plays with the other boys and alone. Once he gave a performance to empty soap boxes in his backyard, from beginning to end, even though his pen and ink bills had failed to attract any spectators. He finally became a star on the lecture platform. And he used to make up little jingles and scribble them on the walls at home—rhymes about the things great in childhood and close to the heart. It was a beautiful development of ideals, wasn't it?

Often and often he would talk to me about his boyish dreams and deeds with as much enthusiasm as if they had been achievements. He always personified the creatures of his imagination. Why, he knew "Little Orphant Annie" in just the same way as the child who spent a whole morning gathering daisies for a bouquet which she asked her mamma to send to the "poor girl who could make up such fine stories 'bout goblins and things." He knew perfectly well that the tree toad was happy and why, and what it said when it sang. There *were* fairies in the flowers and giants in the deep, dark woods to him, for he did more than write about them. He believed in them. Way down in his big heart he had a place for every superstition dear to the little folk.

Jim has never changed from this state of heart simplicity, which I recognised and admired and found so much pleasure and good in back in '79. He was just in the beginning of his great career then, was for the first time able to get along

without, for instance, taking advantage of an extra price offered by an editor. Yes, such a thing really happened. It was like this:

You probably remember his "Ode to Summer." There is a line in it, "the shuttle of summer, etcetra," as nearly as I can remember, and that expression caused all sorts of trouble. One editor after another had rejected the verse simply on account of "the shuttle of summer." They said it was without meaning, inelegant, cheaply illiterative, and goodness knows what else. Finally, however, there was an editor who accepted the poem, and he wrote that the particular part of it which had touched him was that beautiful bit of imagery in the line about the shuttle. In this letter he enclosed a cheque with the word that if it wasn't enough more would be forthcoming at once. This complication made a deep impression on Riley. He came to the studio to show me the letter and, after I had read it, he said:

"Gruelle, poetry, music, painting,—a song, a sunset or a symphony"—I remember his exact words—"is nothing but the expression of one heart, one soul. In this expression there may be reflected a great, universal note—but it remains primarily the voice of some ego. And who shall judge your soul or mine, except when its expression finds an affirmative chord?"

The assistance which Longfellow had given him was about that time beginning to be seen in Riley's work. Following all the attention and comment occasioned by "Leonainie," his imitation of Edgar Allan Poe, which had appeared in the *Kokomo Dispatch*, Jim had felt that he must have advice that was worth while. You know such critics as Bryant and Stedman had declared the poem to be unquestionably the work of Poe, and this authority had given widespread circulation to the story of the joke when it became known. But Riley wasn't proud of it even then. I believe that he has often regretted it. At any rate, he bundled up a collection of his verses and sent them to Longfellow with the request that the poet inform him whether or not they had any merit or were mere trash.

There began then an intimate corre-

spondence and friendship between Jim and the New England writer which was beautiful to see. The verses were returned and the Indianan advised to do two things—one, keep on writing; the other, get in touch with and consult whenever in doubt some man who had enjoyed a superior literary education. Jim followed both, a certain Indianapolis lawyer acting for many years in this advisory capacity. It was a long time before the two poets met, but they did, of course. It wasn't in the nature of things that they shouldn't. Jim used to tell me over and over again about the "grey-haired, sweet, old man who was so kind to him." He was never tired of quoting "Amalfi," which was his favourite of all poetry.

At this stage, as well as later, all of Riley's work was inspirational in inception if not in plan. He'd sit far into the night under the spell of some idea and oftentimes then for days would toil over its perfection. He was ever a thorough, painstaking workman. He used to meet me on the street, or come to the studio, or call me out to Nickum's, or over to the Denison, when he lived there, to discuss this or that new thought which had come to him. Maybe we would talk this over on a dozen different occasions. Sometimes I would almost forget the idea, it would take him so long to evolve it completely and satisfactorily. Then, some day, like a boy with the first boat he had whittled out, he would hunt me up and read me some lines, *the* lines.

In spite of his conclusions regarding a song, a sunset or a symphony, he would always court the fullest expression of opinion of his work from his few intimates. Otherwise he was jealous of favourable judgment, hyper-sensitive in many respects. This temperamentality was evident in many ways—even to the matter of dress. Why, he even blackened the feet of his sister's white stockings which he had to wear to his first party so that a tiny break in his shoes would not show. And several times when he was connected with the *Journal* in Indianapolis he was seen to be secretly applying ink to a glossy coat sleeve. Did you ever hear about the "Balm of a thousand flowers?"

I met Jim early one morning on Market

Street. He was chuckling to himself as he asked me if John, my son, was "touchy" about his freckles. I replied that I didn't think he was unreasonably so, and then Jim told me why he had put the question.

"I used to have a terrible time with my freckles," he said. "It seemed to me then and it does now that I had more than any other boy who ever lived. The fellows and the girls used to joke about them, and what they said hurt. Yes, it did. You can't know how much it hurts to have folks make sport of such a fearful infirmity unless you've been afflicted.

"Well, one day at the drug store on the corner I saw advertised 'The Balm of a thousand flowers,' a sure cure for freckles, blackheads, rough skin, tan and everything else imaginable, and my heart gave a great thump. If I could only get a bottle. But the price was fifty cents—prohibitive!

"One morning I was sent to the chemist's on an errand before school—I was attending a small private institution then. Since my discovery there I had almost haunted the shop, a sort of self-appointed guardian of that magical balm, hoping all the time that some good fairy would come along and provide me with a bottle. Do you know what I found there that morning? A hole in the showcase right where the Balm was placed. Yes, I got a bottle when the clerk's back was turned, and as soon as I could hurry away I made for our barn and gave my face a good washing with the lotion. Then I went to school, but I didn't stay there very long. As soon as I entered the room the pupils began to laugh and the teacher called me to her. 'James,' she said, 'go straight home and don't come back until you have washed your face.' I couldn't imagine what it was all about, but I went home and looked in the mirror. My face was as red as a beet. Then I rushed out to the barn and read the directions on the bottle of Balm. They said to use a teaspoonful to a pint of water!

"Some time ago I wrote a little story about my experience with the wonderful freckle cure, and it was published in a children's magazine. Now I've just gotten this letter."

Jim read me the note. It was from a

little boy somewhere down in Texas. He had read the story of the Balm in the magazine and was writing the author to know where he "could get some of it, for he had awful freckles and would be careful to mix it right and would give anything he had to get rid of them." Of course, Riley sent him a bottle at once, or if he wasn't able to get the Balm he sent something equally as bad. And he framed that letter.

On account of this sensitiveness and the almost inordinate pride which it sometimes induced, Jim was led to do a lot of things a bit unusual. As far as the matter of travelling is concerned Riley is very peculiar. He seemed to be unable to get on a train and go straight to another town. He would invariably get off at the first station and take the next train, thinking it was the one he had been on. When he found himself again in Indianapolis he would wonder greatly how that had happened.

Two other noticeable traits were these: He never wished himself called a poet in manuscript in which he had any part of the making. Rhymster, singer, writer of jingles, and the like, he seemed to prefer. The world might call him what it willed, but to himself he preferred to be known as a singer of songs. The other trait has always been his willingness to assist in any way young writers, no matter how much trouble he had to take. Several Indiana men and women owe him a great debt. There was not an ounce of professional jealousy in his makeup.

Some people called these eccentricities—for example his fulfilment of a hopeless lecture engagement in a certain Indiana city. Bundy, the Richmond artist, was the prime cause of it, but not of the disaster which it met. He had thought to do Jim, his friend, a favour, and so arranged for him to read some of his verses in the largest church in this place. Jim was only too glad, and set about at once painting some bills, which in due time Bundy had displayed prominently about town.

But Jim had used too much red paint on his paper. The place wasn't any more than billed before the officers of the church met and decided that there must

be something very sensational about the entertainment of that fellow Riley, and so refused the use of the church. Bundy became very busy at once, but the best arrangement he could finally make was that Jim could lecture in the church, but would not be allowed to charge any admission. If he wanted to he might take up a collection at the end of the performance, after those present had had opportunity to judge of his morals as an entertainer.

This was the situation when Riley arrived in town from Greenfield. His pride was piqued. Under no circumstances would he have foregone appearing on that platform, even though he had barely enough money for his railroad fare. So he came to the church that evening, and by the time he was ready to begin the house was packed with people. He read well, as he always did, and from the amount and enthusiasm of applause he had reason to believe that he had made a hit. Then the basket was passed—and a fine collection of vest buttons, pins, wads of paper, pencil stubs and matches was harvested. There was not one cent in all of this rubbish. Jim's overcoat—the lining turned out, as it was the best, part of the garment—paid for his hack fare to the station. Do you think for a minute he would walk and confess any discomfort? No, siree!

In this connection there are many stories which might be told of Riley as a so-called eccentric. The fact that one night he was taken for the villain in a play showing at English's and that when several nervous women spied him on Meridian Street under an electric light and made a movement to capture him and show their displeasure in a strenuous way, he used his legs and went away from there with some speed—that wouldn't make him peculiar from his fellow-men, would it? One night he and Reed were on an old Pennsylvania Street mule car when the motive power ran away. It wasn't unusual that they took charge of the expedition and finally stopped the team, and in doing so had a lot of fun—as they said—was it? And other adventures—and mishaps, sometimes: it was his ebullience of youth and his simplicity—mistaken for the misnamed complexity of genius—which ac-

RILEY'S GREENFIELD HOME

uated Riley. I tell you he never grew up inside of him.

Nye and Riley were a good deal alike in this respect. That was the prime reason they made such a success of their lecturing tours and from first to last were the closest of friends. Nye probably had more real business instinct than Jim, but this to the contrary, he was ever an irrepressible boy. Poor Bill, his time came right in the height of his career. Almost until the very end, from the beginning of his long illness, he and Jim kept closely in touch by correspondence. Some of Bill's letters were masterpieces, and I know Jim's must have been.

After this team separated, Jim made a number of tours alone and was very successful. He won a great following all over the United States. You know, Sir Henry Irving once declared that Jim would have made the greatest actor in the history of the American stage had he followed the stage seriously as a life

work. He hasn't been out for the last nine years, but those who have heard him read will never forget his inimitable work. He not only acted the part he read, that of a little tad, or a big, bully boy, or grandma, or the old man who looks back to the old swimmin' hole—he made the part, he was the part. It was not Jim Riley who held the audiences spellbound—it was the little tad, the bully, the old woman, or the man homesick for the scenes of his childhood.

This work became too strenuous finally for Jim. He suffered severely at times with rheumatism, and it seemed that this would become more violent whenever he took to the road. Say, do you know what that expression, "took to the road," reminds me of? A young man carrying a kit of paint brushes, walking along a country road, whistling, stopping every now and then to watch a squirrel play, or examine a bird nest, resting by the side of some brook, sitting on an old

stile to talk with a hired man, making friends with the lazy boy who was returning a cup of borrowed sugar. Can't you see him in those early vagabond days? Their call never grew faint in his heart.

The picture of Jim's growth from that time when he seriously ventured out into the world is a variegated one. The "Hoosier Poet" was designed really for the law by his father, who was a prosperous lawyer in the little town of Greenfield, Indiana, where Jim was born in 1854. For a time, a very short time, the young man really did study with a view to reaching the Bar. But he soon discovered that political economy and Blackstone did not rhyme, and one summer afternoon, when all outdoors seemed to call imperiously, he slipped out of the office in which he had been engaged, shook the last premise from his head and was away.

Literally, indeed, it was a runaway, for there is no telling what would have happened had Riley, Sr., seen the "Highly Entertaining and Instructive Musical and Specialty Aggregation" with which his son had "signed on." In more expressive terms, it was only a medicine show, as picturesquely threadbare and gypsylike as any of the almost forgotten wandering bands of coloured sugar and water venders which were then plentiful in the Central West.

Riley made his début on the "Concert Wagon," officiating over the big drum. Hungry sometimes, wet and shelterless sometimes, soon as threadbare as the rest, but it is not on record that he ever abated his enthusiastic treatment of the drum or complained to the manager because the ghost failed to walk with any degree of regularity. He stuck it out for a whole season. Then, somehow or other, he managed to get possession of an overcoat and a little silver to jingle in his pocket, and homeward he made his way.

While busy thinking out another congenial sphere of action he assisted the village painter. For a considerable length of time he applied himself to this trade, with unvarying success as to workmanship, but with rather doubtful pecuniary advantage. There was no question but that he could and did paint good signs.

He seemed to know instinctively how, and he was always most painstaking in his execution. In later life all of his manuscripts were prepared for the printer with pen and ink, and they had the appearance of copperplate. Slowly, and with infinite care, he printed his rhymes, even as he had decorated a wayside stone, or barn, or show window.

Those were carefree, and they must have been more or less enjoyable, days. At least they were interesting. The peripatetic painter followed more than the course of the Brandywine. Wherever work offered he went. Along sweet-smelling roadsides to sunny farm lands and busy settlements he blazed his leisurely way, stopping when he pleased, pressing on when the spirit moved him.

Then there began a real experience with "the paper man." For a time young Riley worked on several short-lived weekly newspapers in various capacities, and it was in some of them that his first verses were printed. These, like so many more earliest attempts, caused little, if any, commotion even in the local world of letters. But the author was conscious of power and imagined he could not get a hearing chiefly because of his obscurity. He therefore made a number of public appearances in a very small way, reading his own work with more or less success. In the course of time he became attached to the *Indianapolis Journal*, in the columns of which most of his earlier poetical work appeared.

Well, the days of rushing to make trains, living in draughty, inhospitable hotels, having to put up with all manner of inconveniences, perforce, had to come to an end. Since 1903 Jim has refused all manner of inducements to lecture again. He has remained close at home, in the only home he has known since his kid days in Greenfield. Old man Nickum, the baker, was always his good friend. There seemed to be ever a close tie between the young poet and the maker of bread. When the latter died Jim continued his residence with the family. Major and Mrs. Holstein, who had been Miss Nickum. She has been a dear sister to him for many, many years now.

His frequent illnesses and the importunities of different people and societies

have seemed to make Jim irascible at times. But he was never that; folks somehow failed to understand him. That's all. There was a society in Indianapolis once which desired to buy one of my pictures, and as it did not have the money, several of the ladies planned to get up an entertainment and raise the price that way. The first person they went to see was Riley. He very promptly refused to take any part whatever. Barkley Walker then took charge of the affair and began to arrange a concert.

A few days later Riley came up to the studio and said to me: "Say, tell those women that *you* have persuaded me to give three numbers on their programme. But don't let them get the impression that I am doing it for them, for I'm not. That picture must be sold."

I am reminded of something else he said to me one day, something which I treasure. You won't think me vain, I know. He had been wandering about among my rubbish for possibly a half hour without saying a word, when suddenly he faced me. "Gruelle," he said, "do you know why I've always thought so much of you and wondered at you and admired you? It's because you sit here and paint and paint and paint and always smile and have a kind word for some poor devil and—blank it—I know you haven't a cent and are hungry and won't acknowledge it!"

We used to have some great discussions and many delightful hours of quiet meditation in his dear, old Lockerbie Street home. We held these on an average of once a week for many years. Religion? Of course, for that was inevitable when our subject was either art or poetry. Jim had a sceptical maggot in his head—that's exactly the way he expressed it. He possessed really the most profound faith in the ultimate, but he was always questioning and questioning. At times he would crave to know the why with a depth of feeling that pained. Again he would rise to heights in the joy of a full and complete acceptance of the surety and justice and loving kindness of the Divinity.

I had a very unusual experience once in connection with Jim. Neither of us has ever spoken of it before. I was at

home, sitting with my wife, resting after supper in the early evening. I remember feeling drowsy and then I must have dreamed. For I had a vision, plain and unmistakable.

I seemed to make my way along well-known streets of the city to the Denison Hotel, where Riley was then living, and on reaching it, go directly to his room. He was there, sitting at a table which was littered with writing paper. He was at work when I entered, but looked up and said to me: "I'm glad to see you, Gruelle. If you are not afraid of what you may see, sit down and I shall continue my work." I did as he had bidden.

Soon, very soon, there seemed to appear from nowhere in particular a troupe of misty figures, women, men, children—enwreathed in flowers, laughing, dancing, gambolling in the air about the head of the poet, whose pen was racing over the paper. There was a faint sound of singing. . . . I don't know how long I remained in the room, but, without disturbing the writer, I remember, I finally slipped out and made my way home.

Several days later I met Jim, and he told me he had been very busy for a week working on a new book. He looked worn. Then I narrated my vision and had hardly finished when he exclaimed:

"It was all true. At the hour you say I, too, had a vision, just as I began my 'Flying Islands of the Night,' my new work. And I saw what you saw and heard what you heard, and more. I shall never dare to publish all that I got that night from the unseen. I must work it over, tone it down—else people will think I am crazy. They could never understand it."

Read "The Flying Islands of the Night" again and think of that evening in the Denison.

Like Lew Wallace, Jim had little use for creeds or dogmas of any sort. A good many people had the shock of their lives the time Wallace led an Indiana party to Chicago to nominate Gresham. They had doubtless pictured the writer of that beautiful tale of the Christ as some kind of angelic individual. His fluent line of expressive language, however, rather dispelled this impression. It may also cause surprise for me to say that

"WE USED TO HAVE SOME GREAT DISCUSSIONS AND MANY DELIGHTFUL HOURS OF MEDITATION
IN HIS DEAR OLD LOCKERBIE STREET HOME"

when Riley and I were walking one day on Massachusetts Avenue and passed a bookstore, in the window of which was displayed a collection of Bibles, Jim exclaimed:

"Gruelle, I never took any stock in that book. I don't know why—but look at that budding tree. Isn't that enough?"

And yet, as I have said, I never knew a man who had a more beautiful faith in the ultimate, who worshipped God and His handiwork more reverently. This wasn't eccentricity. It was the heart of youth that pulsed when the tree toad sang.

I gave a little talk on Riley once before the "Now" Club in Indianapolis. In the course of it I said that those blue eyes of the poet saw everything. After the meeting a prominent literary woman of the city came up to me and banteringly remarked that I was wrong about the eyes.

"Why," said she, "Riley was so near-sighted when he was a youth that he couldn't even see across the road until they managed at last to get a special pair of glasses for him."

Then I explained to her what I had meant, by telling what Jim had said to me after his trip to England.

"All my life," he had declared, "I have longed to see Tennyson's lark and hear him sing, and that was one of my real reasons for taking this trip. I didn't see

the lark and I didn't hear him sing, but, Gruelle, I *have* seen the lark and I *have* heard him sing."

Jim once said, "Success in life comes to him who follows the paths of his better inclination. He reaches and occupies his place. He fits. There are no rough corners to his occupancy. He has no apologies to make for wants, for there are no wants. In the great beautiful law of nature things do not make places for themselves; they invariably find places which fit them, where they thrive and crown their existence with happiness—and success, for the one is the other.

"A butcher in a modest side street may be a greater success than a banker in his marble vaults—and the world not know it. The quiet teacher may be far more a success of nature than the nation's idol of statesmanship—and the world not know it. It is a matter of peace of mind and heart, a matter of having no rough or unfilled corners. The world differentiates happiness and success with cold sophistry. But they are inseparable. The former must exist before the latter can be born.

"A man's steps may lead him long distances and to many places before he find his own. But let him follow his better inclination, and follow, and follow. Let him not be dismayed at the years which pass. Let him be true to himself—and happiness will be his. He will find his place. And whether the world then re-

gard him as great or lowly, as success or failure, it matters nothing. He will know and feel and be rich far beyond the world's standards of measure."

There are those who know Riley through his works and who judge him—whether qualified in the least or called upon to do so—solely upon his artistic attainments. It is they who are most just, according to worldly standards. They picture a man highly attuned to nature and deeply in love with humanity—a student of homely characters, a god-father to all children, a confidant of the seasons. A wonderful picture, this, and not overdrawn. He is all that—but more.

There are those who weigh the man only as so much physical matter. They find a weakness here, maybe one there. Being very much of the earth earthy, they cannot imagine a soul other than of the same mould as its casement. He may be weak here and there, but he is more than his weaknesses.

I also know Jim as the artist and as the purely physical machine, which may have been at times frail. But I know him further—as a composite of several characters. He has always been a spiritually precocious boy, a child of moods, seldom of an even tone. He has lived singularly alone, despite his beautiful friendships. In some ways he has seemed, and I know he has felt like, a mere spectator of the game of life.

I would paint his picture with a wide brush—many brilliant colours and many deep shadows. Do you understand what I wish to convey?

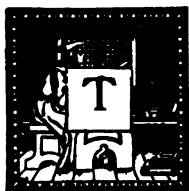
Let me add just this. A long time ago, when our friendship was young, Jim confessed something to me. He told me that his ambition in life, the pinnacle of happiness for him, was to give joy to the little children. If he could only do that, he declared, he believed he would not have lived in vain.

Doesn't that explain something?

SOME ASPECTS OF BIRD CENTRE

BY LOUIS BAURY

I



HE age of discovery would seem to have passed and the quest of Eldorado given over as quite too frivolously fantastic for this work-a-day world. Yet there are still those who dream of surprising Eldorado just around the corner, while very recently both the Poles have been attained. Mr. Arnold Bennett has found the Five Towns and graciously turned over the fruits of his explorations to the world, and—among a few other like accomplishments—Mr. John T. McCutcheon has discovered Bird Centre.

It was one Fourth of July when he first came upon this little Eldorado of his. All Bird Centre was gathered on the lawn of the town's most imposing home for Independence Day festivities, and the atmosphere was decidedly "gala." The

trees were festooned with Chinese lanterns, against the evening; there was a side-table with its proper burden of cake and lemonade which a "lady of the village" dispensed with just the proper amount of parsimony; there was a speaker's table with the stars and stripes looped up around it, bearing the goblet and pitcher of iced water; and behind the table, to render the properties complete, was the speaker himself—Judge Horatio S. Warden, a somewhat portly and dignified gentleman with grey hair and glasses and a formidable manuscript. At his side sat a plump woman wearing that expression of mingled satisfaction and anxiety which belongs to a hostess. That was Mrs. Riley Withersby—Mrs. Riley Withersby, the "rich woman" and social leader of the place—Mrs. Riley Withersby, who never in the course of her fifty odd years had an original thought and, indeed, would not have been nearly so nice had such a disturbing element

CYRUS HORNBECK

been possible to her—Mrs. Riley Withersby, plump, amiable, benevolent, and as beloved as one of the joy-dispensing characters of Dickens.

Looking over the account of Mrs. Riley Withersby's guests, Mr. McCutcheon made the acquaintance of those other persons whom he was to render famous. He beheld the local minister, the Rev. Walpole, a benevolent, chinless cleric with the look which O. Henry has described as a "where-is-Mary expression," his wife, a tired, frail little woman, holding the youngest of the "eight rollicking little Walpoles" in her arms and striving to keep tabs on the other seven, by his side. On his other hand sat Cyrus Hornbeck, president of the local bank, a sour, hard-faced man, terrible in his attitude toward all the world, with the one exception of Mrs. Riley Withersby, about whom he was always hovering with leering, ingratiating attentiveness. And in the background was Captain Roscoe Fry, a hale old G. A. R. veteran, wildly gesticulating; and Kate, the sweet-looking daughter of Judge Warden, conversing with a startled-visaged, long-nosed youth who quite obviously meant well, while pensively there gazed at her, his chin resting on his hand, a rather intellectual appearing young man whom Mr. McCutcheon felt sure could not be a native of the town. And he was right, for enquiry proved him to be Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle, of Philadelphia, who had met Miss Warden the previous winter when the Princeton Glee Club, on which he had been serving his last year, gave a

performance at Bryn Mawr. He was now come West in search of investments—or so he said, though J. Oscar Fisher questioned the accuracy of this claim in the local paper with the delicate paragraph: "A little bird tells us that Mr. W—— K—— B——, of P——, Pa., is in our midst for a tenderer purpose than a business investment. Here's our hand, W——!"

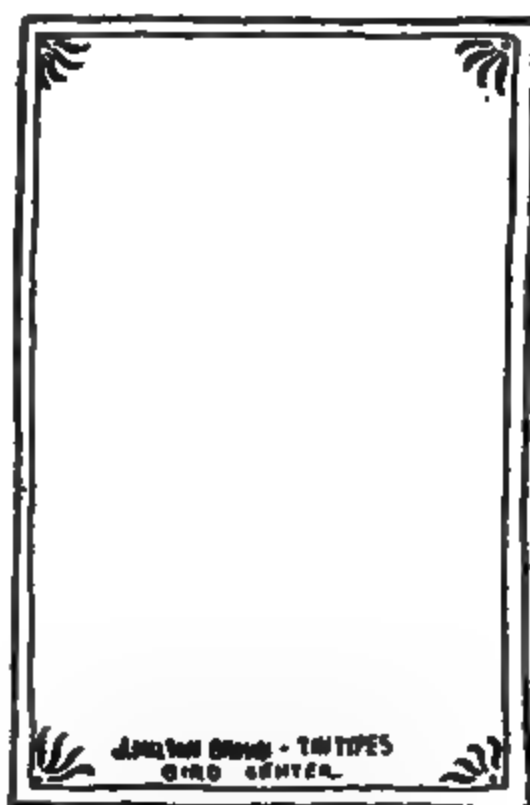
Mr. McCutcheon was also interested in the soft-eyed man with the timid imperial and the figure of a string bean, sitting so erectly on the edge of his chair. This, he was told, was J. Milton Brown, "the well-known artist of the tin-type studios," whose entire life and character he later epitomised in the masterfully comprehensive phrase, "He has no enemies." There were several others, too, of whom he would like to have learned, but there was no time for details. Back in Chicago a petulant art editor was emitting loud shouts for his Fourth-of-July cartoon. So Mr. McCutcheon heaved a long sigh, rolled his shirt-sleeves a notch higher, removed his eyes from the ceiling, and simply recorded what he had seen without elaboration or explanation.

Thus it was that Bird Centre came into the prominence its energy so justly merited.

II

Mr. McCutcheon has always solemnly maintained that there is no such town; but, of course, this is mere pleasantry on his part. Naturally Bird Centre exists; it is situated something like an hour and a half's ride from every metropolis in the country. Realising this, Mr. McCutcheon's following demanded that they be shown more of it. And, because Mr. McCutcheon is most amiable and obliging of all cartoonists, they forthwith were.

As the Fourth-of-July celebration was followed by a reception to the Hon. Ephraim Pumphrey in the Knights of Pythias Hall and by the Church Bazaar and the "grand opening of the new Country Club" on land graciously donated by Mrs. Riley Withersby, they were shown the machinations of what "ye editor" Fisher would have called "the tender passion" as, pleadingly, anxiously, Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle, of Philadelphia, Pa., trailed everywhere in the wake of Miss Kate Warden, while Miss Warden was at elaborate pains to leave him despairing in corners where he could observe her lavishing her sweetest smiles upon Elmer Pratt—the startled-visaged, long-nosed youth who "wore a pompadour and was always willing to carry water at the picnics." They saw also "the tender passion" in less complicated manifestation through the love of J. Milton Brown, of the Bird Centre tintype stu-



J. MILTON BROWN

dios. For, of course, Mr. Brown was in love, deeply so.

Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, daughter of the gallant Captain, a lady who "did" water-colours, talked art, and "stood for the elevation of her sex," was the object of Mr. Brown's affection. As the recognised artistic leaders of the town, these two had always been linked by bonds of sympathy, wherefore was it small surprise when, at a picnic in the grove back of Captain Fry's house—a most memorable picnic to which all the ladies of the village brought "elegant viands" and where "Mrs. Smiley Greene, wife of the popular undertaker, won many friends with her luscious 'Saratoga chips'"—their engagement was finally announced and the wedding set for August, "soon after pension day."

Now, normally an approaching wedding would constitute sufficient excitement for any small town, but that Bird Centre was the very apogee of excitement in the small-town way was speedily demonstrated by the advent of a Mysterious Stranger. He came mounted on a roan steed. Nobody remembered ever to have seen him before—nobody had the remotest idea of his identity. There was no clue as to whence he hailed or what his intent might be. He simply appeared. Just as surely as the good people of Bird Centre would come together, so surely would the Mysterious Stranger ride up and survey the proceedings from afar.

THE LITTLE ROOMMERS IN CAPTAIN FRY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

Front row, seated, beginning at left Irving K. Pond, Miss Edith Wyatt, Melville E. Stone, Jr., Miss Isabel McDougall, George Barr McCutcheon, Hugh Garder, Howard Van Doren Shaw is standing at the right. Second row, seated, beginning at left Mrs. Eve Sumners, Russell Field, Mrs. Conley Ward, Miss Anna Morgan, Miss Lucy Mourse (with album on her lap), Mrs. Ella W. Peattie; Miss Clara Laughlin and John T. McCutcheon are standing in the third row, holding hands. Seated in the centre immediately behind the second row, beginning at the left, are Miss Harriet Monroe, Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, and Miss Holden; Miss Otis Lidenkrantz is standing immediately behind Miss Monroe and Mr. Field. Standing at the rear, beginning at the extreme left, are Ralph (Larkin), Allen C. Pond, Franklin H. Head (with the white side whiskers and moustache), Henry M. Hyde, Allen Spencer, Kathleen Flackel (with moustache), seated next to Mr. Poyss, with light in front of his face in the left, and William W. Veet in (in front of and next to Mr. Poyss).

If any one made a move toward him, away he would gallop. The "whole town became agog over the mystery." He was a tall, bony creature, garbed in deep black, with a sweeping black hat rakishly balanced over one eye, and a heavy, drooping black moustache, and always he smoked a long, odorous, black cigar—altogether a fearsome and sinister spectacle, a sort of attenuated Simon Legree. Bird Centre did its best to intercept him and demand explanations for such extraordinary behaviour, but to no avail. Even J. Oscar Fisher was unequal to the task of buttonholing the Mysterious Stranger, and for long the only thing known positively about him was that his horse answered to the name of Frank. Which certainly could not be construed as a recommendation: Frank is not an exalted name. Even for a equine.

To make the general situation still more befogged another mystery had presented itself soon after the Mysterious Stranger's first appearance. Cyrus Hornbeck—he of the assiduous attentions to Mrs. Withersby—served notice that he would foreclose the mortgage he held on Captain Fry's house if certain overdue payments were not immediately made. Captain Fry, quite unable at the time to meet such a peremptory demand—as Mr. Hornbeck very well knew—was thrown into the wildest consternation. Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, being a most dutiful daughter, decided that the only course for *her* was to remain with her father to console him in his hour of tribulation. She accordingly postponed her "approaching nuptials" indefinitely. The deepest gloom prevailed throughout Bird Centre, for the worthy captain was a most "beloved fellow-citizen." Then suddenly word came from Banker Hornbeck that the amount due had been paid in full that morning by a friend who desired to remain nameless! And this charity—astonishing as it was—was not the end. For, while the excitement and speculation to which it had given rise was at its height, an unknown horse, entered in Captain Fry's name—a horse that no one in Bird Centre, not even Captain Fry himself, had ever seen before, mind you—captured the coveted Mrs. Riley Withersby Sweepstakes at the County Fair—

actually won them from Gypsy Queen, Cyrus Hornbeck's speedy mare, which had always passed for the best trotter in the county. At that Bird Centre gave up. It was all too amazing—too inexplicable!

Without waiting for any explanations Miss Lucile Ramona Fry and J. Milton Brown took advantage of all this good fortune to rush pell-mell to the altar. An incidental reason for their unusual precipitation was that Mr. Brown wished "to take advantage of the excursion rates to Niagara Falls." Their marriage was, in the sublime words of J. Oscar Fisher, "one of the most beautiful of the summer, everything combining to make the nuptial scene one long to be remembered," and an "enthusiastic throng" accompanied them even to the train. Among the diversified collection of wedding gifts with which they were "showered" one in particular deserves to go down in history: It was a clock from young Elmer Pratt, with the hands pointing to the hour of 1, "indicating that the happy recipients were now one."

Probably the now almost unvaryingly sentimental trend of Elmer's thought was responsible for this sweetly suggestive gift. Ever since Kate Warden had become so kind in her attitude toward him Elmer's dreams had revolved in wreaths of gleesome Cupids. He was assured that no one had ever been so violently and completely in love as he, and now—O, tortures!—he was beginning to learn a lover's heartaches. A certain Miss Elsie Burbank, of Morristown, New Jersey, came to visit Mrs. Withersby. She was not so pretty as Miss Warden, but one did not need to be that pretty to rank as an extremely attractive young lady, and an extremely attractive young lady Miss Elsie Burbank, of Morristown, New Jersey, certainly was. Everybody remarked the fact, and Mr. Winthrop Biddle remarked it very especially. He began to pay her "marked attentions," ceasing altogether to follow Miss Warden about in his pensive, despairing manner of yore. Then occurred the peculiar transformation in the latter which caused Elmer Pratt such agonising pangs. The ideal of his heart began to neglect him shamefully. She positively chased Mr.

Biddle around, contriving all sorts of situations and chance meetings to bring them together. In return Mr. Biddle would smile slightly mocking, but quite polite, smiles—and redouble his attentions to Miss Elsie Burbank, of Morristown, New Jersey. Kate Warden became worried and preoccupied. Elmer exerted all his most dulcet charms to please her, but her replies were short and impatient. She constantly avoided him; his mere presence seemed to irritate and vex her—so much so that in time even Elmer came to perceive the fact. Things went on in this manner for so long that Miss Warden finally worried and fretted herself into a sick-room; and there she tarried for many weeks—utterly removed from Winthrop Biddle and his “marked attentions” to Miss Elsie Burbank, of Morristown, New Jersey.

While she was absent, Mrs. Walpole presented Bird Centre with the “ninth rollicking little Walpole.” Armed with gifts and congratulations, every one at once went to do him honour—every one even down to Chris Newbower, the local inebriate and disgrace, who came with a few sprays of goldenrod, because they were all he could afford at the time—an act as sweetly touching, perhaps, as any in all the history of Bird Centre.

In return the entire village was summoned to a “baby-naming party”—a gay affair. “No expense was spared; olives and almonds remained on the table through the entire supper.” Every conceivable name from Tennyson Keats to McClellan Sheridan, from Marmaduke to John, was suggested, but, although the matter was debated until long after ten-thirty, no agreement could be reached. So in the end the Rev. Walpole was forced to make the choice himself; and he decided upon Timothy Withersby—“Timothy after my old college president and Withersby after a lady whom all Bird Centre loves to honour.” Which was a pretty good selection, really, for as soon as she was informed of it Mrs. Withersby deposited a thousand dollars to the credit of the ninth rollicking little Walpole at Cyrus Hornbeck’s bank. And to show that all the world approved of this and all else connected with him, Master Timothy Withersby Walpole was

awarded first prize at the Bird Centre Baby Show which was held soon after—that “function” at which Mrs. Riley Withersby made herself still more beloved through her declaration that every baby entered should have had first prize. There were a number of babies entered, too. Bird Centre was an altogether proper small town.

One afternoon in November when the Bird Centre football team was riotously vanquishing Americus, Illinois, to the tune of 76 to 42, Miss Kate Warden emerged from her retirement to greet Winthrop Biddle—who thereupon basely deserted Miss Elsie Burbank, of Morristown, New Jersey, in such manner as to drive Mr. Fisher’s little bird nearly wild and utterly to bewilder Elmer Pratt.

All the while the Mysterious Stranger had been haunting the place like an erratic ghoul—poking his head in windows, peering through crevices in fences, skulking around corners. When there was nothing more exciting to do the populace still occupied itself with surmises as to their “sinister visitor” and gradually, after he had caught several evanescent glimpses of him, Captain Fry declared that he believed he had seen him somewhere at some remote time. He did his utmost to recall the circumstances, but failed. While he was still trying to marshal his delinquent memory the Mysterious Stranger took matters into his own hands. Winthrop Biddle was giving a little supper at Mort Peters’s jovial hostelry when, in the person of this same Mysterious Stranger, “like lightning from a serene sky, the rude hand of Fate strode in and ruthlessly destroyed the *bon camaraderie* of the function.” Approaching the veteran, this elongated unknown tapped him jauntily on the shoulder, remarking: “Captain Jacob Rose Fry, you are indeed most fortunate in men.”

“That voice—that voice!” shrieked the Captain. “I remember—I remember!”

But before he could announce what it was that he remembered he gave way to the excitement of the occasion and fainted into the arms of the Rev. Walpole, while in the general confusion the Mysterious Stranger vanished. Captain Fry was removed to his home, where he kept to

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BIRD CENTRE ATTENDS THE COUNTY FAIR

bed for several days. During those days "local circles were agog," for it was expected that the return of the Captain's memory would explain the anonymous friend who had paid off his mortgage for him, as well as the unknown horse which, in his name, had won the Mrs. Riley Withersby Sweepstakes. As soon as the Captain was in a condition to receive visitors, therefore, the whole town gathered at his bedside. Then—but it were profanation to attempt to portray that scene now. In the Bird Centre *Argosy* J. Oscar Fisher, eye witness, has chronicled it for all time; so here is his account, just as he set it down with his own immortal hand:

"My friends," began the Captain, "I will tell you who the stranger is." At that moment the curtains parted, and standing before the assembled guests was the mysterious personage himself.

"Stop!" he cried. "I will tell the story." The company was thunderstruck. "My name is Colonel Calhoun Peyton, of the Confederate States of America. I have never been reconstructed, so that to-day I am probably the only living secessionist. I was in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and was shot to pieces. A Yankee soldier stopped and gave me water and asked if I had any message to send home. 'Yes,' said I. 'You're a Yankee and I hate you, but you're a noble man just the same. Take this old sword and give it to my mother.

It was my father's in the Mexican war and my grandfather's in the War of 1812. Tell her that it has honoured the name of Peyton to the last.' The Yankee took my name and told me his name was Roscoe Fry of the Eleventh Corps, under Meade. For nearly two months that Yankee soldier clung to that battered old blade and finally managed to get through the lines and reach the Peyton homestead in Virginia. The sword is still in our family, and the Peytons have honoured the name of that unknown Yankee soldier for over forty years. I swore that I should find him. I have searched the war records and have visited scores of Frys throughout the land. I found him in Bird Centre and, by the great Lord Harry, he shall soon know how substantial is the gratitude of a Virginia Peyton. I have found him in financial distress, but before the week is over he shall see that I also can help a man that is down. My address is Colonel 'Cannonball' Peyton, Virginia. A letter to that address will reach me. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you good-night, and to Bird Centre, farewell forever." And before he could be stopped he had gone.

Bird Centre is agog over the event and further developments are awaited with interest.

The only development just then, however, was the departure of Captain Fry for Virginia, where he was to be the guest for a few weeks of the intrepid Peyton. Simultaneously Kate Warden went to Chicago—on a shopping trip!—while Winthrop Biddle, apparently having decided upon the investment he wished to make, left to interview his parents at Philadelphia. And how Mr. Fisher's little bird did twitter!

With all these things for conversational topics Bird Centre was really entitled to pause in its gay cycle of festivities and exercise the prerogative of a small town to talk it all over. And Bird Centre would have done just this had not Mr. Gus Figgey come. But Mr. Gus Figgey *did* come—from Chicago—and where Mr. Gus Figgey was no outlet remained for mere idle conversation, no opportunity to "loaf and invite the soul." Mr. Figgey was a "travelling man," the quintessence of his species, and intended to give every one he met the time of his life, even if it killed him in doing it. As Mr. Chris Newbower remarked in words

which should become classic, "The more you see of Mr. Figgey socially, the more you admire him as a business man." Mr. Figgey gave a party. He began with a jocular request to the musicians to "Tear off a few yards of the dreamy." The musicians not proving assiduous enough for his taste, he augmented their efforts with a phonograph, Elmer Pratt at the helm. "Keep her going," admonished Mr. Figgey, "and don't mind anything it says. It doesn't belong to the union." He found a place for Mrs. Lucile Ramona Fry Brown at the piano, with two singers to assist her—Mr. Figgey was fond of music—and he led two other "fair daughters" of Bird Centre to a chafing-dish with a playful request to "fix up something like mother used to make." Then he was ready to start the party in earnest. He set couples to dancing in one corner, filled card tables and checker tables, organised a ping-pong contest in the centre of the room, and, when the excitement was at its height, with the assorted musical strains crashing together overhead in perfectly stunning discords, he had a flashlight photograph taken. That was Mr. Figgey; and an example of the fashion in which he kept Bird Centre on the jump until Christmas—when other things occurred to dispute the calcium with him.

Captain Fry returned from his Southern visit, bringing with him a \$60,000 bequest from Colonel Peyton. The rejoicing which this gave rise to in Bird Centre was as universal as it was sincere—for where could be found a jollier, pleasanter, old veteran than the Captain? Cyrus Hornbeck at once became most friendly and solicitous, and kindly volunteered to manage the newly acquired property. But Captain Fry knew Banker Hornbeck by this time and would have none of him. He invested his money where there was no doubt but that it would be safe, and so, quite free from worry, settled down to pass his declining years in comfort in the midst of the village he had so largely helped to make glad. Mr. Hornbeck—who was reported to have lost largely of late in stock speculations—redoubled his attentions to Mrs. Riley Withersby; but even Mrs. Withersby was not so cordial as formerly.

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BIRD CENTRE'S GRAND SOCIAL FUNCTION

Not only was she beginning to distrust the wily banker, but she also found a great deal of her time now occupied by Congressman Pumphrey, who had come on from Washington for the holidays. Congressman Pumphrey was a distinguished personage, and he talked most delightfully and alluringly of life at the Capital. Mr. Fisher's little bird grew mildly insinuating about it, but for once people refused to take him seriously. Mrs. Withersby belonged to Bird Centre and nothing nor nobody else—nor ever could. So said the people, and it is fash-

ionable nowadays to agree that the people must be right in all things.

Kate Warden came back from her shopping tour and Winthrop Biddle from his Philadelphia visit so that both were in time for the "Christmas tree function" at the Rev. Walpole's church—at which "all the children of the Sunday-school received numerous presents and were agog with merriment." All, that is, save little Celia Newbower, who was inadvertently overlooked because Chris had not brought her to the house of worship very often. The forlorn little creature

seemed quite heart-broken. But even this came right in the end, for the very next day Mrs. Withersby sent her more presents than any other child had received; while Chris was so mortified by the whole affair that he signed the pledge on the spot. And that's how they manage things in Bird Centre!

At last at a "literary evening" at Judge Warden's the long awaited happened: The engagement of Miss Kate Warden to Mr. Winthrop Biddle, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was announced. And what jubilation and what congratulations and what wishes of joy there were, and how Mr. Fisher's little bird did spread his feathers and coo! It was quite too wonderful! Never was town as triumphantly, effervescently, completely happy as was Bird Centre during that winter! Then in the spring the first automobile made its appearance and, with the whole town in wide-eyed attendance, Mr. Biddle bore off Kate Warden—the Judge and Mrs. Withersby accompanying them on the rear seat. There was a panting and coughing of machinery, a waving swirl of golden dust as the car shot forward, a many-voiced shout of good-will, a great flourish of handkerchiefs and waving of hands, a wild barking of neighbourhood dogs, a jounce and a laugh as the motor swerved around a corner into open road—and so, quite merrily, Bird Centre slipped from view.

III

Such is the portion of that intense little town's history which John T. McCutcheon has recorded. Such, at least, is the substance of it. To comprehend to the full its essence, however, you will have to look carefully around the corners and into the by-ways of all these events—even after the fashion of the Mysterious Stranger. You will most certainly have to make the acquaintance of Smiley Greene, "the popular undertaker," who when not burying somebody—and who ever thinks of dying in Bird Centre?—is the "life of every function." Smiley Greene who gives a one-hundred-and-thirty pound impersonation of Santa Claus at the Christmas tree; whose "spanking team"—a funeral equipage—

takes first prize at the Horse Show; who treats all the Bird Centre little folk to merry-go-round rides at the County Fair—and himself outrides them all; who "starts things off" at the Bohemian Evening by inviting the guests to take their coats off, "for this is to be a night of untrammelled revelry"; who is the happiest little caricature of a human being that ever existed, and asks nothing better than an opportunity for proving the fact! You should meet, too, young Mr. Riley Peters, son of Mort Peters, proprietor of the Bird Centre House, who perpetrates grotesque feats in the much-maligned name of humour—who always falls in love with feminine visitors to Bird Centre and announces on skating parties and sleigh-rides that "if any of the girls' hands got cold it wa'n't his fault." The village "lout" with his bovine "fun"—that pest to humanity who calls himself a "practical joker"—has never been much better portrayed than he is in the loud-laughed, entirely well-meaning Riley Peters.

You should know also—if you would understand Bird Centre—Orville Peters and Wilbur Fry, who "dispense sweet strains" on their mandolins upon the slightest provocation and are literally a never-ceasing joy to "music lovers and those who mutely admire the harmony of sound." Orville and Wilbur were, curiously enough, named and coupled long before the Wright brothers became known to the world at large. It would likewise be advisable for you to observe the genial Dr. Neibling and the inimitable Bird Centre babies and the universal Bird Centre dogs—particularly "ye editor's dog, Spot." And even then you probably would not appreciate Bird Centre until you had looked into some of the houses and seen their furnishings and ornaments and attended "Mrs. Riley Withersby's Grand Social Function," at which "real coloured waiters from Chicago served the collation," or been present at the Masquerade Ball to which Elmer Pratt went garbed as a cowboy and Gus Figgey as Napoleon and J. Milton Brown as Captain Kidd and Captain Fry as Don Quixote. Yes, certainly, you would want to have seen that—that and a dozen other functions of similar

THE MASQUERADE BALL

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character. Just a glance would suffice. Deep study is not requisite. Bird Centre is quite open—about as subtle as Thackeray's old Mr. Osborne, whose "idea of giving a butler a hint to leave his service was to kick him down-stairs." But still every time that spontaneous village congregates a dozen little things, irrelevant in themselves, take place which can ill afford to be lost.

When Mr. McCutcheon began running the cartoons he was violently assailed by country newspapers throughout the Middle West. They attacked him for, as they supposed, holding the small town up to ridicule, and were doubly bitter since they saw themselves lampooned in the effusions of J. Oscar Fisher. A country editor is supremely jealous of his literary reputation. But as more and

more of the pictures appeared, and it became evident that the intent was not to satirise but sympathise with the small town, their ire gave place to such a hearty good will that when, a few years ago, Mr. McCutcheon travelled through the Middle West on a lecture tour he found innumerable places wherein local celebrities were habitually called by the names of their Bird Centre prototypes.

In the cities, where there was never any feeling of personal slight to interfere, the popularity of the series was uninterruptedly great. Mr. George Ade based a play on the cartoons, which was performed by the Little Room, a Chicago literary club, with much success. Later a somewhat more ambitious play was written by Glenn McDonough, but this failed after a brief run. In order to

blaze in its full glory Bird Centre really needs Mr. McCutcheon's aid.

Of course, the whole thing is a more or less "slap-stick" order of humour and vulgar from beginning to end. But its redeeming feature is that it makes no pretensions of being anything else: It has the courage of its vulgarity and, though some urban folk may not agree with Mr. McCutcheon that here is Eldorado, no one can help liking this little village of his discovery. Bird Centre as he has set it down is not Art—its most ardent admirer could not claim so much for it—but nature it undeniably is—human nature exactly as it occurs something like an hour and a half's ride from every metropolis in the United States. And human nature, with all its vulgarity and all its spontaneity, is decidedly amusing—at that distance.

MR. GUS FIGGEY

SALT WATER ROMANCES AND SOME OTHERS*

BY PAUL GRAY HERRIOTT



OR some unknown reason summer seems to be the season for books of mystery, or rather let us put it in the plural and make it mysteries, for in most of these stories that have puzzles in them one mystery dovetails into another until the reader gasps with dismay or admiration. Time was when one good dark mystery was enough to keep a story going for three hundred pages. The famous detective, amateur or professional, received a telegram from his partner telling him that some person, man or woman, had been found dead under inexplicable circumstances; or that somebody's diamonds, valued at millions, had disappeared. These things simply could not be explained; there were no clues; the sharpest detectives had given the cases up as hopeless. Then the genius and hero of the book proceeds to show how easy it is to unravel the tangle and bring the criminal to justice. But of late years the plots have been thickened to such an extent that it is with something of gratitude that one, if one has a taste for mystery, picks up such a book as *Mene Tekel*, in which Augusta Groner, who is an old hand at this sort of thing, makes Pro-

**Mene Tekel*. By Augusta Groner. New York: Duffield and Company.

The White Waterfall. By James Francis Dwyer. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Postmaster. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Isle of Strife. By George C. Shedd. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Judgments of the Sea. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company.

My Demon Motor Boat. By George Fitch. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Fox Farm. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Cassell and Company.

The Sheriff of Badger. By George Pattullo. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Frontier. By Maurice Leblanc. New York: George H. Doran Company.

George Wendern Gave a Party. By John Inglis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

fessor Clusius of Stockholm come to the rescue of his friend, Lord Richard Tanemore. The latter has denounced some Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum as forgeries, but does not know how to prove it, and wants help. A trip to the Far East is necessary and leads the explorers into dangers of which they had not dreamed. Forgers of antiquities are vindictive when thwarted and the interests involved are immense. When the villains seem to have the best of it the Professor brings hypnotism into play and wins the game. There is a bit of romance connected with a certain nice girl who wanders through the East doing things that no nice girl would think of doing, but it doesn't count for much. The Professor has enough tricks in his bag to make romance superfluous.

There is also mystery about *The White Waterfall*, in which story James Francis Dwyer takes his readers to the Pacific Islands for a trip among places held sacred and secret by the natives. The waterfall is a trap that means death to those who don't know its ways. A certain learned scientist is rash enough to take his two lovely daughters with him upon an exploring expedition among these unknown islands. The rascals he employs do their best to bring him to grief and would succeed but for the bravery of an honest young American who stumbles upon the secret of safety and finds his reward in the bright eyes of one of the learned man's daughters. We are not told the exact proportion of fact to fiction in the book, but it is fair to assume that much of the ceremonial pictured, such as the Dance of the Centipede, which is described with great spirit, may really be seen by lucky tourists.

Pen pictures of Cape Cod villages, where the air is always salt and cool and the scent of the ocean ever present, are welcome at any time. When the mercury sizzles in its tube in hot cities, they are doubly so to those who have to stay and

sizzle with it. Mr. Lincoln's *Postmaster* is another of his quaint Yankees who mingles philosophy with humour as dry and salt as his native air. Cap'n Zeb has given up his schooner, *Fair Breeze*, and stifling his regrets, has decided to settle ashore. He missed his ship but expected to get over it, "Same as the cat got over missin' the canary bird's singin'." He settled in Ostable and opened a shop where he sold the native ladies striped stockings "So loud that a sane person wouldn't dare wear 'em except when it thundered." Notwithstanding which, trad^e was not good. When the postmaster died Zeb recalled the story of the man who happened to see some petty officeholder drown and posted off at once to President Harrison to apply for the place. But a man who had seen the office holder fall in was ahead of him and got the job. Cap'n Zeb didn't want the post-office for himself, but for Mary, the dead postmaster's sister, who needed it. He worked like a Trojan for her and got all the townspeople to sign a petition in her favour. The opposition party also got up a petition for their candidate and all the townspeople—the same ones—signed that too. Both petitions went to Washington, and seem to have so thoroughly confounded the administration that Cap'n Zeb, whose fame as a chowdermaker was known to a certain Congressman, was appointed. He made Mary his deputy, and of course a romance developed. For those who love Cape Cod these simple records of a simple people, well told, as they are here, will be welcome.

The Isle of Strife is also a story of life near the sea, but with something more of a plot about it. An island off the Maine coast, inhabited by Canadian fishermen, is the place to which a young New Yorker back from a year's ranching goes in search of the girl who once refused him because he was too young. Accident has placed in his possession the map of some foreign fortress—whether French, German or Russian he does not know—which gets him into no end of hot water. French and German spies trail him to the island in search of his treasure, and in the complications that follow he almost loses his life. Fate and

the author, Mr. George C. Shedd, help him out, however, and the girl revises her opinion as to his age.

Stories of the deep make up Ralph D. Paine's *The Judgments of the Sea*. Most of these sketches are reprinted from the magazines, and as a rule they are worth reprinting. The pathos in a sailor's life finds a prominent place. The captain who damages his ship on a reef and by a deed of heroism blots out his disgrace; the shipmaster on his last voyage, too busy in time of peril in looking after his passengers to remember the little hoard of gold that is to provide a home for his old wife and him; the religious enthusiast whose fondness for holding prayer meetings on board makes him scoffed at until his heroism in time of danger silences all criticism—these are some of the dozen sketches of the life of the sea, forcibly told and with picturesque detail.

More gasoline than water is to be found in George Fitch's *My Demon Motor Boat*, and most people would prefer the sizzling mercury to trips on this particular craft. Here is a book that will appeal to every one who has ever tried running a motor boat. Those who haven't may think that these sketches are full of farcical exaggeration. Let them try a cheap motor boat. If they don't—as Mr. Fitch's hero did—come home stern-first, blister their hands, strain their backs, and learn to swear, they will be the lucky exceptions. A motor boat that goes is a delight. One that will not go, and the best of them balk at times, and always when your best girl is aboard and there are plenty of people watching, there are no words to express the feelings of the amateur engineer for such a motor as this. Besides getting lots of fun out of the tribulations of his skipper, Mr. Fitch gives the reader the benefit of some dearly acquired experience, and any one who carefully follows his advice ought to be able to make his motor go—if it wants to.

It is worth while to leave the water even in July for such a book as Warwick Deeping's *Fox Farm*, a serious little story told with many a touch of pathos. The man is a farmer, a dreamer and something of a failure, linked to a hard, ambitious woman. Accident deprives him

of sight. He is helpless, while his wife assumes the power and neglects him to dally with a man more to her taste. Life is made worth living to the unfortunate by the devotion of a poor girl, who risks all, including her good name, to serve him, and in the end she has her reward.

A story of life in the Far West, *The Sheriff of Badger*, by George Pattullo, is made up of familiar material in which the good traits of the typical bad man are brought out with some force. Adventure in a different vein and another land fills *The Frontier*, by Maurice Leblanc, the author of *Arsène Lupin*. The undying feud between French and German is the theme, together with a romance, highly spiced as befits a story in which Frenchmen play the leading part. There is a lot of drama, fairly well done, and some unprofitable dreaming.

In quite another vein is John Inglis's *George Wendern Gave a Party*. Mr. Wendern was an honest Englishman who, having been inveigled into fraudulent stock operations, and having drawn in a good many innocent people with him, gives a party to his victims and returns them their money. This good deed would have beggared him but for the discovery of gold upon his hitherto worthless Australian desert; and of course there is a brave girl to share the gold with him. What would have happened had not that gold mine turned up at the right time is matter for speculation. It is vaguely hinted that the famous party might have ended in suicide. That is certainly the way in which Mr. Ibsen would have ended it. But he never could have written a good novel of London high life.

THE MUSE AND THE POET

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

*The Muse said, "Let us sing a little song
Wherein no hint of wrong,
No echo of the great world need, or pain,
Shall mar the strain.
Lock fast the swinging portal of thy heart;
Keep sympathy apart.
Sing of the sunset, of the dawn, the sea;
Of any thing, or nothing, so there be
No purpose to thy art.
Yea, let us make, art for Art's sake.
And sing no more unto the hearts of men
But for the critic's pen.
With songs that are but words—sweet sounding words,
Like joyous jargon of the birds.
Tune now thy lyre, Oh poet, and sing on.
Sing of*

THE DAWN

The Virgin Night, all langourous with dreams,
Of her beloved Darkness, rose in fear,
Feeling the presence of another near.
Outside her curtained casement, shone the gleams
Of burning orbs; and modestly she hid
Her brow and bosom with her dusky hair.
When lo; the bold intruder lurking there

Leaped through the fragile lattice, all unbid,
 And half unveiled her. Then the swooning Night
 Fell pale and dead, while yet her soul was white
 Before that lawless Ravisher, the Light.

*The Muse said, "Poet, nay; thou hast not caught
 My meaning. For there lurks a thought
 Back of thy song.
 In art, all thought is wrong.
 Re-string thy lyre; and let the echoes bound
 To nothing but sweet sound.
 Strike now the cords
 And sing of"*

WORDS

One day sweet Ladye Language gave to me
 A little golden key.
 I sat me down beside her jewel box
 And turned its locks.
 And oh the wealth that lay there in my sight.
 Great solitaires of words, so bright, so bright;
 Words that no use can commonise; like God,
 And truth, and Love; and words of sapphire blue;
 And amber words; with sunshine dripping through;
 And words of that strange hue
 A pearl reveals upon a wanton's hand.

Again the Muse:

*"Thou dost not understand;
 A thought within thy song is lingering yet.
 Sing but of words; all else forget, forget.
 Nor let thy words convey one thought to men!
 Try once again."*

Down through the dusk and dew, there fell a word;
 Down through the dew and dusk.
 And all the garments of the air it stirred
 Smelled sweet as musk,
 And all the little waves of air is kissed,
 Turned gold and amethyst.

There in the dew and dusk a heart it found;
 There in the dusk and dew.
 The sodden silence changed to fragrant sound;
 And all the world seemed new.
 Upon the path that little word had trod,
 There shone the smile of God.

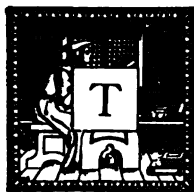
*The Muse said "Drop thy lyre.
 I tire, I tire."*

THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Book I

CHAPTER XVII



HE next two weeks at the mill were days of the greatest suffering that Dicky had to bear. It was there, in the familiar places, that he found the true loss of his mother. Her chair had been taken away from the table when they sat down to meals. The arm-chair in which she used to sit in the evenings remained, but no one occupied it. Its very presence tortured Dicky's mind. At night there were no sounds of the piano. The house was still.

Mr. Furlong would read his books of wild flowers or sit with the pages of Carlyle before him in silence until they went to bed. In these days Dicky was working his apprenticeship at the Mill. The even monotony of the work was already jarring at his nerves. All his imagination was fettered in a chain of regular, undeviating hours. He was a slave—as we all are—but recognised his slavery. The realisation of it brought a bitterness to his soul. There were no moments of the day or evening when he could find release.

In the gentle duty of his heart Mr. Furlong had promised to be mother and father to them both. Never was a man more incapable of any but the paternal capacity. The memory of Christina sometimes rose in a flood of tears to his eyes, but only when her name was mentioned or some actual incident took place which vivified the knowledge of her absence. He did not miss her in the long silences of the day. God knows how much he may have missed her in those long silences of the night.

But with Dicky it was in the rushes of his imagination that he felt the want of her most of all. He grew thin and a pallid look came into his cheeks. He was fighting against greater odds than

many a boy is ever called upon to oppose. Mr. Furlong one day remarked upon his health.

"I don't think you take enough exercise, Dicky," he said. "Go out for walks—go out for walks with Anne."

Anne slipped her arm into his and asked where they should go, but Dicky went alone. He began then to think about his health. He began to grow proud of the thought that he looked ill. Perhaps if he died, then they would know how ill at heart he had been.

Such a state of mind as this could not last. At the root of all things, in the inner being of his constitution, you could have found no healthier boy than Dicky. But sorrow had come to him as a master at that critical age when a boy is in the internal whirlpool of life. Some external influence was needed to save him from himself, and, seemingly, there was none.

It came at last to the breaking point. His work had been done badly at the Mill that day. With every sense of justice in his mind, Mr. Furlong had made reference to his failure at school. Dicky listened and listened till the last word was said.

"Is that all?" he asked.

Mr. Furlong had detected a note of rebellion in his voice.

"That is all," said he, "and I wish no impertinence from you."

Dicky turned away in silence. There was no doubt in his mind that no man can be a mother. "That's all," he kept saying to himself. "That's all." But he could not have said exactly what he meant by it. Had he remembered it that night he would have known.

He went to his room at nine o'clock. A sense of decision was working in his mind. He became conscious of it when he took the bottle of ether out of his pocket. The world was empty. He believed that in all earnestness. The world was empty. He could go to sleep and there would be no morning to wake to,

no other day of toilsome monotony. He did not think of himself as dead, but as free. There were no romantic thoughts in his mind of meeting his mother in Heaven. He scarcely thought of her. He would be free—free of this terrible need of companionship.

With a steady hand he uncorked the bottle and poured the contents upon his pillow. The sweet pungency of it rose to his nostrils and reached his mind in a sense of relief. With the same clearness of brain he got into bed, extinguished his candle and lay down. The fumes soothed him. He felt the numbness of sleep creeping slowly up his body to his brain. He believed that he said aloud, "It'll soon get to my head, and then—" but he said nothing. He just lay in silence in the darkness and waited.

It was then, when the torpor of the anæsthetic had almost overcome him, that there stole through the house and to his room the sound of the piano. At first he thought it was a dream. It reached his stifled senses, and yet seemed far away. He asked himself if he were dreaming it. But some door must have been opened in the house below, for the sounds came clearer and more distinct. It was Anne—Anne playing the piano with that gentleness of touch which she had learned from Christina in the months when he had been away at school.

Then the world was not empty! There was Anne!

With the last energy he possessed he pushed the pillow to the floor and fell back upon his bed asleep.

Book II

CHAPTER I

It is as if with those who are in her charge that Destiny leads them blindfold to the very centre of the maze of life. Never do they guess in whose footsteps they are following; they scarcely know the end of that journey they pursue. All unconsciously they obey the voice—a voice, indeed, crying within their wilderness—until one day the journey ends, the bandage is loosened and drops from their eyes—the journey ends in the journey's beginning.

Then they are in the midst of the maze of life. Never completely does Destiny leave them; but here she steps aside. This is the moment when the boy becomes the leader of his own soul, the captain of his own salvation. All around him in that circle where he stands are the countless pathways leading through the thorns of failure to the flowers of success, through the soft avenues of pleasure to the dark forests of despair. No longer Destiny leads him by the hand. Here he must choose for himself. In that blindfold journey to the heart of the maze the sinews of his character have been made; now he must use them for himself in the journey homeward. Of himself he must choose the path he will

take, and Destiny is that marble statue with impassive face which, in the centre of the maze, stands high above the hedges, watching the wanderers as they struggle toward their goal.

When his mother died Dicky had indeed reached the centre of the maze. The bandage had been dropped from his eyes. Before him, around him, on every side, he had seen the countless pathways, and in the first moment of bewildered loneliness, not knowing which way to choose, needing the hand of Destiny, which, with Christina's death, had loosed its grasp, he had courted failure at the very outset.

At such an age as his most boys are still pursuing their blindfold journey. The majority are men before they realise they are alone. The stress of circumstance had been great upon Dicky then. But no stress is more than a man can bear, and the greater it is the more is expected of him.

It was when Dicky cast the saturated pillow from his bed that he made his first choice; took of his own accord that first pathway between the high hedges, and set out upon his journey from the centre of the maze.

From that moment onward Dicky became the leader of his own soul. His

first act in that leadership was to choose the companionship of Anne.

The man who would do anything in this world must first deposit his heart in the bank of some woman's keeping. In time doubtless he will transfer it, but in that time the interest she has bestowed upon it will have made it worth the more. The heart of a man cannot be too big so long as his brain keeps pace with it.

Dicky gave all his heart to Anne. When once the desolation of that winter had passed; when once the fairy fingers of the spring had dropped her jewelled buds upon the May trees and the meadows, then a great light of courage set its flame in Dicky's heart. He did his work in the mill, but now, instead of bowing his head beneath its monotony, contrived for every moment when he could be free.

Whenever he could effect his escape they would set out to the hills together, trembling as they left the house lest they should be called back.

Through all this time, so certain was Mr. Furlong that Dicky was destined for the mill, that in these lapses from duty he saw nothing but a gross capacity for idleness. Set with the best intentions in the world, moreover with a genuine love for Dicky, the poor man was confronted with a problem he could not understand.

On one occasion when Dicky should have been at work he discovered that his time had been spent in sketching.

"When are you going to drop this nonsense?" he asked in righteous anger. "Bring your sketch here and show it to me."

With a mind embittered by that word—nonsense—Dicky obediently brought his book. Mr. Furlong looked at the sketch he had done; looked at it first this way and then that.

"And you think it advisable," said he, "to waste valuable time upon such rubbish as this?"

"It's not rubbish," said Dicky.

"What is it, then?" demanded Mr. Furlong. "It's like nothing I've ever seen in nature. What do you call this grey part here?"

"That's a meadow."

"But meadows are green."

"Not when the mist's on them."

"But there's no definition in it," continued Mr. Furlong.

"It's the best thing I've done," said Dicky quietly.

"Well—I'm sorry for you if you can't get more definition than that. There's no shape in the thing at all."

"I didn't want to get shape," Dicky replied. "I wanted to get mist. Mist makes everything shapeless."

"Then you've missed it," said his father, and smiled at his little jest. It was no doubt a gentle attempt of his to avoid the argument in which he felt he was the loser. Had Dicky smiled with him perhaps all might have been well. But though he wanted to smile, Dicky kept it back. The matter was too serious for him. To have treated it lightly then would have been false to all his ambition.

With a stolid expression he looked back in his father's eyes, saying nothing.

The subconscious knowledge that his little attempt had failed, the conscious realisation that Dicky had chosen to make himself superior to his humour, irritated Mr. Furlong beyond control. With quivering fingers he tore up the book in front of Dicky's face.

"If I find you pursuing this ridiculous nonsense any longer," he said, and his voice quivered, "wasting your valuable time at the mill, and behaving generally like a young fool, I shall find some drastic means to put a stop to it."

In silence Dicky began to pick up the pieces from the floor.

"Leave those there, sir!" thundered Mr. Furlong.

"You often tell us not to be untidy," said Dicky.

"Leave those there!" repeated Mr. Furlong. "The untidiness I make, I am quite capable of seeing to myself."

That was the early morning of a Good Friday. By half-past ten Mr. Furlong had put on his black coat, his gloves and hat, and come down into the square hall with his prayer-book under his arm. Anne was there waiting. Now that her hair was put up there often seemed to be a look of Christina in her face. Mr. Furlong noticed it that morning. He put his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing," said he. "Where's Dicky?"

Anne knew well enough, but hesitated to say. She had heard what had happened that morning, and all her sympathies were on Dicky's side. As Mr. Furlong went to the foot of the stairs and called, her heart beat a little quicker on Dicky's account. She knew well his frame of mind just then, and trembled for what might happen.

"Dicky!" called Mr. Furlong for the second time and in a louder voice.

After a moment Dicky appeared at the top of the stairs with an old, dilapidated hat in his hand.

"You can't go to church in that hat," said his father.

"I was not going to church," said he.

"Not going to church?"

"No, father."

"Why not?"

"I didn't feel I wanted to."

"But, my dear boy, this is Christ's day."

The face of Bertha Geddes sped across Dicky's mind.

"I'm sorry," he replied. "I know it's Good Friday, but I don't know how you can expect me to feel like going to church after what happened this morning. I'm boiling inside still."

For a moment surprise confused Mr. Furlong's mind. Can there ever be a moment, he asked himself, when a father loses command over his child? And if such a moment must come, then surely with his children it had not come so soon as this? In that moment of confusion he felt alone in the house. These two were against him. He could feel it in the expectant silence of Anne; he could see it in the glitter of Dicky's eye. This was a moment, he told himself, when the heaviness of his hand must be felt. Not the whole life force of the new generation would have made him give in then. Reason and logic he cast from him—for it is ever at a moment like this that a man chooses the wrong weapons—and, going to the foot of the stairs, he clutched the bannisters.

"Get your hat at once," he said. Even through the stillness of his voice Dicky could see there was no control.

"What for?" asked Dicky.

"You're to come to church," said Mr. Furlong.

"I don't see any good in going to church when I hate it."

"Then you'll go to church because you must obey me," thundered his father.

"Of course," said Dicky, "that's a different matter," and he went to get his hat.

All through the reading of the lessons that day—a duty both morning and evening which Mr. Furlong had fulfilled without a break every Sunday for six years—the poor man questioned himself, wondering in his calmer moments whether he had really retained the full power of his authority. In those moments Dicky was drawing faces on little scraps of paper and passing them down the pew to Anne.

That night at prayers Mr. Furlong chose to read a portion of Scripture which dealt with filial duty. His voice had tears in it as he read.

When she had gone to bed Anne heard a noise outside her room and saw a slip of paper thrust under her door. She picked it up. It was a caricature of Mr. Furlong whipping Dicky with the Bible.

CHAPTER II

Nearing the summit of Bredon Hill there stood in those days an oak tree with wide spreading boughs, with gnarled and knotted trunk, that had faced the winds of a hundred winters and more. For long years its upper branches had been caught by the north-west gales. From the valley below it looked like a Valkyrie woman's head, with loosened hair, combed out in the wind as she might ride to battle.

It was this tree which became a secret place to Dicky and Anne. By slow degrees, visiting it one day and another, they built there, in its branches, a house. None but the most curious traveller would ever have suspected their secret, and there were few but the shepherd who ever climbed the slopes of Bredon Hill.

From the topmost branches Dicky could see wide across the distant country, and on the platform below him, itself some twenty feet above the ground, Anne would sit by the hours together where even the sun could not pierce the dense roof of foliage above her head.

From one branch to another they slung a hammock, taking it in turns to lie there

with a book through the late hot afternoons of summer. Here, in fact, Dicky first learned the love of reading, beginning that education of himself which he had never pursued at school. One by one he brought up the books from the bookshelves at the mill, returning them again when finished. Carlyle he read devoutly. At that age he found in the "Heroes" all that he needed for great incentive. While Anne sewed and it was his turn to lie in the hammock, he would read aloud to her his favourite passages—passages he had read to himself time and time again.

Dicky learned much in those days. From the topmost branches of the tree he drank in nature as the leaves around him drank the light. He watched the face of the sky until, like the face of a woman he might love, he came to know its every change of expression, to learn the passing meaning of the clouds. It was what he had done before when he lay in Christina's bed in Christina's room. But they told more than stories to him now, those clouds that raced across or lingered in the heavens. He came to know the meaning of them all—the cloud that bears for rain, the cloud that bears for wind, the cloud that a summer breeze had caught, like a sheep strayed far beyond its fold.

And then, at last, there came to Dicky the great incentive, the spirit of inspiration which first set light in him the overpowering desire to conquer all he knew.

It is in the nature of many artists to feel all and know little. They rush to expression then as a man to the pleasure of wine. To them expression is both stimulant and drug. To acquire it they will whip themselves into feeling—a flagellation of the spirit to excite their abnormal passion for Art.

But there are a few—men whom the world has chosen to be great—who not only feel, but know. To these, expression is the natural function of their spirit, the relief which Nature gives to everybody she controls. They, indeed, are fathers of the children of the mind. Their passion for Art is no unnatural one. Their highest aim is not to gratify themselves. Gratification they have indeed—for this is the compensatory bal-

ance which Nature has not denied to any man—but they suffer, too, the agony of spirit, such travail as all true women suffer in their great hour of deliverance. So long, then, as they are true to what they know, these men are the fathers of the mind, just as surely as all true women are the mothers of the race. Once let them be false, once let them seek expression for the gratification that it gives, as men seek the light woman for the pleasures she will spare, then you will see the beginning of the end—that end which is the libertinage of Art.

To acquire knowledge then, and to acquire it unceasingly, is the first duty of the artist. He will always feel, for he was born to feel; but knowledge is a prey, as elusive as the doe in flight. To keep it within view, a man must pursue it till the end.

In that Dicky had pursued the knowledge of nature from the first moment when his eyes were clear to see, he was on the way toward that greatness which the name of Richard Furlong carries to us now. Feeling he had had, too, but as yet the great need of expression had not found its full life in him. Both in body and in mind he was still a boy upon the very verge of manhood. It needed but the touch of a woman's hand, the glance of a woman's eye, to launch his spirit on to the waters, to set him forth upon that voyage of discovery from which no man can ever return to the days of his youth.

And ever it is that when the woman is needed, the woman is there. Fate, Destiny—call it what you will—has charge of the spirit that needs a mate. Whenever a boy is at the gates of manhood, Providence finds some woman to lead him through. It is women who make the souls of men, as it is women who give them birth.

One afternoon, late in summer, when he was free from his duties at the mill, Dicky set out for the oak tree where Anne had gone but an hour before him. The roads were dusty, the hedges white. He kept to the fields, walking in the shadows as they fell from the hedgerows.

In his pocket lay a copy of Darwin which, in direct disobedience to his father's commands, he had purchased in Pershore, and was reading day by day in

his seat in the oak tree. That preface to the *Origin of Species* had brought a lump to his throat as he read. The modest simplicity of so great a man, offering so great a work to the world, in words so unvarnished and so plain, had brought close to him the sense of his own littleness. He felt it to be a just reproof, raising the tears almost to his eyes.

He had been reading it aloud to Anne. Anne sewed and thought she listened; but she heard no more than if the wind had been stirring through the oak leaves. Darwin meant nothing to Anne. Darwin means nothing to any woman; for within her very essence lie revealed all the secrets that he found, lie hidden all the secrets that no man will ever know.

Again and again as he walked Dicky's hand would wander to his pocket to see that the book was safely there. The country all around him had too close a hold upon his thoughts to let him remember for long that it was secure. His eyes were ever watching for effects of light, his mind ever comparing near with distant tones. In those days his eagerness to see, his insensate desire to know, mastered him in everything he did.

It was as he climbed up the hillside, nearing the oak tree, that he heard voices and stood still. Some one was talking to Anne. He could hear her voice in answer. Then some one had discovered their secret—the sacred privacy of that place was gone. He would never be able to bring up his books again and read in the hammock without fear of discovery or interruption. Here was another joy of life broken by a single blow.

"Damn!" said Dicky within himself, then added an apology, but to whom he did not know. It was the first time in his life he had sworn.

After a moment he crept quietly up to a point where he could see the platform in the branches without being seen himself. Anne, as usual, was seated there, as usual sewing, but in the hammock, swinging backwards and forwards in easy enjoyment, was Dorothy Leggatt.

After a moment's hesitation he gave the call to Anne—that whistling of the first bar of the refrain of the British Grenadiers, the very tune with which Dicky enters into this biography. At the

end of it he called her name. Even in the sound of his voice, Anne knew her guilt.

"He's awfully angry," she whispered to Dorothy as she swiftly put aside her sewing and commenced to climb to the ground. Dorothy checked the swinging of the hammock, waiting with stilled breath for the verdict upon her presence in the oak tree. She could hear their voices in subdued altercation, but could follow no word that was said.

As soon as Anne had reached the ground, Dicky beckoned to her.

"I don't want her to hear," he said when she had reached his side. "Why on earth did you let her come up? It's all spoiled now. She knows. She'll tell every one."

"She's promised on her dying solemn oath she won't," said Anne. "I made her say it."

"Yes—but why did you let her come?"

"I didn't let her—I couldn't help it. I was up there when she came along, and I sat as quiet as ever I possibly could. But she came right underneath the tree, and then she saw. I told her you wouldn't like it."

"She didn't seem to care much," said Dicky, "swinging about in the hammock. Well—of course it's spoiled it all now. Can't you tell her to go?"

As though she had anticipated the issue of their conversation, Dorothy had descended, and now appeared at the foot of the tree.

"It's all right—I'm going, Anne," said she, and with one short, reproachful glance into Dicky's eyes she had started off down the hillside.

Dicky looked after her, surprise mingling with indecision in his face.

"When did she put her hair up?" he asked presently.

"'Bout a week ago," said Anne. "It makes her look awfully pretty."

"It makes her much older," said Dicky; "she looks quite grown up," and he climbed up slowly into the oak tree.

CHAPTER III

Dorothy walked back to Eckington a different girl than when she had set out. In that quick instant she had seen the new regard of her in Dicky's eyes,

had seen it perhaps the more readily since she had anticipated its coming.

There are a thousand signs by which a girl knows that she is approaching womanhood; not one of these, facetious though it may sound, brings such complete realisation as when she lengthens her frock and first puts up her hair. These are the outward and visible signs which herald her entry into that arena where is fought out the everlasting antagonism between men and women.

The nearer you approach barbarism the more formal and ceremonious is this moment made. A dance is given, a party is held. She is shown to the world as a woman. In a barbarous state of things, doubtless she feels it less. But with a girl in such station of life as Dorothy, the moment is one of tremulous and exhilarating excitement.

The concern she had shown at its inception had been ostensibly on account of her appearance. Mrs. Leggatt had done her hair for her, first this way and then that. Considerably more than an hour was spent before both were satisfied. But beneath this outward concern there was the deeper knowledge that now from that moment she was a different being.

When her mother had left her, bidding her good-night, she sat long before the mirror regarding her reflection. From a child she had thought of Dicky, as of a playmate who would not play with her. Now, seeing herself a woman, she thought of Dicky as a man. Would he still pass her by; still look at her with unconcern? The reflection in the mirror could not answer. It looked at her with a faint lifting of the eyebrows, a faint shadow of doubt within the eyes.

Yet this, it seemed, were a more serious matter than the other had been. A new pride she had not dreamed of was involved within her now. She thought of his disregarding her as of old and a hot flush burned in the cheeks of that face she saw reflected in the glass.

Wasn't she pretty? She did not know. In every attitude, at every angle, she looked at her face. It was impossible to think she was ugly. Far away beyond conceit she believed that she looked well; that men would consider her with

favour. But would Dicky look at her?

She had stood the looking glass upon her bed, advancing and retreating before it that she might see every effect. Would Dicky look at her? With sudden fingers she undid the blouse about her neck, dragged it from the shoulders, arranging it about her breast as once she had seen her mother dressed on a night when Mr. Allen, the organist, had given a concert in Pershore.

Now would Dicky look at her? As she gazed at herself she felt her heart beat quicker. She saw her lips parted as the breath came hastily between them. In a sudden sense of shame she pushed the mirror back upon the bed and, with trembling fingers, began pulling out the hairpins till her warm brown hair was hanging down once more. For the moment she was a girl again.

The next day she had dressed it once more upon her head, but in a calmer frame of mind; yet in the days that followed, the thought of Dicky returned continuously. At last she had determined to walk past the mill in the hope that she might see him. The mill was working, but Dicky was nowhere to be seen. Continuing her way then to Bredon Hill, she had discovered Anne in the oak tree. Then Dicky had come, and Dicky had looked at her.

Now she was returning to Eckington, a different girl than when she had set out. It hurt her, indeed, that he had been annoyed at finding her there, that he had not wished her to stay. But she had come down from the oak tree of her own accord. By reason of this new pride which she had found, she had determined that no persuasion would ever induce her to stay, and all this decision of action had arisen out of the knowledge that she was a different being. With that dramatic sense which is the gift of every woman, she chose to descend from the oak tree then; to go while they were still talking of her. Dicky had never seen her with her hair done up; wherefore, when she reached the ground, she had anticipated that look in his eyes. The whole way home the remembrance of it thrilled her. Often as she walked along, a smile half parted her lips. When

any one passed her on the road, instinctively her hand rose to her hair to thrust in a hairpin, to push aside a fine lock of hair which, loosened, had fallen across her eyes.

"Mother," she said to Mrs. Leggatt the next morning as she helped her with the household duties of the day, "mother, when does a man first fall in love?"

Mrs. Leggatt stopped in the work she was doing. Had she been Christina and the question had been asked by Anne, she would have continued her work without a pause.

"Why do you ask that, Dorothy?" she inquired.

"I—I was reading in one of the books father has on the bookshelves——"

"One of those yellow-backed books?"

"Yes."

"What were you reading?"

"About—about a boy of just seventeen falling in love."

Mrs. Leggatt took her daughter's face in her hands and looked sadly into her eyes.

"Are you beginning to think of these things already?" she asked.

"Why—already? I've got my hair up."

"That doesn't make a woman of you, my dear," replied Mrs. Leggatt, and she tried to convince her heart that that was true. "You oughtn't to read those books yet. They weren't written for little girls."

"But I'm not a little girl."

Mrs. Leggatt smiled and took away her hands.

"You say that as if I had said something that wasn't kind. Please God there'll never come a time when you'll long to be able to say it of yourself, not at least until the years compel you to. Why don't you like to be a little girl?"

"I've been a little girl," said Dorothy petulantly; "it's different now. I suppose you don't want to tell me."

"Tell you what?"

"What I asked you—when a man first falls in love."

"What does the yellow-backed book say?"

"Well, I told you. It's about a boy of

seventeen. Can a boy of seventeen fall in love?"

"If the book says so I expect it's right."

Dorothy turned away.

"That's not an answer," said she.

"Well, my dear child—how can I answer? A boy of seventeen may just as likely fall in love as a man of fifty. You can never know when it will come to any one—man or woman."

"When did you fall in love?" asked Dorothy.

The poor woman turned away and went on with her work. The tears had gathered quickly in her eyes. It was now more bitterly than ever that she felt the punishment of her folly. She could not look her own child in the face to give her that advice and counsel which every child must need. The very thought that Dorothy knew so little of the past—she would not have asked such questions had it been present in her mind—filled her with a sense of dread for that moment when she must come to know and understand it all.

But something in the line of her shoulders as she turned away brought the consciousness of it quickly to Dorothy's mind. In a moment she was at her mother's side, her arms about her neck. She guessed, but did not know even then. Only the faintest rumours of that scandal had ever reached her ears. Being a child, and in the very house where it had happened, no one had ever spoken of it to her as, at the time, they had spoken freely of it in Eckington. Mr. Allen had been sent away. For many days her mother had been in tears, and for many weeks had never ventured out of the house until it was dark. A sense of shame and disgrace had fallen upon the family, repelling all childish curiosity. She had asked no questions at the time and, since then, life had gone on in its accustomed ways. She had almost forgotten it.

But now upon an impulse, she knew that what she had always guessed was true. Her mother had loved Mr. Allen. With that knowledge came rushing the thousand possibilities vaguely, nebulously, to her mind.

"Dearest," she whispered. "I'm so sorry—I didn't mean it like that."

The little courage which the wretched woman still possessed was lifted by her daughter's pity.

"Like what?" said she. "Like what?"

"You loved Mr. Allen, didn't you?"

"Did your father tell you that?"

"No."

"Then how did you know?"

"I guessed."

For one moment Mrs. Leggatt looked at Dorothy; one moment in which she yet had hope to keep the secret from her still. The moment passed and then her eyes fell. It was too late. Dorothy was quite right. She was different now. No longer was she a little girl! Something had taught her; some sleeping instinct had awakened. She knew now the meaning that love can bring into a woman's life. There was nothing she could hide from her now. Often and often she had meant to give her a false impression concerning Mr. Allen's sudden departure, but she had left it over long. It was too late now. In a few more months, in a few more days, perhaps, she would come to understand it all. As her eyes fell, she shuddered.

"Mother," said Dorothy presently, when the silence had expressed the countless words which had passed through both their minds, "mother—do you think that's why the Furlongs don't like me to be with them?"

Mrs. Leggatt looked quickly up. A bright light of anger was in her eyes. All a mother's instinct for protection stirred fiercely in her then.

"What have they done?" she asked.

Dorothy told her of what had happened in the oak tree.

"It wasn't Anne at all," she added; "it was Dicky."

Mrs. Leggatt smiled again.

"If it wasn't Anne," said she, "it doesn't matter. It's women who make the laws for women; women who judge their own kind. If it was only Dicky, that's not the reason. Men don't censure women who have loved. It's only women who hate them. They hate them in self-defence. If it was only Dicky, you needn't mind. P'raps he's in love with you and doesn't know it."

It was when she said that, and when she saw the look in Dorothy's eyes, that she would have given years from her life to have those words back again.

CHAPTER IV

For the whole of the next week, Dicky waited in expectant apprehension of Wilfrid appearing at the oak tree. The days of their friendship were long over. No two boys who once were friends could have grown more dissimilar in their pursuits. During the eighteen months in which Dicky had been away at school in the north, all ties had been severed between them. The growth of Wilfrid's mind had been too slow. When he came back for his last holidays Dicky found that they had nothing in common. Wilfrid had found another companion at his father's school, and there the whole friendship had ended; not in enmity—not in dislike. It had died because there was no food left upon which it could eke out the merest existence.

And now, with growing apprehension, Dicky waited in full confidence, believing that as soon as he had heard of it, Wilfrid would be drawn by the glory of secrecy, and come at once to the oak tree. But Wilfrid never came.

At last Dicky grew to believe that Dorothy had kept her dying solemn oath. She had not told any one. Against all his pre-conceived ideas he found she was capable of regarding a secret.

He thought about this often at night, and with astonishment. For not only had she kept the secret, she also herself had never appeared at the oak tree again. Seeing that now she knew, that seemed rather foolish to Dicky. After a week, he questioned Anne about it.

"I don't see how you could have expected her to have done anything else," said Anne. "You showed her plainly enough that you didn't want her to be there. She's fearfully sensitive. She's always thinking that people don't want to speak to her—because—oh—well, you know why."

"Why?" asked Dicky.

"Her mother, of course."

"Oh!" That had never entered Dicky's head. But now he was taking his first lessons in that strange art of the little

things which guide the whole course of women's lives. He had not realised till then that Dorothy's life might still be in the shadow of her mother's folly. Whenever he had seen her himself, the thought had never entered his head. Now suddenly he became doubly conscious of it; conscious most of all that this Dorothy, whom he had despised, had a sorrow of her very own to bear, moreover bore it bravely too.

As the thought materialised in his mind, he turned quickly to Anne.

"Ask her to come up to the tree again," said he.

Anne flung her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Dicky!" she exclaimed, "may I really? She will be so glad. And you can read just the same. It won't matter her being there."

Dicky turned away.

"Oh, I don't mean when I'm there," said he. "She wouldn't understand Darwin. She'd hate it. No—you can ask her when I'm not there. I shan't be able to come till at least six to-morrow. There's a huge load coming in in the morning. Take her along with you to-morrow afternoon."

At three o'clock the next day, Dicky heard the click of the catch on the wicket gate. Without inquiring of the reason in his mind, he climbed the ladder into the mill loft, where the grey dust lay deep like snow upon the rafters; there he watched Anne from a window in the gable as she walked along the road toward the hill.

"Lord!" he said aloud, "I wish I was a girl," and of all girls would have been the most miserable in the world had his wish been gratified.

He followed her with his eyes till she was out of sight, wondering, as he climbed down the ladder, what girls found to talk about when they were alone. For the next hour he could think of nothing else but those two, sitting there by themselves in the oak tree, while he had to pursue his monotonous labours in the mill. Loathing his work as he did, the injustice of it was almost unbearable. He kept looking out of the window, with eyes bent longingly in the direction of Breton Hill.

Of course Dorothy would be gone be-

fore he could get there. But would it ever even reach the hour of six when he could start? From the moment the clock had struck four he would look at it every five minutes. It occurred to him then that he had never known how grotesquely long was the period of a man's life. If minutes went as slowly as that, it was well-nigh impossible to have any conception of the three-score years and ten.

At half-past four, Mr. Furlong ordered the trap to be got ready, informing Dicky that he was driving into Pershore. He left instructions for as much work to be done as Dicky could well accomplish by six o'clock.

"If you put your shoulder to the wheel," said he, "you'll be able to get away by six. I believe in working under pressure, it doesn't do anybody any harm."

"I shan't be later anyhow than half-past six," said Dicky.

Mr. Furlong's mind was easy as he drove away. If he works till half-past six, he thought, I can't grumble. But Dicky had not the faintest intention of working for another moment. No sooner had the rumble of the trap's wheels died away along the road than he was using the utmost of his persuasions to induce one of the men in the mill to do the work for him. By bribery and that corruption of the way Dicky had with him when his needs were great, he gained his point. Will'um agreed to do his work as well as his own. The sixpence a week which Dicky was now getting in pocket money was pledged for a fortnight in order to gain his ends.

He could not have said why on this afternoon in particular he was so anxious to be free. The sky was cloudless, the sun a fierce flame in the heavens. There were none of those tones of light across the meadows or in the shadow of the hills to stir his interest in the countryside. The sun was bleaching the colour out of the world. Even the distant forests which could be as blue as the seas of the Orient, were pale to a misty grey. The heat was intense. Only the incessant hum of insects, the bees in the meadows, the dragon-flies across the reeds, gave evidence that the world was

yet alive. Not a leaf stirred on the willow trees. It was the insects alone that dared to move on so hot a day.

As soon as he had made sure that his duties would be done, Dicky effected his escape. He closed the wicket gate in silence and started running down the road. By the road was the shortest way. True, it was dusty and hotter there than through the meadows. A flock of sheep in the distance, with the old shepherd at their heels, raised a white cloud of dust that hung about them as they walked. But Dicky chose the road.

"Afternoon, Master Dicky," said the shepherd, "e be in a fair hurry for a hot day."

Dicky wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Mr. Angel," he said, coming up close to the shepherd's side, "don't ever say you saw me out here this afternoon."

"I woan't, indeed," said the shepherd slowly; "but look you, supposin' I'm asked—what be I to do then?"

"I suppose you wouldn't tell a lie?" suggested Dicky.

"No—indeed no," said the shepherd. "How could I do that if I were asked fair an' square? How could I say I didn't see you when I did?"

"You mightn't have seen me," said Dicky, "if I'd gone by the meadows; but I should have been out all the same. You can't work in a mill on a day like this. I can't. Well—that's what you can do—imagine I went by the meadows—you needn't really have seen me at all. I don't suppose you'll be asked anyhow."

Feeling then that he had wasted enough time over a purely hypothetical possibility, Dicky went on with lengthy strides. The shepherd followed behind with his sheep, watching his swiftly diminishing figure.

"That's right enough," said he to himself, "if he'd gone by the meadows; but if Mr. Furlong asks me did I see 'en on the road, what be I to do then but say I did? Mrs. Angel might know summat else I could say. I'm dommed if I do."

In less than twenty minutes, Dicky had reached the foot of the hill, had stopped, breathless, to whistle the call. Before he had finished it, there came the

answering whistle from the oak tree and, as he mounted the steep hill path, he listened keenly for the sound of voices. Everything was silent. A heron soared over the hill through the burnished blue of the sky, sinking down to the trees that clustered by the river. Dicky watched that great comprehensive sweeping of the wings. In the vast silence about him, it almost seemed that he could hear the whirr of the beating pinions as the great bird passed overhead.

As soon as he had partially gained his breath, he set to the same pace again up the hill. Presently he saw the figure of Anne descending to meet him. Then she was alone. Imperceptibly his pace slackened in a scarcely conscious sense of disappointment.

"What is it?" he asked before she had reached his side.

"I thought you weren't coming till after six," said Anne. "Dorothy's still there."

"Oh—well, it doesn't matter," said Dicky. "If she doesn't like my reading, she'll have to put up with it. I got Will'um to do my work. Father's gone in to Pershore."

"I don't expect she'll mind," said Anne.

It was full of embarrassment, that meeting of theirs in the oak tree. Dicky felt the warmth in his cheeks, and said it was the hottest day they had had that year. Dorothy leaned uncomfortably against one of the branches with a none too certain foothold. She felt as though everything were slipping from beneath her feet. Even the consciousness of being so high above the ground made her feel suddenly ill-at-ease.

"Where are you going to sit?" asked Dicky, "because I'm going to read. I suppose you'd better lie in the hammock, hadn't you?"

"No—I can sit here easily," she replied. "I can sit on the platform, Dicky. You always have the hammock, don't you?"

"Did Anne say that?" he asked.

"I said you liked it," said Anne; "but we take it in turns. It's your turn today. That's what I told Dorothy."

Dicky spread out the hammock, then looked at Dorothy.

"In you get," said he. And she obeyed.

For half an hour then, Dicky's voice made a dim monotonous note in the silence of the day. He found the *Origin of Species* more difficult to understand than than he had done at other times. The passages seemed more complex. He was scarcely aware that there were moments when his eyes wandered from the printed page to the profile of Dorothy's face as she lay in the hammock. He did not realise that it is difficult to follow the intricate law of Evolution, considering at the same time the suddenly discovered beauties of a woman's face. Anne had been quite right. Dorothy was a prettier girl since she had put up her hair. He could not follow what difference it had made. He did not even know where her prettiness lay. It had not been in the nature of his instinct in Art to consider the beauties of line in a woman's face. He did not perceive in the warm fullness of her lips that promise of caresses—a promise which has beauty in itself.

It did not appeal to him that the whole line of her face, from her forehead to her throat, had a grace of proportion, that the grey eyes were set honestly and wide apart. It was more he liked the character he saw; yet character there was little. A certain degree of patience, a great look of fidelity in the eyes, a need for great love that lay in the half-drooping corners of her mouth.

But, of real character this was all. She had few of the subtleties of her sex, none of its brilliant flashes of a superior intelligence. Yet the character he found there made Dicky say to himself that Anne was right. Dorothy was prettier since she had put up her hair. Thinking all these things, he went on reading aloud, wondering why the *Origin of Species* was so difficult to understand.

"Getting tired of it?" he asked presently, looking up from the pages.

Both of them stirred quickly and emphatically declared that they were not. He was surprised at the sound of genuine interest in their voices, not realising that he had asked because he was getting tired of it himself.

Presently Anne laid down her work.

"Wait a moment, Dicky," she said.

"Dorothy, did I give you a piece of that stuff to hold when we came up?"

Dorothy shook her head.

"Well, just see if you're lying on it in the hammock."

Dicky waited. The piece of material was not to be found. Anne rolled up the sewing in her lap.

"I shall have to go back," said she. "I must get this finished to-day, and I've left a piece behind me." She rose to her feet. Dorothy began slowly to descend from the hammock.

"Are you both going?" exclaimed Dicky.

"I must," said Anne.

"I suppose I'd better," said Dorothy.

Dicky shut up the book.

"Oh, I say! What awful rot! After sweating all this way out here."

The sublime selfishness of his sex did not seem to appeal to any of them. The world is full of women who are content to listen to the *Origin of Species*; the world is full of men who expect such contentment of them. Here they were, studying Darwin's law of Selection, with the very law taking force under their eyes, and none of them, not even Dicky himself, had understood a word of what he had been reading.

"Dorothy needn't come," said Anne. In the back of her heart, far behind her own consciousness, she had determined that Dorothy should stay.

"Well, I don't suppose she cares very much for the reading," said Dicky, hoping, without knowing it, that he might put it to her pride to stay.

Dorothy looked from one to the other.

"But p'raps you wouldn't care to go alone, Anne?" she asked, and put it to the pride of Anne that she might say she would.

"Of course I don't mind going alone," declared Anne, and started quickly to climb to the ground.

"Don't tell the pater where I am when he comes back," Dicky called out after her. "Will'um's going to say I left off at a quarter-past six."

Anne made her promise. She smiled when she reached the ground.

"Who'd ever have thought," she said to herself. "He used to call her a little

ass. I wonder if he got away on purpose."

High up in the oak tree, as she descended the hill, Anne heard the droning note of Dicky's voice as he started reading once more. With every step it grew fainter until, at last, she heard it no more. The thought sped across her mind that he must have stopped altogether. She smiled once more.

CHAPTER V

Solemnly Dicky read of the habits of crustaceans while Dorothy lay back on her cushion in the hammock and watched his face. Whenever he looked in her direction, her eyes were swift to the dense canopy of leaves overhead. Not once did their several glances meet. Still Dicky read on, the words coming slower and slower, laboured and more laboured in their meaning, until he scarcely realised the sense of it at all.

"Sure you're not tired of it?" he asked again.

Most earnestly Dorothy assured him she was not.

"He must have been a wonderful old man—Darwin," said Dicky, and he closed the book with his finger marking the page.

"Wonderful," said Dorothy.

"Fancy to have thought all that out, steadily, for years and years, and then to write it all down. I'd like to do something that'd take me years and years."

"Something at the mill?"

"Lord, no! I hate the mill!"

"Do what then?"

"Paint a picture."

"Yes—Anne told me."

"Told you what?"

"About your wanting to be a painter."

Dicky laid down the book. There were things more interesting to him just then than the *Origin of Species*.

"Anne doesn't really know," said he, and then, as he looked at her, she looked back at him, and he thought it seemed as if she would understand everything. "It's no good really telling Anne," he went on. "She's an awful brick, but I can see she doesn't know. It's no good really telling her."

Dorothy turned round on her cushion and, in a voice half whispering, half pleading—

"Tell me," she said.

"You'd only laugh at me," he replied. "Anne 'ud laugh, too. The pater 'ud be mad."

"I wouldn't laugh, Dicky," said she.

That was the first time in his life that Dicky really knew he had heard the voice of a woman. He looked out through a window in the foliage of the oak tree. The sun was dropping slow through the heavens, the humming insects were winging homeward with their spoil. Far away on the road to Little Cumberton he could see an old man, stepping it slowly through the dust in the shadow of the hedges. A bundle was on his shoulder. His back was bent. Further away still, in a bend where the river lay open in the meadows, the red cattle and the white were knee-deep in the silver water. He thought the world was very wonderful.

"I'm going to be a painter," he said, turning suddenly. "One of these days I'm going to leave the mill. I don't care what any one says. If the pater doesn't let me go, I shall run away."

"You won't leave Eckington, Dicky?" she asked quickly.

"Leave Eckington!" he laughed, and it hurt right in her heart. "What's the good of Eckington? I shall go to London."

She looked away and was silent. Who could say how much of the future she saw then? Women have that sight of which a man knows nothing.

For that instant Dicky had been riding in the vault of heaven on the clouds of his ambition. When suddenly he realised her silence, he came to earth.

"Would you mind if I went to London?"

Still she looked away and still was silent. But in those days Dicky knew nothing of women's silences. He had yet to learn how it is in the things she leaves undone, the words she leaves unsaid, a woman says more a thousand times than ever is asked of her. She was telling him then that she loved him with every beating of her heart, with every silence of her lips. Dicky thought

she did not care even enough to answer, and longed to make her say that she would mind his going, but knew no means to accomplish his desire. He saw her hand lying idly over the side of the hammock, and wondered if he touched it what she would say.

After long moments he asked her if she believed in palmistry. At the unexpected question, she turned with lifted eyebrows and with puzzled eyes.

"Anne's got a book," said he, holding out his hand. "That's the line of Fate and these are the lines of Art. The book says I shall do something in Art. I—I wonder if you'll ever do anything."

With all ingenuousness she held out her palm for him to see. He took her hand timidly in his. However cold the blood may be, hands can be warm. It is not a bodily warmth, but the very touch of them can tingle through the veins. Both felt the sudden warmth within them as his fingers closed over her wrists. For this is the first caress of lovers and, in those early moments, means as much as any touching of the lips.

The power of speech was gone from Dicky then. He could only sit in silence holding her hand, looking at the lines upon her palms, yet seeing only the smooth skin, following only the lines of her arm to where the sleeve of her dress hid it from his eyes.

In moments, Dorothy watched his face, wondering why he had spoken of palmistry, seeing he had said nothing of it since. At the hazardous risk of losing the touch of his hand, she took her own away and shifted her position in the hammock. While she was moving Dicky did nothing; but when she had settled down again, he leaned forward as casually as he could to where her hand lay out on the hammock's edge. In the firm belief that he had concealed his own clumsiness, he took it in his own once more.

She caught a short breath in her throat. She knew now. He had never meant to talk of palmistry at all. It had been worth the risk to learn so much.

There then for long minutes they sat without speaking. At last, with ready

apprehension, Dicky's fingers stroked the softness of her wrist. Neither because she wanted to, nor because she thought she ought, Dorothy was about to take her hand away. But his fingers were ready, and his fingers held her fast.

"Does it matter?" he whispered.

And she whispered it did not.

So he still caressed her hands. Lest she might become nervous of it again, from time to time he made remarks, the most casual in the world.

"Do you like it up here?" he asked.

Dorothy nodded her head.

Again, after a long pause, he inquired if she had told Wilfrid of their secret.

"No," said she.

"Why not?"

"I knew you weren't friends with him now—besides, Anne made me swear."

Dicky looked for one instant in her eyes and then made up his mind. However daring a thing it was to do, he meant to do it then. Whatever it cost, and if she would never speak to him again, his determination was fixed. With his heart hammering in his breast and a hot wind beating on his forehead, he bent suddenly over her hand, kissing the fingers that he held.

There was one moment of a vibrating pause. Their hearts were leaping in a wild excitement. Something had happened, something had been said in silence, a thousand times more sudden and arresting than if a voice had hailed them from the hill below. He knew what it meant; she knew what it meant. It was the suddenness of it that frightened them both.

Dorothy looked at him with burning cheeks.

"We ought to be going," she said in a breath.

Having carried out his intention, Dicky was ready to obey. In silence they climbed down from the oak tree. In silence, through all that distance from the hill, they walked back toward Eckington.

When at the mill they parted, Dicky spoke at last.

"Are you angry with me?" he said.

Dorothy just shook her head and smiled.

CHAPTER VI

In a few hours Dicky had discovered a new world. He had crossed the plains, had penetrated into the deep shadows of the valleys, had mounted the high hills and now, upon the other side, there stretched before him, at his feet, a land of gold, a land of sunshine, a land of such promise as made his heart leap and the blood go racing in his veins.

He was in love; wildly, passionately, overwhelmingly in love. The suddenness of it bewildered him, yet he wondered constantly in his thoughts why he had not found out his love for Dorothy years and years ago.

Again and again he told himself that it must have been meant from the beginning. Then why had he only learned it now? He, too, remembered how he had thought her a little fool. He laughed aloud in the darkness as he lay in bed that night, calling the thoughts back to his mind. A little fool! She was the most wonderful creature in the world! He said her name aloud—Dorothy; then lay there listening to the echoes of it as they reverberated down into the very depths of his consciousness.

At sunrise he was awake. Sleep is no luxury to a boy in love. Indeed, he may dream, but the night is wasted when no dreams have come. In the daytime, with all his thoughts, he makes the world be full of her. She sings in the throat of every thrush, her voice is there in the tinkling music of the running brook, she whispers in the leaves that rustle to each gentle wind. There is nothing living in the world but her.

Before the sun was well into the heavens, Dicky was making his way up the pathway on Bredon Hill. The clocks of the churches in Little Cumberton and Eckington rang out the hour of five in a distant chorus as he climbed the branches into the oak tree. This was where it had all happened. There was the hammock in which she lay. He stood looking at it with all that awe and wonder of a pilgrim at a shrine. There, indeed, the miracle had been wrought; there he had held her hand, there looked into her eyes and seen the whole meaning of life, why the earth had been made and he been born in it. There was no need now for

the smallness of a fieldmouse or the nimbleness of a wren. He had discovered why God had made the world. It was that he, Dicky, might love Dorothy as no man had ever loved a woman before.

For long moments he stood by the side of the hammock, living again that hour when they had been alone; living in swift imagination the countless hours that lay before them. There was some purpose in it, he knew that. Not knowing what purpose it was, he fulfilled it in all the blindness of his desire.

In a little cupboard they had built out of an old box on the platform, Dicky kept the paint box Christina had given him, together with all the impedimenta he required. To this cupboard he went, almost unconscious of the need that urged him. The world was there below him. With the divine conceit of a boy in love, with that outrageous pride of power, he set to work to paint a picture of the world, a picture of all life, of all romance. He painted a picture of the sun.

This was the greatest failure he had made. Away beyond him in that white light of heat, the fields, the river, the whole country side was lying breathless in pale sunshine. There was no form to mould, no lines were there to draw. The river moved through fields of gold and, like a serpent gliding through the shimmering grass, vanished in silver mist, that had no beginning and no end. Such shadows of the trees as fell were toned in gold, transparent as a dragon-fly's wing. No subject was there there for him to paint but the greatest subject of all—Romance—the breathing, golden, all-effulgent light whose soul and being is the very sun itself. Dicky painted a picture of the sun.

For two hours he sat there. At last he rose and put his paints away in the cupboard. For one moment he looked at the sheet of paper in his hand. It was all white, as spotless as when he had torn it from the block. He had done nothing. This was the greatest failure he had made, the greatest failure which had brought him nearest to success.

That picture took him ten years to paint, and he began it that day in the

oak tree. Now every one knows Richard Furlong's picture called—*Romance*. It is not so many years ago since it passed into the possession of the French Government. It is the same picture which that early morning he began with a blank white sheet of paper.

CHAPTER VII

The days of Dicky's love-making came and went. Their passing was so swift he could not mark their going. It was autumn again and the oak leaves were red before he could believe the summer had really gone.

They had been alone a great deal together. Dorothy would accompany him long distances into the country to sit beside him while he sketched. His energy for work then was uncontrolled. Yet during all that time he had never touched her hand again or said one word of what had passed when they were alone together in the oak tree.

For long hours at night, Dorothy would lie awake with wondering mind. She loved. She was content with that. In the shallows of her heart she believed that Dicky loved her. He kept her closely with him wherever he went. But in the quiet depths of her consciousness—those depths which a woman only fathoms when her heart is beating in the stillness of the night—she was unsatisfied with the progress of their love. Something was needed to make it live with that burning reality which love meant to her. In what it lacked she could not guess. He might take her hand again; he might kiss it again as he had done that day in the oak tree. He might even kiss her lips. And when she thought of that, her heart throbbed wildly in her breast; she laid her head in faintness on her pillow, murmuring his name beneath her breath.

But none of these things did Dicky do. He had caught the first meaning of *Romance* and, as a boy when he catches the first butterfly of the year, feared as yet to touch it with his hands lest he should bruise its wings.

As surely as the day must vanish into night, the night unfold its darkness and set free the day once more, so surely did Dicky know that the moment would

come when Dorothy would be in his arms and his lips be seeking hers. So the thousand lovers proved their love. But his was like no other love the world had ever known. In those first days when he had seen *Romance*, such proof of love as this would have brought it all to earth. It was in the spirit of it he lived; in the spirit of it he worked with an untiring energy while Dorothy sat beside him, waiting for the hour when she might truly know.

And so the days of summer fell behind them into autumn. One night as she passed her daughter's room, Mrs. Leggatt stopped, hearing the sound of sobbing from within. She listened, making doubly sure. Then she turned the handle and went in.

"Dorothy?" she whispered.

The sobbing ceased.

"What is it?" she asked and knelt beside the bed. "What is it? Aren't you well?"

A broken voice assured her that she was.

"Then what's the matter?"

There was no reply. It needed the gentleness of her arms, the quiet, soothing fingers on her daughter's head, before Mrs. Leggatt could bring the story from Dorothy's lips. Mrs. Leggatt's heart misgave her as she listened. The world was very old; was very changeless in the midst of all its changes. Adam and Eve might well, indeed, have been turned out of the Garden, but they had only been driven into the world. She laid her head upon Dorothy's pillow, adding a sigh to her daughter's tears when the little story was ended.

"But if you're sure he loves you," she asked presently, "isn't that enough?"

Dorothy was silent.

"Isn't it? Isn't it?" persisted Mrs. Leggatt. "What more can you want but that?"

"But he doesn't say so," whispered Dorothy. "He doesn't show it. Never—not once since that first day when—he—held my hand and—then—kissed it. He asked me that day if I was angry. Perhaps when I only shook my head he didn't understand that I meant—no. But I know he'd wanted to take my hand. It hadn't been anything to do

with looking at the lines, because I took it away to see, and he got it back again as soon as he could."

In the darkness, Mrs. Leggatt smiled; a smile in which no thought of laughter lay concealed. You smile at memories that only bring you pain; it is the gentle smile of recognition. That is all.

"Well—if he wishes to be with you now," she said, "isn't that proof enough? Isn't that all that you need? It is so easy to get more, and when it comes it's always more than you ask. 'The little more and how much it seems—' I must read Browning to you. It was read to me once. But it's never the little more you get, for the little more is the very edge and then—oh—what more do you want?"

"If he—if only he——" she could not bring herself to say the words.

"If only he kissed you, Dorothy—is that it? Oh, he'll do that one day, my little girl; why should you want it now? He may love you to-day better than ever he will in his life again. Oh—isn't it the world?—it's the world all over again! Be content, my dear, be content with little. It is just the more a woman wants which makes the much more that she gets. Be content with little—it is enough."

She could give no better advice than this. In her good-hearted but foolish way the poor woman could not find it in her conscience to adopt an attitude of stern reproof. Her own folly was known. How could she pose in virtuous censure of this very passion to which she herself had given way? It was the

(To be continued)

world, she had said, it was the world all over again. It stirred up memories which for years she had striven to subdue. She could only speak from them. All she said was true—only too true, with that painful truth which comes from bitter experience. But it was no advice from a mother to her child.

She may have thought her words contained a warning, saving Dorothy from the abyss into which she herself had fallen, but their effect was far from what she supposed. The great tide of Nature which turns in every woman at such an age had fully turned in Dorothy then. She loved Dicky with her whole heart and understanding. There was nothing else in Life for her but this. To that end, therefore, of its complete and perfect comprehension, she set the whole purpose of her mind. Nothing more than this was to be gained. She knew nothing of, nor cared for, the development it brought her. The moment a girl becomes a woman, her development is complete. She can become no more. The experiences of Life lie still in front of her; they harden or soften as they come. But in the development of purpose in her soul, the journey of a woman's life finds its completion when love comes knocking at her heart, and, in answer to its summons, she steps forth into the light of womanhood.

To Dorothy, the advice her mother had given her served only to quicken her mind to its end. If it were not the little more which she needed, but the much more she would get, what was that more, and could it ever be too much?

THE BOOK MART

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The Battle of Gettysburg and Other Poems. By Thomas A. T. Hanna.

The Women of the Iliad. A Metrical Translation of the First Book and of Other Pas-

sages in which Women Appear. By Hugh Woodruff Taylor.

Paul Elder and Company:

Eric's Book of Beasts. Done in Water-Colours, and Accompanied with Appropriate Jingles by David Starr Jordan.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The White Hills in Poetry. An Anthology. Edited by Eugene R. Musgrove. With an Introduction by Samuel M. Crothers.

The Macmillan Company:

A Little Book of Nonsense.

Thomas B. Mosher:

Songs Before Birth. By Isabelle Howe Fiske.

A. M. Robertson:

The Inverted Torch and Other Poems. By Samuel John Alexander.

A California Troubadour. By Clarence Thomas Army.

George Routledge and Sons, London:

Bonbons. By Francis P. Savinien.

Sherman, French and Company:

"Where It Listeth." By Mary Norsworthy Shepard.

A Prairie Prayer and Other Poems. By Hilton R. Greer.

The Ban of Baldurbane: An Epic. By Henry R. Gibson.

Woodcox and Fanner:

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BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

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Home University Library:

39. Reconstruction and Union. 1865-1912. By Paul Leland Haworth, Ph.D.
40. The English Language. By Logan Pearsall Smith, M.A.
41. Psychology: The Study of Behaviour. By William McDougall, M.B.
42. The Principles of Physiology. By John Gray McKendrick.
43. Matter and Energy. By Frederick Soddy.
44. Buddhism: A Study of the Buddhist Norm. By Mrs. Rhys Davis, M.A.
45. English Literature: Medieval. By W. P. Ker, M.A.
46. English Sects: A History of Nonconformity. By W. B. Selbie, M.A., D.D.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July:

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.

4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
4. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.30.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
3. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
2. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.30.
3. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
4. The Life of Woodrow Wilson. Hale. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
2. The Girls of Friendly Terrace. Smith. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.20.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lonely Land. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
5. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Peter and Polly. Wilkinson. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Pleasures and Palaces. Tompkins. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. Memoirs of Francesco Crispi. Crispi. (Doran.) \$7.00.
4. The Loss of the SS. Titanic. Beeseley. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
4. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
5. The Last Try. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. Molly McDonald. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.35.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. The Pipe Smoke Carry. Taylor. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
4. Wisconsin. Howe. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Bantam. Corcoran. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. Alma of Hadley Hall. Breitenbach. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Children in the Little Old Red House. Douglas. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
2. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. Secret Service. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. Decameron. Boccaccio. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
3. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$1.25.
4. George Bernard Shaw. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) \$5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Books by Amy Chapin Ray. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Books by Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
5. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.00.
6. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
3. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
5. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.25.
6. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. American Government. Haskin. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Men Who Sell Things. Moody. (McClurg.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
3. The Squirrel Cage. Canfield. (Holt.) \$1.35.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. Lonesome Land. Bower. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Prince and Betty. Wodehouse. (Watt.) \$1.25.
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
4. Land Birds East of the Rockies. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Alma at Hadley Hall. Breitenbach. (Page.) \$1.20.

2. The Children in the Little Old Red House. Douglas. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.00.
3. Cliff Sterling, Stroke of the Crew. Patten. (McKay.) \$1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
4. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
2. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart, Kidd.) \$1.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. The Super Race. Nearing. (Huebsch.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Story of Christopher Columbus. Moores. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. Handicraft for Handy Boys. Hall. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$2.00.
3. The Boy with the U. S. Foresters. Rolt-Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Last Try. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
2. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Goodly Fellowship. Schaufler. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
6. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Story of the Iliad. Church. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Little Colonel Stories. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
5. Eve Triumphant. de Coulevain. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
6. The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet. Stevenson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) \$2.40.
4. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Toby. Harris. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.25.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) \$1.25.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.30.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
4. Her Weight in Gold. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
4. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
5. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
5. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Dweller on Two Planets. Phylos. (Baumgardt.) \$2.00.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. India Under Curzon and After. Fraser. (Holt.) \$4.00.
4. Marvels of Fish Life. Ward. (Cassell.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) \$1.20.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Spanish Gold. Birmingham. (Doran.) \$1.20.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Jonathan Papers. Woodbridge. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. Auto. Blue Book No. 2. (Auto. Blue Book Co.) \$2.50.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Alexander's Bridge. Cather. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Irish Folk Plays. Gregory. (Putnam.) \$3.00.
2. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. The Child of Dawn. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. As a Man Thinks. Thomas. (Duffield.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Glittering Festival. Harrison. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
3. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse & Hopkins.) \$1.00.
2. Lee, the American. Bradford. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Travellers Five. Johnson. (Page.) \$1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. Captain Martha Mary. Abbott. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
6. Danny's Own Story. Marquis. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Track's End. Carruth. (Harper.) 75 cents.
2. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Aeroplane Boys Series. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.30.
4. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
5. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) \$3.00.
2. Diary of Lady Frances Shelley. (Scribner.) \$3.50.
3. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
4. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anonymous. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
6. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) \$1.20.
4. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) \$2.40.

JUVENILES

1. Girls of Friendly Terrace. Smith. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Minute Boys of Philadelphia. Otis. (Dana, Estes.) \$1.25.
3. Children in the Little Old Red House. Douglas. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.00.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.30.
4. The Major's Niece. Birmingham. (Doran.) \$1.20.
5. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Official Auto. Blue Book. Vols. 2 and 3. (Auto. Blue Book Co.) \$2.50.
2. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
3. Business and Kingdom Come. Crane. (Forbes.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
3. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) \$2.50.
4. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.

2. The Boy Scouts in the Maine Woods. Otis. (Crowell.) \$1.25.
3. The Young Crusaders. Atwater. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
3. The Melting of Mollie. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
6. The Man Who Reaps. Jones. (FitzGerald.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) \$1.50.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) \$2.50.
4. American Government. Haskins. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Land We Live In. Price. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
2. The Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
3. Harper's Camping and Scouting Book. Grinnell and Swan. (Harper.) \$1.75.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
4. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
5. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) \$1.30.
6. My Demon Motor Boat. Fitch. (Little, Brown.) \$1.10.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
2. Key to the Trees. Collins and Preston. (Holt.) \$1.35.
3. Panama. Edwards. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
5. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. Her Weight in Gold. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. Joseph in Jeopardy. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Patty's Motor Car. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
3. The Conflict. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
4. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
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6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

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1. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.00.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. Martin Luther. McGiffert. (Century Co.) \$3.00.
4. Wisconsin. Howe. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

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1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
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FICTION

1. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.35.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.30.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Inverted Torch. Alexander. (Robertson.) \$1.50.
2. A California Troubadour. Urmy. (Robertson.) \$1.50.
3. California Fruits. Wickson. (Rural Press.) \$3.00.
4. Gardening in California. MacLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.

JUVENILES

1. Eric's Book of Beasts. Jordan. (Elder.) \$1.00.
2. Peter Rabbit. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Jungle Stories. Kipling. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) \$1.35.
4. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. American Government. Haskin. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
4. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) \$2.40.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.75.
3. Harper's Boating Book for Boys. Davis. (Harper.) \$1.75.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
5. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
5. Midnight at Mears House. Holt. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) \$1.50.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Briggs.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEX.

FICTION

1. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.30.
3. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.25.
4. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) \$1.35.
5. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.30.
6. The Fall Guy. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Writings of Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz Brothers.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

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1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.

2. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.

3. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) \$3.00.

4. Lessons in Truth. Cady. (Fenno.) 50 cents.

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1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

2. Hans Brinker. Dodge. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

3. Billy Whiskers Series. Montgomery. (Saalfeld.) 90 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.35.

2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

3. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

4. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.30.

5. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) \$1.75.

2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.75.

3. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.

4. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

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1. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

2. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

3. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

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A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " "	2d	" " "	" "	8
" " "	3d	" " "	" "	7
" " "	4th	" " "	" "	6
" " "	5th	" " "	" "	5
" " "	6th	" " "	" "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
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2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.....	198
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.....	147
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.35.....	108
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40.....	96
6. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.....	85

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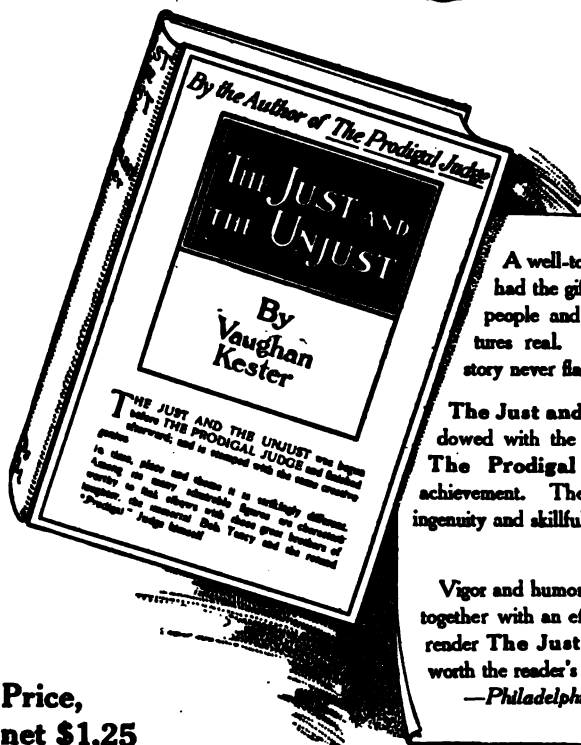
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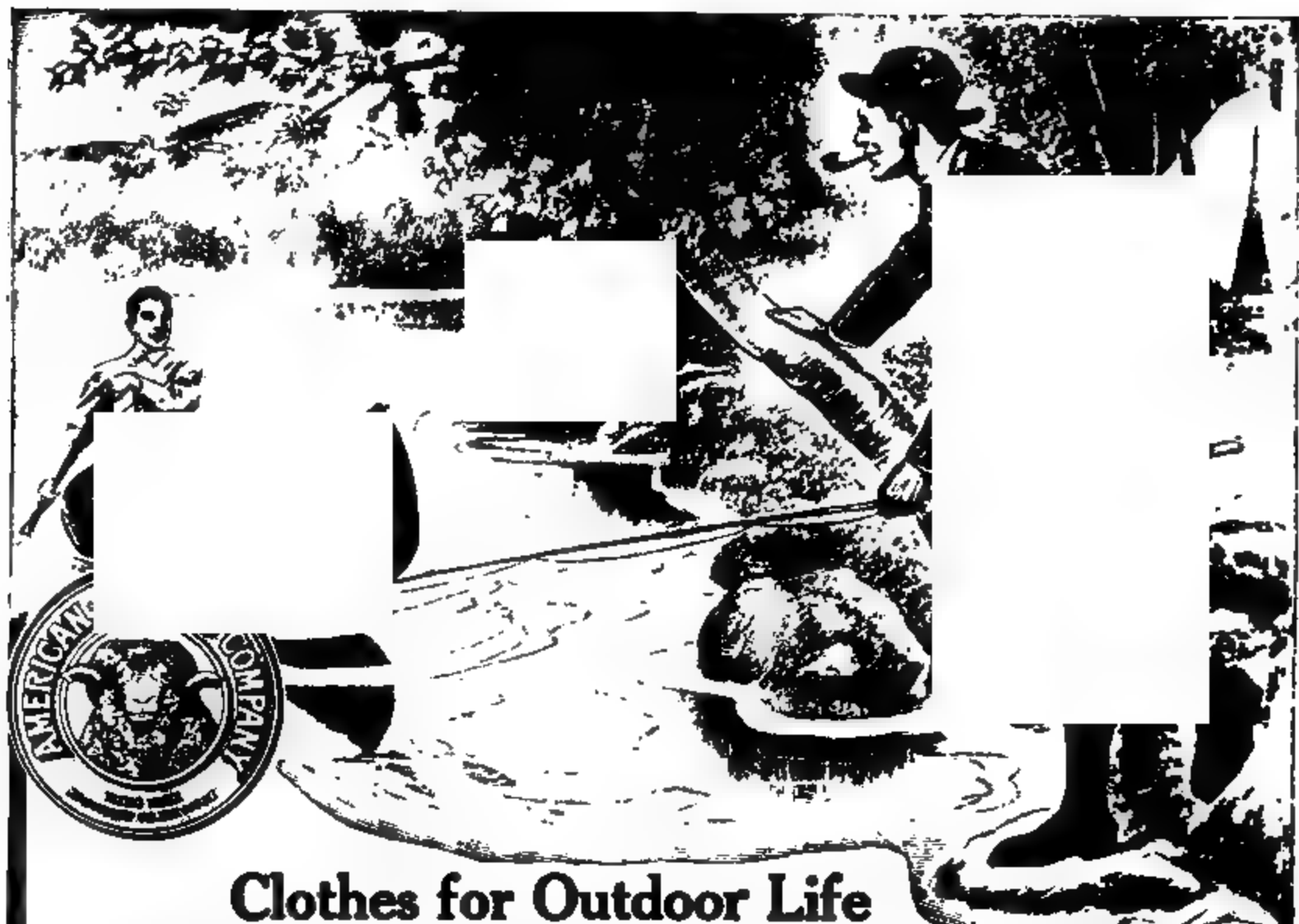
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